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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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"JACK'S COME HOME AGAIN."

"The incident pictured above actually took place about a week ago. On leaving the railway station the young tars 'boarded' a cab, and having packed their sweethearts inside, bade farewell from the 'quarter-deck,' in proper sailor fashion, to some comrades departing in a different direction."—*A Correspondent.*

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The Transvaal Crisis.

THE STORY OF THE TROUBLE FROM THE VERY COMMENCEMENT.

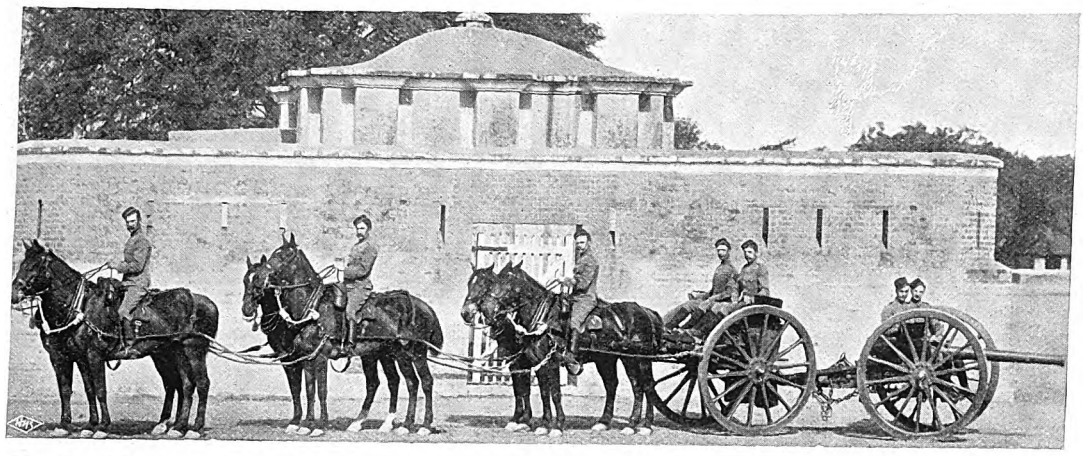
IN the year 1836 an Act of Parliament carried the jurisdiction of the criminal laws of the Cape Colony as far north as the 25th degree of latitude, and in 1842 this Act was followed by a proclamation of actual sovereignty over the whole of the territories up to the same limit. The Home Government, however, took alarm, and cancelled the proclamation, but at the same time asserted that all white men residing within the limits were to be regarded as British subjects. Had not the proclamation of 1842 been cancelled, many difficulties by which we have since been confronted could never have arisen. British territory now extends far north of latitude 25, but instead of a complete section of the African continent being solely our own, we are obliged to recognise the rights of Germany and of Portugal, as well as of the Boer Republics.

Photo. C. Knight.
GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER.
To be in Chief Command in South Africa.

In 1848 the territories now known as the Orange Free State and the Transvaal were annexed, in accordance with a fresh political idea, and the result was a war, in which Sir Harry Smith inflicted a decisive defeat upon the Boer forces at Boomplaatz, and the annexation was then submitted to. In 1852, however, the political countenance developed yet another change of expression, and against the wishes of its population the Orange Free State was compelled to become an independent Republic, whilst a separate Convention, known as the Sand River Convention, was concluded with the Transvaal settlers, under which they also, subject to a few trifling reservations, became an independent State.

The annexation of the Orange Free State was not finally cancelled until 1854, but to all intents and purposes the undesired freedom was granted from 1852, when the determination of the British Government was announced. From this time until 1877 matters were permitted to "drift," and, indeed, there was little reason for any other policy. Independence having been granted to the two Boer Republics, a resumption of sovereignty could scarcely have been justified, except under very extraordinary circumstances, or in accordance with the express desire of the inhabitants.

As the year 1876 drew to its close the Transvaal was gradually drifting into a condition of hopeless chaos. The Republic was at war with Sekukuni, but had failed to achieve any success whatever. All fighting worthy of the name had been done by Volunteers, or, as they were irreverently termed, "Filibusters"—men belonging to almost any nation, but probably English and American for the most part.



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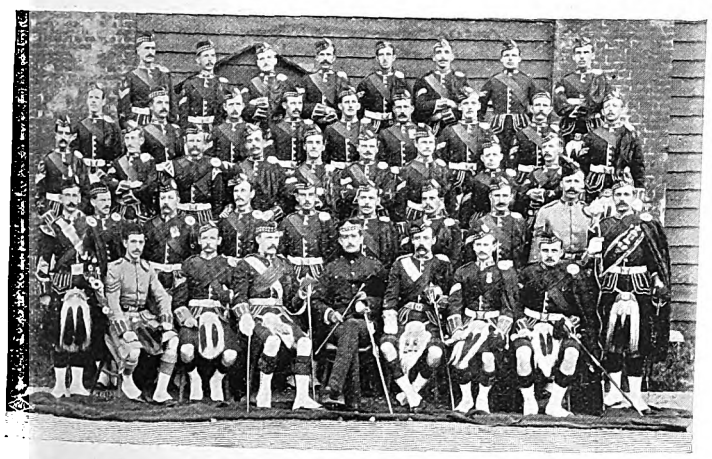
To Leave India for the Cape.



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THE ADJUTANT AND N.C.O.'s OF THE 2nd GORDONS.
From India for the Cape.

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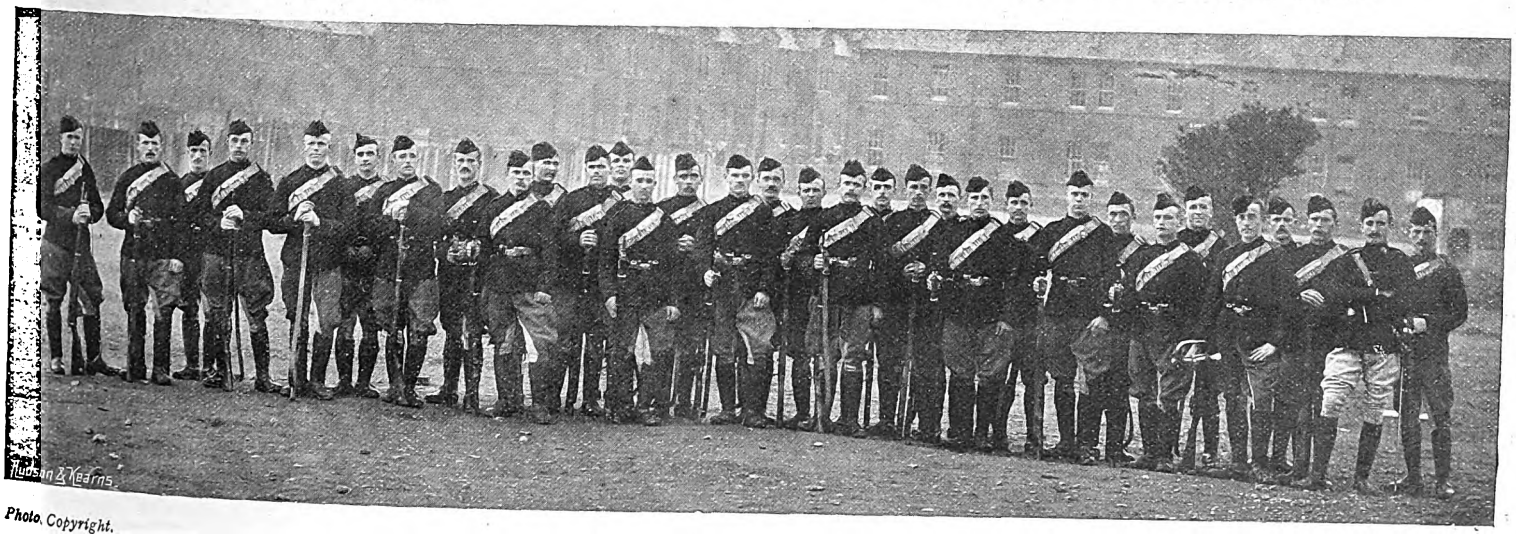
THE BAND OF THE 5th DRAGOON GUARDS.



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THE MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.

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The Boer "Commandos" declined to take any part in storming rocky fastnesses, and the Volunteers were not sufficiently numerous to make good any advantages that they temporarily gained. To mount a hill held by so contemptible a foe as the Maccatees was comparatively easy, but to remain on the hill without water or supplies was impossible, and the inevitable retirement that followed in every case was always attended by heavy loss.

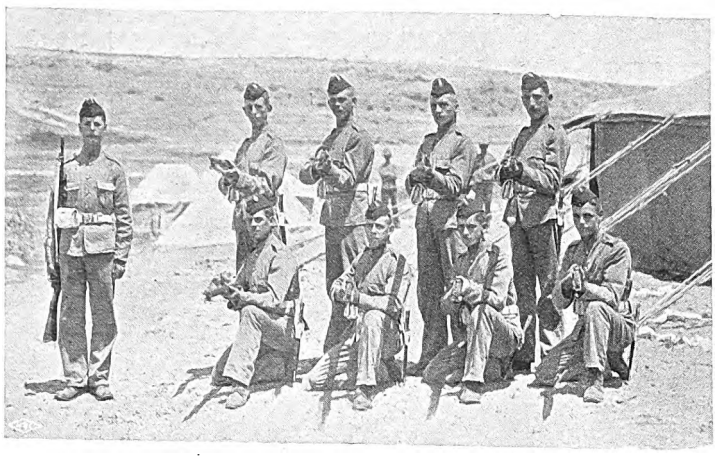

Photo. Copyright. THE 1st BORDER REGIMENT. *R. Ellis.*
From Malta for the Cape.

Thus matters came to a standstill. The Treasury became insolvent, and the pay of the "Volunteers," as well as the subsistence of all the forces alike, could no longer be provided. The Boers dispersed to their homes, and the Volunteers would probably have done the same, as a body, but that so many of them had no homes to which they could betake themselves. At this juncture Sir Theophilus Shepstone was sent to Pretoria, escorted by a small detachment of the Natal Mounted Police, and had instructions to devise some remedy for a state of affairs which constituted a danger to all South Africa, owing to the unrest created amongst the native populations by the successes of a petty chief, for such Sekukuni actually was in comparison with the many powerful native States.

Photo. Copyright. THE PORT OF DURBAN. *Temple.*
Where all the British Troops will Land.

The annexation of the Transvaal was to be arranged as a preliminary step to British action against Sekukuni, provided that a majority of the inhabitants should be found to favour such a step. The column employed in order to give effect to this determination was under the command of Colonel C. K. Pearson, the Commandant of Natal, and consisted of the 1st Battalion 13th Prince Albert's Light Infantry, about 750 strong, with two 7-pounder guns, and half-a-dozen sappers. All sorts of warlike rumours were bruited about, but the column nevertheless reached Pretoria without encountering anything more formidable than deputations with addresses of welcome.

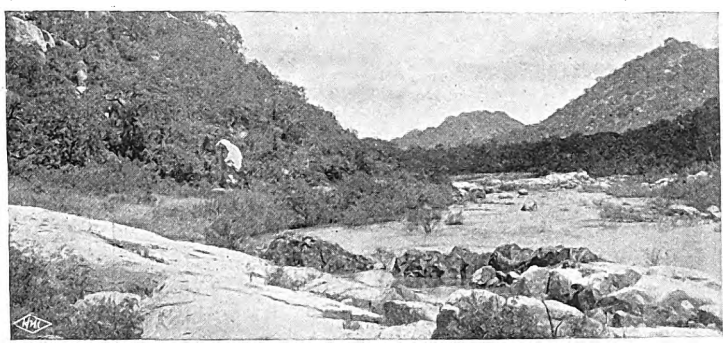

Photo. Copyright. ON THE VAAL RIVER NEAR KIMBERLEY. *Temple.*

Indeed, the only incident of any interest was the arrival in the camp near Laing's Nek of a grand old Englishwoman, aged over eighty years, who was driven some fifty odd miles in order that she might "see the Union Jack once more before she died." This was an affecting spectacle. The old lady was a very embodiment of patriotism, and those who witnessed her genuine enthusiasm are unlikely ever to forget it. Of hostility, open or veiled, there was not one single indication nor is it likely that any would to this day have been shown had the Volksraad been convened and self-government continued.

In this matter faith was undeniably broken. The Boers, who had looked on without a murmur when the British flag was hoisted in May, 1877, became disaffected, and in the following December 1,500 of them, under Kruger and Joubert, marched to Pretoria to demand independence. The garrison at this time consisted of only about 350 men of the 13th Light Infantry; but these were veterans, not boys, and the 1,500 malcontents feared to come to blows. A meeting was held, resolutions condemning the annexation were passed, shots were fired in the air—but nothing further occurred. The Boers dispersed, and Sir Theophilus issued a proclamation promising condign punishment to any persons who might dare thus to challenge his authority in the future. From this time there was peace, until the disaster of Brunkers Spruit inaugurated the war of independence. Further disasters followed, and the British Government, convinced that the Boers really desired independence, proceeded to grant it. It may safely be predicted that had self-government been granted simultaneously with the annexation, there would have been no rising against the British domination.

The present crisis has arisen not so much in consequence of the franchise question as of the refusal of the Boers to recognise British suzerainty. There is an obvious difference between the existence of vassal States having internal independence within our sphere of influence in South Africa, and the assumption of sovereign power by those States in rivalry with the paramount power. It is in order to remove any doubt as to which is to be the ruling race in South Africa that British forces are now being despatched.

Sir Redvers Buller, whose portrait we publish in this number, is an officer whose previous experience in Zululand and in the Transvaal, as well as his all-round reputation as a consummate soldier, marks him as absolutely the right man for the high command which has been entrusted to him. The 21st Field Battery, the 5th Dragoon Guards, and the 2nd Battalion of the famous Gordon Highlanders are amongst the troops proceeding from India.

The Mounted Infantry, under Captain Eustace of the King's Royal Rifles, look a smart and soldier-like lot of men. The 1st Border Regiment, which is taken from the garrison of Malta, is shown in the sixth illustration. The seventh illustration shows Durban, or "Port Natal," where the troops will land.

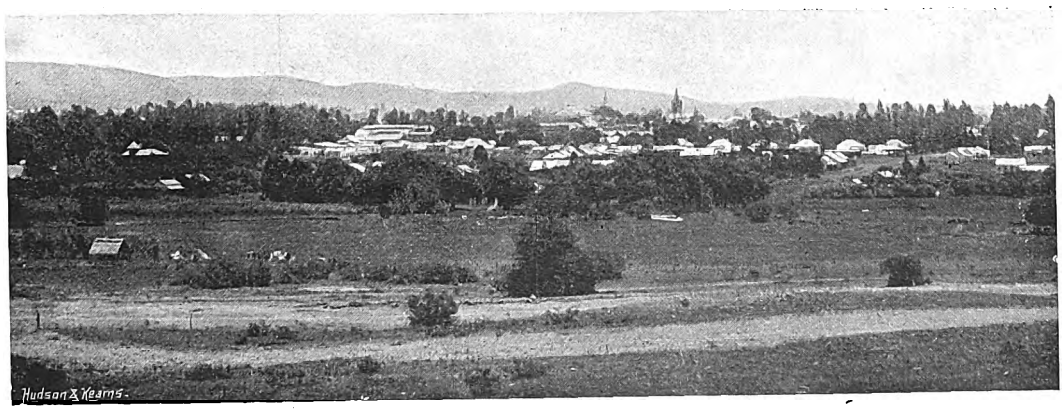

Photo. Copyright PRETORIA. *G. W. Wilson Aberdeen.*
The Capital of the Transvaal Republic.

The eighth illustration is a view on the Vaal River, which is crossed by the main road from Natal, and the last is Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal.

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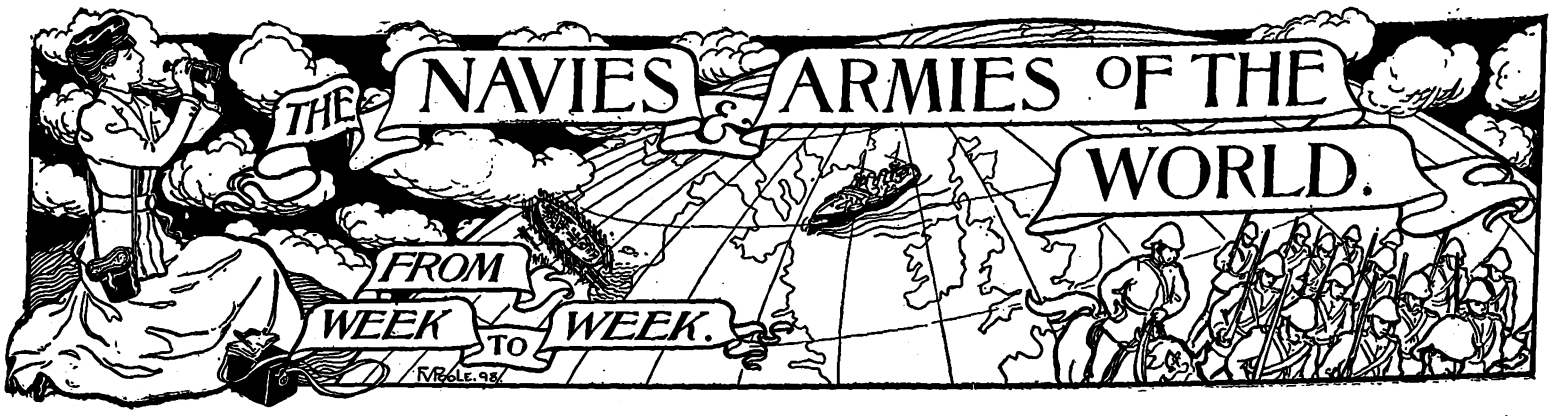

HE has an ample subject when "T. L. R." explains to the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED what are "the difficulties which beset playwright, manager, costumier, and scene maker, and, above all, the actor, to whose lot falls the portrayal of the British sailor, and especially the Naval officer, on the stage." It would be most improper to trench on his ground, and so I will keep my own ideas in the background. But the question why the sailor and the sea life, which have played so large a part in our history and have always attracted so much of our admiration and affection, play so small a part in literature, dramatic or other, is a very puzzling one. Perhaps the only satisfactory explanation is that the people who could write well have so seldom seen the sailor at his work. Smollett is an exception, no doubt, and so, in a small way, is Fielding, by right of his voyage to Lisbon. The misfortune was that Fielding only saw the sea life when going out to Lisbon—old, and dying of dropsy—as a passenger in the packet. The little he did see serves chiefly to make one regret that it was not he who went to Carthagena. Smollett, who was by nature fierce, wrote with the deliberate intention of picking out what would strike the reader as most strange, or most shocking. Nobody who has looked into the minutes of courts-martial at the time can truly say that the picture he draws is false in the sense that such things could not have happened. The imaginary Captain Oakum is not a greater brute than the real Captain William Hervey. But then Smollett, for literary purposes, selected what may be called the Captain Hervey element in the sea life, and dwelt almost exclusively on that. We never meet Trunnion, Hatchway, or Pipes at their proper work, but always out of their element. The only occasion on which this is not the case is towards the end of "Roderick Random," when we see Bowling in command of a ship on the voyage to South America. It is curious to notice how completely his oddities disappear, and the wild explosive sea monster of the earlier chapters becomes the resolute practical man of shrewd sense.

* * * *

Smollett, by the way, wrote a sea piece for the stage. It is in two acts, and is called "The Reprisal." It was played at Garrick's Theatre in 1757, the year after the Minorca disaster. The characters of the sailors in it, Lyon Haulyard and Block, are very vigorous and free from unfair exaggeration. Garrick turned his attention to sea plays more than once. In 1773, when George III. was about to hold a Naval review off Spithead, he employed Captain Thompson, of the Navy, commonly called Poet Thompson, to make a rifacimento of "The Fair Quaker of Deal." Thompson, who, by the way, says in his prefaces that the characters of Flip and the others were "not more heightened than the natural picture allowed of," did not alter the play in its main lines, but he made some changes which are significant. For example, the boozing scene between Flip and his boat's crew disappears. It had doubtless become too heightened for the natural picture by 1773. Marryat also wrote one Naval play, "The Ocean Waifs, or the Channel Outlaw," which appeared at New York in 1837. I have not seen it, and believe that it was never in print.

* * * *

The Elizabethan times have more to show for themselves in the way of Naval plays than the scenes of "The Tempest" and of "Eastward Ho!" Heywood, who is chiefly remembered as the author of the pathetic "Women Killed with Kindness," wrote a play in two parts called "The Fair Maid of the West." It is a wild business, full of voyages to the isles, sea fights, duels, adventures in Morocco, battle, murder, and sudden death. It could hardly be played even by a dramatic society now, considering its size and extreme incoherence. Moreover, the disasters of the comic man who is qualified, to his immense annoyance, to hold the post of Chamberlain at the Court of Morocco, would probably strike a modern audience as too extreme in the pursuit of the ridiculous. Yet it is fresh and full of life, with a real melodramatic plot running through it, though overloaded with incident and confused by digressions.

* * * *

We are commonly supposed in the world to be extremely well satisfied with ourselves—and perhaps we are. But we have odd ways of showing it. One of them is our perpetual grumble with the British Army, to which Mr. Wyndham made an answer when he was opening the New Victoria Hall at Dover last week. He referred to the people who are for ever growling that the British Army costs too much, and comparing it unfavourably with continental Armies. The comparison is of course, and as Mr. Wyndham pointed out, absurd. Armies raised by conscription, and serving only at home, are not on the same footing as ours, and, moreover, before we know what they really cost it would be necessary to get a fair estimate of what the compulsory soldiers lose in wages and what they spend to make up their imaginary pay and insufficient rations. The only European Army which could fairly be compared to ours is the Dutch. Has anybody ever tried to find what its army in Java and Sumatra costs the Kingdom of the Netherlands? The Americans in the Philippines could give us another standard of comparison; but judicious persons will wait a little before deciding that their Army comes cheaper to the States than ours does to us. It might also be of some interest to learn, if the extraordinary way in which its accounts are kept rendered discovery possible, what the French troops in Madagascar and Tonquin have cost the Third Republic. If we go by the rule that a good thing is never too dear, we need not fear the result of enquiry. Supposing the Dutch Army does come a little cheaper than ours, what must be allowed as a set-off for its inability to end the war in Acheen? And has the campaigning of the French in Tonquin and Madagascar been of a kind to move our envy? Our Army does more varied work and does it with a better average of success than any other in the world. That is the vital fact to keep in mind when estimating the cost of the British Army.

* * * *

It may be, and no doubt it is, a proof of spirit in corps of Volunteers to offer to serve against the Boers; but does not all this zeal trench a little on the absurd? One finds some difficulty in seeing anything magnanimous in the simultaneous efforts of 40,000,000 to deal with 25,000. But apart from considerations of that kind, and from the question of taste, is it not the case that corps of Volunteers which offer to serve over sea are going against the very principle by which they exist? That individual Volunteers should enter the ranks of the Army is one thing, but that corps of them should go out of the British Isles is another. The theory concerning the Volunteers is that they are to stand by to replace the regular soldiers who are sent abroad, so that the country shall not be left without an armed and organised garrison in case an enemy should contrive to slip through the British Fleet and invade us. How that feat could be achieved, and whether it ever will be achieved, are pretty subjects for debate; but it is the fact that the whole organisation of the Volunteers is for home service, and will be reduced to nonsense if they are to be sent abroad.

* * * *

There are plenty of other reasons why the offers which it is understood have been made to the War Office should not be accepted, but this one is sufficient. The enemies of the Volunteers, if there are any, might be tempted to say that they knew this before they made their offers. Meanwhile if war does come in the Transvaal, and the regiments sent on service are in want of men, the elasticity of our system will make it perfectly possible for as many Volunteers as wish to do so to take their places in the ranks while the fighting lasts. When it is over the survivors can go back to their own corps, which will be all the better for a sprinkling of men who have seen service.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance.*

Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

*** *On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VIII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1758.—Capture of the French corvette "Caumartin," 16, in the Channel, by the British frigate "Southampton," 32.

September 25, 1806.—Capture of four French frigates, "Minerve," 40, "Infatigable," 40, "Gloire," 40, and "Arnude," 40, by Sir Samuel Hood's squadron—"Centaur," 74 (flag), "Windsor Castle," 98, "Achille," 74, "Monarch," 74, "Revenge," 74, and "Mars," 74—while blockading Rochefort. Rather an unusual instance of line-of-battle ships running down frigates, although the rough weather, which prevented the British ships opening their lower deck ports, somewhat equalised the fighting.

September 26, 1814. — Destruction of the American privateer "General Armstrong," by the boats of the "Plantagenet," 74, "Rota," 38, and "Carnation," 18, in Fayal Roads, Azores. A midnight affair with fierce fighting, in which two of the boats were sunk.

September 27, 1840.—Storm of Sidon by the seamen and marines of Commodore Sir Charles Napier's squadron, with a force of Turkish troops, after a preliminary bombardment of the fortress by the squadron.

September 28, 1652.—Blake's victory off the Kentish Knock over the Dutch fleet, under De Witt and Ruyter, resulting in a complete defeat of the enemy, with great loss of ships, and the Dutch temporary withdrawal into the Texel.

September 29, 1719.—Reduction of Vigo by a combined Naval and Military force, under Vice-Admiral Mighells and Lord Cobham. The attack was in the nature of a surprise, and after four days' operations the place surrendered, immense quantities of military stores being taken.

September 30, 1841.—First China War. Naval attack at Guard Island, Chusan, on the strong Chinese batteries, after which the troops with the expedition were landed, and the Chinese forces on shore routed with heavy losses.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1803.—Aligurh stormed and captured by General Lake. The town was held by Scindiah's troops, and M. Perron commanded the northern armies of that prince.

September 25, 1811.—Combat of El Bodon during the Peninsular War. On this occasion the 5th Fusilier's performed the unusual feat of charging some French cavalry and retaking some Portuguese guns which had been captured by the enemy. The French, under Montbrun, largely outnumbered the allies, especially in cavalry, and Lord Wellington at length ordered a retreat on the main body, during which movement the 5th and 77th Regiments formed a single square and beat off the French horsemen, who charged them on three sides simultaneously.

September 26, 1857.—General Havelock, after a series of desperate street fights, succeeded in forcing his way through Lucknow and reinforcing the garrison of the Residency.

September 27, 1781.—Sir Eyre Coote, with 11,500 men, completely defeated Hyder Ali, who had 60,000 men, at Sholinghur. We lost 100 men, Hyder Ali 5,000. The enemy were pursued till midnight. 1811.—Massena attacked Lord Wellington at Busaco, and was repulsed, losing 4,500 men killed and wounded. Our loss was 1,300.

September 28, 1705.—Barcelona capitulated to the Earl of Peterborough after a long siege.

September 29, 1710.—Reduction of St. Venaut by the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

September 30, 1710.—M. Suberaise, the French Governor of Annapolis, in Nova Scotia, surrendered the place to Colonel Nicholson, who had 2,000 men. A small Naval squadron co-operated.

LORD KITCHENER, while on his journey to Atbara to open the new railway bridge which has been constructed over the river Atbara, stopped at Keneh, near Luxor, and purchased a large white donkey for presentation to the Queen. The animal stands 13 hands high, and is a magnificent specimen of a race of donkeys which is gradually disappearing from the country. It is of the same type as the male donkey already owned by the Queen, the two making, we believe, an unique pair in this country. The new donkey was brought down to Suez to be shipped for England, and was there put on board the "Duke of Argyll." Illustrations of both animals appear on another page.

Cabins in the Navy.

By A NAVAL OFFICER.

"A MAN may be known by his friends," may almost be altered in the Service to "a man may be known by his cabin." There are almost as many different styles of cabins as there are officers occupying them. The cabins themselves may be of the same pattern, containing just the same Admiralty fittings, and thus far have no individuality, but put an officer in, and a few days after the cabin will be as fitted to the man as the shell is to a crab, all his lares and penates will be there, and it is in these things that a man's individuality is shown.

Before going further I may divide cabins into classes, each class belonging to a different type of officer. There is the sporting cabin, the domestic, the professional, the married, the unmarried, the luxurious, the ascetic's, the cabin that is practically a home, and the cabin that is looked on by its owner as merely a sleeping place, a place to dress and undress in, and practically no more. Needless to say there is the tidy and untidy cabin, but the latter is regulated to a certain extent by the fact that on Sundays all cabins are open to inspection by the captain, and there may be trouble if the cabin does not have at least one day of tidiness.

The sporting cabin is one of two types, either the cabin of a true Nimrod, or that of a Winkle. There are both classes of sportsmen, and the occupant can usually be gauged. The Nimrod's cabin is more severe, there is his shot gun and rifle, his fishing-rod, and other signs of his taste of a workman-like quality, not too ornate, but all useful, and in place of pretty-pretties on his dressing-table a large space may be occupied by a cartridge-filler and his magazine, for I fear the order that cartridges are to be kept in the magazine is more honoured in the breach than the observance.

The Winkle is often confused with the Nimrod, but is generally found out before long, his cabin is full to overflowing —guns, rifles, golf-clubs, rods, riding-boots, if space will allow, a saddle. The great desire of the Winkle is always to have a saddle, no matter whether he ever uses it or not; he may be the hossiest man afut, and the futtiest man a-hoss that ever troubled a riding-master, but still he has the saddle, and his reputation is based on that until—well, until he mounts his horse to join in some paper chase or other jaunt, and makes a sorry figure. All his tools are of the flashiest make. I wonder if there is a special line of goods for the Winkle, or is the difference between them and those of the Nimrod only that of use?

The Winkle, too, if he be on a tropical station, will, as likely as not, have a pair of skates in evidence, "In case we find some ice, dontcherknow!" His cabin, too, must have some racing pictures—the Putney favourite, and dogs. Dogs are not confined to this class of cabin, there is no more favourite picture in the service than that of a dog unless it be that of feminine beauty.

"Induiter formosa est,
Exuiter ipsa forma est"

is the idea of many, if not most, but they come more under another class, of whom more later.

The domestic should, I think, have been classed first, but I have avoided invidious distinctions by classing them pell-mell. The domestic cabin speaks of loved ones at home. Here, there, and everywhere in the limited confines of the cabin are photographs of the dear ones from whom the occupant is separated. If he be young and unmarried, there is his father and his mother. Strange how alike these fathers and mothers are too; mostly elderly, mostly of a well-recognised cast of features, largely belonging to the Church, the Navy, or the Army, and all kindly-looking, as if they had put on their best expression for the sake of him for whom probably the photograph was taken. Then there are sisters, lots of them; cousins too—especially pretty cousins; and generally one particular photograph—a pretty girl, usually in evening dress, always in a prominent position; one doesn't ask who she is, one knows by experience she is a *cousin* or a *friend*.

The married domestic cabin is also full of photographs, but the same face predominates. There is the father and mother too; but above all there is the wife—the newly-wedded wife, and the wife of more mature years, and the children—from the family group of father, mother, and children, to the photograph of the arrival since commissioning, the source of much anxiety to the father so far away, and the relief seen on a man's face is often soon followed by the addition of another photograph to his collection, the mother and her little one. Then, too, this cabin bears evidence of a woman's taste; often it has been personally seen to by loving hands, and that

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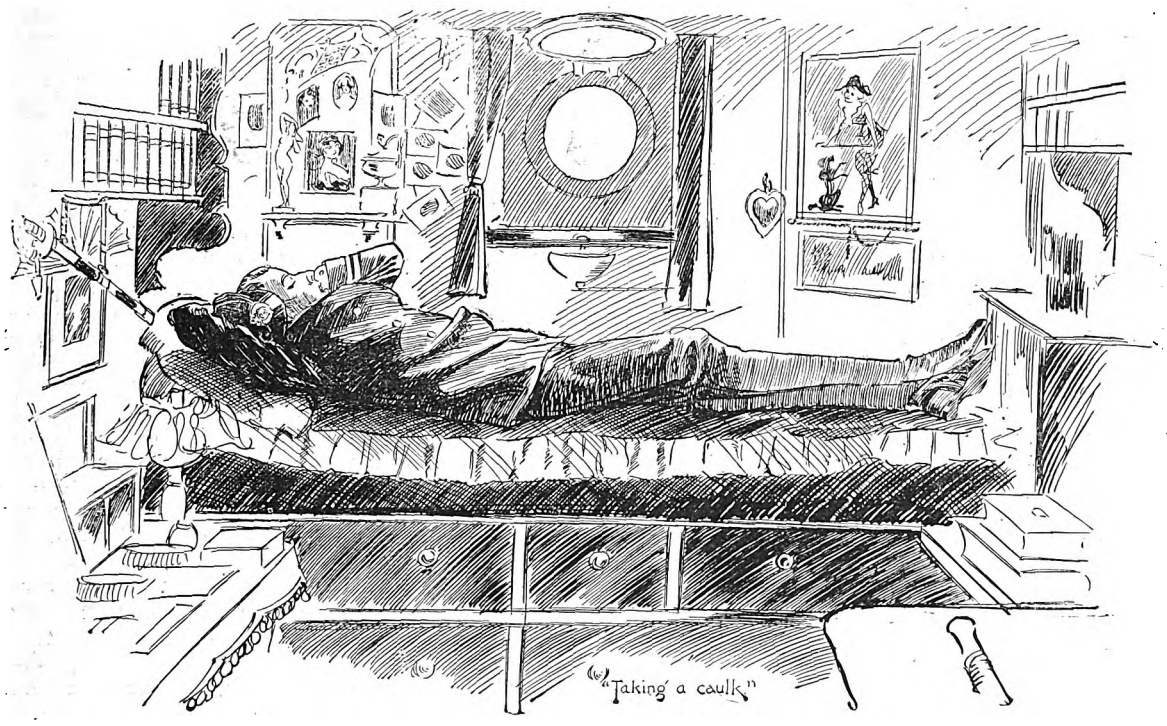
makes a difference. The last place she was in before the ship sailed becomes a sort of shrine, and the last things she did are sacred. Woebetide the over-zealous marine servant who breaks or disarranges her handiwork!

I have more or less included the domestic, the married and unmarried, in one class; they are near akin, and it is seldom the married is not domestic. When it is not, we will not inquire too closely into the matter; it tells its own tale, and that not of happiness.

The professional cabin belongs to a large class, for all cabins are to some extent professional, for every officer has his professional books, from the Bible, on the reading-desk of the chaplain, to the gunnery and seamanship books of the most junior executive officer, and the cabins of the navigating officer, paymaster, and chief engineer are also to a great extent officers'. Each is allowed a knee-hole table, and each is taken up by professional instruments, or books, or a big cashbox. But there are other cabins that seem wholly devoted to the profession, and these are generally those of torpedo officers. I remember one of this class which used to be a continual marvel, it was so difficult to see how the occupant could get into it without breaking something, it was full of electrical instruments with curling wires, glass rods and tubes, and I looked in, as a junior, with no small awe.

There is little doubt the torpedo officer is very keen on his duties, and electrical instruments, besides looking so very scientific, are brilliant in their red varnish. The gunnery officer doesn't have the same chance with him. He may be quite as keen, but then 9·2 guns, range-finders, and the like cannot be made cabin ornaments. In place of these we find the pair of foils and the boxing-gloves, for the gunnery Jack goes in for plenty of exercise.

The luxurious type is sometimes very luxurious, it has knick-knacks of every description, and of considerable value, the dressing-table is covered with silver and cut glass, and everything shows great taste on the part of the occupant. This is generally the show cabin, and visitors go away with an exalted idea of the Naval officer's cabin, and perhaps do not think quite so much of him as they did of the hard-working man of simple tastes a Naval officer is imagined to be. The ascetic errs on the other side, and his cabin is neither tasteful nor comfortable to the ordinary person. He scorns adornment, his sword hangs on one bulkhead, his shaving strop on the other, and beyond that the cabin is almost as it was when finished at the dockyard.


"Taking a caulk"

The cabin is to an officer what a man's library, or study, or den, or workroom is to a man ashore. It is his one place of privacy, and even that only partially, for often it is only divided from the mess by a curtain—there certainly is a door, but that is seldom shut; and there some men make their home. There they amuse themselves with their hobbies—painting, carving, and the like; or a man of musical tastes will perhaps agonise his messmates by his breathings on the flute, or his playing of the "bumblejar"—a generic term for all instruments; one never knows how penetrating the notes of an instrument can be until they are heard coming from a cabin.

In this case the hobby is not popular to others. I was once in a ship where there were three violinists—fiddlers we called them—and though they played well it got on our nerves, and the cure of their fatal disease was only effected by an outbreak of musical mania on our part. We took to the comb and tissue-paper instrument, and the tea-tray; as soon as the violins commenced, we commenced, our score was always ff, and we soon gained a victory, and the violins were kept within certain well-defined limits.

Home letters are generally written in the cabin, the mess is open to many interruptions, but when the curtain is drawn across the cabin door, the oak is virtually sported, and one is only interrupted when absolutely necessary; and it is here, too, that the tired man retires to think. Of an afternoon in warm weather nearly everyone thinks deeply; it is known in the Service slang as "taking a caulk." How many a deep problem is thought out in these silent hours, until they are broken into by the bell striking seven, and the simultaneous tinkling of tea-cups; the curtains are then drawn back, and the thinkers reappear.

The tidy and untidy do not need comment, but a word or two on the points of similarity in all cabins may be of interest.

To one who has only known a cabin in a mail steamer, the cabin of a man-of-war is a foreign land; the one is for a short voyage at most, the other is for a term of years, and it has to contain all the requirements of the officer. The commander or first lieutenant makes it his particular business to see that there is no spare baggage "down below," taking up room in the holds that can be, in his opinion, more profitably made use of. No, an officer joins the ship, his cases are unpacked, his servant stows his belongings away as well as he can in the drawers, etc., provided; some things won't go in, and unless a messmate has some spare room the surplus goes overboard. The cases are shaken, and landed, or possibly there may be stowage for them in this state, thus his all is here in the small space provided, a space measuring every way about 7-ft., not a noble apartment, and even that taken up—I write of one I know—by two stanchions, the wheel rope casing, an 18-in. pipe, two other pipes, and another obstruction of sorts.

The furniture provided by the Admiralty consists of a bunk place fitted with drawers underneath, wire-wove mattress, bedding, a chest of drawers, washstand, bath, one chair, bottle-rack, book-shelf and carpet. This is practically the same in every ship, and for this officers pay a penny a day. A few years since officers had to provide their own baths and bedding, and take these about with them wherever they went, but that has fortunately been done away with, and one joins a ship and finds just the same things there as were in the last cabin he had.

There is one point of similarity in the private possessions of nearly every officer. The Admiralty provides a quilt, known in official parlance, I believe, as "coverlets, bed, Royal Windsor, 1 in No." But in nearly every cabin this is the thing one does not see. It is there, don't doubt; but in spite of all its name it is hidden away by some elaborately-worked "bunk cover," generally worked by the clever fingers of some one of the gentler sex. Few officers are without this; the ascetic despises it, but even he has his travelling-rug covering the white quilt, and generally, too, there is a handsome cushion to match the bunk cover. Green is a very favourite colour.

Until one has lived in a cabin its capabilities are not known; it is wonderful what it can contain, and how little room the individual really needs. The deck space just allows the bath to rest there—not always that—and bare room to stand outside; the bunk is just wide enough, and yet so comfortable. When in the gun-room one looks forward to the dignity of a cabin, when one is familiar with the cabin, it becomes an object of envy and interest. You visit another ship. "Have you seen our cabins?" is an early question. Your best friend comes on board to see you, and you say, "Come and see my cabin." I have passed a drawn curtain—curtains never fit very well, the curtain rod is just 2-in. too short—and I have heard and seen blushing cheeks and two pairs of lips much more closely together than friendship warrants. It was in an unmarried cabin I saw it, but it became a married cabin in the next ship with the same pair to visit it.

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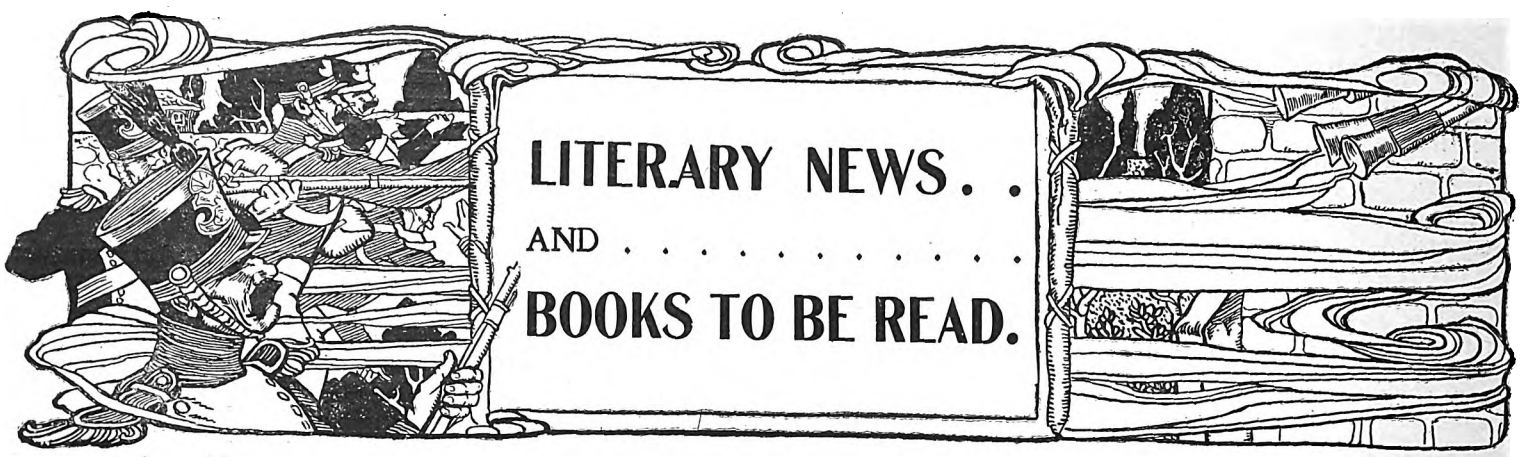

THE history of the town and port of Dover has not much in common with the quiet chronicles of inland towns, nor even of many places on the coast. Its geographical position marked out Dover as the scene of dramatic events. It was the channel of communication with the Continent when the bond with Normandy was strong; it became an outpost of our defence when the breach came. When William the Norman landed it was already a place of considerable importance, possessing valuable municipal privileges, defended by a strong fortress, and having official means of communication with the Continent. In later times it was to become chief among the armed confederacy of the Cinque Ports. The history of the local Navy which was raised by the Five Towns has been written with ripe knowledge by Professor Montagu Burrows, R.N., but there remained much to say concerning the "History of the Castle, Town, and Port of Dover," which has been told by the Rev. S. P. H. Statham, Chaplain to the Forces and rector of St. Mary-in-the-Castle, under the title I give (Longmans, 10s. 6d.). In a certain sense this is a typical local history, careful, even laborious, and above all accurate. "Dost thou know Dover?" we read in Shakespeare. Until Mr. Statham wrote we certainly did not. His history of the castle is exceedingly interesting; he gives a list of constables, which differs widely from any hitherto published, and is much fuller; and he conclusively assigns very great antiquity to the church of St. Mary-in-the-Castle. Nothing seems to have been overlooked, and the illustrations are just what they should be. Indeed, as a local history this would be hard to beat.

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The evidences of the larger history of Dover will transcend, however, in interest, to most readers, the record of purely local circumstances. Mr. Statham, though he has not attempted to deal with the Cinque Ports' Navy, could not forget it, and indeed he keeps us well abreast of its achievements. It was the misfortune of Dover to be given to the flames by the malicious act of the Conqueror's followers after the surrender of the castle, but it was the object of the Norman and Angevin kings to favour and propitiate a town from which they drew such powerful means of defence, and we find privileges granted and confirmed. The men of Dover played an important part in the Scotch and Welsh wars, for which full justice has never yet been rendered to them. It is sometimes forgotten that the first two Edwards rested in part upon Naval bases in their operations. There were furious disputes with the men of Yarmouth, and not a little bloodshed in consequence, but, notwithstanding this internecine quarrel, the Cinque Ports' men were invaluable to the King. When the wars with France began they were constantly fighting, and the port of Dover invited attack. Indeed the very bitter feeling between the Norman sailors and the Portsmen had much to do with provoking hostilities which were not easily quelled. Frenchmen paraded the Channel with the bodies of Englishmen hanging alternately with the carcases of dogs at their yardarms, but in 1293 they were defeated at St. Mahé. Mr. Statham says it was a decisive defeat, but that was scarcely so, for two years later they swooped down upon Dover, with 300 ships and 15,000 men, to burn and slay. There was terrible loss on both sides, but one chronicler says, in picturesque language, that the invaders "were sclayn every moder's son." But I must not pursue the fighting history of Dover, though I fancy few readers of history know how vitally important was the part played by the inhabitants, with the men of the other Cinque Ports, in our mediæval history.

* * * *

Something, however, deserves to be said about the history of the port and harbour of Dover. It has been an unfortunate history, and to this very day not all the difficulties have been removed—a story, says Mr. Statham, of continuous disasters. "From the Bishop of Bayeux's mill, which shattered almost every ship, to the new pier of the present day, each succeeding effort has been destined to failure, and we can only hope that the imperial harbour now in course of construction will finally settle a matter which has tested the patience of Dovorians for nineteen centuries." Dover escaped some calamities that fell upon its fellow towns, but it suffered terribly from the ravages of the sea. The commencement of the harbour really begins with Henry VII., and many efforts were made to protect waning industries; but the suppression of the religious orders struck a new blow at the revived prosperity of the town, and the interest of the Tudors was fitful. Great works were undertaken by Henry VIII., but by Elizabeth's time utter ruin had fallen upon the harbour. Her reign saw other attempts to make the port available, and the good Dovorians set many things right, taking in hand the discipline of shrews by purchasing two morters "for skolds to bear about the markett when they skolde." Throughout the century storms and silting up made the harbour a burning question, and householders, by beat of drum, were summoned to hasten with shovels to remove the obstructions that constantly grew. Mr. Statham gives a deeply-interesting account of the subsequent improvement of the place. I closed his book with a feeling of admiration for the spirit with which he has approached his task, and for the success with which he has accomplished it.

* * * *

The last year of the present century, by which I mean the year 1900, will be marked by a total eclipse of the sun, in relation to which Mr. George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., has written an admirable little manual entitled "The Story of Eclipses—Simply Told for General Readers" (Newnes, 1s.). Next year's eclipse will take place on May 27, and the area of its totality will cross a large tract of the United States, and, after passing over the Atlantic, will enter Portugal not far from Oporto and emerge from Spain at Cape Santa Pola, near Alicante. It will thus be within comparatively easy reach, and we may expect many tourists to make a bowing acquaintance with it. I fancy few people know how curious and fascinating is the lore of eclipses, but many Naval officers have entered into the zest of the practical thing, like those of the "Melpomene" last year at Viziadrug in Bombay, where highly-important scientific work was done. This little book of Mr. Chambers's is very informing. How romantic seem the wanderings of an eclipse discovered by the light of a "Saros," for be it remembered that an eclipse is constant, though it only strikes the earth sometimes, or, to be reasonably accurate, at intervals of 18·03 years. Here is an eclipse that appeared at the North Pole in June, A.D. 1295. It travelled south, but only touched Europe in August, 1367; in 1439 it was visible all over Europe; in 1601, appearing for the nineteenth time, it was central and annular over England; it was still seen in England in 1818 and 1836; it will not cross the equator until August, 1980, and not vanish at the South Pole until September 30, 2665, on making its 78th appearance. Here is one curious fact from the lore of eclipses. Mr. Chambers describes it all, and his book will be particularly welcome to those who visit Spain and Portugal next year. The eclipse will be partial in England.

* * * *

These two books on Dover and on eclipses cannot, in the nature of things, be lively. Of very different mould is "Love Made Manifest," by Guy Boothby (Ward, Lock, 5s.), not that that is lively either, despite its sparkling dialogue and sometimes lively scenes, for we feel the tragedy lurking behind. I am disposed to say that this is the best story Mr. Boothby has written. There is more of the real in it, a good deal more, and less, very little in fact, of the artificial. Its beings are compact of flesh and blood; its pages pulsate with passion; the tragedy of fate looms over it. The beings I refer to are three only—he, she, and the other one. He and she are boy and girl together, figs gathered from the thistles of whisky-drinking parentage, passing their childhood together in Upolu in the Samoan group, with the surge breaking on the reef, the lagoon sleeping like quicksilver in the sun, and the air sweet with the odour of the wild orange and cocoanut palm. He is filled with the divine fire, and the world looms large in his confidence; she is lovely with the dawn of youth, filled with a pagan longing, rich in the potentialities of a Phryne. Their plighted troth is spoken on the deck of the vessel that carries her away to new greatness, and the full splendour of the larger world. The word comes from her: "Remember, Claude, we're to be married, and you're never to love anyone else in the whole world." The boy cannot remain behind, but, away in Australia, the years pass slowly while he ripens his powers. At last he lands in England, a writer unknown, and an artist unacknowledged. He works late and early in his lodging; he wins appreciation; publishers, and critics approve; the public are fascinated by his power and the boldness with which he handles the problems of Society; "God's Microcosms" carries him to the height of fame; he becomes a dramatist, and is universally acclaimed.

* * * *

Meanwhile he has met the other one, and has married her. She has a character, too—the daughter of a sordid and yet impassioned minister of the Last Day Resurrectionists; she is herself filled with the pure zeal of an evangelist—unworldly, but not unreal. It is not for love that he marries her, and the emotions are complex, but well described. She has no part in his life, no sympathy with his ideas, and she knows nothing of his writings. Strange that, when all the world is talking of it, she has never read the "Microcosms." On their wedding day, arrived at Brighton, the incongruity strikes her with reproach. She will read the book that very day, and, doing so, her ascetic soul recoils from the horrors it seems to her to contain. She can have no more part or lot with the man who expresses such ideas as these, and leaving him forthwith, they are separated ever more. Meanwhile Loie, by this time a lovely woman of the world, hearing of his fame, rushes to greet him again. I said "a woman of the world," but that is not so. She is in it, but not of it, her pagan heart rebelling against its mockeries and its shams. She, too, is married—united to a besotted millionaire for money's sake by her father. This drunken wretch is a shadow in these pages, but all the elements of tragedy are assured. Mr. Boothby has bestowed loving pains upon the creation of his heroine, and her strongly individualised character is a triumph. He has dealt most powerfully with the lurking demon in the relations between Claude and Loie. The temptation comes from her, and, after a long moral struggle, he is won. The moralists will cry out; but let them read to the end. Mr. Boothby has found a way out through remorse, atonement, and sacrifice. I will not divulge the end. It is dramatic, but perhaps a sharper tragedy at an earlier stage might have been better. "Love Made Manifest" is certainly a very fine story.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Leicestershire Regiment.

THE STORY OF ITS CAREER—PAST AND PRESENT.

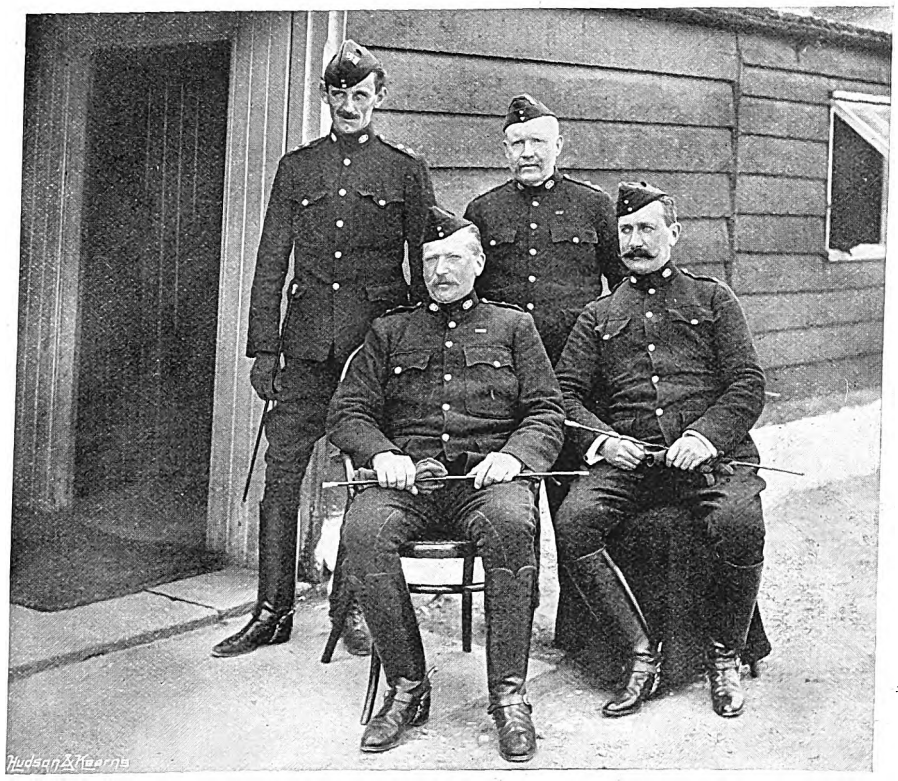
DISTINGUISHED as the record of the 17th Foot undoubtedly is, like several others amongst the senior regiments of British infantry it was the victim of consistent ill-luck throughout the earlier part of its career, in that it was fated to serve everywhere except in the right place. It had no share in any of Marlborough's classic victories, nor, although it served with distinction in India, and earned the honours of "Hindoostan" and the "Royal Tiger," does its roll of battles include any of those famous names that mark the epochs of British progress in the East Indies. In the conquest of Canada, however, the 17th won a full measure of glory, and though not engaged in the decisive victory at Quebec, it had the good fortune to take part in the brilliant success of the British Naval and Military forces at Louisburg, under Admiral Boscawen and Lord Amherst, on June 27, 1758. Here it was that the gallant Wolfe, then in command of the 20th Regiment, so distinguished himself that he was selected by Mr. Pitt to conduct the operations which subsequently culminated in the capture of Quebec and the conquest of Canada.

After these events nearly a century elapsed before the outbreak of the first Afghan War, in 1839, gave the 17th an opportunity to win further honours. In the desperate fighting that took place at the storming of Ghuznee, the light company of the 17th was included in the special column detailed to head the assault, and behaved with great gallantry. This selected force was led by Colonel Dennie, of the 13th, who was afterwards killed at Jellalabad, and its conduct gained the highest praise from Sir John Keane. The town of Ghuznee having been stormed, the 17th Regiment and the 13th Light Infantry were sent against the citadel, which being, however, evacuated by the Afghan garrison, was taken without further loss.

The 17th also took part in the storming of Khelat, and for its services in the campaign the regiment was rewarded by the permission to inscribe on its colours the names "Afghanistan," "Ghuznee," and "Khelat." The bad luck from which they had suffered of old was soon, however, to overtake the gallant Leicestershires, who arrived in the Crimea in time to shiver and die in the trenches before Sebastopol, and to take part in the ill-managed, though gallantly executed, assault on the Redan, but too late to participate in the victories of Alma and Inkerman.

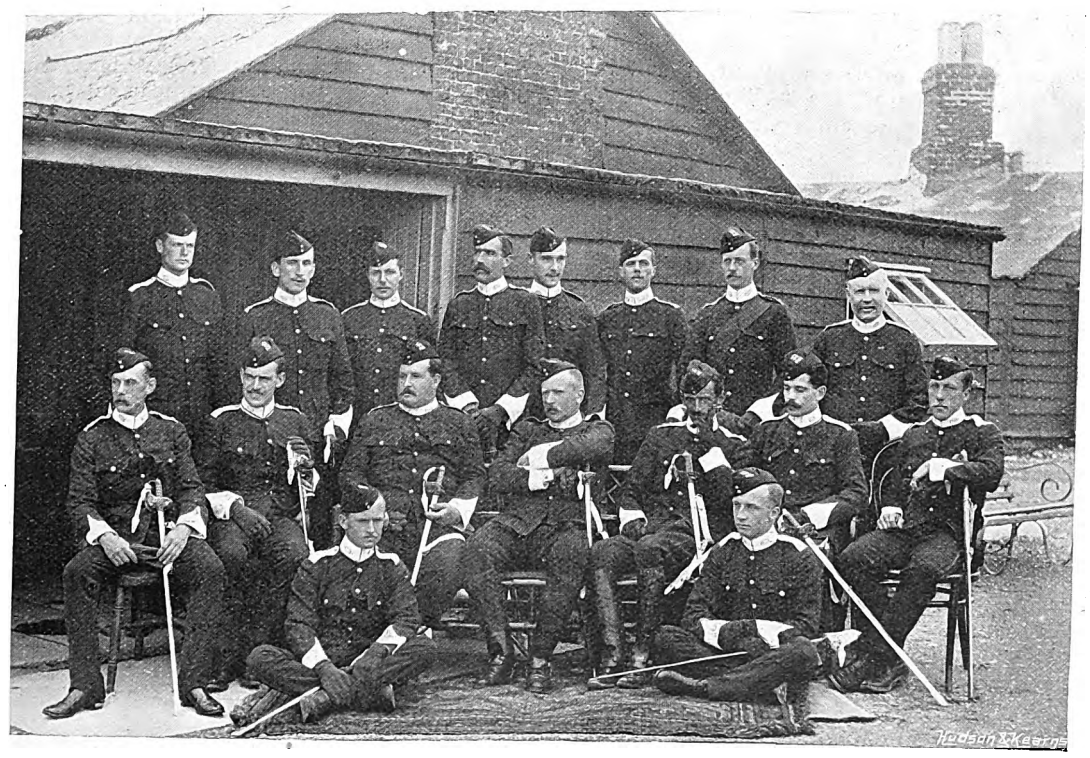
Nor were they destined to gain historic laurels in the Indian Mutiny. Even Afghanistan, to which they returned in 1878, failed to yield a proper crop of opportunities. The honour of "Ali Musjid" with the general term, "Afghanistan, 1878-79," records on the colours the hard work and good service done by one of the finest battalions that crossed the frontier during the second Afghan War.

Possibly Fortune may smile presently upon this excellent old regiment, which has so often, during over 200 years, been subjected to her darkest frowns. The 1st Battalion of the Leicestershires is now in Natal, and the Boers are unlikely to be brought into subjection without sharp fighting. Should need arise, the Leicestershire men may safely be trusted to give an excellent account of themselves.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MCKINSTRY AND THE STAFF OFFICERS, 2nd Battalion the Leicestershire Regiment.

Meanwhile, the 2nd Battalion, which has recently been engaged in the Irish Manoeuvres, has furnished the subjects for the series of photographs reproduced in this number. The Curragh Camp, where the battalion is quartered, consists partly of the old wooden huts, and partly of the permanent structures which will in due time be universal. The Leicestershires, it will be observed, have not been fortunate enough to obtain accommodation in the latter, and a very fair idea of what wooden huts are like can be gained by looking at the groups of officers taken outside the mess hut, and the interior view of the same hut, which shows the mess plate. The walls are only about 6-ft. high, and the ceilings some 2-ft. higher. Even the most enterprising of house-agents would scarcely dare to describe a Curragh hut as a "desirable residence, with lofty and convenient reception-rooms." The "Royal Tigers," as the Leicestershires are familiarly termed (or simply "The Tigers"), have, if rumour may be credited, a soul that has been known to soar somewhat



Photos. Copyright. THE OFFICERS OF THE 2nd LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT. *Elliott & Fry.*

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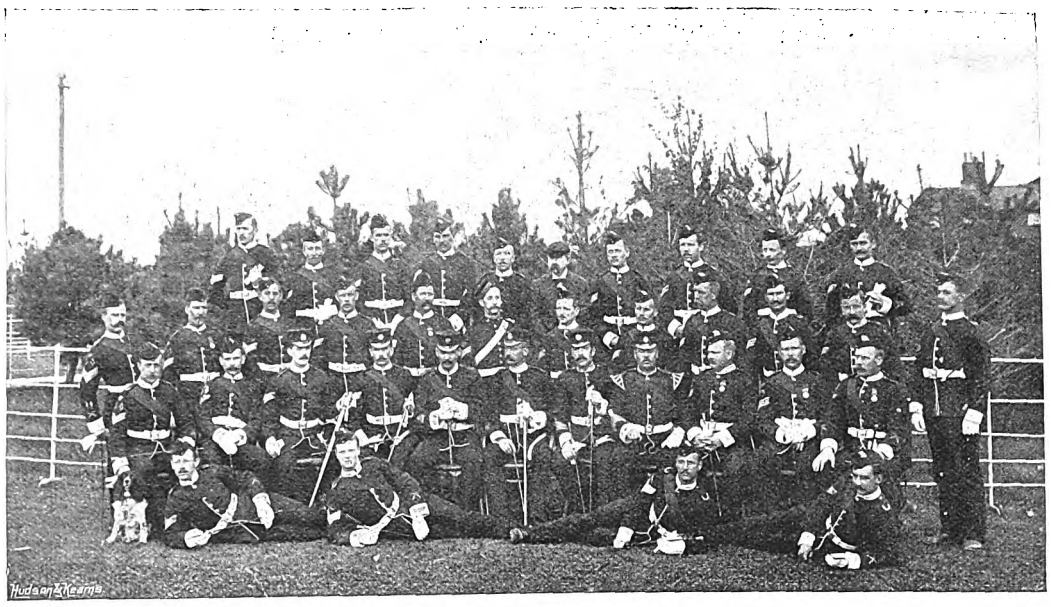
above the level of luxury that their present quarters could accommodate.

Not very many years ago the extravagant magnificence exhibited in the arrangements for a ball at York, in which the officers appeared in the uniform of the seventeenth century, is said to have been punished by exile to Bermuda, where the corps was left awhile to economise and ponder over the vanity of human enjoyments. But this, so to speak, is "neither here nor there," and at the present time a Spartan simplicity is no doubt displayed by the quondam followers of Lucullus. It may not, however, be thought uninteresting to note here that Bermuda appears to be a station that commends itself to the authorities, both military and civilian, as a place where malefactors may conveniently be sent to kick their heels. A very distinguished battalion was punished for a breach of discipline by a tour of service at that station, and the colleague of Smith O'Brien, "Mitchell of Belfast," of whom Thackeray sang so amusingly in his "Lyra Hibernica," was likewise transported thither—just to keep him out of mischief.

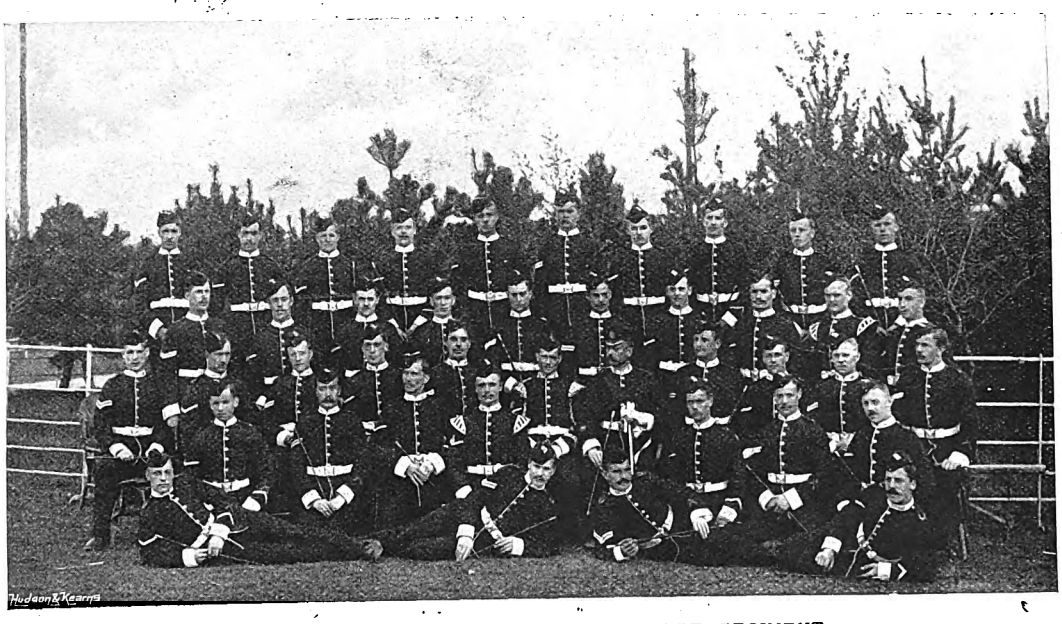


THE WARRANT OFFICERS, STAFF-SERGEANTS, AND SERGEANTS.

The first of the accompanying illustrations shows the staff of the 2nd Battalion Leicestershire Regiment. The commanding officer and the second in command are seated, with the adjutant and the quartermaser standing behind them. The commanding officer and the adjutant, it will be seen, have boots of the new pattern, with a "V" cut in front. This great advantage has until recently been denied to infantry officers, for some unknown reason. The increase of comfort during a long day on horseback is very great.

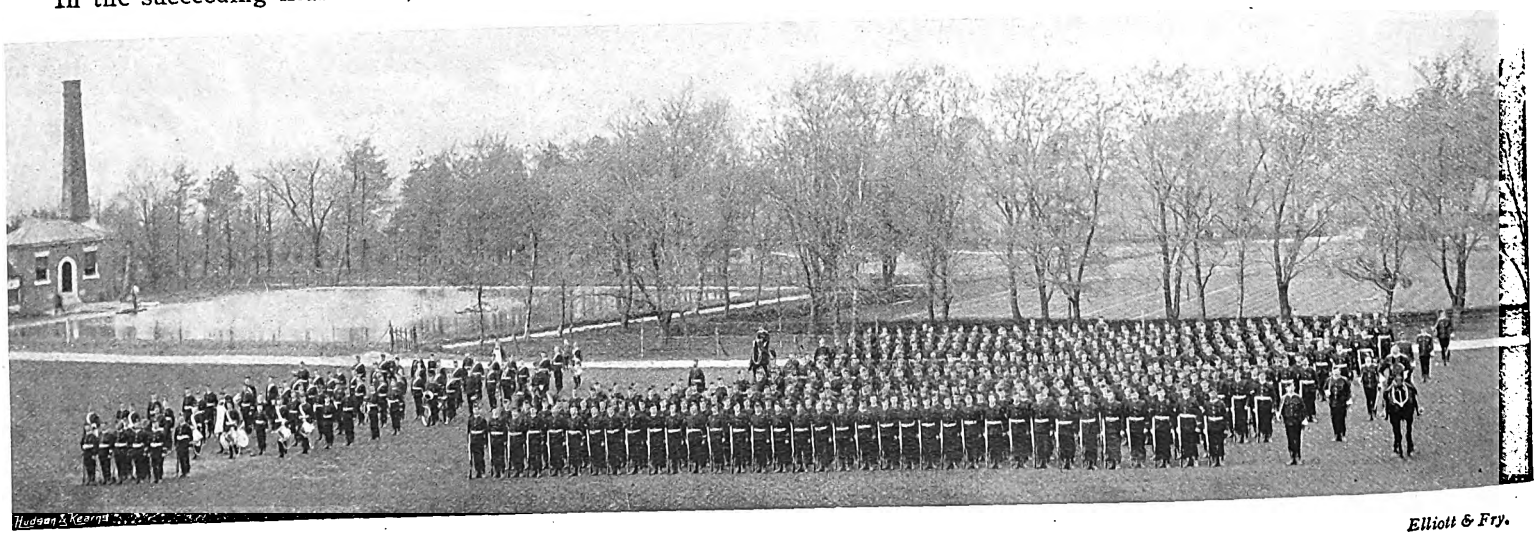
In the succeeding illustration, in which we have a group of the officers, another class of foot and leg gear will be observed. The regulation jack boot is not suitable for manœuvres, because in these days of long-range fire-arms the mounted officers are obliged to get off their horses at a comparatively early stage of the proceedings, and it will readily be understood that a stiff jack boot is not adapted to marching on foot.

To meet this difficulty various expedients are employed; some corps wear ankle boots, with "putties"—an importation from India—and some wear field boots; but the 2nd Battalion of the Leicestershires has adopted what appears to be the most serviceable expedient of all, namely, ankle boots and leather leggings. The disadvantage of both field boots and putties is that they take a long time to put on, whilst the legging, on the contrary, which is secured in a moment by an encircling strap, is very handy indeed. In this illustration a better idea is given of the Curragh huts than in that which precedes it. Draughty as these huts are in winter, they are insufferably hot during the summer months, and when the last of them has given place to a substantial brick building, no pangs of regret will be felt either by officers or men.



THE CORPORALS OF THE 2nd LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.

The trophy of mess plate which forms the subject of the last illustration has been most artistically grouped, and is surmounted by the battalion colours. The "Royal Tigers," of course, have their patron saint well to the front, two very fine tiger heads doing duty as locomotive cigarette boxes. The very fierce-looking head on the right is of most remarkable size, and the mounting of it is absolutely perfect. The expression is most life-like, and recalls accurately the visage of a tiger in an extremely bad temper.



Copyright. THE 2nd LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT AT THE CURRAGH. Elliott & Fry.

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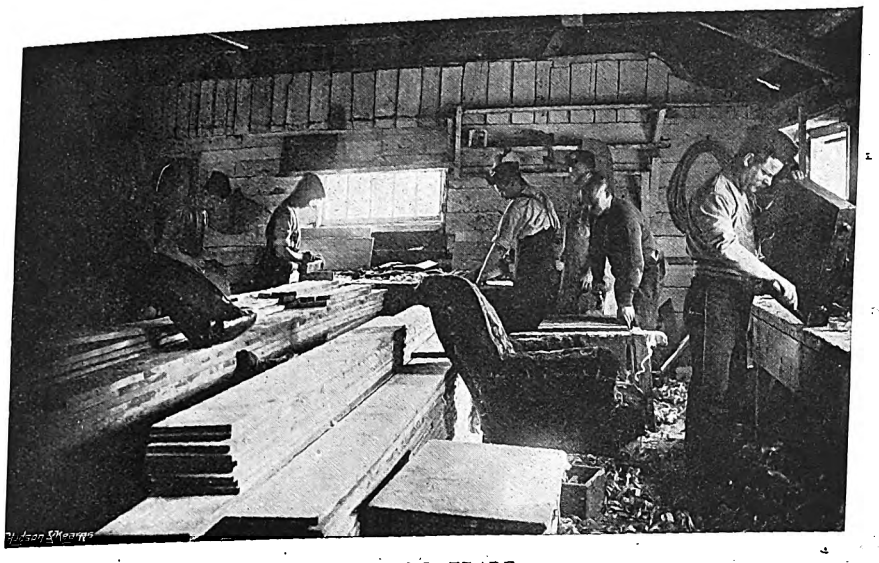


A SOLDIER'S TRADE.
At Work in the Carpenters' Shop.

When it is borne in mind that the 2nd Battalion of the Leicestershires—together with the 2nd Battalions of all other infantry regiments of the Line, up to number twenty-five—was raised only in 1858, it will be admitted that the show of plate is very satisfactory.

The Jubilee shield of 1887 has its place in the centre. To give a clearer view of the great tiger's head it has been given a picture all to itself. No doubt at some future date the carriage upon which it rests will be converted into an auto-mobile.

In the third illustration we have the staff-sergeants and sergeants. The sergeant-major is seated in the centre, with the sergeant-drummer on his right and the quartermaster-sergeant on his left. The armourer-sergeant and the canteen steward are in rear, the former in the uniform of the Army Ordnance Corps, and the latter in civilian clothes.

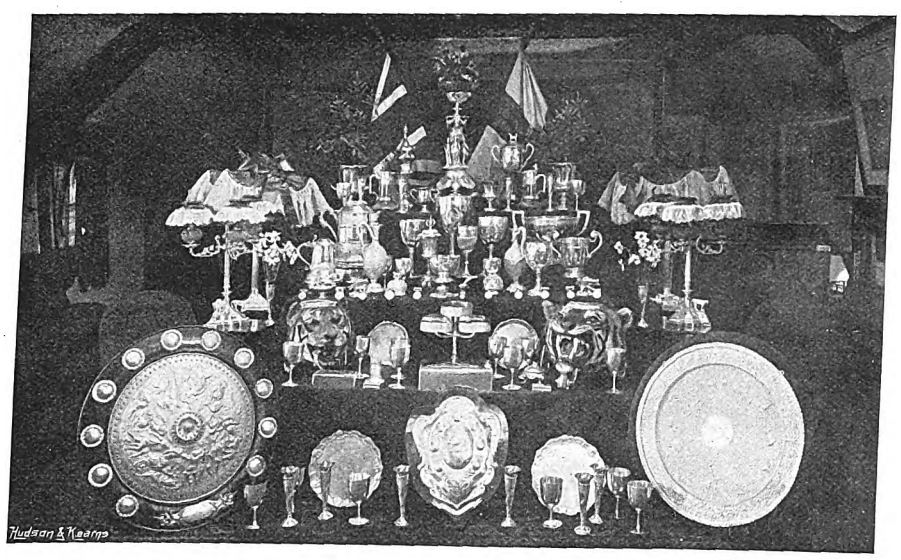
The fourth illustration represents the corporals and lance-corporals, amongst whom the sergeant-major has taken his seat. Members of the band and "drums" will be recognised by the wings on their shoulders, those of the bandsmen being striped, whilst those of the drummers are embroidered.

Judging by the two illustrations, it would seem that the 2nd Leicestershires have a very soldier-like lot of non-commissioned officers.

Next we have the battalion on parade, in six strong companies — not "eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the colonel and the band"—but, roughly, about half that number, with the same accessories. The Leicestershires are facing the Curragh Hill, with the officers' club grounds in rear of them, whilst the waterworks may be seen to their right.

This series now closes with the battalion pioneers at work in the carpenters' shop.

The Leicestershire Regiment is one of the privileged few who are entitled to wear perpetual mourning for General Wolfe. In the regimental lace worn on the officers' tunics there is a black "worm," as it is called, and very highly is this distinction valued by the Leicestershires, and by all the other regiments upon whom it was similarly conferred in commemoration of the hero of Louisburg and Quebec, to whose skill and devotion the conquest of Canada is justly ascribed.



Photos. Copyright. *A GOODLY COLLECTION.* *Elliott & Fry.*
The Mess Plate of the 2nd Leicestershire Regiment.

The Canadian Grenadiers.

SOME NOTES AND PICTURES.

THE Volunteer Movement, of which all Britons are justly so proud, is not restricted to that part of the Empire known as Great Britain. Almost all our colonies have forces corresponding to our Volunteers, although they may be known by some other title.

In Canada, for instance, there is a large force of willing defenders styled the Active Militia, but corresponding to the Volunteers rather than to the Militia, as we understand the term in the Mother Country. There is also a small Permanent Force, but with it we are not here directly concerned. In Canada the Militia secures its due share of patronage from Government, and on that account is in many respects far ahead of our Volunteers.

The presence of the "official smile" is in no small degree due to the fact that upon the Militia rests the responsibility of Canadian home defence, for the Permanent Force is so inconsiderable as to form only the nucleus of a standing army. Moreover, certain of the regiments of Militia have been put to the test of active service in their own colony, an advantage which our Volunteers have not yet enjoyed, and have invariably acquitted themselves in a manner which has won for them the golden opinion of their compatriots.

Among the "crack" corps of the Dominion may fairly be reckoned the 10th Grenadiers. Raised in 1862, they have ever held a forward position among the many smart Canadian corps, and rendered yeoman service in the Rebellion Campaign of 1885, for which the rebel Louis Riel, a half-bred, was responsible. The present commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel James Mason, then a captain in the Grenadiers, was severely wounded during the campaign, and with the other officers of his corps engaged was afterwards commended for his gallant conduct. For this campaign he received the

Photo. Copyright. *A GROUP OF ALL RANKS.* *"Navy & Army."*
"Steadily, Shoulder to Shoulder."

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medal and clasp. He also visited England with the Jubilee contingent, and acted as second in command of all the colonial infantry then in the metropolis.

In one of the accompanying illustrations are seen the officers of the Grenadiers with their colours, upon which their honours are inscribed. The two officers carrying the colours, who are in review order, wear a uniform similar to that of the old "Fighting Fifth," now officially styled the Northumberland Fusiliers.

The other officers, all of whom are in undress, are wearing the old patrol of staff pattern, now practically obsolete in the Imperial Army. The central figure is Lieutenant-Colonel Mason, who, like several of the officers in this group, wears the ribbon of some decoration, and it may be noticed that the chaplain of the battalion is present in the uniform of his "cloth."

A smarter body of men than the non-commissioned officers of the Grenadiers it would be hard to meet. Each one, judging from the picture, is as well set up as a sergeant of the Guards, with whom our London readers are so familiar.

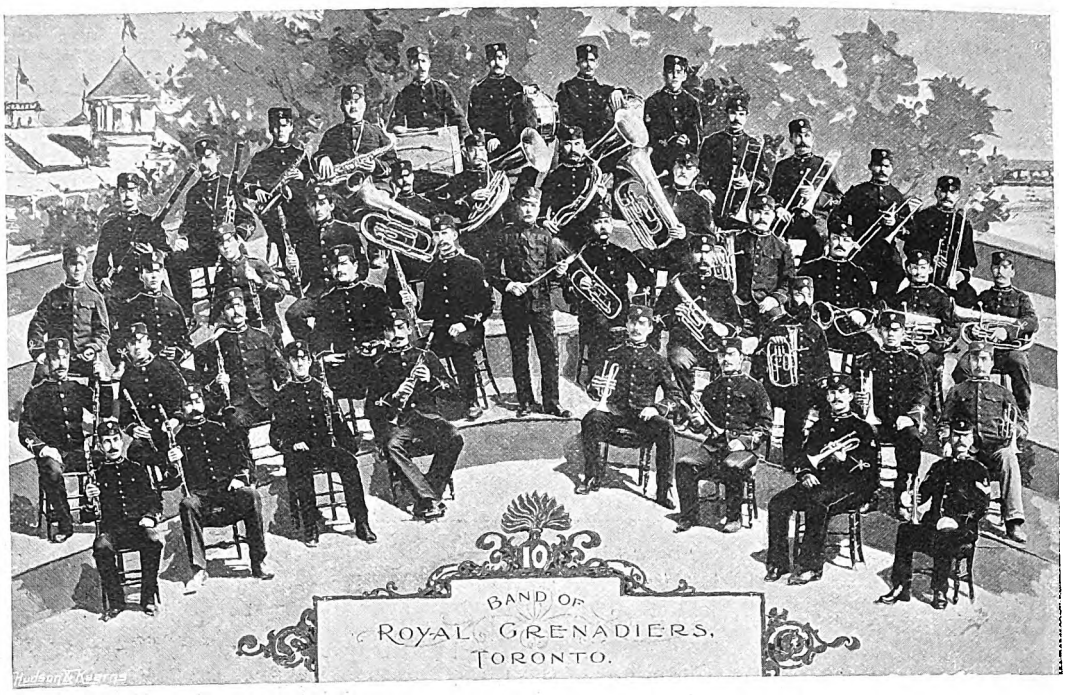

Photo. Copyright. *PREPARING TO "STRIKE UP."* *Farmer Bros.*

Many of them, too, wear medals, testifying to their having participated in a campaign, and others are recognised by the Jubilee medal as having shared in one of the most brilliant pageants in modern history, when soldiers from every part of the Empire came to the Mother Country to honour the Empress-Queen.

The uniform of the rank and file, it will be observed, closely resembles that of the Grenadier Guards, although an Austrian knot takes the place of the "Guards' cuff."

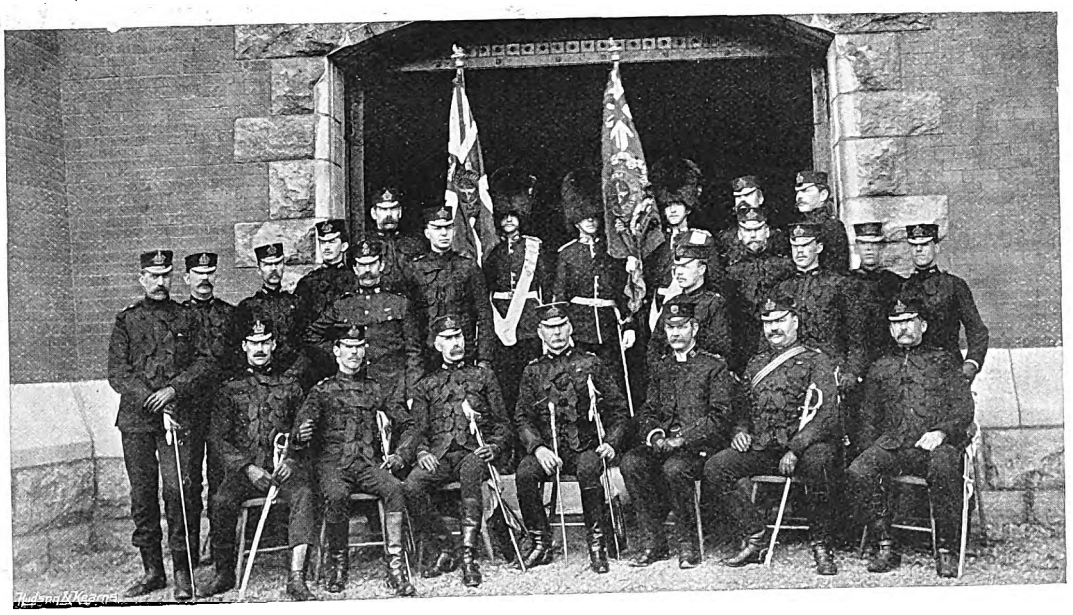

Photo. Copyright. *OFFICERS, 10th GRENADIERS. The Representatives of Authority.* *Park Bros.*

It may also be seen that the sergeants of the battalion, unlike those of English and Scottish Volunteer corps, are privileged to wear the sash over the right shoulder, of similar pattern to that worn by our Regular and Militia infantry.

A third picture is representative of all ranks, excluding officers. On the right of the group is a sergeant wearing the Jubilee medal. Next to him is a bandsman carrying his instrument.

The central figure is a cyclist-sergeant wearing the orthodox field-service cap. On his right is a lance-corporal, a pioneer, whose office is symbolised by the badge of crossed axes. On the left of the sergeant is seen a private soldier in white helmet ready for active service, whose height is made the more striking by the drummer in a picturesque uniform. On the left of the group is another private soldier equipped for orderly duty.

The soldierly bearing of all speaks for itself, and Lieutenant-Colonel Mason is to be congratulated on commanding men of such exceptionally fine physique, and who are fit to go anywhere and do anything whenever the call of duty summons them. A section of this battalion which must not be forgotten is the band, here depicted preparing to charm a Toronto audience; but, needless to say, the musicians are equally in their element when on the march heading this splendid corps, which space forbids our noticing at further length.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remind the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of the excellent series of articles, accompanied by illustrations, which appeared in this paper some months ago.

Photo. Copyright. *SERGEANTS, 10th GRENADIERS The Backbone of the Battalion.* *Farmer Bros.*

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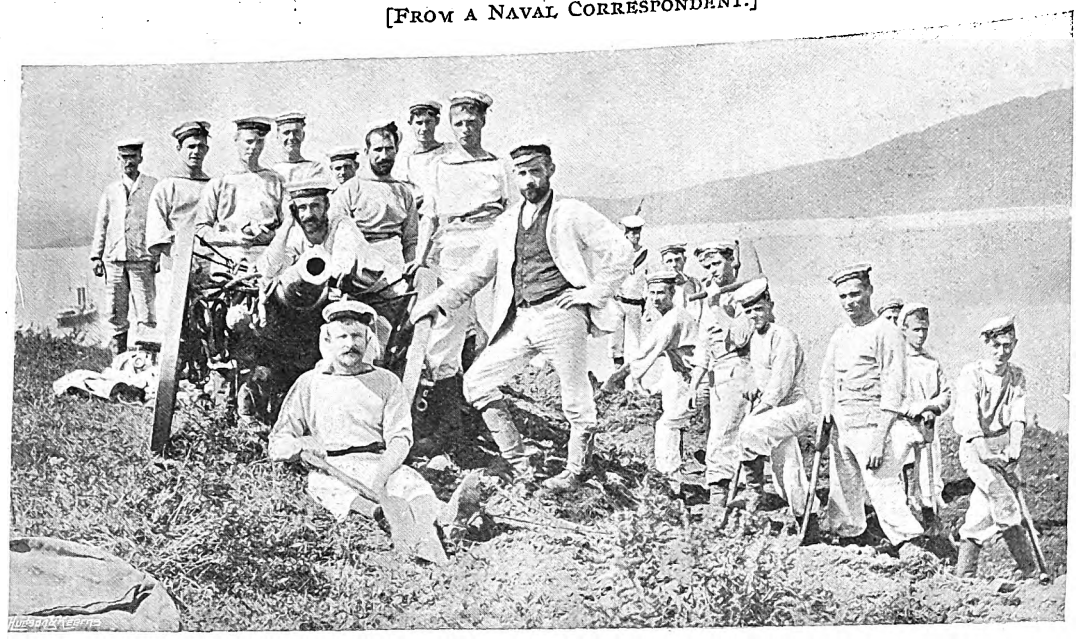
"Rigging a Base."

[FROM A NAVAL CORRESPONDENT.]



"STAND EASY" AFTER A MILE AND A-HALF CLIMB.

"THEY say we have no bases outside the States' coasts! I reckon we'll plant them just so thick as will suit us, right bang alongside the Dons!" So said an American Naval officer to the writer, and the prophecy was born out by the occupation of Manila Harbour, and subsequently of a port on the coast of Cuba. The bases were occupied and utilised as stepping-stones to conquest, and that is the only way the seaman takes stock in bases. The operation of rigging a base is a familiar evolution to the British Navy. Some years ago this very ordinary practice by the British Fleet on a Turkish island near the Dardanelles was the unexpected means of depressing every Stock Exchange in Europe by a financial panic, which spread from one capital to another. Since then the Admiralty has brought in stringent regulations as to what is to be done in the way of warnings and permits preliminary to Jack taking his playthings on shore for an airing.

A KOREAN DWELLING.

A GROUP OF NATIVES.

Our illustrations show some of the incidents of rigging a base at Port Lazareff, in Korea, in the expectation of a night attack by boats. It will be remembered that, in the days when our China Fleet rigged Port Hamilton up as a base, Port Lazareff was the ice-free harbour on which Russia was supposed to have cast covetous eyes.

Of the Bluejackets who have landed, while one party is engaged in defending the water area with mines and booms, others are disembarking field guns and search-lights. Later on the ships may be brought close in under the shadow of the hills, and their rigging hung with foliage to blur them in with the landscape.

Our first illustration shows the seamen standing easy after a hot climb of a mile and a-half of mountain slope. They are waiting to bring their pickaxes and shovels to the task of making a concealed and protected position for the gun. Another illustration shows the search-lights in position, ready to illuminate the entrance of the harbour. In the background of the first picture can be seen a cruiser, from which cables are laid to convey the electricity to the search-lights, so that each can send its brilliant light, equal to 25,000 candles, searching over the water for the small craft that may attack. In their hands the men hold pieces of coloured glass, to enable them to shade their eyes when watching the light, and so prevent the splitting headaches which would otherwise result. A good story is told of Pat in this connection. He once found the associations of the shore too much for him on an occasion like this. "Sure, sir!" said he, to account for his dazed state, "I forgot to use the glass!" "I recommend you to forget it still more!" said the captain, as he awarded him punishment per scale.

Wherever the seaman is at work on shore, a number of natives will collect to watch "the foreign devils." It is, however, difficult to get them to stand fire under the camera, and only after much preliminary chasing by Bluejackets and the help of a few cash—a cash is

Photos. J. Fuller. Copyright.

A KOREAN BURIAL CEREMONY.

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about the one-fortieth of a penny—can a courageous few be mustered for this purpose.

The natives resemble children, and require coaxing in a similar way, unless they are superstitious. Sometimes the fear is that in some occult way the camera will work them harm, as with Zanzibar Seede-boys and natives in other parts, who believe that if a likeness is cut up or torn in pieces a similar fate may befall the original. One curious incident, typical of the strange sights that meet the sailor in his travels, is the picture of a group cremating a relative. A pit, forming a rude sort of furnace, is dug and piled with faggots. The corpse is then placed in, with an outfit of presents for the soul's future use. In this habit of giving presents, and another one of using white clothing for mourning, the natives resemble the Chinese. The faggots are lit, and added to from time to time, while the mourners squat round, smoking their long-stemmed pipes, a custom which may commend itself to many, for who should say that the divine weed which keeps the temper cool will not also calm our grief for the dear departed.

Photo. J. Fullor. Copyright.

SEARCH-LIGHTS IN POSITION.

Seamen as Cyclists.

THE BICYCLE IN THE NAVY.

THERE are few modern innovations in the life of a sailor so deserving of encouragement as the recreation of cycling. Lack of accommodation is the chief reason for the bicycle not having made greater headway in the sea-going ships, since only large cruisers like the "Powerful" can afford the space required to stow a large number of machines. In most sea-going ships it may be said that only the heads of departments can find the necessary space. This need not discourage the enthusiast. The writer can recollect the time when a midshipman was not allowed to take anything beyond his chest, and what he could stow in it, to sea with him. It was a time also when such an innovation as a smoking-room was unheard of.

CHIEF ARMOURER R. CRIBB,
Captain of the "Vernon" C.C.

This has all been changed during the last ten years, and the writer is sanguine enough to dream of a good time coming when every mid will take a "bike" as being almost as indispensable as his dirk. The advantages are great. Apart from the healthy exercise which it confers in the short intervals off duty, the machines are available for messages to postal and telegraph offices, etc., and so facilitate the work of the Service. There is scarcely a place in the world where civilisation has penetrated that the bicycle cannot be used. Even the precipitous rock of Hong Kong will soon be encircled by a level road. To the officers the features of the land become familiar over long stretches of coast, and who can tell when the knowledge may not be useful.

Just as St. Vincent lamented that in the days when he was Captain Jervis he had not done a little more sounding round Brest, so Naval officers may regret some day that the bicycle was not more at their disposal to learn the features of the coast, when extensive coastal operations against railways and telegraphs are undertaken in some future war.

LIEUTENANT VEREKER OF THE "VERNON."

TORPEDO-INSTRUCTOR BARGERY
The "Vernon" C.C. Champion.

In the great central depôts, the bicycle has become firmly established through the medium of bicycling clubs, of which the "Vernon" Cycling Club is typical. As the torpedo-school of the Navy, and having much to do with mechanism, it is not surprising to find that occasionally some of the members have excellent machines of their own make. It is also gratifying to find the members winning prizes at the annual cycling carnivals held at Portsmouth.

It is interesting to note how many of the rules of the

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"Vernon" Cycling Club are derived from habits of Naval life. In the club runs the speed is regulated by the slowest rider, just as the speed of a fleet is the speed of the slowest ship. The unwritten law that a ship should not go into port before its admiral, or a junior officer pass a senior officer in a boat, has its parallel in the rule that no member is to ride past the captain without permission. Intervals between bicycles during the run are carefully regulated, and orders are signalled by whistles just as is now done in torpedo-boats during manœuvres. Besides the crew of the "Vernon," the club is open for membership to all torpedo ratings of the Navy. The uniform of the club is a Navy serge blue suit of Norfolk jacket, nickers and cap, with blue stockings and a distinctive silver badge.

SOME OFFICERS OF THE "VERNON" WHO CYCLE

Now that the Channel Fleet has returned, the annual competitions will be held, and we shall be able to see what progress has been made since last year, when it did well with only thirty-seven members. It might be worth while to consider, in connection with these sports, whether a small exhibition might be held of cycles and fittings for Naval and Military purposes. If a good folding bicycle was the outcome of such a step, the exhibition would have conferred a lasting benefit on the Services. In any case, makers would have the opportunity of learning something as to what are Service requirements, and whether they are likely to be best attained with front or rear drivers, chain or chainless machines.

One thing is certain, and that is, the inventor who comes along with an electric motor-cycle will find a skilled audience in the members of the "Vernon" Cycling Club, whose electrical training will enable them to detect any flaws, or should we say "leaks." With the placing of a good folding machine on the market, most of the objections to the presence of bicycles on board ship would disappear, and accommodation would be easily found for their passage in boats to and from the ship. We commend the idea of furthering these matters to the energetic staffs of the "Vernon" and Whale Island cycling clubs as practical sailors having the interests alike of the Navy and cycling at heart.

Photos. Cribb. THE "POWERFUL" ON WHEELS. Copyright.
A Model designed by a Member of the "Vernon" C.C.

Photos. Cribb. Copyright.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE "VERNON" C.C.

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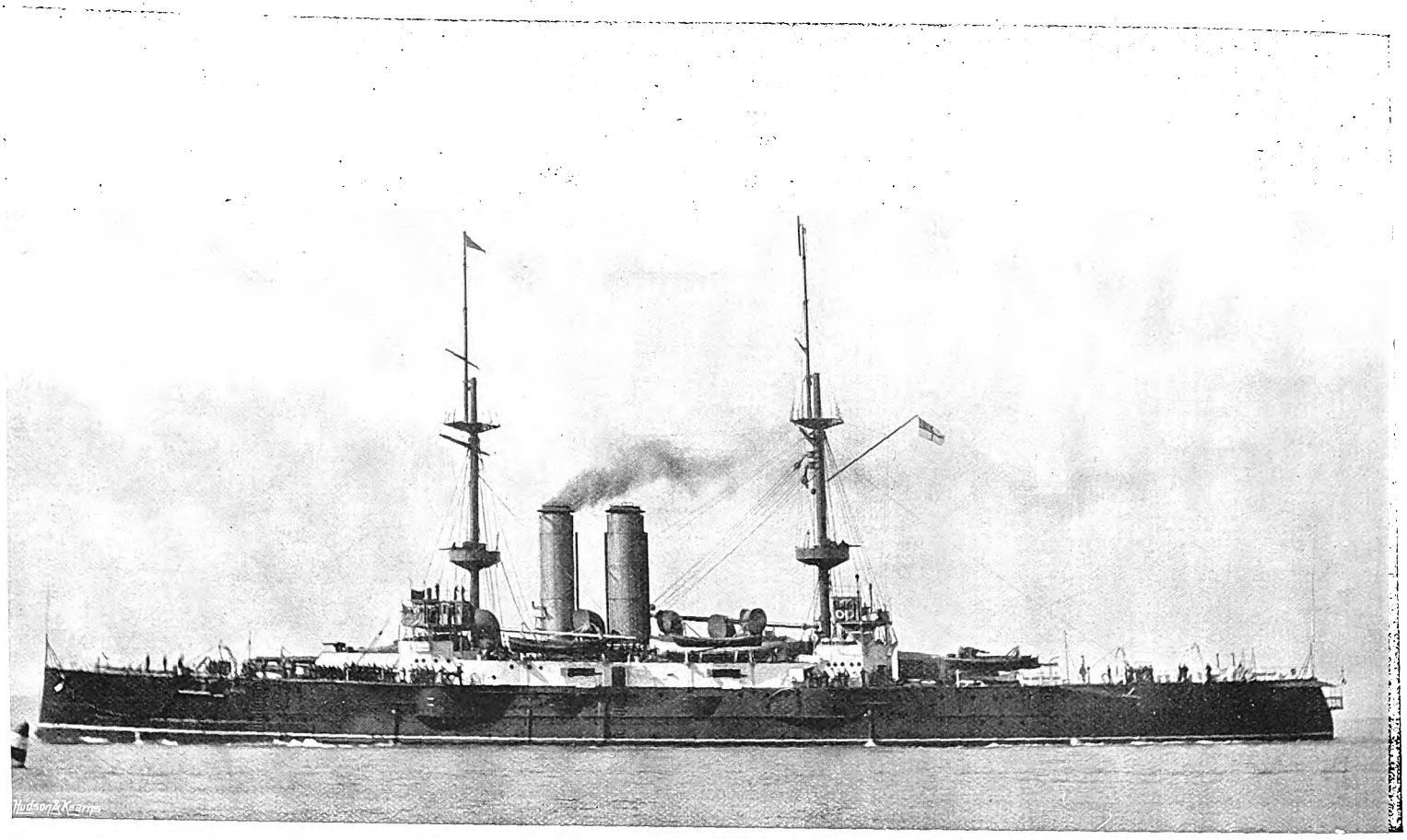
Her Majesty's Fleet.



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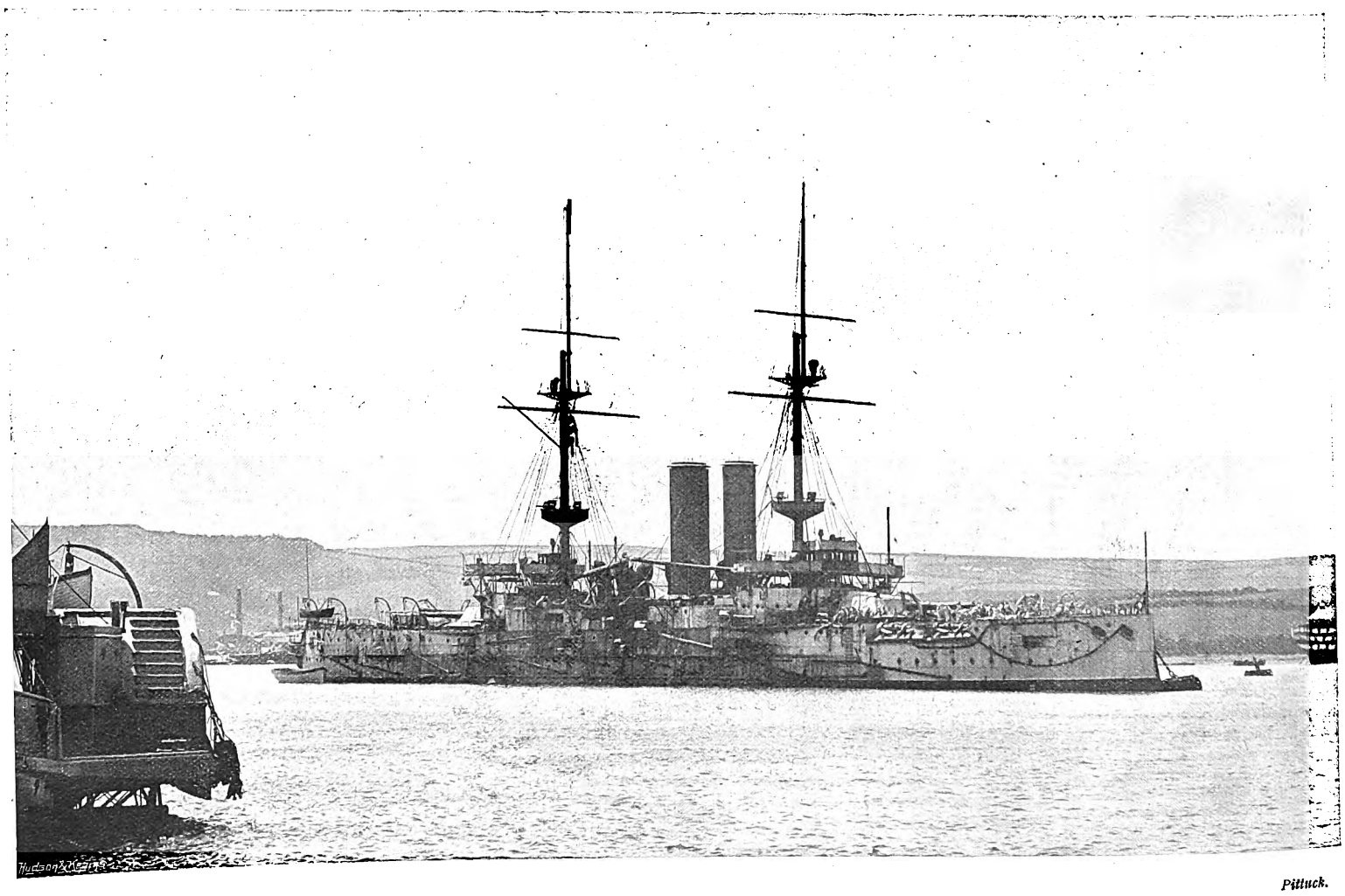
THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "CANOPUS."

The "Canopus" commemorates one of the most glorious incidents of our history, the battle of the Nile, for she is the successor of the "Franklin," captured from the French at that battle and rechristened into the Royal Navy as the "Canopus," after the Egyptian city on the Nile delta where Aboukir now stands, and where was erected the temple of the Egyptian god Serapis.



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THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "OCEAN."

The "Ocean" is one of the five sister ships of the "Canopus," and also commemorates a capture, for the first "Ocean" was a French battle-ship captured by Admiral Boscawen in his action with Admiral de la Clue in August, 1759. These fine battle-ships are improved "Renowns," larger and more speedy. In fact with natural draught they will steam 18¼ knots and be the fastest battle-ships afloat.

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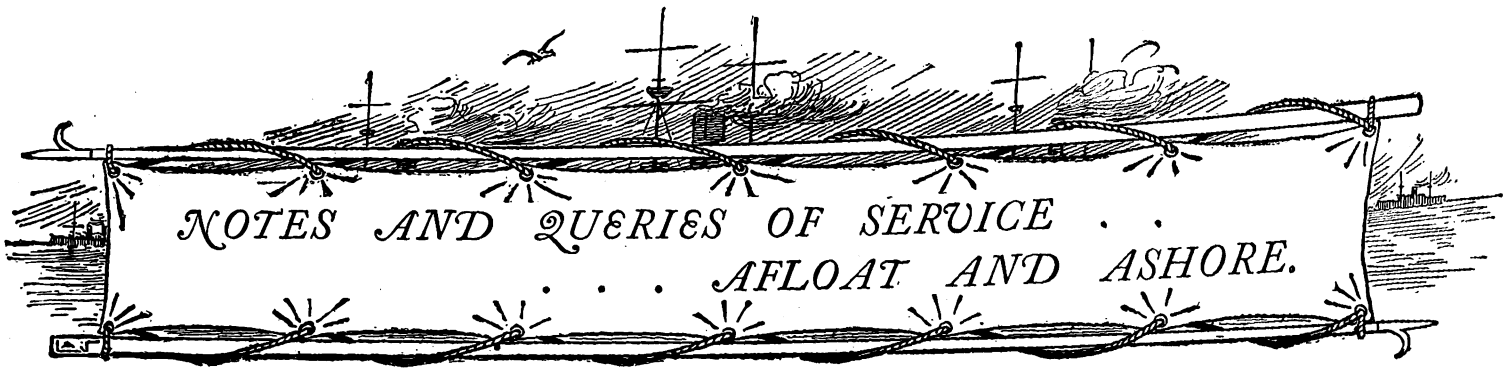

"OLD ETONIAN."—As regards the man-of-war names of the Eton boats, the earliest list of the boats is dated 1824, and several old man-of-war names of the day were then among them. They were these: The "Monarch," "Britannia," "Hibernia," "Nelson," "Defiance," and "Victory." Since then there have been added to the list the following names, also taken from men-of-war: "Prince of Wales," "Trafalgar," "Prince George," "Thetis," "Dreadnought," "Alexandra," and "St. George." One or two of the older names are, of course, now absent. I have not, however, been able to find anywhere how, why, or when, exactly, the practice of giving man-of-war names to Eton boats first began, or who introduced it. No Eton authority seems to know at all.

* * * *

THE anniversary of the battle of the Alma has given rise to many little anecdotes of the devotion of the soldiers in hospital to Miss Nightingale. One soldier in a letter home said: "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on our pillows again, content." The effect of Miss Nightingale's administration was marvellous. Order succeeded confusion; very soon the awful rate of mortality fell, until in the end it was less than 1 per cent., and after eighteen months' work our hospitals were models. A testimonial amounting to £50,000 was subscribed by the public in recognition of Miss Nightingale's noble services, and was at her special request devoted to the formation of an institution for the training of nurses, now carried out at St. Thomas's Hospital in the "Nightingale Home." To this day there is not one of England's proudest and purest daughters who stands on so high a pinnacle as Florence Nightingale.

* * * *

I CAME across the other day the curious fact that there was once upon a time actually a Swiss Navy. It was designed to act as mistress of the seas for Switzerland — on the Lake of Geneva. Apparently it was a flotilla destined to protect the Vaud, first against Savoy, then against France. Formed in the sixteenth century, it was already composed in the second half of the seventeenth century of quite a number of war galleons and barques. Some of these war-ships were able to accommodate 300 soldiers on board. There was also a Naval school, and a dockyard with wharf of construction, and, indeed, a Swiss admiral. In 1753 this flotilla was dissolved.

* * * *

"KAFIR."—It is not easy to fix the exact sum an officer in a cavalry regiment must have of his own to make ends meet. Regiments vary considerably. Making a general statement, I should say that £500 ought to be enough in any cavalry regiment, though many officers in crack regiments would put the figure considerably higher. I myself know a cavalry officer who has managed to get along with only £300 a year. But he is a very careful man, and he is not in a crack regiment. The Royal Horse Artillery is, though a very select corps, not quite so expensive as the cavalry, and a man ought to do very well on £400 a year. These are, of course, only broad estimates. "Kafir" must remember that the Horse Artillery officer is a selected officer. A young officer must have won some credit for himself to obtain a place in the regiment, and he should, besides, have a little influence. Again, in certain crack cavalry regiments it is sometimes a question of waiting for years before an officer can get his exchange into the regiment he wishes to join. Of the cavalry of the Line, Hussar and Lancer regiments are generally the most expensive. Of Dragoon regiments, those which are permanently on the home establishments—the 1st (Royals) and the 2nd (Scots Greys)—are naturally those which are the most expensive. But in calculating expenses so much depends on the officer himself. For instance, a man whose income is limited will drink beer at mess instead of wine, and will go away from his regiment as little as possible. "Kafir" must also remember that there is his kit to provide for, and that costs between £100 and £300, according to the regiment chosen, including saddlery and horse furniture. A Horse Artillery officer's kit costs about £140. These estimates are all made for service in England. An officer can, of course, live on less abroad, and he will require a special outfit, but that is comparatively cheap.

* * * *

"T. C. A."—The "Minotaur" was originally fitted out with double topsail yards, but her rig was altered after a year or two; the "Agincourt" and "Northumberland" never had them. We are still building a few sloops with a considerable spread of canvas, and there are two such vessels on the Australian station—the "Pylades" and "Torch"—which is convenient sometimes for visiting the more distant islands, where coal is not easily procurable. There are also two rigged gun-boats—the "Goldfinch" and "Ringdove"—on the same station. Our young officers are instructed in the handling of sailing vessels on board the tenders attached to the "Britannia," and also, as far as possible, in sea-going sailing vessels; but it is absolutely impossible that they should acquire anything approaching the skill of their predecessors in this respect, nor is it necessary If any of these rigged vessels are ever required to go into action, the first step taken will be to dismantle them as far as possible, as their top-hamper will only be so much dangerous lumber in action; and as to sailing vessels captured, a single one would probably be towed into our nearest port, and if several were taken in company, a suitable escort of cruisers would be told off to attend them, and their own officers would sail them, if necessary, under the superintendence of a prize-master, though we still have many officers, old and young, who could sail them well enough. We all admire the spectacle of a big ship under sail, but the contemplation of it is a pleasure we shall have to forego altogether before very many years are over. *Tempora mutantur!*

* * * *

"MILES"—The Regimental Defaulter Book is a sort of black list, containing a record of the crimes and punishments of every man in a regiment or battalion. In it is entered every conviction by court-martial, every award of imprisonment by the commanding officer, every military offence entailing forfeiture of pay under Royal Warrant, and every award of deprivation of ordinary pay. When a soldier is awarded confinement to barracks it is not entered in his Regimental Defaulter Sheet unless it exceeds seven days, nor is a fine for drunkenness entered unless it amounts to 7s. 6d. The Regimental Defaulter Book is kept in the orderly-room, but each squadron, battery, or company has what is known as the Squadron, Battery, or Company Defaulter Book, containing a sheet for each man. In it is recorded by the officer commanding the squadron, battery, or company every offence committed by non-commissioned officers and privates for which punishment has been awarded or reprimand given. An exception is, however, made when a punishment of confinement to barracks for one day only has been awarded, provided the offence is not one of drunkenness. Admonition can hardly be regarded as a punishment, and no offence for which a man is admonished is recorded against him, excepting drunkenness, or one which, although unpunished, involves forfeiture of pay under Royal Warrant. When a soldier is charged with an offence, and brought before his commanding officer, the Company Defaulter Book is always produced to guide the officer in awarding punishment.

* * * *

"TRICOLOR." — The French Navy has no ship in existence approaching the "Victory" in point of age, or anything like it. The oldest, as far as one can make out, is Napoleon's old "Jéna," a wooden two-decker, launched in 1814, and the old three-decker "Souverain," launched in 1819. These I saw a year or two ago at Toulon. At Toulon, also, is perhaps the most famous of all French historic ships, the celebrated "Belle Poule" frigate, which brought home Napoleon's body from St. Helena. It has been preserved in memory of that fact ever since. The "Belle Poule," however, was launched only in March, 1834. The "Victory," of course, was laid down in the last year of George II., and launched in the fifth year of George III.—1765.

* * * *

"G. O. C."—The regiments of Dragoon Guards represented in the Diamond Jubilee Procession of 1897 were the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 6th, and 7th. The 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards have a long and glorious history. They fought through Marlborough's campaigns, at Dettingen, at Waterloo (where they were brigaded with the Household Cavalry), in the Crimea, in China, and in the Zulu War. Their uniform is scarlet with dark blue velvet facings. They are easily to be recognised at a distance, as they are the only regiment of Dragoon Guards, or Dragoons, wearing a red plume in the helmet. The 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) are, as may be surmised from their name, mounted on bay horses. Their uniform is scarlet with buff cloth facings and welts to the pantaloons, and the helmet plume black. This regiment distinguished itself greatly in the Indian Mutiny. The 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards is a regiment that served under Marlborough and Wellington, and was subsequently in the Abyssinian Campaign of 1867-68. Its uniform is scarlet with yellow velvet facings, and a black and red helmet plume. The non-commissioned officers wear, above their chevrons, the Prince of Wales's plume in silver. The 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers) first saw service in Monmouth's Rebellion, subsequently taking part in Marlborough's campaigns, the Russian War, the Indian Mutiny, and the last Afghan War. It is the only Dragoon regiment that has a blue uniform. The facings are of white cloth, and a white plume is worn in the helmet. The 7th (the Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards, long known as "Ligonier's Horse," was also present in Marlborough's great victories, and at Dettingen. This regiment also served in the South African Campaign of 1846-47, and in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, including the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Its scarlet uniform has black velvet facings, and the helmet a black and white plume. The helmet of all Dragoon Guards is of brass or yellow metal, that of the two regiments of Dragoons which wear this head-dress of white metal.

* * * *

HERE is a note on the last state of an historic old fort on the coast of Kent—Sandgate Castle. It was built by Henry VIII. in 1539, was visited by Queen Elizabeth in 1575, and played a part in the great Civil War, in the Kentish rising of 1648. Almost opposite to it, in May, 1652, Blake defeated Tromp, and again almost opposite to it in November, 1652, Tromp defeated Blake. Now the would-be visitor to Sandgate Castle finds himself confronted with this notice: "South-Eastern Railway. —Sandgate Castle.—Notice is hereby given that the castle is the property of the above company, and that any person trespassing or doing any damage to the building or grounds will be liable to prosecution." The notice is duly signed, and dated from London Bridge Station. It stands as an interesting comment as to how the mighty are fallen and the glory has departed.

* * * *

IF "O. P. P." will send his address, I will reply by letter, as the information he asks for would take up too much space in these columns.

THE EDITOR.

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., who is in love with a publican's daughter, Nelly Pratten, is baulked in his matrimonial aims by the girl's social ambition. By a series of strange chances, detailed in the early chapters, Bunter contrives to impersonate his own captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale, and persists in the perilous fraud in order to convince Miss Pratten that she ought not to despise a "common sailor." The real captain, who is a stranger to the crew of the "Grunter," is universally mistaken for Bunter, whose clothes he has been obliged to assume. He is brought on board by the police and kept in arrest as a deserter. Next morning the "Grunter" sails for Gibraltar. Captain Laxdale tells his story, and is regarded by the officers as being deranged in mind. Bunter releases his victim from arrest and permits him to work as a seaman. Laxdale consents to this, in the hope of being able to turn the tables. Bunter believes himself to be unknown to all the crew, but he is recognised by a seaman named Squib. Of this man Laxdale makes a confidant, offering him a large reward to expose the fraud. Squib, however, hopes to gain more by blackmailing Bunter, and plays a double game. The men of the "Grunter," with the single exception of Squib, regard Captain Laxdale as a skulk who is assuming insanity in order to get out of the Navy. Bunter hopes to escape before the fraud can be discovered, and means to desert at Gibraltar. On the second day of the voyage Captain Laxdale falls overboard in a heavy sea and is gallantly rescued by Bunter. Laxdale's desire to secure the punishment of Bunter is somewhat abated by this incident. After the rescue Bunter has a private interview with Laxdale, and explains how he was tempted to perpetrate the fraud. Laxdale urges him to confess to the officers, but Bunter refuses. Finding that his conduct threatens to cause great injury to Captain Laxdale, Bunter tries to devise some plan of undoing the mischief without surrendering himself to justice. He is sorry to learn that Captain Laxdale's *fiancee* is sure to resent the impending scandal and break off the engagement. For this very reason Laxdale would gladly avoid an exposure of his humiliating position. Squib, meanwhile, awaits his opportunity to blackmail Bunter, for he hopes to obtain money by threats of exposure. Late at night he enters the cabin and makes himself known to the impostor. Bunter is alarmed, and parleys with him. He sees that Squib must be silenced, for a few days at least.

CHAPTER XIV. *(continued.)*

"I'LL stand by you," Squib said, sullenly, "but my help's worth paying for."

"Who the devil asked your help?" said Bunter.

"Well, you can't do without it, Ned," returned Squib, coolly. "I'll keep quiet if you like to pay me—say a hundred quid; if not, I can get five hundred out of 'Ood."

Bunter considered the offer carefully before he answered.

"Squib," he said, earnestly, "you're a damned rogue. Where do you think I'm going to get a hundred pounds?"

"You've got more than that in this here cabin," said Squib, confidently.

"I wish I had," said Bunter, craftily. "There aint above ten quid in his desk; and there was only a quid or two in his pockets when I changed clothes with him."

Squib's face fell. "If that's straight, Ned," he said, "where do I come in?"

"You can have half if you stand by me," suggested Bunter.

Squib shook his head. "It aint nearly enough," he said. "I'm afraid I'll have to split on you, Ned, after all." He sighed gloomily as he finished speaking.

Bunter puffed hard at his pipe, casting cautious glances at the blackmailer. Presently he slapped his leg with a merry air. "Hold hard!" he said, "here's a plan."

"Well?" said Squib, moodily.

"I'll get some rhino out of the purser," said Bunter, "and you shall have half. I'll draw three months of *his* pay in advance."

"Ah! now you begin to talk," said Squib. "How much is his quarter's screw?"

"Can't say exactly," replied Bunter.

Squib's eyes wandered round the cabin. He rose and walked to a hanging bookshelf. "Here's the Admiralty Instructions," he said, taking down a bulky volume. "This here book ought to tell us." He brought the volume to the table and examined the index. "There's a lot of truck here about pay," he grumbled, "but it don't say what a captain gets."

"I'll get the purser to find it to-morrow," suggested Bunter.

"No," said Squib, warily, "I'm going to see for myself." Presently he gave a grunt of satisfaction. "Here it is," he said. "It's in the appendicks, though damme if I know what appendicks means."

Bunter bent over the page. "Four hundred and ten pounds twelve shillings and sixpence a year," he read out. "A quarter o' that would be about a hundred."

"Wait a bit, sonny," said Squib. "It says here that a captain gets 'command money' besides his pay."

"Must be something wrong about that," said Bunter. "Why the 'ell should he be paid extra for taking command? We don't get extra pay for obeying orders."

"It's down here, anyway," insisted Squib. "If there's under four hundred men in the ship he gets one hundred and ninety-one pounds twelve shillings and sixpence extra, besides his pay; and if she is a big ship he gets more."

He took up a pencil from the table and calculated the quarter's pay and command money on the margin of the page.

"There you are," he said. "It figures out at one hundred and fifty pounds for the three months."

"I'll take your word for it," said Bunter, carelessly. "You was always better at figures than me."

"So you'll have to give me seventy-five pounds," said Squib, "besides 'alf what's in the desk—say eighty pounds. I don't want to be hard on an old pal."

"You shall have half of everything," said Bunter, with affected reluctance.

"And you can't say fairer than that," said Squib. "I'm satisfied with 'alf; some men in my place would have wanted more."

"Stow that," cried Bunter, sharply; "I don't want any more jaw about it. You'll get half, and you'll hold your tongue. Now you can sling your hook, for I'm going to turn in."

"Well, you needn't be so shirty about it," said Squib. "You haven't told me yet how you're going to arrange about clearing out when we gets to Gib."

Bunter changed his tone. "Well, I'll tell you," he said, confidentially. "I was a bit riled, mate; but it's only right you should stand in with me as regards the money."

"Of course it is," said Squib. "I'm losing a lot of money just to help an old pal. I might have made five hundred quid by splitting on you. Why, damme! I could have bought my discharge and set up a pub. I might have done all manner o' things with five hundred quid, and died a lord mayor. See what I'm giving up, and all on your account, Ned."

"Why, yes," said Bunter, drily, "it's very friendly of

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you, Squib; very friendly and kind. As I was going to tell you, Gib. aint a good place to do a bunk from. I thought of taking the ship on to Marseilles, and getting on the train from there."

"But the ship's ordered to Malta, aint she?"

"That don't matter a damn," returned Bunter. "I shall tell the officers we've got fresh orders, and they won't know any different."

"Well, it don't matter to me," said Squib, "so long as I gets my eighty quid before you slip."

"Of course you'll get it," said Bunter; "it wouldn't do to try and humbug you, Tom."

"When'll you get the money from the pusser? To-morrow?"

"I'll tackle him to-morrow," said Bunter; "but we may have to wait a few days before he pays up. Perhaps he'll have to draw some money at Gib." He said this so naturally and pleasantly that Squib was quite satisfied.

"Yes," he agreed, "it will be easier to give them the slip from Marseilles. 'Ood don't know anyone at Gib., so you'll be safe enough there unless any ships comes in."

"Are you sure he don't know anyone at Gib.?" asked Bunter.

"He told me so yesterday."

"All the more reason, then, for going on to Marseilles," said Bunter.

They drank success to the plan, and at midnight Squib, rather fuddled by his unusual potations, rolled unsteadily away.

When he had gone Bunter turned off the electric lamps and went to his sleeping cabin. As he undressed he laughed uproariously.

"What's on between you and that skulking lubber?"

CHAPTER XV.

NEARING GIBRALTAR.

DURING the next two days no events occurred on board the "Grunter" affecting the safety of the impostor. The officers grew accustomed to the eccentric manners of their ostensible captain; and poor Roger Laxdale, still shunned by the ship's company as knave or lunatic, toiled at his uncongenial work and awaited, with such patience as he could command, the hour of his deliverance from coarse food and hateful bondage.

The weather held fine, and the "Grunter," without increasing speed, drew clear of the rolling bay by the Saturday morning, and grew steady again as she skirted the rocky coast of Portugal. The younger hands regarded with some interest the distant mountains of a foreign land, and sighed, perhaps, for the Spanish galleons of an earlier date. Seasoned veterans, like Squib and Bully Kipps, scorned to look over the side at all, and continued to scrub decks, unaffected by scenery.

Squib, indeed, was in no condition of body, this Saturday morning, to be moved by mountains. His bull head throbbed as he plied the scrubbing-brush; his little black eyes were bloodshot; his face sallow. He would have rejoiced the heart of a temperance orator, so crumpled was his mien, so hot his head, so parched his palate.

Bully Kipps eyed him suspiciously. "If you weren't boozed last night I'll eat my scrubbing-brush," he said, enviously.

"Eat it, then," retorted Squib, brilliantly.

"Do you mean to say you weren't, you blooming liar?"

"Where should I have got enough grog to get boozed, you chump-head?"

"That's what I want to find out," said Kipps. "I know you was up to some game last night by the way you was backing and filling round the deck, when you might have been resting, like a Christian."

"'Ood give me a couple of tots," said Squib, hastily. "The cap'n give him a bottle after his ducking."

"What's on between you and that skulking lubber?" continued Kipps. "You're hiding something from me, you slippery toad. What's your game?"

"I've taken a liking to him."

"Taken a liking to a skunk like him!" said Kipps, incredulously. "That's another of your lies, and it aint in reason."

"Well, I have, anyway," said Squib. "A man can't help his natural feelings."

"Just you put more beef into that scrubbing," interrupted a petty officer, and the conversation dropped. But Bully Kipps was not satisfied. He determined to keep an eye on Squib and his new friend.

Later in the day, when he had recovered his thinking powers and was less dry, Squib gave Laxdale a garbled account of his conversation with the impostor.

"Was he startled when you called him by his name?" asked Laxdale.

"Went as white as chalk," said Squib, "and shook like a torpeda-boat on a steam trial."

"Yes, go on," said Laxdale, impatiently.

"Well, I said I should split to the officers," continued Squib, carefully, "and that he'd much better put on a bold front and own up of his own accord."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, then he got more confident like, and tells me to go to 'ell. He says as how I couldn't prove nothing, and he didn't care a damn who I told."

"Just what I expected," said Laxdale. "He's not so easily frightened."

"So presently," resumed Squib, "he offers me half of all the money in the cabin, if I'd hold my tongue and desert along with him from Gib."

"Did he tell you his plans, then?"

"Not altogether plainly," said Squib; "but I made out that he'd try to get a train to Lisbon and ship to Amerikey."

"You should have agreed to go with him," said Laxdale. "Then you would have got more information out of him."

"I think I done pretty well as it is," said Squib. "They're bound to cop him at Lisbon, and you'll have to thank me for it."

"That is far from certain," said Laxdale. "He'll have a good start, and it may be days before the officers realise that he has bolted."

At this point Bully Kipps lounged up to them, and Squib was able to give his imaginative powers a rest.

On the Sunday afternoon, when the ship had rounded Cape St. Vincent, and the men were mostly asleep in the warm sunshine, Squib bethought him that he ought to make some further show of assisting Hood. He picked his way over the recumbent bodies of the seamen to a gun-carriage, against which his patron was leaning. "See here," he whispered, "I've got a new plan."

"Well?" said Laxdale, moodily.

"To-morrow night we shall be at anchor, shan't we?"

"We ought to get in before noon," said Laxdale.

Squib nodded, impatiently. "You can't do nothing in the daytime," he explained; "but I might manage to get you ashore after dark."

"What for?" asked Laxdale.

"Why, so as you can look for someone as knows you, of course."

"I don't think I know anybody at Gibraltar," Laxdale objected.

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"But you might find as you do."

"Yes, it is just possible."

"Very good," said Squib, impressively; "it's a chance, anyhow. If you stay aboard and do nothing, it stands to reason he'll do a bunk and perhaps get clear away. Now I'm going to help you to get ashore. I stand to get into trouble by doing it, but that don't matter."

"No," agreed Laxdale, indifferently, "that, as you say, won't matter."

"About six bells" (11 p.m.), continued Squib, "or as soon as the chance offers, you stand by to git into the copper-punt. You must get another bottle of grog from the cabin somehow, and half of that'll square the forecastle sintry."

"Will it?" asked Laxdale, doubtfully.

"Lord love you, yes," said Squib. "I've squared 'em with a tot of rum afore now. Well," he resumed, "the sintry being squared, I lowers you down under the bows; and there you are."

"No, I'm not," said Laxdale. "I should probably drift out to sea. A copper-punt is such a clumsy craft to pull."

"Then I must go with you," said Squib, with an air of self-sacrifice. "They'll punish me all the worse, but I'll do it."

"I think it would be better if you did," said Laxdale, calmly. "If we succeed, of course you won't be punished."

"And if we're copped, I shall," put in Squib.

"No doubt," agreed Laxdale, cheerfully; "but you must earn your money, you know."

"What'll it be worth if I pulls you ashore?"

"Ten pounds," said Laxdale, promptly.

"Say twenty," urged Squib, covetously.

"Well, twenty, if you like," grumbled Laxdale.

"Yes, it must be twenty," said Squib, firmly. "Look at my risks!"

Laxdale softened. "It's a pity you're so mercenary, Squib," he said, "for you really are a very good-hearted man."

"That I am," said Squib, with deep conviction. "Why, I'd help you for nothing at all if it weren't for my wife and family; but I'm bound to consider them, above my own feelings."

Thus it was arranged that Laxdale should be assisted to make his escape from the ship. It did not for a single moment occur to him to doubt the *bona-fides* of his humble friend.

The land on the port quarter faded into a thin blue haze as the "Grunter" steered an easterly course through the Gulf of Cadiz. The sun sank in crimson glory; the long twilight waned; the stars blazed with almost tropical brilliance upon a purple sea, scarce ruffled by the light, warm breeze from the south. Lyle, like a prudent navigator, was frequently on deck during the night; for the ship was now nearing the "Gut," and the variable currents rendered a sharp look-out needful.

At midnight dead-reckoning placed the vessel within a hundred miles of Gibraltar, and early on the following morning land was duly sighted on both bows—Cape Trafalgar on the port hand, and Cape Spartel on the starboard.

So, on the Monday morning, just four days out from England, the ship entered the picturesque bay of Gibraltar, and came to anchor off the dockyard.

A splendid scene stretched before the eyes of the impostor as he paced the poop after breakfast. Close at hand towered the famous fortress, its ragged summit clearly outlined against the deep azure of a cloudless sky. Along the base of the rocky promontory clustered the white and yellow houses of the fantastic city; the Grand Parade, leading from the Naval yard to the town, shone in the morning sunlight like an orange ribbon winding amid the scanty verdure of the dwarf trees. The wide sweep of the emerald bay, crowded with picturesque shipping, needed no such aid from human hands to perfect its beauty of line and colour. The distant Spanish territory across the bay looked smiling and verdant in contrast with the bare stretch of flat "neutral" ground and the dusky outlines of the rocky fortress.

Bunter may have admired the prospect, but he had all the sailor's cheap disrespect for foreign parts already explored. He had visited the "Rock" many times previously, and was familiar with the grog shops and other less reputable haunts where men and women of bastard race ply their scurvy trades.

"I never cared much for Gib.," he confided to Parr, as they walked the poop. "The women aint bad-looking, but the liquor's rank poison; and these Rock scorpions will stick a knife into anybody for half a dollar."

"It is a bad place for the men, I'm afraid," said Parr; "but I've had some very good times here in the Channel Fleet."

(To be continued.)

The First Battle in the Crimea.

By A. B. Tucker.

"And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done
By that Twentieth September when Alma's heights were won."—*Trench.*

THE allied French, Turkish, and British armies landed in the Crimea on September 14, 1854. At daybreak on the 19th the advance towards Sebastopol was begun. Having bivouacked on the left bank of the river Bulganee, early on the morning of the 20th the allied armies resumed their march on the river Alma, on the banks of which the Russians were entrenched in great strength. The allies, under the command of Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, numbered about 50,000 men, while the Russians had in the field some 40,000 infantry, 6,000 cavalry, and 180 guns, under Prince Menschikoff. Inferiority in point of numbers was in the case of the Russians amply made up by the superiority of position. The enemy's army lay across the great road to Sebastopol, about three miles from the sea. A bold precipitous range formed their left, while their right rested on a point where the descent to the plain was more gradual. This was the key to their position, and consequently strongly defended. Halfway down the height was a trench extending some hundred yards, affording cover against an advance up the steep slope of the hill, and a powerful battery flanked the whole of the right of the position, and artillery was posted at the best points commanding the passage of the river. On the heights above were the reserve.

It was arranged that the French and Turks should make a flank attack on the enemy's left by crossing the river at its junction with the sea, while the British bore upon the centre and right. The part played by the French and Turks was not, as it turned out, of more than subsidiary importance, the brunt of the battle being borne by the British, to whom were opposed at least two-thirds of the Russian force. The British advance was made in the following order: The Second Division (the 30th, 55th, and 95th; and the 41st, 47th, and 49th) and the Light Division (the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd; and the 19th, 77th, and 44th) led in line of columns; the Third Division (the 1st, 38th, and 50th; and the 4th, 28th, and 44th) and the First Division, under the Duke of Cambridge (the Brigade of Guards and the Highland Brigade—42nd, 79th, and 93rd), were in second line; the Fourth Division (the 20th, 21st, and 68th, 69th, and 1st Rifle Brigade) was in third line; and the Cavalry (the 4th, 13th, 18th, and 11th Hussars, and 17th Lancers) formed on the flank and rear.

The ships of war, coasting along as the troops advanced, opened fire on the Russians soon after noon, and almost immediately the French began scaling the height on the enemy's left. Then the order was given to the British to advance. As they neared the enemy, whose batteries on the heights poured out a deadly fire of shot and shell as our men came in sight, the two leading divisions deployed into line. The enemy's sharpshooters, posted in some vineyards on the slopes, opened fire on our men as they advanced to the river, inflicting heavy losses. The crossing of the stream under fire was made the more trying by the fact that the enemy fired the village of Bourliouk, immediately opposite our centre, and rendered the passage of the river impossible at that point. The Light Division, under Sir George Brown, however, crossed in their immediate front, and were the first over the river. In spite of a galling fire, they began ascending the heights. Still on they went, losing heavily as they advanced; and the First Brigade, consisting of the 7th, 23rd, and 33rd, rushed up the steep slopes, and, supported by the co-operation of Buller's Brigade and by the advance of the Rifle Brigade, succeeded in carrying a redoubt, from which the Russians withdrew, taking their guns with them. This redoubt now became the central point of the engagement, for though the guns were silent, our men found themselves in the face of large masses of the enemy's infantry and cavalry. The rush was over, and supports not being close enough to be available, the gallant brigade was compelled to relinquish the position it had gained. Then the Guards, under the Duke of Cambridge and General Bentinck, moved up to support it. They were met by four battalions of the Vladimir regiment, and two Kazan battalions which had already suffered severely. The Highlanders, under Sir Colin Campbell, came up on the left to support the Guards, and a magnificent charge by the Highland regiments finally drove the enemy from the field. In the meantime, the other divisions had been doing good work; nor had the Artillery been idle. The whole Russian army was in retreat, and the heights of the Alma were won. It was a magnificent victory. Our losses amounted to 106 officers, 121 sergeants, and 1,775 rank and file, of whom 25, 19, and 318 respectively were killed. The French loss, according to British authorities, amounted only to 60 killed, including 3 officers, and 500 wounded. The Russians put their losses at nearly 6,000, but this was probably less than the truth.

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Photo. *Gregory.*
CAPT. CHAS. CAMPBELL, C.B., D.S.O.,
The New Flag-captain to the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

THE record of Captain Charles Campbell's services—and a brilliant record it is—may be described as that of a "typical Naval career," and in point of variegated experience and repeatedly won distinction the story of this gallant sailor is exactly the class of narrative which we all like to associate with the personnel of the sea service. A Fifeshire laddie — there are curiously few Scotsmen, by the way, in the Navy—young Campbell entered the "Britannia" at the age of thirteen. The Egyptian operations of 1882 found him commander in the "Thalia." Appointed transport officer, he did excellent service, and so completely won the confidence of the Admiralty that he was selected to compile for them the "Vocabulary Signal Book" and the "Admiralty Secret Ciphers." In the "Philomel," on the East Coast of Africa, Captain Campbell captured eleven slave dhows, and rescued the Sultan of Zanzibar from a troublesome usurper. On the West Coast, in 1894, he won the C.B. by his services in the operations against the Chief Nanna of Brohemie in the Benin River. Finally, when an expedition was ordered against the King of Benin, in 1897, Captain Campbell was ordered to the East Coast of Africa as Admiral Rawson's second in command. He commanded the first division during the expedition, and narrowly escaped being killed by a slug which passed through his helmet. For his prompt and gallant action in saving the wounded at a fire which broke out in Benin City, after the capture, Captain Campbell was given the D.S.O. From 1897 till the other day, when he was appointed to succeed Captain, now Rear-Admiral, Mann at the Nore, Captain Campbell was in command of the "Empress of India" battle-ship in the Mediterranean.

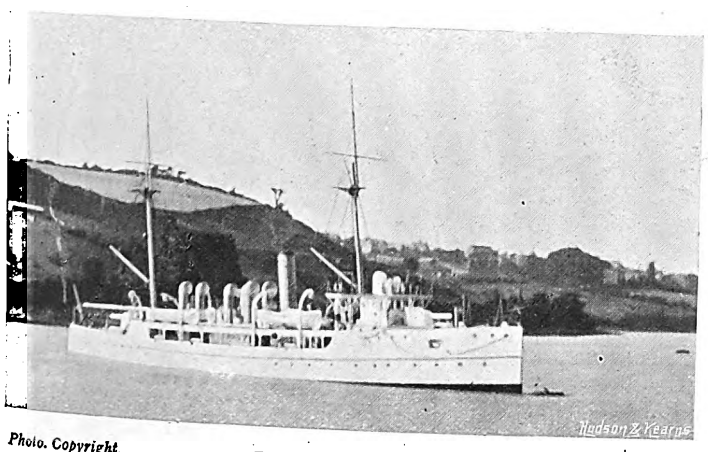

Photo. Copyright. *Hoskyns.*
THE "DWARF."
A Reinforcement for the Cape Station.

THE smart little gun-boat "Dwarf" will form an appreciable increase of strength to the Cape station. The "Alecto," which she was to relieve, but which will now remain in commission, is a practically unarmed paddle-wheel 10-knot steamer, whereas the "Dwarf" carries four 12-pounder quick-firers and can steam 13½ knots.

THE military notability whose portrait is given in this week's "Per Mare, per Terram," is Sir George White, who vacated the position of Quartermaster-General at Army Headquarters and left England last Saturday to assume command of the troops in Natal, now numbering about 15,000 men. Sir George is at the same time Governor-designate of Gibraltar. It is scarcely necessary to detail his services *in extenso*, for the readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED are already acquainted with them. His war services, commencing from the Indian Mutiny, have been many and brilliant, and for two splendid acts of courage during the Afghan War he wears on his breast the most coveted of all decorations, the cross "for valour." In positions of command he has shown himself an excellent organiser and most able administrator. Vacating the command of a brigade in India to assume that of one on service in Upper Burmah, he eventually became the head of the Upper Burmah Field Force, and during his three years' tenure of that appointment brought the prolonged military operations in that country to a completely successful termination. When Lord Roberts's tenure of the Commander-in-Chief-ship in India expired, Sir George White, though only then a major-general, stood out clearly marked for his successor, and this, perhaps the most important command in the Army, was followed by his assuming the position he now vacates. Sir George White's military career is the most striking example of the truth of the old French proverb, "Everything comes to him who waits," for at the expiration of not far short of thirty years' service he was still only a regimental major.

Photo. *Window & Grove.*
TO COMMAND THE TROOPS IN NATAL.
Sir George Stewart White, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.

THE boys' training-ship "Ganges," illustrated on this page, has for close on thirty-five years formed a prominent and picturesque feature in the harbour at Falmouth. But at last the fiat has gone forth, and, much to the regret of the townsfolk of the historic old West Country town, Falmouth will know the "Ganges" no more, for she has been removed from there to be docked and renovated before taking up her station at Harwich as a training-ship for boys recruited on the East Coast. She is an interesting old packet, for though she has no war service record to her name, she reminds us of a time when Bombay was a ship-building centre for the Navy, for she is one of the teak-built ships constructed at that

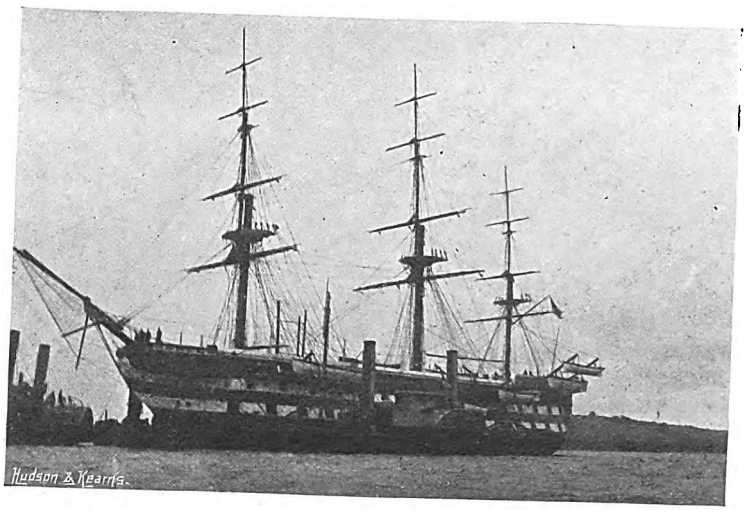

Photo. Copyright. *Blamey.*
THE "GANGES."
About to become the Boys' Training-ship at Harwich.

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town in the first quarter of the century. She was launched there in 1821, and her first service was as guard-ship at Jamaica. After that she was on the South American Atlantic Coast, then guard-ship at Portsmouth, afterwards in the Mediterranean, then at Sheerness, then again flag-ship on the Pacific station, and lastly in 1865 came to spend many long years at Falmouth.

The "Ganges" was towed to Devonport by the steel paddle-tug "Escort," and will in the course of the next few weeks proceed in tow to her new berth at Harwich.

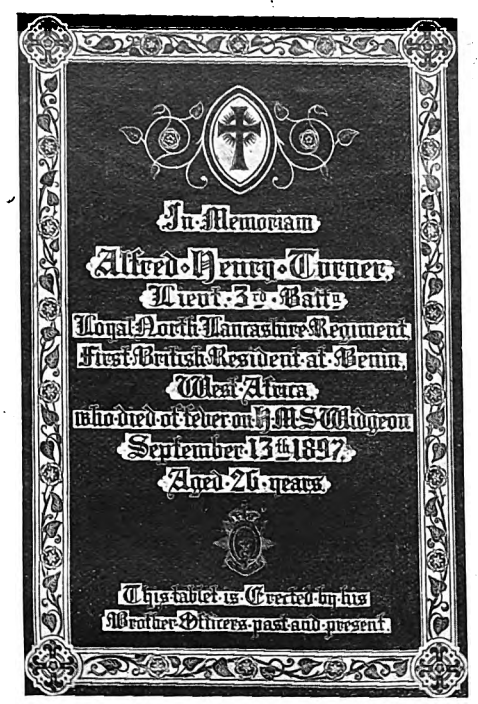

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
A YOUNG LIFE'S RECORD.
Memorial Tablet to the First British Resident at Benin.

NO small share of the civil and military administration of the most malarious and deadly countries under the control of our Colonial Office is undertaken by officers of the Militia battalions of our territorial regiments. To one of these officers, who at a very early age gave his life in the service of his country, the tablet of which a picture is here given has just been placed in the parish church of Preston, Lancashire, the headquarters of his battalion, the 3rd Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. Lieutenant Turner was seconded from his regiment for service on the West Coast of Africa, and after taking part in the Benin Campaign was appointed the first British Resident, to commence the task of bringing into civilisation that, up till then, sink of savage iniquity. Turner had well earned the position accorded him, for he had thoroughly mastered the native languages. The young Militiaman was not, however, long to hold the position he had won for himself, for he was seized with the deadly blackwater fever, and died, after a short illness, on board the gunboat "Widgeon." A promising young life quickly cut short. The regard in which his brother officers held him is evidenced by the above tablet, which was erected by past and present officers of the battalion. It would have been more correct to have inscribed on the tablet "in the 'Widgeon,'" instead of "on the 'Widgeon.'"

JUST seventy-one years ago, almost to the day, Commander Pringle Stokes, of the "Beagle"—the ship that the great Darwin made world-renowned—who had "died from the effects of the anxieties and hardships incurred while surveying the western shores of Tierra-del-Fuego," was buried in the lonely grave here depicted. The place where he reposes bears the suggestive name of Port Famine, and is situated about 130 miles from the eastern entrance of the Straits of Magellan. The cross which marks his last resting-place stands halfway up a steep hill covered with thick, brushy scrub, and forms a prominent landmark from the bay. One more instance of the truth of Kipling's lines, "Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed." On the reverse of the cross is a pathetic request to passing ships to keep the cross in repair. This was done by the "Sylvia" in 1883, and the other day by the "Warspite," on her journey out to become flag-ship on the Pacific station. The officer superintending the renovation is Sub-Lieutenant R. E. Chilcott, R.N., and the photograph of which our illustration is a reproduction was taken by an officer of the "Warspite."

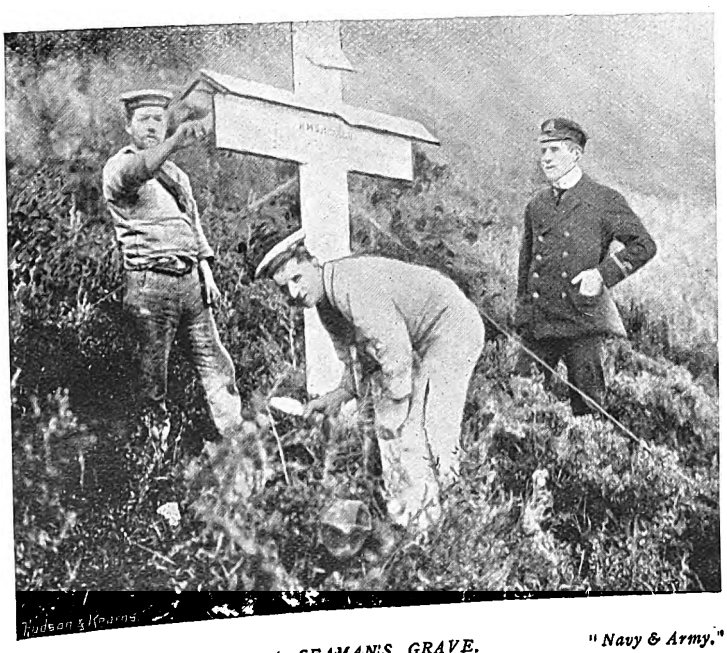

Photo: Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
A SEAMAN'S GRAVE.
Grave of One of the "Beagle's" Officers, recently Renovated by the "Warspite."

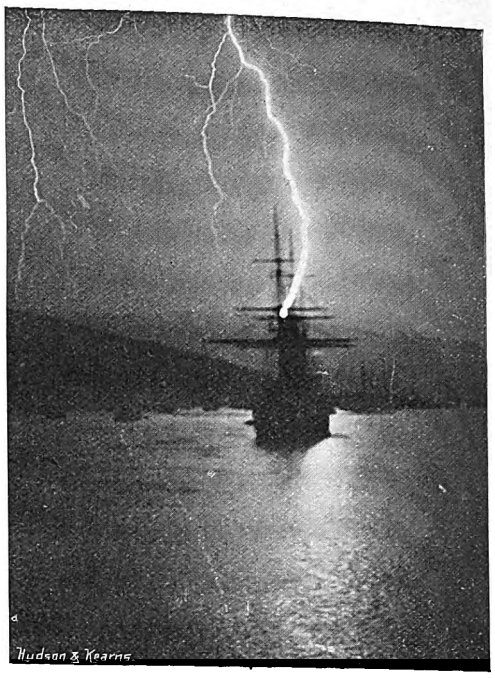

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
A LUCKY ESCAPE.
The "Racer" Struck by Lightning.

THE above picture depicts an incident which might have had a serious termination, for it shows a lightning flash which struck the foremast of the "Racer" at midnight, during one of the recent thunder-storms. The snap-shot was taken at exactly the right moment, and is a quite unique specimen of the photography of lightning flashes. The flash was luckily carried off harmlessly by the lightning conductor that runs up the mast. The "Racer" is one of the older sloops and is now attached as a tender to the "Britannia" for the instruction of cadets in steam, and she was at the time lying at her usual anchorage in Dartmouth Harbour, the hills and the shipping around standing out for a moment clearly defined in the glare of the lightning.

AN interesting house is that pictured at the foot of this column, for at one time its roof sheltered the greatest of all England's many great Naval heroes. Recently there has been sold at Ipswich an estate known as "The Roundwood," and at one time this property was in the occupation of Lord Nelson, and in the house here shown the great Naval commander dwelt for a short period at the end of the last century.

To Britons every relic or place connected with Nelson must naturally be of the deepest interest, and yet we would undertake to wager that the historical associations of "The Roundwood" but little affected the price that the estate fetched when sold in open market. Not because the hero is not as dear as ever to the hearts of his countrymen, but because probably many now dwelling in the Suffolk county town are unaware of the fact that the victor of Trafalgar once made his home at "The Roundwood."

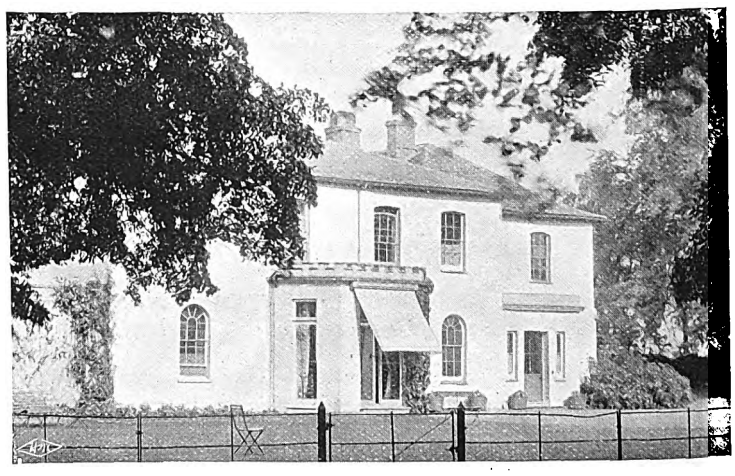

Photo. Copyright. *AN INTERESTING COUNTRY RESIDENCE.* *E. Bond.*
"The Roundwood," Once the Home of Lord Nelson.

SPORT always gets its due share of notice in the columns of "Per Mare, per Terram," and a glance at the next page will show that in this week's issue it is in no way neglected.

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Photo. Copyright. Baldwin.
THE CRACK COMPANY OF THE 1st BLACK WATCH.
Football Team and a Renowned Athlete.

Our first picture illustrates the crack company football team of the historic Black Watch, while seated on the right of the group—to the left as you look at the picture—is a noted athlete of the same company. This latter is Lance-Corporal Checkey, who holds—and has held since 1896—the Indian Championship for the one mile and the 1,000-yds. Corporal Checkey is a true sportsman, and authorises us on his behalf to state that he is willing to meet any runner in India in a match over either of the distances for which he holds the championship.

It will be noted that the men of the football team wear on their jerseys the emblem C. 42, sticking to the old number of which the regiment is so proud. And no wonder, for is it not the old 42nd Royal Highland Regiment of Foot that is the oldest and most historic Highland corps in the British Army?

Soon after its inception the dark colour of its tartan acquired for the regiment the name of "The Black Watch," in contradistinction to the "Seidar Dearag," or "red soldiers."

Its 2nd Battalion is the old 73rd Black Watch too, for it was raised as a 2nd Battalion of the 42nd, and at the territorial reorganisation fitly reverted to its original position.

THE tug-of-war team represented in the illustration in the centre of this page, that of No. 2 Company Southern Division Royal Artillery, now stationed at Gibraltar, has just earned the distinction of winning for the second time the first prize for tug-of-war at the recent annual Garrison Sports at Gibraltar. Last year it beat the 1st Grenadier Guards in the final, and this year the men of the team of the 2nd Battalion of the same regiment had at last to allow themselves to be pulled over the line by the stalwart gunners.

And mighty sons of Anak they are, the pride of the team being Gunner T. Fahy—the man at the end of the rope—who stands over 6-ft. 6-in. in his stockinged feet. This team has held for two years the R.A. champion shield for tug-of-war, and even Her Majesty's Guards may feel no shame at being defeated by such a combination.

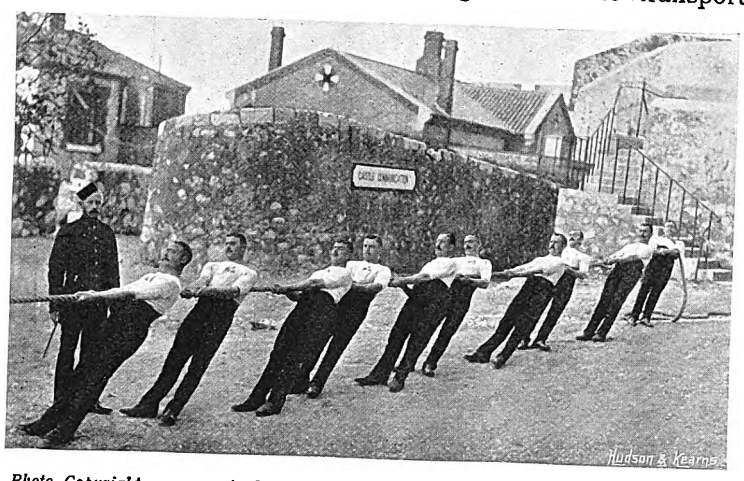

Photo. Copyright. Sinclair.
A FINE TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.
Winners at the Gibraltar Garrison Sports—No. 2 Company Southern Division Royal Artillery.

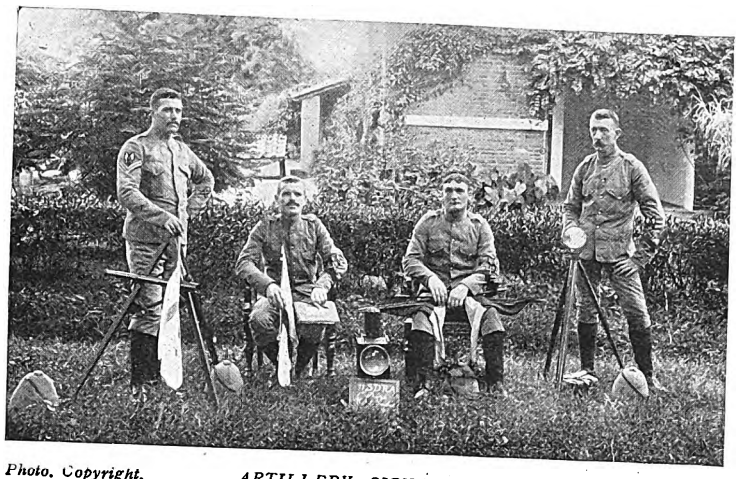

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."
ARTILLERY SIGNALLERS.
11th Co. S.D. R.G.A.—Winners in Army Signalling in India.
Corporal Stockwell. Gunner Giblin. Gunner Ward. Gunner McIndoe.

AT the head of this column figure the signallers of the 11th Company Southern Division Royal Artillery, who won the first prize for Army signalling for Garrison and Mountain Artillery in India by a decimal over fifty points in excess of the next on the list. This company, indeed, has had a good year, for not only has it gained the prize for signalling, but it has also won the first prize for shooting in its group.

Moreover, the Commander-in-Chief made a special mention of the company for general smartness in drill. The company will soon be back in England, for its turn of service in the East is near its expiration, and it should sail for England in the transport "Dunera" early in December. The names of the winning signallers are, on the left Corporal Stockwell, seated in the centre Gunner Giblin (holding the flag) and Gunner Ward, and on the right Gunner McIndoe.

THE two pictures at the foot of this page represent other tug-of-war teams, this time of the 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade, that on the right being the regimental team, and that on the left the best company team in the regiment.

The former entered for the light-weight competition (12-st. per man) at the Rawal Pindi Tournament, their opponents being the teams of the Queen's (West Surrey), Somerset Light Infantry, and Royal Sussex.

In the first round they pulled the Queen's over easily in 4-min. 20-sec. In the final they licked the hitherto unbeaten Sussex men in two grand tussles, one of 4-min. 40-sec., the other of 7-min. 35-sec.

The G Company team had to struggle hard for victory. It was left in with H Company for the final, and, both being renowned champions, the final was left for the wind-up of the battalion sports, when G pulled H over after a magnificent struggle of 13½-min. The ground, however, somewhat favoured G, and the tie was again pulled off, G this time winning in 12-min. 40-sec. Both teams owe much to the assiduous training of Private W. Berry.

Photos. Copyright.
G COMPANY TEAM, 3rd RIFLE BRIGADE.
Private Yates. Private Berry. Corporal Nicholls.
Bugler Jenkins. Private Ede. Col.-Sgt. W. H. Bryant. Captain G. M. N. Harman.
Private Claddish. Sergeant Spellain.
Pioneer Lawrence. A.-Corporal Bell. Private Howard. Private Hewett.

"Navy & Army."
TUG-OF-WAR TEAM, 3rd RIFLE BRIGADE.
Private Yates. A.-Corporal Barden. Private Killick. Private Nash.
Private Hill. Private Casey. Lt. and Adjt. the Hon. G. H. Morris. Sgt. Beard, S.I. of Gym.
Private White. Bugler Jenkins.
Moore. Private Spicer.

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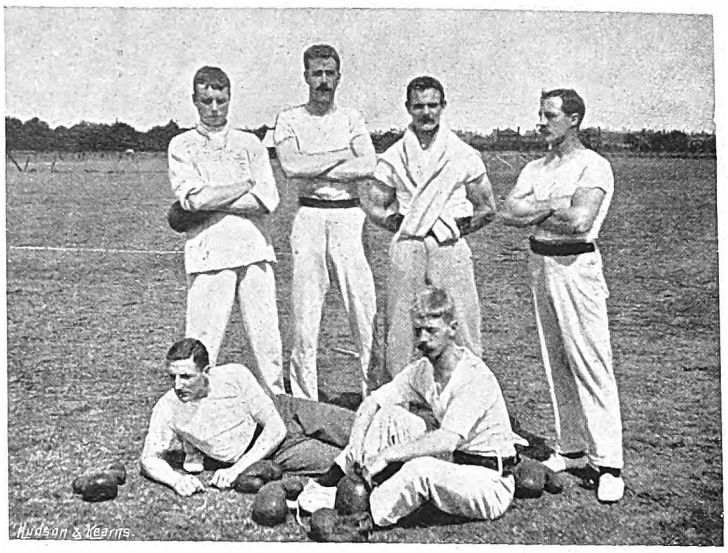
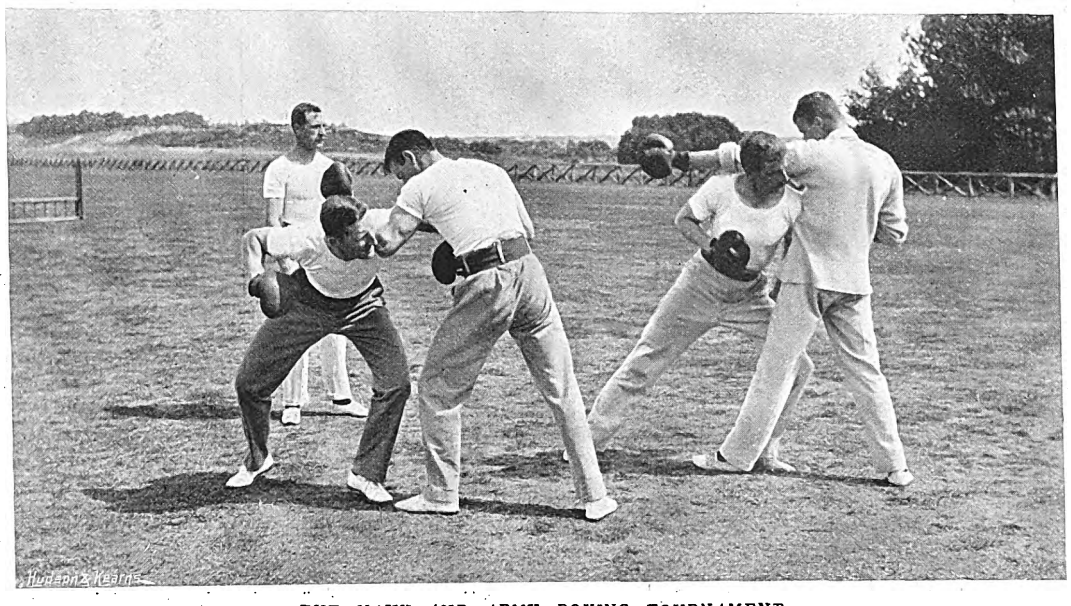
THE first and second illustrations on this page deal with the officers now training at Aldershot for the Navy and Army Boxing Tournament, which takes place at the end of the month. These officers are being trained at the gymnasium by Tom Burrows, a most noted athlete. He holds the record for club swinging, with thirty hours without break, rest, or stop, at the National Sporting Club in April, 1897. He is also a champion wrestler, a first-class boxer, and an excellent cricketer. Tom Burrows is an Australian, having been born at Ballarat, Victoria, in 1868, and only came over to the Mother Country some seven years ago. He was in Australia instructor of boxing, wrestling, and club swinging at the Melbourne City Gymnasium, South Yarra Club, Malvern Athletic Club, etc., and since leaving there was, before he came to Aldershot, private instructor in boxing and wrestling at the Royal Military Gymnasium in Cairo. It is not often we find a man in the very top flight at club swinging, wrestling, sprinting, boxing, and cricket; in fact, in almost every branch of athletic sport. For a performance before the Emperor of Germany Tom Burrows received a splendid gold medal.

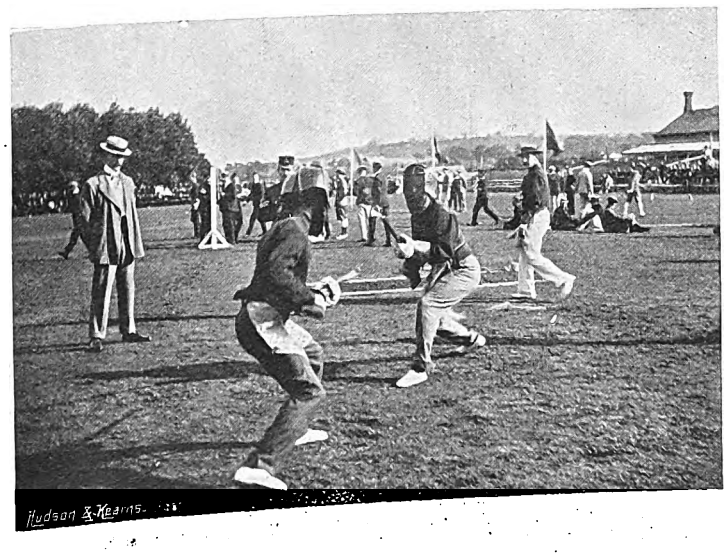


READY FOR TRAINING.
The Officers who are to Compete with Their Trainer.

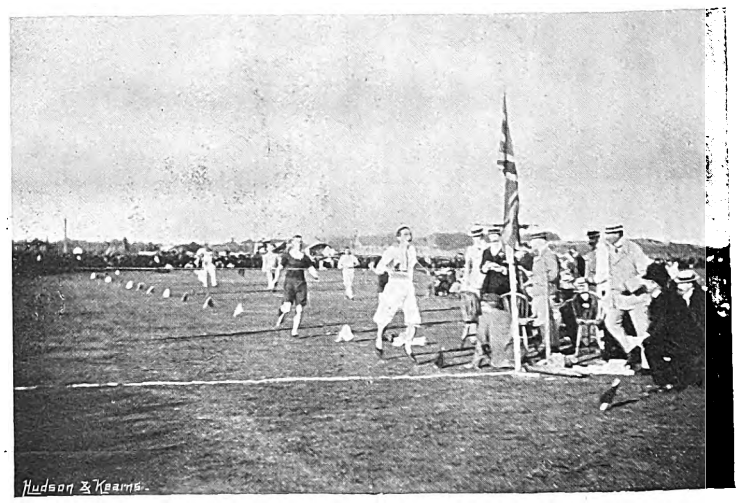
THE twenty-third annual Army athletic meeting, which has just concluded, has been a brilliantly-successful one, and some illustrations of it are herewith given. The attendance was enormous, for on the first day there were not less than 5,000 persons present, while on the second day the attendance was nearly doubled, and a very attractive and full programme was provided for the spectators, so full, indeed, that on the first day a number of various events had to be decided simultaneously. For example, while racing was going on on the track, in the enclosure were at one time being decided the broad jump, bayonet *v.* sword (mounted), and bayonet *v.* bayonet. This latter forms the subject of one of our illustrations, in which that famous fencer and heavy-weight boxer—he is an ex-champion—Captain Edgeworth-Johnstone, is seen winning this competition. He carried off also sabre *v.* sabre. The entries were very numerous, notably for the half-mile championship of the Army, for which no less than forty-seven names were on the card, but as only fourteen of the number came to the post, it was not necessary to run the race in heats. Very much interest attached to this race, for Corporal Conroy and Sapper Lessiter, ex-champions, were both in it. Corporal Conroy, who won in 1897, was absent last year, having been at Gibraltar, and he and Sapper Lessiter, the champion of last year, were hot favourites; but to the surprise of all, the blue ribbon of Army athletics went to a young Artillery officer, Lieutenant F. Reichwald, and an illustration of the winning of this race forms another of our pictures. The winner's time was 2-min. 5 4-5-sec., but it must be remembered that the running track at Aldershot is turf, not cinder, and, moreover, there was a breeze to be accounted for. For the first lap Waugh, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, led, but Lieutenant Reichwald passed him at the half distance, closely followed by Sapper Lessiter, the holder of the championship. The latter, however, could make no impression on Lieutenant Reichwald, who ran with much determination, and 20-yds. from home Lessiter gave up, allowing Lance-Sergeant Ince, of the 1st Scots Guards, to run into second place. During the first day the quarter-mile races, for privates, non-commissioned officers, and officers, were secured respectively by the champions, Sapper Lessiter, Corporal Conroy, and Lieutenant Reichwald. Another splendid race on the first day was the officers' mile, won by Lieutenant Freestun, of the 1st Somerset Light Infantry, who, though practically untrained, covered the distance in 4-min. 36-sec. On the second day the officers' hundred yards caused intense excitement. Lieutenant Wade, 2nd Royal Lancashire, and Lieutenant Blackwell, Royal Army Medical Corps, tied after a magnificent struggle. When it was run off, the former won in 10 4-5-sec.



THE NAVY AND ARMY BOXING TOURNAMENT.
In Fighting—A Duck from Left Lead.



Photos. Copyright.
CAPTAIN EDGEWORTH-JOHNSTONE WINS THE BAYONET v. BAYONET COMPETITION.



C. Knight.
LIEUTENANT REICHWALD WINS THE HALF-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP

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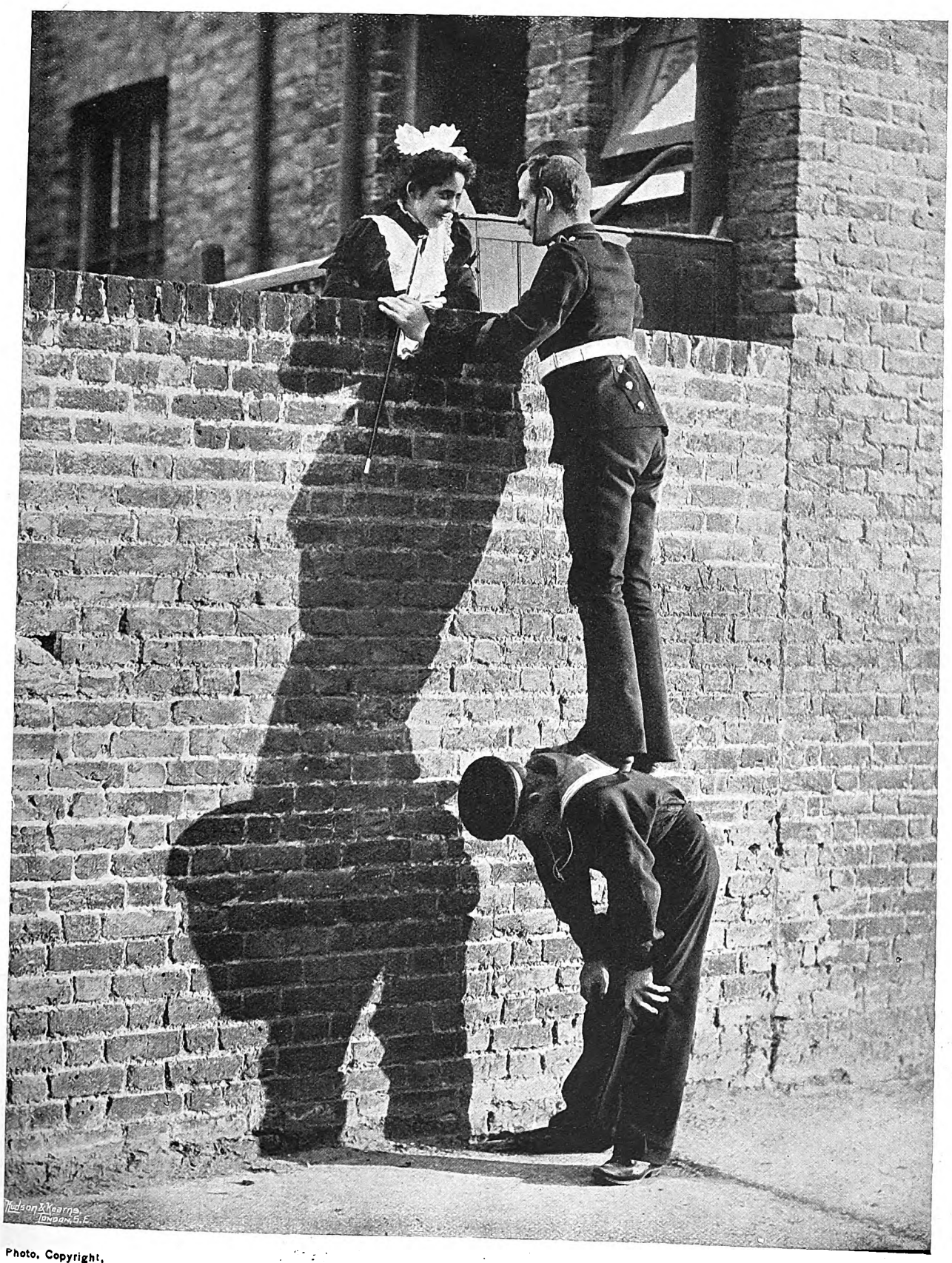
THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 139.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1899



Photo, Copyright, "Navy & Army."

CONJOINT OPERATIONS.

"Neither the seaman nor the soldier caught by this snap-shot could be brought to see that after all they were only illustrating that glorious co-operation betwixt Navy and Army which has made Britain what it is. They implored me to suppress the picture, but in the interests of your readers I could not comply with their wishes."—*A Correspondent.*

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Music Afloat.

EVERYONE who has served on board ship will testify to the value of a good band, or even of an indifferent one rather than none at all. Sailors appear to have a natural turn for music; there are few ships in the Navy, even of the smaller ones, which are not allowed a band, where some sort of an attempt is not made at a "squeegee," as described in a former number.

All large vessels are allowed a certain proportion of bandsmen as part of their complement, and flag-ships are very properly accorded a greater number. The pay allowed by the Admiralty instructions is not always liberal enough to secure the services of first-rate men, but a large number of lads are now qualified as band boys in the training-ships, and are rated as bandsmen when they attain a certain age, provided they are proficient, and it is possible for them to obtain eventually the rank of bandmaster.

Ships' bands, like those of regiments, are usually looked after by one or more officers, elected as band president, or band committee; and a small sum is subscribed monthly by each member of the ward-room mess to provide music, etc., and to supplement the pay of some of the men, and especially of the bandmaster.

In former days—and not so very many years ago—very meagre provision was made by the authorities in this respect, but some ships, especially in the Mediterranean, had very "swagger" bands, maintained by the officers at considerable expense. The flag-ship in China, thirty years ago, had a band of about forty performers which would have put many a military band in the shade.

Small craft, which are not allowed bandsmen, are, however, permitted to carry a "musician," a distinction which appears at first sight somewhat invidious!

The band usually assembles on deck a few minutes before the colours are hoisted in the morning, and plays "God Save the Queen" as they go up, all on deck respectfully uncovering. Some lively airs, marches, etc., are played before and during morning inspection.

In the evening there is always music during dinner, the bandmaster bringing down the programme to the mess president, and being frequently invited down to have a glass of wine after playing "The Queen."

The training-ship "Impregnable" has, as will be noticed, a very numerous band, chiefly consisting of aspiring young musicians, and the "Caledonia," stationed at Queensferry, in the Firth of Forth, went so far as to organise a small band of youthful pipers, greatly to the delight, no doubt, of the Scotchmen.

Photo. Lamb. THE PIPERS OF THE "CALEDONIA." Copyright.

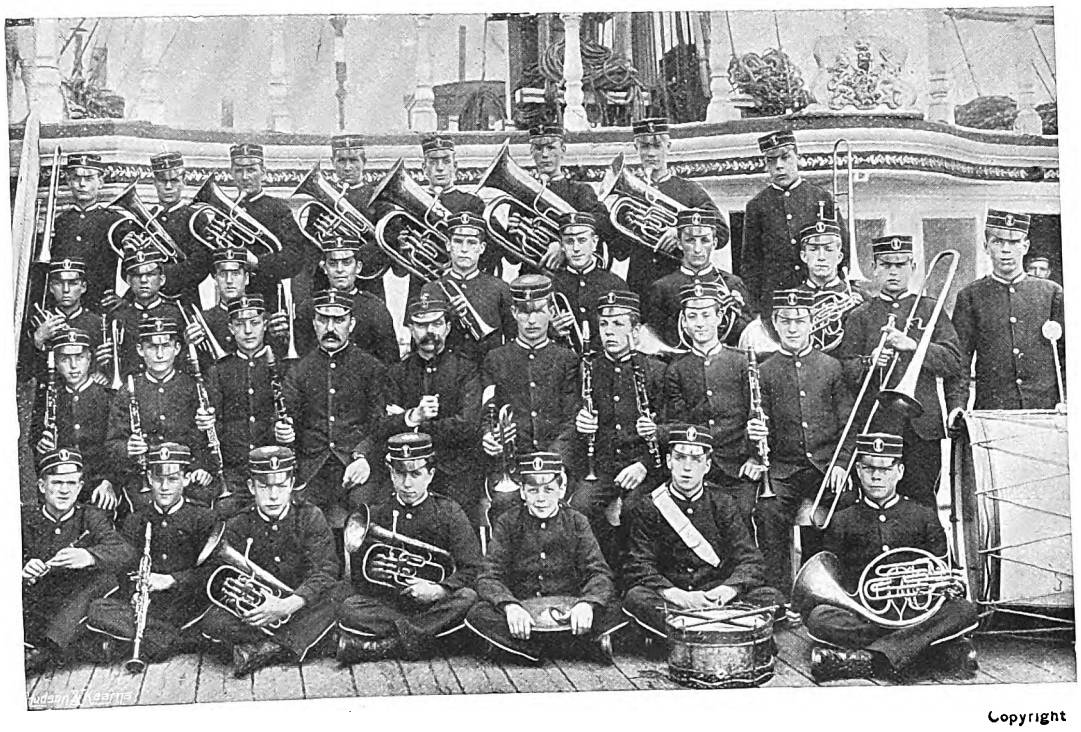

Photo. W. M. Crockett. THE BAND OF THE "IMPREGNABLE." Copyright

Photo. Symonds & Co. THE BAND OF THE "POWERFUL." Copyright.

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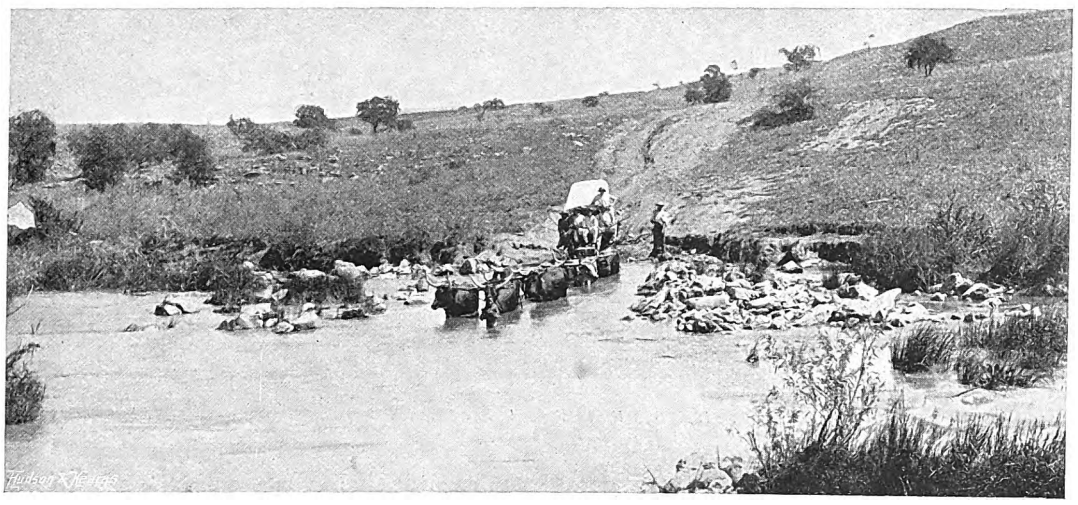
The Transvaal Crisis.

SCENES IN A GREAT HISTORICAL DRAMA.

Photo. Copyright. BROKEN COUNTRY AT ZEERUST Near Mafeking, on the Transvaal Border. Temple

IN our last issue we essayed to give the story of the Transvaal trouble from its origin, a task of peculiar difficulty and delicacy when events were occurring almost daily of a nature calculated, if not to warp the most impartial judgment, at any rate to sway the mind of the average plain man. As we write, those events are continuing to occur with almost sensational rapidity. By the time these lines are being read by a discriminating public, either a protracted lull will have intervened, or a culminating point will have been reached at which the voice of peaceful counsel will have been drowned in the din of really instant preparation. For there is a marked distinction between the quiet bustle of getting ready for possible contingencies and the harsh clamour which ensues when the mask of political friendliness and toleration has been thrown aside, when the last hope of a settlement has evaporated, when, in a word, two nations have checked the casual snarling of their representatives, and have finally elected, in the words of Shakespeare, to "cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of war!"

The pictures we present to-day have a many-sided interest, but to the careful student of the crisis they will chiefly appeal as indicating, with a happy mixture of exactitude and picturesqueness, the stage which we have reached in the development of this great historical drama. Any collective classification would be unfair, but it is possible to make an arbitrary division which places these half-dozen scenes of life and landscape in a doubly interesting light. One half, it will be noticed, are devoted to scenes in the Transvaal itself, the other to corps which are gradually converging upon South Africa from widely different sources. Here is evidence of impartiality, which should be the more readily accepted in that it is so studiously considerate.



CROSSING A DRIFT NEAR LAING'S NEK.

The picture of a drift in the neighbourhood of Laing's Nek has memories for the Boers as well as for us, while we are quite sure that the presentment of the President's house at Pretoria will have an interest quite as widespread and sincere as the portrait groups of officers and men of corps who, very probably before the world is much older, will have tapped at Mr. Kruger's door with a vehemence quite as distinct as that which in these busy northern latitudes characterises the knock of the postman, or the still more peremptory "Rates."

Our first picture shows the broken country at Zeerust, near Mafeking, on the Transvaal border, a scene which, with its conglomeration of rocky boulders and "kopjes," gives a good idea of the amenities of Transvaal fighting, and the advantages which in such circumstances accrue to the Boer system of military tactics. Zeerust lies well within the Transvaal, some thirty-five miles to the north-west of Mafeking. It is the present terminus of a telegraph line from Pretoria, and has probably been selected as a point of Boer concentration in this direction. Such a concentration would, however, have to be very strong to meet the preparations which have been made in Rhodesia and British Bechuanaland, to both oppose and repel a Boer raid, and, if desirable, to take a brisk offensive into Transvaal territory. Between Mafeking and Pretoria lies the route by which the South African Republic can be most simply and easily invaded, and it is some palliation of the striking fatuity otherwise displayed by the Jameson raiders that they should have recognised this important fact. In any case we may take it that in any future Boer War Zeerust will promptly become a place of some importance, although in the nature of such things a place so near the frontier will not long retain its interest in any brisk campaign.

The crossing of a drift in the neighbourhood of Laing's Nek is doubly interesting, firstly as a picture of the elaborate system of transport rendered necessary by the condition of the country and the nature of the communicatious, secondly by reason of the historical character of the locality in question. On the latter we shall not dilate, more especially since, as we write, the whirligig of Time seems likely to bring strange revenges. It would be unsafe to venture now upon more than general predictions, but most experts are agreed that an attempt on the part of the Boers to take any sort of offensive steps against Laing's Nek would be to precipitate the inevitable end, and to show the Boers that in our military ideas we have moved a great deal more rapidly than they have. For the rest, such scenes as that depicted are eminently South African in tone

Photos. Copyright. THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, PRETORIA. "Navy & Army."

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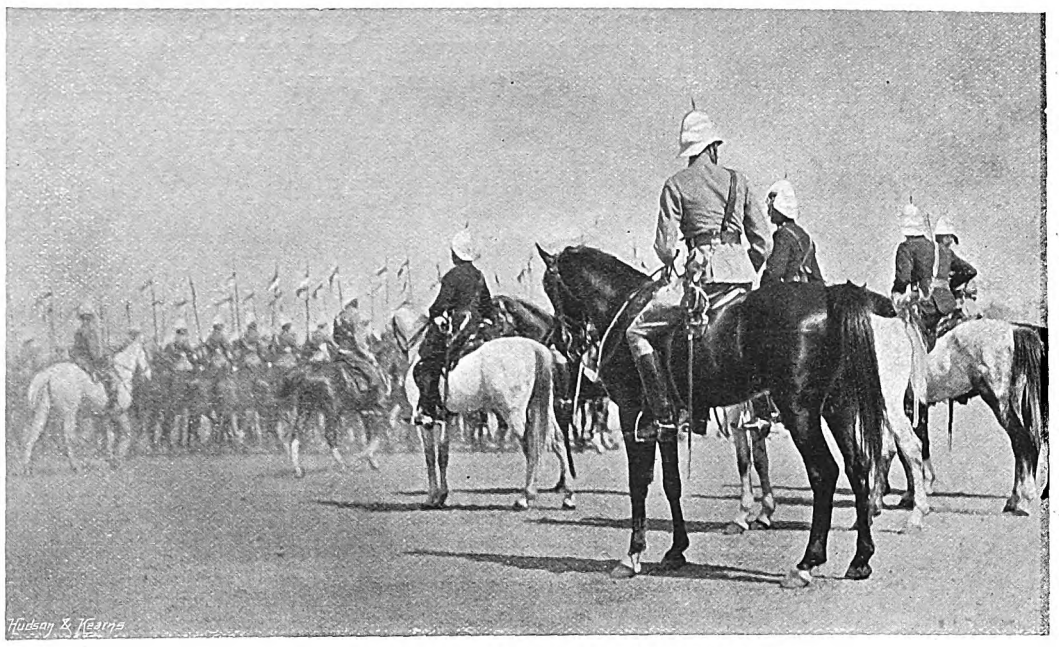
and character, though they are not exactly reassuring to the minds of those to whom a Transvaal campaign appeals in the light of a picnic.

Bricks and mortar, *per se*, have seldom any real interest attached to them outside the name and fame of those who have lived or are living within the walls in question. Of President Kruger's residence in Pretoria it is sufficient to say that it is the home of a man who, if not truly great, has been a conspicuous figure in contemporary history, and from whom the sincere Britisher finds it difficult to withhold a tribute of real if somewhat qualified admiration.

From these scenes in the Transvaal itself it is pleasant and profitable to turn to pictures of our own armed strength which have a special bearing upon the crisis.



9th LANCERS, FROM INDIA. PASSING IN REVIEW.

Photo. Copyright. OFFICERS OF THE 2nd RIFLE BRIGADE. G. Lekegian & Co.
From Crete for South Africa.

The 9th Lancers is one of the best fighting regiments in the British Army, having, ever since the Afghan War, in which it won great distinction under Colonel Bushman, been in the hands of one first-rate commanding officer after another, with the result that a splendid efficiency has been continuously preserved. Just three years ago the 9th Lancers were ordered out from Aldershot to relieve the 7th Hussars, then in Matabeleland, where there was, at the time, copious trouble through native disaffection.

The latter had subsided before the 9th Lancers arrived on the scene, and, after two years' useful but peaceful service, the regiment went on last year to India. It is now returning temporarily to South Africa, having been luckily included in the Indian contingent in the place of the 11th Hussars, who at the last moment were prevented from going by an attack of glanders. The 9th Lancers is just the hard sort of cavalry corps which is calculated to make the Boers "sit up," and once over the border they may be relied on to do their work with excellent thoroughness and determination. The two concluding pictures of the series represent infantry corps which were placed under orders from Crete and Cairo respectively at the same time as the Indian contingent. To dilate upon the services of the Rifle Brigade would, indeed, be superfluous, while the Royal Irish Fusiliers have also a splendid record. The authorities are lucky in having such fine infantry conveniently quartered at Mediterranean garrisons, and immediately available for purposes of rapid reinforcement

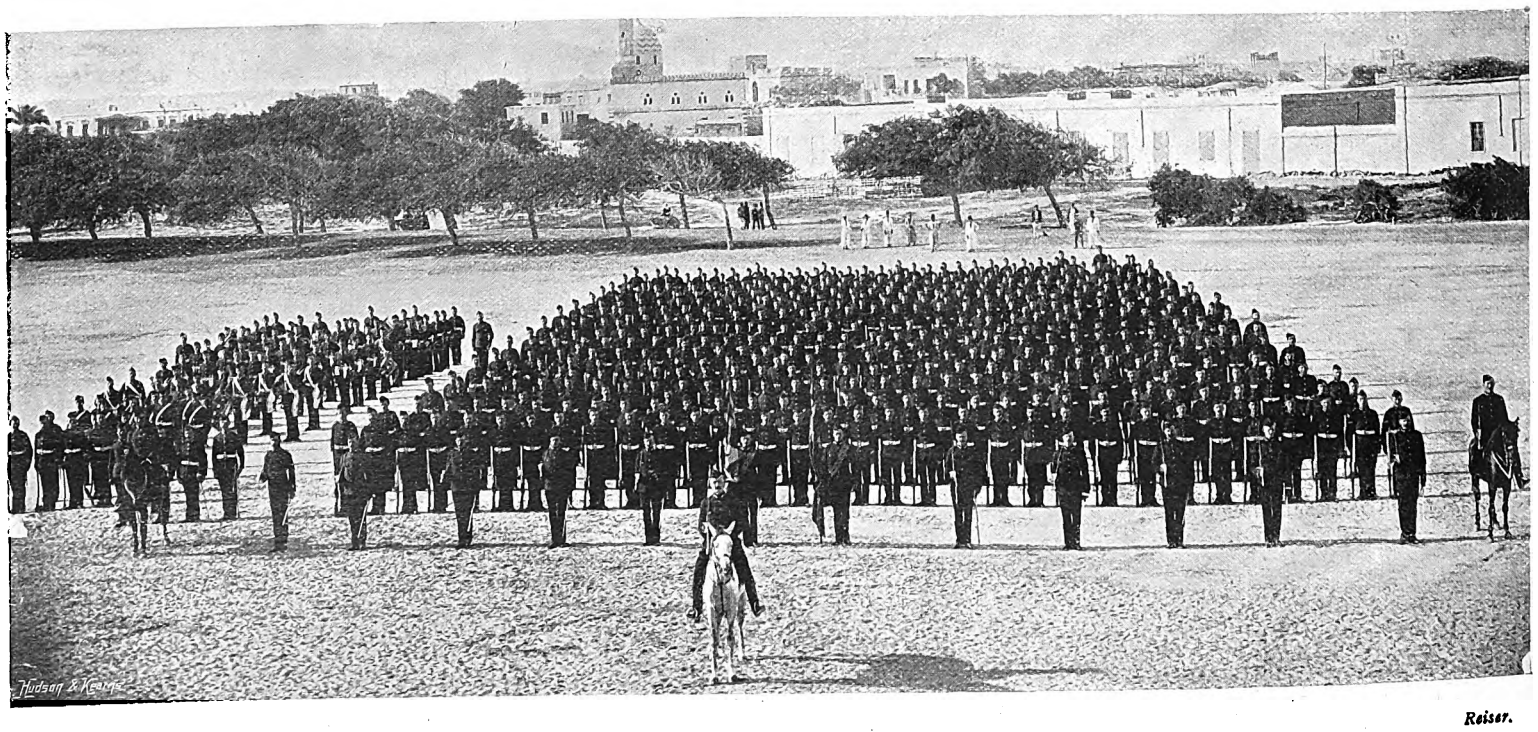


Photo. Copyright. THE 1st BATTALION ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS ON PARADE AT CAIRO. Reiser.
FROM EGYPT FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

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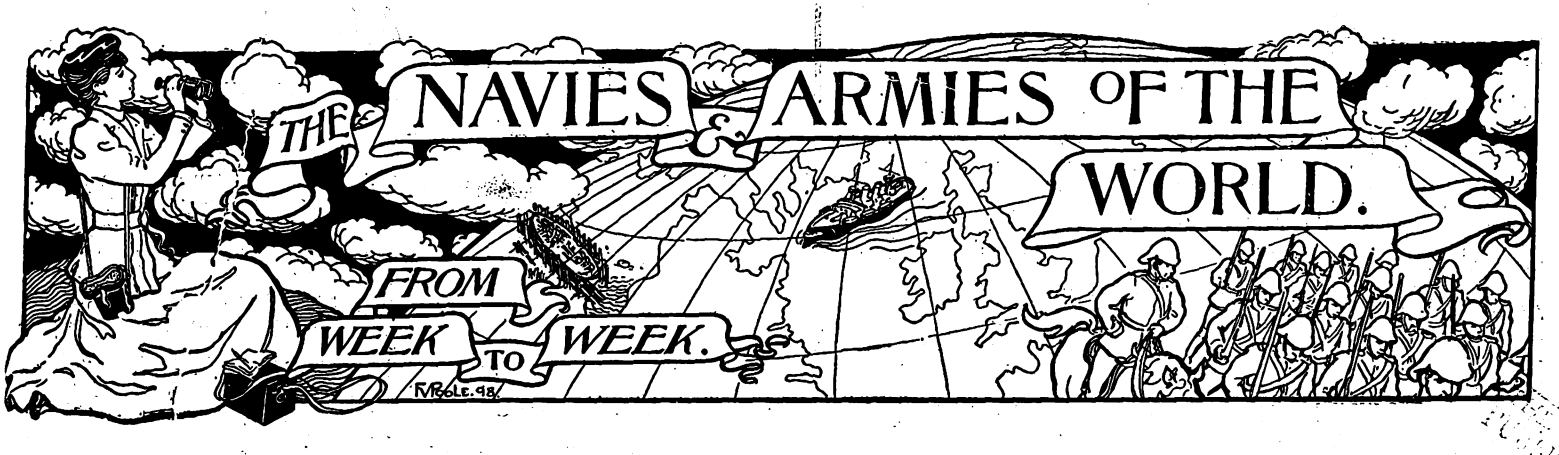

IT appears from a very interesting article in the *Army and Navy Gazette* that the French military papers are very well pleased with the results of the Rennes trial. They have the merit, such as it is, of being thankful for small mercies. What the trial has proved is that the officers of the 1894 court-martial were so ignorant as not to know that evidence ought to be shown to the prisoner; that General Mercier took advantage of their ignorance; that five Ministers of War, one after the other, said the trial was regular when they knew it was not; that when an officer commits a forgery to back up the generals, the Army thinks his conduct patriotic, and rather glorious to him than otherwise; that General Mercier, when he wanted to discredit Captain Freystätter, accused him, as it appears falsely, of abominable ferocity in Madagascar, whereby the general did his best to prove that those who say the French Army is cruelly ferocious are quite right. All this and a few other things the trial has proved. If the French Army likes it, so much the better for the rest of us. This sort of thing is moral rot, and that France is inflicted with this disease is pretty clear, if only from the fact that ten thousand times more anger has been expressed against the officers who opposed the generals than against Captain Voulet, who has murdered his superior. Incidentally, too, we learn that it is rather a misfortune for a Frenchman to come from Alsace or Lorraine. Dreyfus himself, Scheurer-Kestner, Picquart, and Freystätter have all suffered for that sin. The spectacle will have its effect, and must be rather agreeable to Germany.

* * * *

The Voulet story continues to be full of interest. Nobody now denies the murder of Colonel Klobb. The captain's letter seems to be clearly authentic, and is described as mad. If so, it is with a kind of madness which has been running all over the French Press and the French novel for years. But the oddest feature of the late development of the story is the attempt to excuse Lieutenant Chanoine and the other officers on the ground that they were not present, and not responsible. They are surely responsible for not handcuffing Captain Voulet and bringing him down for trial; or is it to be understood that when the captain murders the colonel the lieutenant is to look upon it as an ordinary incident of the service? What a logical system of discipline. Nothing more pathetical ever happened than the way in which Colonel Klobb allowed himself and poor Lieutenant Meynier, or Meunier (for the name is given both ways), to be murdered. He could not bring himself to fire on a mutinous French officer. So the mutinous officer fired on him, and the French uniform and flag were riddled all the same—to the advantage of mutiny. The moral of the story seems to be that it has come to this with the French, that any determined ruffian who does not fear God, neither regards man, can bully respectable people, because their respectability will not allow them to have what the flunkey called a "holtercation with a fella in the streets."

* * * *

The manning of the Merchant Navy continues, and will probably long continue, to be an anxious problem. Lord Brassey, who has given as much attention to the subject as anybody, has returned to it again in the *Times*. Lord Brassey has no difficulty in quoting figures which look unpleasant, as when, for instance, he says that "Half a century ago we had 200,000 British seamen in our Mercantile Marine. To-day the total number of British nationality in all ratings does not exceed 125,000. Of the 40,000 A.B.'s in the foreign trade of the United Kingdom, over 12,000 are foreigners, and 7,000 Lascars." I am far from sure about those 200,000 British seamen. It would be necessary to know exactly how the figures were reached before putting much confidence in them. The statistics of fifty years ago were not very minute. Meanwhile, does it follow that because fewer men are employed at sea in the merchant shipping, we are losing a due proportion of seafaring men? The whole tendency of modern times is to use labour-saving machines, and that accounts for much. As for the proportion of foreigners in all ratings, 30,000 to our 125,000 (not apparently including the fishermen, who are now the truest representatives of the old prime seamen), it is not more than was allowed by the old navigation. If, too, we go less to sea than we did, which, considering the increase in the fishing population, is by no means certain, is not the real reason only this, that we are very prosperous, that wages tend to rise and the hours of work to diminish on shore? Men are tempted from the sea, and not to it. So long as that is the case it is useless to expect the sailors to increase in number.

* * * *

The *Daily News* printed on Monday a longish analysis of an article by an old Prussian officer on the British Army. The article appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which is a serious paper, and when it says that its correspondent is an old Prussian officer, it must be understood to be telling the truth. But the curious thing about the writer's criticism is that it might (with the exception of one passage) have been written by any intelligent man who had read a few well-known books and considered one or two general probabilities. The sum and substance of it is that the British Army officer is a very courageous fellow, who not only does not know his business, but has not got to the point of understanding that there is a business to be known. Now one is aware that, excepting the exceptions, that is to say, individual men and the Light Division, this is a fairly accurate picture of the Peninsular army, of which the Duke said that it was admirable on the field of battle, but detestable in other places. Survivors of the pre-Crimean days will tell you candidly that things had not altered in their days. Besides, we have the recorded opinions of Sir Charles Napier and Lord Clyde to show that after the peace of 1815 professional study diminished in our Army. But we hoped this had amended in the last generation, and we shall continue to believe that it has, until better evidence is produced. As for what the writer says on the subject of wars with barbarians, and the little good they do in preparing men to fight with civilised enemies, it is common form, and it is not necessary to be an old officer to know this much.

* * * *

The one observation he makes which has a look of originality is in his praise of our cavalry, which he considers has more professional knowledge than the other arms. If he is right, there has been a change indeed, for it was notorious that our cavalry was always more sporting and less professional than the other arms. The Duke did not hesitate to say that he should expect to be beaten if he led a body of British cavalry against a body of French, simply because that arm had less practice and less knowledge than the others. If the last has become first, and the first has indeed become last, the change is very great. But is it true? If it is, there might be some serious deductions to be drawn concerning the condition of the British Army. It is a rule, to which the whole history of war affords no exception, that whenever the cavalry becomes the best of an army it is because that army is in a state of decadence. The main strength of every organised and disciplined force has always been its infantry. When it allows itself to be excelled by the cavalry, that is and must be because it is falling from a proper standard of efficiency. Let us hope that the old Prussian officer was drawing hasty inferences, or that the English major from whom he got information was a cavalry officer, and therefore naturally partial to his own arm.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance.*

Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

**** On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VIII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

OCTOBER 1, 1746.—Battle of Roucoux, near Maestricht. The allies forced to retreat, with a loss of 5,000 and 30 guns. The Prince of Waldeck commanded in chief. The British contingent fought valiantly, Sir John Ligonier and the Earl of Crawford particularly distinguishing themselves. 1841.—Capture of Chusan by Sir Hugh Gough, the Navy co-operating. Our loss was 30, that of the Chinese 1,500 men.

October 2, 1799. — Defeat at Bergen of the French and Dutch, under General Brune, by the Duke of York. Our loss was 1,443, that of the French and Dutch 4,000 men and 7 guns.

October 3, 1809.—The submission of the Ionian Islands—which had been seized by the French—completed by a British force under General Oswald.

October 4, 1777.—Defeat of the Americans at the battle of Germantown, near Philadelphia, by Lord Cornwallis. Washington attacked at 3 a.m., and after a long and severe struggle was defeated, and pursued eight miles. The Americans lost 2,200 men. Our loss was only 500.

October 5, 1777. — Expedition against Forts Montgomery and Clinton, about sixty miles from New York. General Clinton commanded the expedition, which stormed and captured the forts. Our loss was 187 killed, wounded, and missing, that of the Americans 100 killed and wounded, and 250 prisoners. The Navy co-operated.

October 6, 1879.—Sir Frederick Roberts, with 4,000 men, carried the Sang i Naurstla Pass, about twelve miles from Cabul. The Afghans had thirteen regular regiments and 8,000 to 10,000 irregulars—in all, say, 15,000 men. Our loss was 88 killed and wounded; that of the Afghans is unknown, but 300 dead bodies were found on the field, and many corpses and all the wounded were carried off. This engagement is known as the action of Charasiab. 1799.—General Brune, commanding a Franco-Dutch army, defeated with heavy loss by the Duke of York, with whom was associated a Russian force, at Egmont-op-Zee. Our loss was 821 killed and wounded, and 603 missing. The Russian casualties numbered 1,117. The French lost heavily, especially in prisoners.

October 7, 1813.—The forcing of the passage of the Bidassoa by Sir John Hope. The French, under Marshal Soult, lost 8 guns and 400 men. Our casualties numbered 600, half being Spaniards.

OCTOBER 1, 1748.—Rear-Admiral Charles Knowles's action with the Spanish Vice-Admiral Reggio off the coast of Cuba. British: Five ships of the line and one of 50 guns. Spanish: Seven ships of the line. After six hours' fighting the Spaniards drew off, followed by the British, who in the pursuit took the "Conquestadore," 74, and destroyed the "Africa," 74.

October 2, 1806.—Capture, by boarding, of two Spanish gun-boats, off the coast of Spain, by the barge and cutter of the British 32-gun frigate "Minerva," at midnight, after seven hours' hard rowing.

October 3, 1799.—Destruction of a Spanish convoy, with two armed vessels as escort, near Cape Trafalgar, by the 14-gun brig "Speedy," Captain Jahleel Brenton. The Spaniards were sheltering under a battery, and the "Speedy" with her fire forced them to run ashore and wreck themselves.

October 4, 1797.—Capture of the French 8-gun privateer "Epicharis" by the British 6-gun schooner "Alexandrian," off Barbados, after a fifty minutes' action.

October 5, 1804.—Action between the "Indefatigable," "Lively," "Medusa," and "Amphion" and four Spanish frigates with treasure on board, off Cape St. Mary's. Three Spaniards were taken, and the fourth blew up. The treasure was to fit out the Spanish fleet for Napoleon's disposal, and its capture led to Spain—hitherto nominally neutral—throwing in her lot with France at once, instead of some months later, as designed.

October 6, 1762.—Attack on and capture of the "City of Manila" by Vice-Admiral Cornish's squadron, with a Sepoy force from India on board. An immense quantity of Naval stores, ordnance, and treasure came into our hands, and the "Manila" herself was put to ransom for £1,000,000 sterling.

October 7, 1760.—Capture of the French frigates "Hermione" and "Baleine," moored close under the guns of Pondicherry, by the boats of Rear-Admiral Stevens's squadron blockading Pondicherry. The two French frigates were boarded, in the face of a stubborn resistance and a fierce fire from the shore, taken, and towed away in triumph.

The Naval Correspondent Afloat.

By JOHN LEYLAND.

WHEN a friend of mine, who is well known in the French Navy, and is rather famous as a writer on strategy, heard that I was afloat as special correspondent of a certain morning paper in one of the fleets recently "at war," he wrote in these pathetic words: "Nous n'en sommes pas encore là en France, où l'on croit que tout serait perdu si quelques ecrivains embarquaient sur les navires de l'escadre pendant les manœuvres!" All would go to the dogs, Frenchmen say, if writers like myself were on board the ships engaged at sea! Here is something that marks a sharp distinction between our neighbours and ourselves. The thought of espionage, the dread of a *perquisition*, and the fear lest something should by chance be divulged, are dominant with them. We, on the other hand, have few things we think it worth while to conceal; we raise no clamour when foreigners visit our dockyards, and correspondents are welcomed at the Naval Manœuvres. If one thing is more certain than another touching this matter, it is that the Navy has never suffered, and that the public interest has always been served. The Navy is no longer a sealed book. People know a good deal of its life, occupations, and duties; and many among them—though, perhaps, yet but a small minority—realise the supreme significance of the things wherein the Sea Power of Great Britain is concerned.

The Admiralty is generous in its treatment of the correspondents of the great journals. Being approved at Whitehall—and I may say that most of them are already known as thinkers and writers on Naval subjects—great confidence is reposed in them. Instructions are issued that they shall be received on board certain ships, which they join at the ports of assembly. This appointment ensures them a hearty welcome, and I believe the confidence of the Admiralty has only once been abused; but the position of the correspondent is, of course, an onerous, and in some ways a difficult, one. He is there to give the public a sufficient idea of what is going forward, and to appreciate intelligently what he sees; but he must remember that the telegraph is alert, and that what he writes to-day may be information for the "enemy" to-morrow. In fact he is very specially enjoined to divulge nothing whatever concerning future movements, and in regard to these a censorship is exercised over his communications; but a correspondent of tact and discretion will recognise that wise judgment must rule everything he writes.

In what follows I desire it to be understood that I refer to no particular ship, though, of course, my experience is chiefly drawn from that in which I had the exceeding good fortune to be. From the top of the Naval hierarchy to the bottom, and in every branch of it, there was no one on board who did not in some measure exert himself for my comfort, and not one in any responsible position who did not freely give me information. As an honorary member of the wardroom mess, courtesy and comradeship were extended to me throughout, and I was made at home in every part of the ship, from the signal-bridge to the engine-room and stokeholds below, and I shared in the diversions and amusements of my shipmates. In the ordinary course a correspondent is installed in a cabin, but there are certain ships in which this may be impossible. In a flag-ship, for example, the accommodation required for the admiral, his flag-lieutenant, secretary, secretary's clerk, and others, may fill all the spare cabins. It happened in this way that I was accommodated with a swinging cot on the half-deck, having a canvas screen to enclose my dwelling-place, and a writing-table, bath, and other appliances of life on board, and I was made very comfortable by the attention of many officers, who would come in to have a yarn with me, while a marine servant attended to my wants. I had reason to count myself fortunate, for in those long Atlantic rollers, when the ship became a little lively, and all the scuttles were closed in the cabins below, I had abundant air through open gun-ports, and my cot hung true to the vertical. Formidable engines of war were all around me, for just outside my screen I had on either side of me an Armstrong 6-in. quick-firer, and I had but to look round to see others of the same class, with murderous boarding-axes and other weapons in racks. It is astonishing how soon the landsman can habituate himself to such circumstances. The march of the sentry on the other side of my screen, and the extraordinary commotion of deck-scrubbing in the early morning, were soon scarcely noticed;

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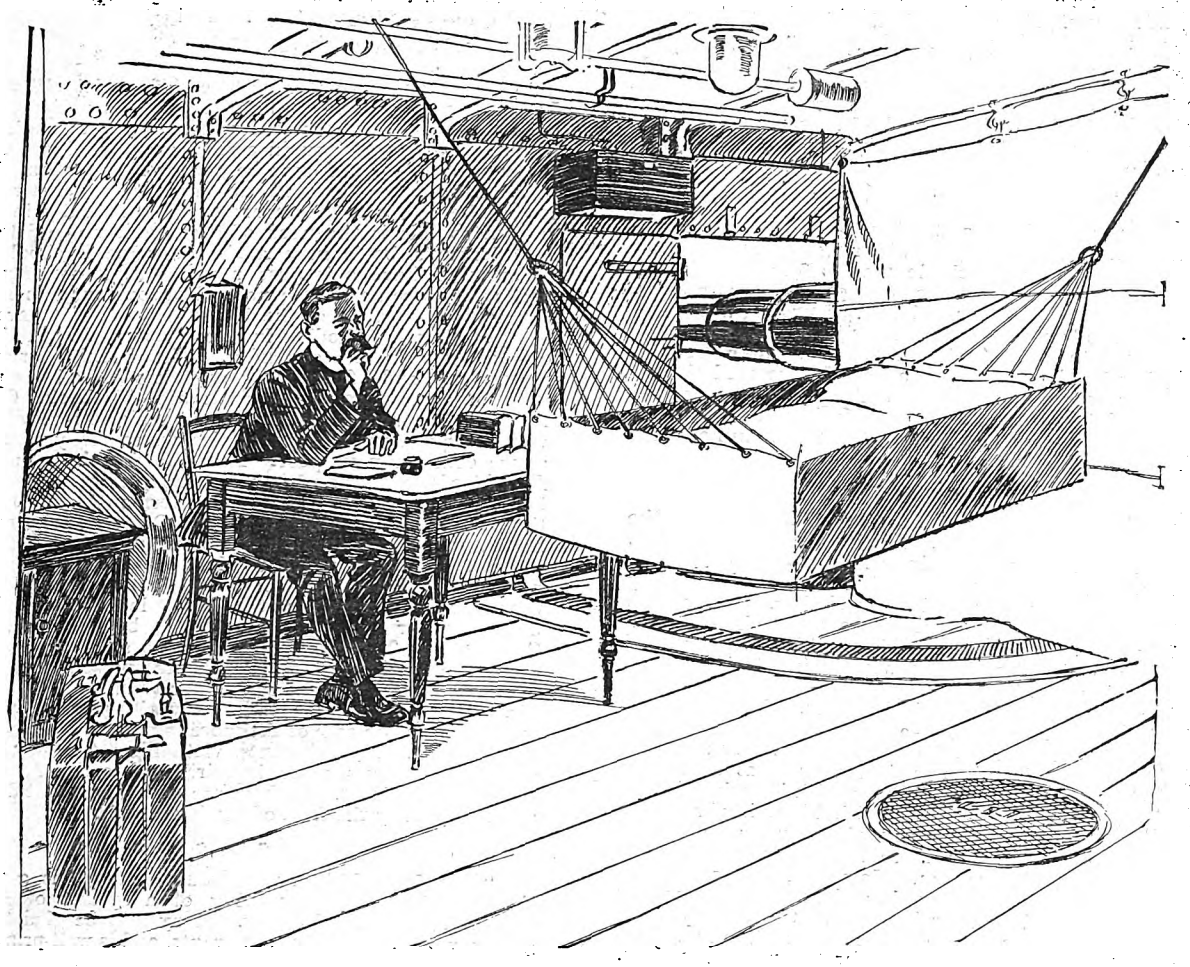
and, as I sat at my writing-table, the prodigious rattling of chains in the casting loose of guns for drill, when "man and arm ship" or "general quarters" was sounded, disturbed me not at all. These personal notes are, of course, intended merely to tell the reader in what conditions those writers live who provide the news of the manœuvres at his breakfast-table. It was all vitally interesting and profoundly instructive.

Nothing inanimate in this world is more like ourselves than a great battle-ship. The powers and senses of humanity seem to be embodied; this is an organism wherein all the forces are co-ordinated to the single purpose of life—of life defensive and aggressive. More than once its "brain" has been depicted in these pages—the officers who direct and control. Lying in one's cot at night one could hear the throbbing of the mighty heart below; everywhere the forces of life were at work maintaining and sustaining; the limbs that carry us forward were labouring with stupendous force. This was no blind organism, for eyes were alert by day, and few things could escape at night the shaft of its electric beam; it was no dumb creature either, for the flags fluttering at the yardarms and the lights that blinked at the masthead were the voice with which it spoke to its friends. It could shout at its enemy out of the hoarse throats of its guns, from them discharge the deadly missiles that are the final object of its being, and with its mailed sides resist the blow.

I do not know many things more interesting than to learn the internal economy of a great warship, and to witness the occupations of those on board. You would never suspect that 600 men were your shipmates unless you were present at "general quarters" or "night quarters," when, like bees from a hive, they issue forth and every gun is manned and every magazine and ammunition hoist has its due complement of men. The cheerfulness, activity, and readiness of the ship's company are a revelation. To you the boatswain's shrill pipe and hoarse call may mean little, but they act as an inspiration to a crowd of men, and it is certainly wonderful to see the spirit and practical ability with which our Bluejackets execute such laborious work as boat hoisting or getting out torpedo-nets. But the bustle is all orderly and disciplined, and from the cleaning ship of early morning, and the playing up of the flag at eight o'clock—when every officer and man on deck stands at the salute, facing aft, as the flag is hoisted and "God Save the Queen" played—to the last bugle at night, it is a healthy, well-filled life for the men. Down in the engine-room and stokeholds, one thinks the men little less than heroic. You must climb down the greasy iron ladders, creep along the slippery and vibrating foot-plates, breathe the air at 110-deg., look into the flaming mouths of furnaces, and stand where the gigantic engines shake and deafen you, to know what the life below really is. After such an experience it is pleasant to go among the men in their leisure hours, to overhear their racy stories, and to see the huge delight a man will feel in humorously "pulling the leg" of another, or in holding a lucky hand at cards.

It is the system of the Navy, administered by its officers, that makes things work so well. To expatiate, however, upon the splendid qualities of British officers is not my purpose. What does impress one very much is the quite characteristic reluctance which each one has to make any display of knowledge.

Behind the veil of geniality and light-hearted love of fun the qualities of command, resolution, and much ability are concealed. Each of these men, when yet a boy, has had charge of a cutter or a picket-boat; many of them, at an age when the civilian is, perhaps, yet at school, have been in command of torpedo-boats, some, a little later, of destroyers, which is to say that they had been responsible for the right handling of Her Majesty's property, to the value of thousands of pounds, and for the lives of many men, where resolution, decision, and self-confidence were supremely required. When one comes to think of it, this is a feature of Naval life nothing less than marvellous. You do not suspect that these open-hearted and simple-mannered officers possess such qualities until you see how they maintain discipline on board, and direct with confidence the work and evolutions of hundreds of men. There are engineer officers who manifest ability quite as conspicuous. I confess to having felt amazed when I learned that the vast power of this battle-ship was controlled by four of them, of whom three were appointed to the ship quite newly, and only for the manœuvres (one a probationer), while the fourth had only been about six months in her, especially when I discovered that about 70 per cent. of the men under them had never served a commission at sea before. And yet everything worked perfectly and without a hitch; and be it remarked that I speak not only of main engines, but of all the auxiliary steam and hydraulic machinery for capstan gear, boat hoisting, the training of the huge turrets, and all the other work of the ship. But the subject is inexhaustible, and could be dilated upon to any length. As I have said, it is the system of the Navy that works this marvel.



The Special Correspondent's Home Afloat.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I read with great interest your descriptive notes on the subject of the Bersaglieri in the issue of September 9, but should like to draw your attention to the fact that the portion of it which deals with General Lamarmora is partly incorrect. To begin with, the general's full name is Alfonso Ferrero, Cavalière de Lamarmora, and not Alessandro. He was born on November 18, 1804, in Turin, and died on January 5, 1878, in Florence, and not, as you state, in Kadikoi during the Russian War. The fact that the general, on arrival in the Crimea at the head of 5,000 Sardinian troops, made his headquarters in Kadikoi—which, according to reports, must have been in a rather insanitary condition when he arrived there—may have led you to believe that he died there too. During his command of the Sardinian contingent he gave ample proof of his abilities—especially in the battle of the Tchernaya, where through the splendid handling of his Artillery he was mainly instrumental in inflicting a crushing defeat on the Russians. On his return after the war he was, in 1859, appointed chief of the general staff; after the peace of Villafranca until 1860 Minister-President; and again, from 1864-66, invested with the same office, he was the chief instrument in bringing about the alliance between Prussia and Italy. On the outbreak of the war he was appointed chief of the general staff of the Italian forces, but committed the grave fault of not adhering to the plan of campaign as recommended by Prussia, and after his defeat at Custozza he retired from the scene of operations. His governor-generalship of Rome in 1870-71 practically closed his public career as one of the ablest soldiers and best organisers Italy can boast of."

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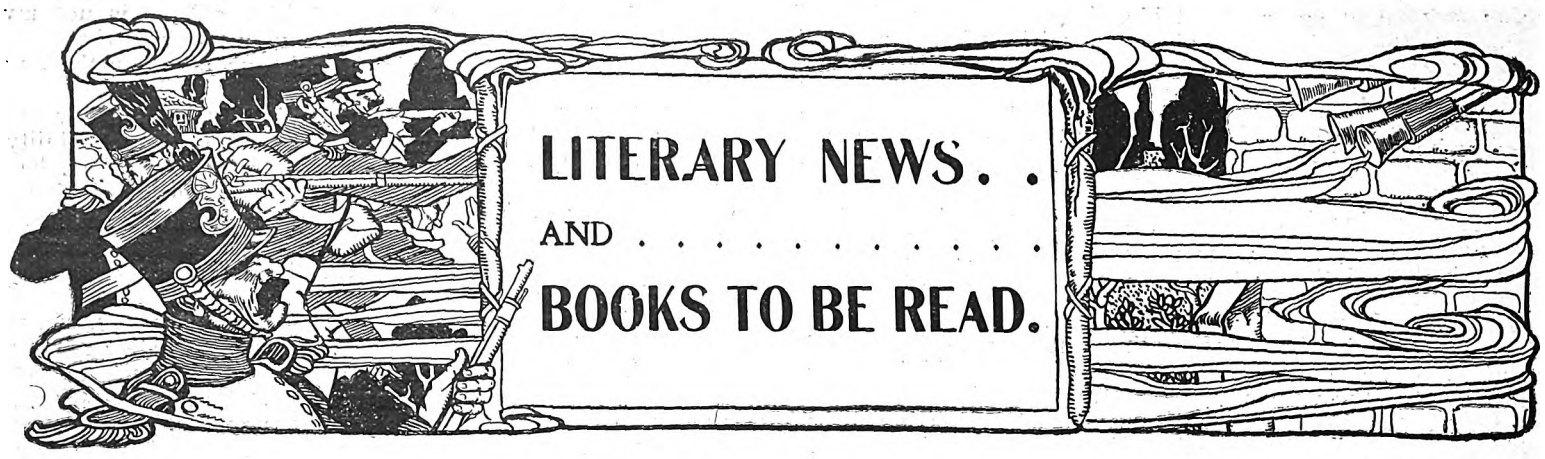

THE first book that claims attention to-day is by a hand well liked by all readers of this paper. They know well Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's qualities. There is always something in his fidelity to facts that reminds one of Defoe; there is in him a good deal of the romance of Scott; he seems sometimes to have the fire of Dumas; and now he adds the witchery and mystery of Wilkie Collins. "A Bitter Heritage" (Cassell, 6s.) is the first modern story that he has written for ten years, and he is the author of twelve stories in all. Generally he carries us back a century or two, giving us a strong flavour of naval or military adventure. Now we are in the nineteenth century, and there is nothing to remind us in plot or incident of Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's earlier stories, though the hero is a Naval officer. He is a Naval lieutenant, on leave to attend to "urgent private affairs," and his adventures are in British Honduras. The country is described to the life, and the writing is invariably good. Indeed, Mr. Bloundelle-Burton is a master of the pen, and his descriptions are particularly happy. Here is how we find his hero approaching the house of fateful mystery: "Under the palms—which grew in groves and were used as shade trees—beneath the umbrageous figs, through a garden in which the oleanders flowered luxuriously and the plants and mignonette trees perfumed deliciously the evening air, while flamboyants, bearing masses of scarlet, blood-like flowers, allamandas, and temple plants, gave a brilliant colouring to the scene, they rode up to the steps of the house, around the whole of which there was a wooden balcony. Standing upon that balcony, which was made to traverse the vast mansion so that, no matter where the sun happened to be, it could be avoided, was a woman, smiling and waving her hand to Sebastian, although it seemed that in the salutation the new comer was included. A woman who, in the shadow which enveloped her, since now the sun had sunk away to the back, appeared so dark of complexion as to suggest that in her veins there ran the dark blood of Africa."

* * * *

I am going to tell you something of the story, though not to the ungrateful extent of revealing its mystery. The hero, Julian Ritherdon, learns from the remorseful lips of his dying "father" the fact that he is not really his son. The dying man's brother long before had by treachery stolen his love from him and married her. Vengeance followed, for he now confesses to the young lieutenant that when the girl wife died he stole her child. Thus our hero learns his parentage, and goes forth to Honduras to win his real father's heritage. Arrived there, in full confidence of his right, he meets Sebastian Ritherdon, whose aspect is so like his own that they might be brothers. This Sebastian, who, of course, is the villain of the piece—a wondrous plausible villain—has been known at Belize from boyhood as the only son of the man whom Julian believes to be his own father, and has succeeded undisturbed to the estate. For a time Julian's faith is shaken in his good uncle and guardian's truth. Could he with his dying breath be carrying his vengeance to a further end by using him, Julian, to defraud the rightful heir of his estate? Then there is the strange personal resemblance between Julian and Sebastian. How shall it be accounted for? "He must be the right man, after all, and I must be the wrong one," the hero says to himself. "It is impossible the thing can be otherwise. A kidnapped child would make such a sensation in a place like this that the affair would furnish gossip for the next fifty years. While, if a child was kidnapped, how on earth has this man grown up here and now inherited the property? If I was actually the child, I certainly didn't grow up here, and if he was the child, and *did* grow up here, then there was no kidnapping." Here is the extraordinary mystery Mr. Bloundelle-Burton has woven for his readers.

* * * *

But the atmosphere is appropriately mysterious also. About this strange house of his cousin's, in which he is welcomed, there is an uncanny glamour, and as he keeps an anxious middle watch at night with his hand upon his revolver, unfathomable things happen. His persianas are opened, and he becomes conscious that eyes are watching him; there are fell purposes at work for his destruction; he is pursued by shadows in the darkness. In these chapters there is extraordinary fascination. At every moment we feel that something terrible or dramatic will happen. There is the passionate half-bred Zara working her part in the drama; there is Miriam Carmaux brooding over the events like Fate. Something of the eerie glamour is in these scenes that we find in the dark atmosphere of Duncan's death chamber. In short, Mr. Bloundelle-Burton's new story palpitates with mystery; it carries forward the reader always wondering; he cannot lay the book down; it possesses him entirely. I have left myself no space to speak of the romance, for, of course, our writer is too good a novelist to leave us without that. He does not provide us a hero without giving us a charming heroine, and he finds a way of unravelling a plot which seems to the reader hopeless in its entanglement. "A Bitter Heritage" is certainly a story that will enhance its author's high reputation. I have endeavoured to suggest its character and its interests without spoiling any reader's enjoyment of the book by revealing the *denouement*.

* * * *

There are other novels awaiting my perusal that look tempting—one by that versatile man and highly-imaginative novelist, Mr. Fred T. Jane—but they must wait a while. I pause here to chronicle the latest addition to Messrs. Ward, Lock's charming edition of the writings of G. J. Whyte-Melville. As poet, novelist, and man of society Whyte-Melville held an unique position, and he deals masterfully with the old sporting days. This volume of "Riding Recollections" (3s. 6d.) is, however, of more serious character, though not in its manner. Its chapters are upon kindness, coercion, the use of the bridle, the abuse of the spur, hand, head, discretion, Irish hunters, thorough-breds, riding to foxhounds, riding *at* staghounds, and other sporting and equestrian topics. Whyte-Melville certainly knew what he was writing about, and it was good to interpolate this useful volume among the series of his other writings. It is admirably illustrated by John Charlton.

* * * *

Quite of another order is "The Armies of the World," by Charles S. Jerram (Lawrence and Bullen). There was probably an opening for such a book, though particulars concerning the military preparations of the Powers are given in certain annuals. Mr. Jerram has studied many authorities, and may be congratulated upon his success. I do not pretend to have verified his figures, though generally where I have looked he seems to be accurate. The difficulty in handling such a subject as this is the need of keeping it up to date. In order that Mr. Jerram's book may retain its value it should be an annual. Although I have only just received it, it scarcely seems in every particular to be up to date now. For some months back particulars of the new organisation of the United States Army have been accessible, but not all are embodied in the chapter, though there is an inconclusive note in the appendix. The Spanish Army has also been reorganised, and I fancy Mr. Jerram has not all the particulars. I do not, however, desire to find fault with his book. On the contrary, I recognise its merits. He seeks to minimise somewhat the horrors of war, and questions whether armies are so costly or war is so disastrous as we commonly suppose. The following, based upon the *Sanitats-Berichte* of the German Army in 1870-71, seems interesting: "It is stated that 43,101 officers and men of the German Army died in hospital or on the field of battle during the war. Of this total, 17,255 were killed in battle, 10,506 died in hospital of wounds, 15,340 died in hospital of disease. The total number is less than that of those said by Livy to have been killed outright in the battle of Cannæ, and is not much more than four times as many as the French lost by disease in the Madagascar Campaign, or the Mahdists, chiefly by rifle fire, in the battle of Omdurman. There seems, indeed, no sufficient reason for supposing that, with our looser formations in the present, loss in battles between intelligent Powers need be heavier than in 1870." I should say that Mr. Jerram's book deals statistically with practically every Army in the world, and in the case of the more important ones, with administration, organisation, establishments, victualling, the branches of the active army, the reserves, marching, drill and tactics, fortresses, and general matters of interest. It therefore embodies a vast deal of information, and is evidently the fruit of much research.

* * * *

"The Irish Military Manœuvres, 1899," is a pamphlet (William Tempest, Dundalk) consisting of a reprint of the articles which appeared in the *Irish Times*. Many may be glad to possess it, for it gives a very clear idea of the events, and is well printed.

* * * *

"The Churchman's Almanack for 1900" embodies a calendar of events connected with the sea, ships, and sailors, besides a good deal else of interest to those concerned in Missions to Seamen. It is easy to see that many important events have been omitted from the calendar, though many are included, and some notices read oddly, as, for example, "Giordano Bruno burned," "'From Greenland's icy mountains' written." However, the booklet is prettily got up, and many will like it.

* * * *

Those who can should certainly read the *Household Brigade Magazine*, rather belated, for September. They will find in it "On Exhibition"—excellent fun assigned to Rudyard Kipling, written years ago. He is the little lion of a tea-party, and twenty ladies rush at him to discuss the true inwardness of his writings. It is exquisitely humorous. "Tell me, oh tell me," says one, "was such and such a character in such a one of your books"—the admirable, drunken ruffian Mulvaney, in fact—"was he *real?* Was he *quite* real? Oh, how lovely! How sweet! How precious!" Much about manœuvres, and about the new and cumbrously named "Grenadier Guards Warrant Officers', Staff-Sergeants', and Sergeants' (Past and Present) Association," an excellent body, is also in the number.

* * * *

I hear that the Columbus Publishing Company is about to publish a volume of "Servian Folk-lore Stories," by Madame Elodie L. Mijatovich, wife of the Servian Minister to the Court of St. James's.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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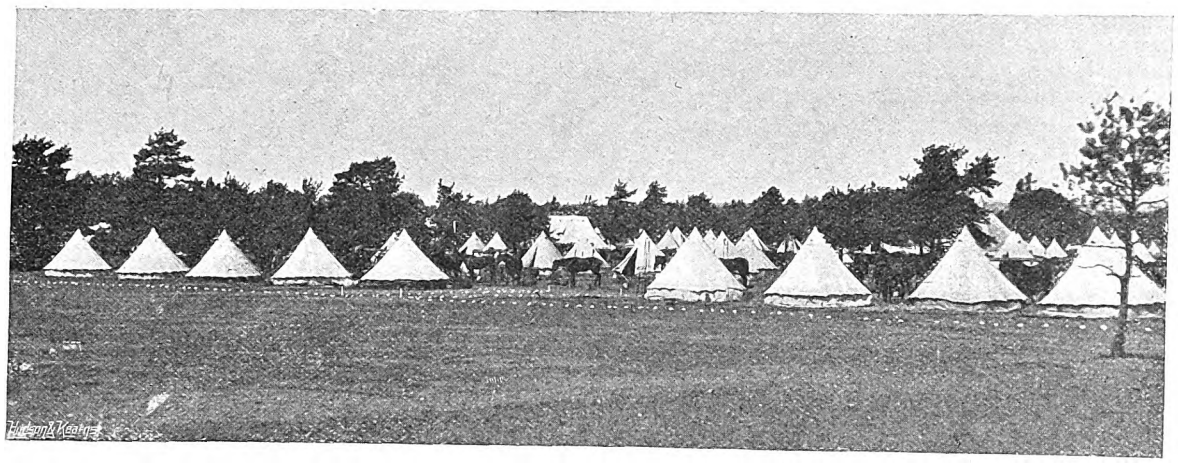
Cavalry Under Canvas.

TO a cavalry soldier life on the "tented field" may be either the most enjoyable of his experiences or the acme of discomfort, and which of these it is depends almost entirely on the weather.

In summer or autumn, when the days are hot and dusty, it is a relief to be under canvas, for, even if at night the sleeping accommodation is somewhat limited, all the work necessary to keep horses, saddlery, and accoutrements "up to the mark" can be done under the open sky.

A typical cavalry camp is that of Twesledown, which is used every year by one regiment or another when the accommodation of the cavalry barracks at Aldershot is unequal to the necessities of the troops. It is pitched on a green plateau that seems to rise like an oasis from the arid waste of the Long Valley, and behind which the rugged outlines of Hungry Hill tower up with a suggestion of cool shadow in its blue mass that is pleasant on the most scorching of summer days.

A TYPICAL CAVALRY CAMP.



"EMBOWERED IN SCOTCH FIRS."

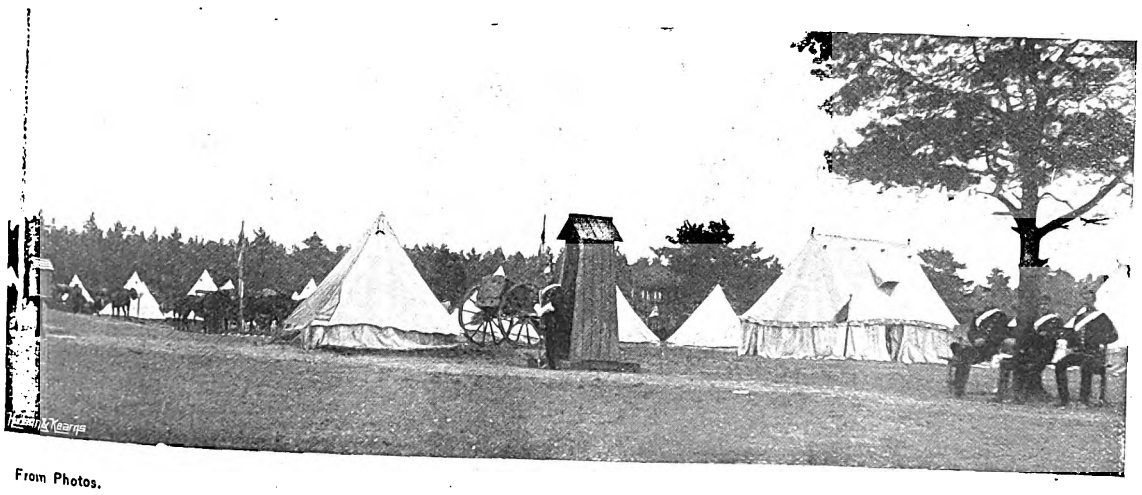
Belts of soft green pines and Scotch firs make a dainty setting for the regular lines of white tents, and it is in the shade of these that the regimental farriers will be found, their field forge in full blast and the ring of hammers making music 'midst the trees as they work.

No matter at what time of the day the camp is visited there is something of interest toward. It may be the early morning, when there is all bustle, as the horses, standing picketed head and heel in the lines, are undergoing their morning toilet, or later, when the "Boot and saddle" has sounded, and troopers, plumed and spurred, are moving hither and thither "on the double," so that they may not be behind when "Turn-out" is blown.

A FIELD FORGE.

Outside each of the tents blankets are neatly arranged so that they may be aired, and the lances stuck upright in serried ranks around the entrances make some sort of a decoration with their gleaming points and fluttering pennons of red and white.

The tent walls, brailed up so as to allow of perfect ventilation while the men are away, reveal a wondrous assortment of miscellaneous belongings. Kits, kit-bags, and accoutrements are all arranged according to pattern, and the average civilian will probably wonder how on earth the eight, ten, or twelve men, as the case may be, can find room to stretch themselves at night amidst such a jumble of odds and ends. The boundaries of the camp are neatly marked with a line of whitewashed stones, as Tommy, urged on perhaps by his superiors, is very fond of whitewash, and a look in at the cook-house, or what answers to it under canvas, will show what can be done by its aid and a little clay in the way of artistic decoration. As this is more



From Photos. THE MAIN GUARD. By a Military Officer.

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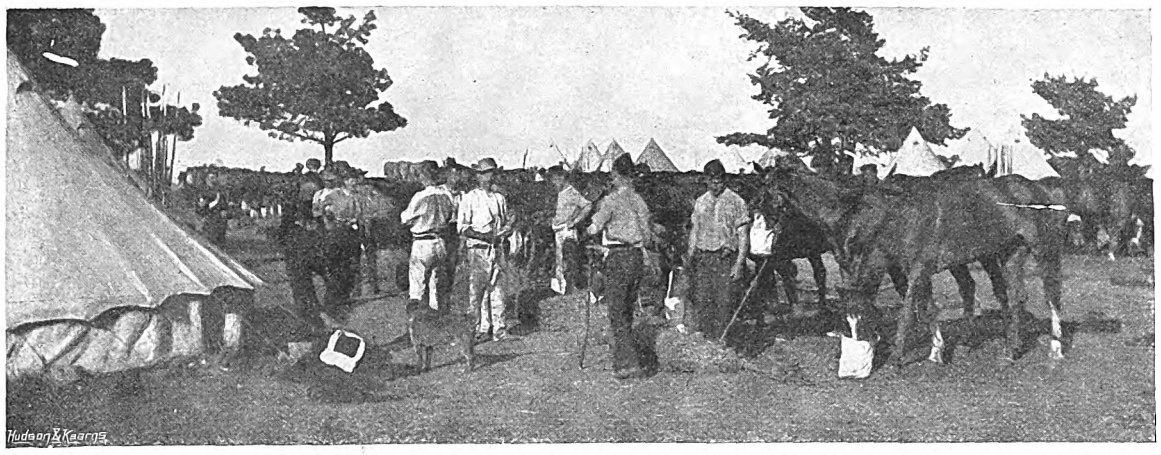
or less a permanent camp, the guard mounts in all the glory of full dress, but the guard-room is a tent, and the reliefs of sentries can sit and sun themselves on a form which some thoughtful official has placed under the only tree in the immediate vicinity. The men here look something like the soldiers of picture-books, but in the lines, where they are at "Stables" or on fatigue, there is a difference. Smart uniform gives way to white "slacks," or serge trousers and flannel "grey-back" shirts, which are so arranged as to allow of a good expanse of arm and chest to be visible. Braces are not worn — no self-respecting cavalryman would think of coming to stables with them on — and a strap or girdle of the regimental colours takes their place, and also serves as a purse.

THE SADDLERS' SHOP.



"STABLES"—FEEDING TIME.

A regimental saddler plays many parts, and in camp he is one of the busiest of men, for the rough and tumble of the life there tries leather and stitches to their utmost. His tent is generally pretty full of broken saddlery, and he has also to repair the leather bands and slings of lances in addition to a hundred odd jobs that the care of horse-furniture provides.

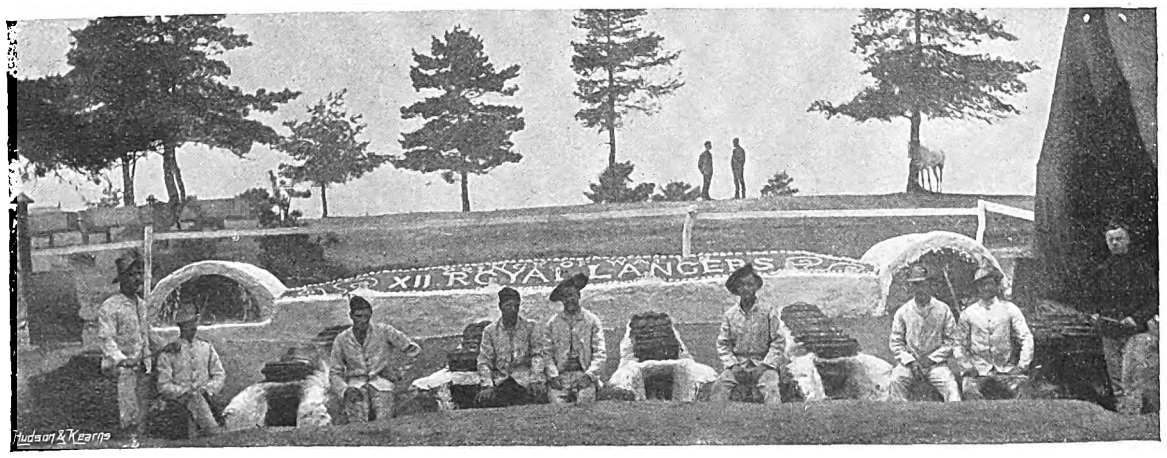
All this and the general life of the trooper is pleasant as a picnic when the sun shines, but when it rains—well that is another story. The horse lines are sloughs of despond; saddlery is sodden, and steel a rusty nightmare, the horrors of which are only thoroughly appreciated by those who have to clean it.

At these times the tent walls become black spots on the face of the dripping landscape, and within them the reek of leather, accoutrements, and men borders on the unendurable. One goes to sleep, after arranging with infinite care the waterproof sheet and blankets which form a trooper's bed under canvas, so that the wet of the sodden earth shall not disturb one's slumbers, but perhaps in dreams of fine weather, or through carelessness, the taut canvas is touched, and then the deluge. From the one tiny spot the rain drips steadily in until it fast forms a trickling rivulet and later on a lake which soaks bedding and clothing. That is an occasion on which things are said. To wake and find that one is lying amid soaking blankets in a pool of water is no joke, and when, in addition, all the steel-work, so carefully cleaned overnight, is covered with a fine net-work of rust—well a soldier's cup of bitterness is full and it is good that he has a vocabulary in which to express his feelings.

PREPARED FOR A STORM.

Clothing seems to exhibit the same water-holding capacity as a sponge, and it is only on such occasions that a man can adequately realise what abominably ingenious instruments of torture a pair of well-fitting jack-boots can become. The rations get diluted with rain-water on their way from the cook-house, bread is only eatable because hunger compels its absorption, and altogether life is a misery. The cooks look more like submarine miners than cavalrymen, in their oilskins and sou'-westers, and what they say on the subject of weather is but a mild edition of the language in the lines.

Everybody, from commanding officer to the lately-made "lance-jack," loses his temper, and when Mr. Atkins—especially he of the mounted branches—gets angry, he chooses particularly forceful language to convey his views on things in general and soldiering in particular. Camp life in wet weather is about as bad as it can be, and anyone who has once experienced a wet week under canvas will never wish to repeat the experiment. But taking the good with the bad, soldiering under canvas is as pleasant as in barracks. One has always fresh air, and what many would give riches for—a good appetite and digestion perpetually attendant.



From Photos. "COME TO THE COOK-HOUSE DOOR." By a Military Officer

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Amusements and Theatricals on Board Ship.

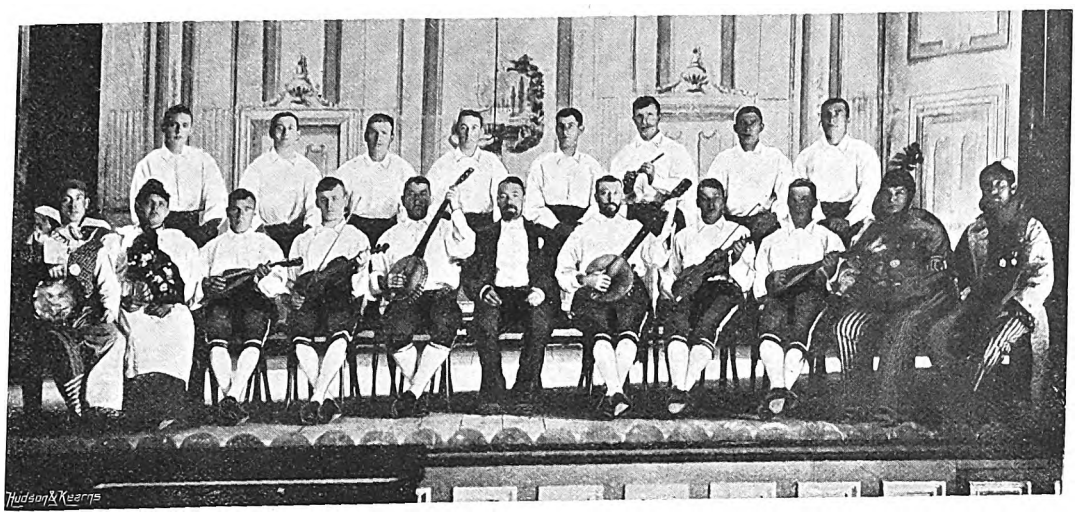

Photo. Sorrell. THE "RINGAROOMA'S MINSTRELS. Copyright.

AS in most communities, there are usually in every ship's company at least a few individuals with a decided turn for acting in one form or another. Some ships will naturally be more fortunate than others in this respect; and in every instance the development of latent talent and the general success of the performance are sure to depend in a great measure on the tact and energy of the leading spirit, be he officer or seaman.

In some instances the dramatic corps is confined entirely to the Bluejackets, who are allowed every facility for indulging in such a harmless and amusing form of recreation. Other vessels are rich in talent among the officers, and in this case a higher standard of excellence will be attained. As the complement of a war-ship does not include any individuals of the gentler sex, it is necessary that the female parts should be provided by midshipmen or young seamen, and very fascinating young ladies have frequently been improvised in this fashion. The style of entertainment which is most commonly selected is either the Christy minstrel troupe, or farce and light comedy; a more ambitious company will sometimes give a musical extravaganza, and occasionally will even commit themselves to tragedy, with doubtful results.

An amusing incident in this connection occurred a good many years ago on a very distant Naval station. A vessel was lying for some months at a somewhat uninteresting place, and the men decided to give a theatrical performance on shore. One of the petty officers, an excellent and well-conducted man, was selected by his shipmates as the leading hand in the matter, solely on the ground that he had, before leaving home, won the affections of an actress in a humble sphere and married her, a blameless and even praiseworthy proceeding in itself, but not necessarily involving any great amount of histrionic talent; and, as a matter of fact, the husband of the professional lady had about as much idea of acting as the main mast of the ship. However, he took the matter boldly in hand, obtained the use of the town hall, and announced a performance of "Lady Audley's Secret," adapted, of course, from Miss Braddon's well-known novel. There was a crowded house, and the performance turned out a brilliant success, as regards providing an evening's entertainment, though not, perhaps, precisely in the manner intended, for the adventurous stage manager, who assumed the *title rôle*, "ably seconded," as the Press critic hath it, "by a strong cast," kept the audience, from beginning to end, in roars of laughter! The dresses of the female characters were remarkable in the extreme, and the servant girl, personated by a stalwart young seaman with a deep voice, caused immense joy to the ladies of the

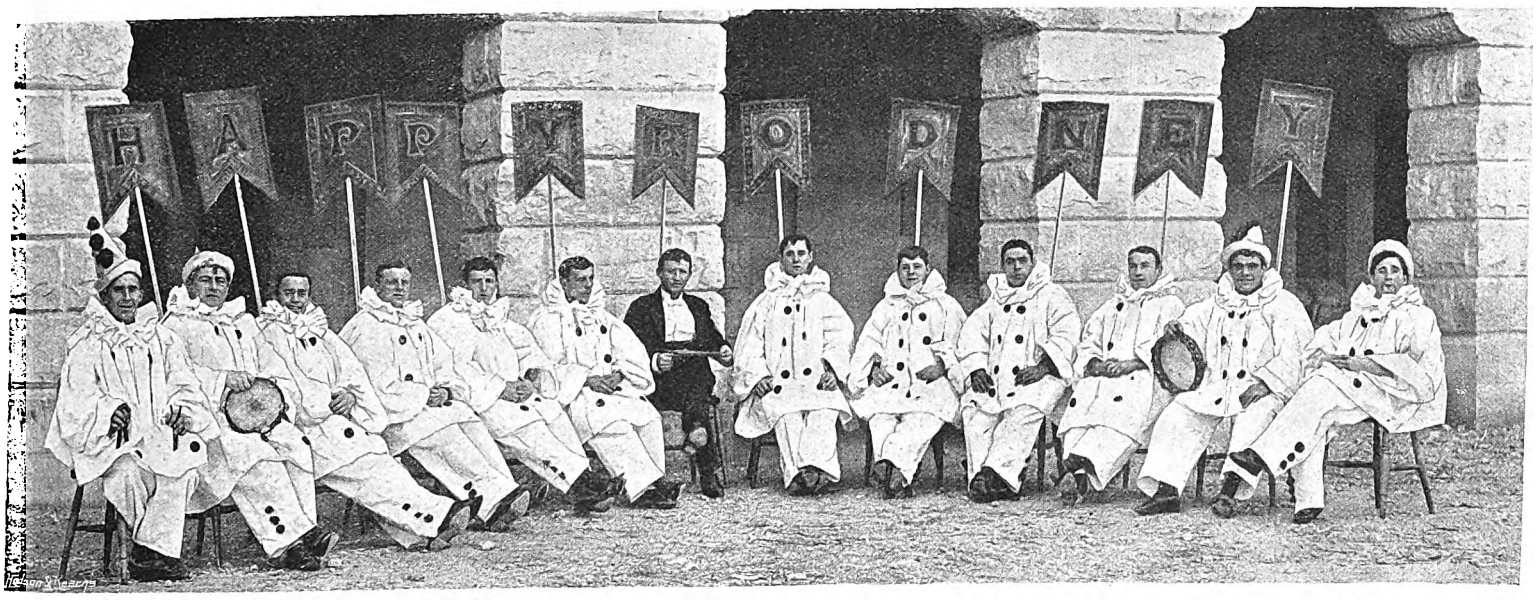

Photo. Frost. THE "RODNEY'S" NIGGER TROUPE Copyright.

Photo. H Sharpe. OFFICERS' THEATRICAL COMPANY OF THE "POWERFUL." Copyright.

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audience by having her skirt on the wrong way round.

This, however, though very amusing, is quite an exceptional case, and very frequently there is excellent acting to be seen on board ship.

Some pictures are here given of the officers' theatrical company on board the "Powerful" on the China station. There appears to be quite an exceptional amount of talent among the officers, from the commander downwards, and they invited a number of guests on board at Hong Kong a little while ago to witness a performance of "Aladdin," Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia being among the number. "Aladdin" is, of course, an extravaganza of a wildly absurd type, and requires a great deal of "go" and readiness of resource, to say nothing of a considerable aptitude in music and dancing, to make it go down well. However, the performers appear to have tackled it with great spirit. The picture of Lieutenant Ingles as the Princess Badroulbadour gives some idea of the thoroughness of the get-up, for surely no one would imagine that he was here contemplating a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Navy. The Widow Twankey, who appears in one illustration in the act of pouring something stronger than water into her tea-pot, was personated by Lieutenant Hodges in such amusing fashion as to bring the house down.

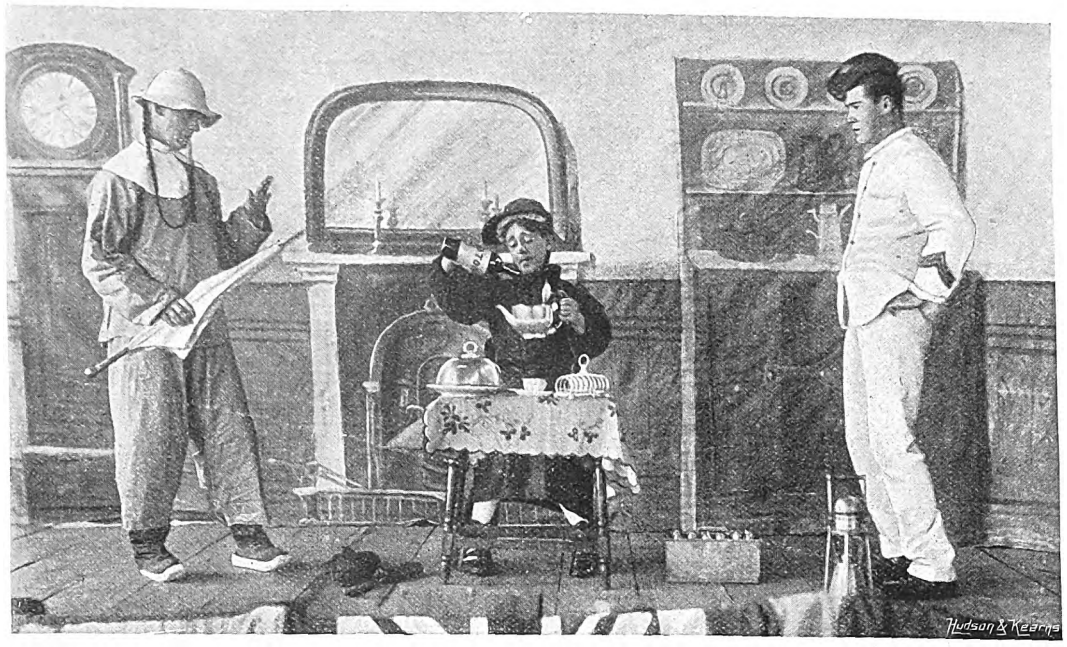

Photo. H. Sharpe. *ALADDIN"—THE WIDOW TWANKEY MAKES TEA.* Copyright.

Photo Frost. *"MUMMERS THREE."*

A view of the "house" in question is given in another picture, as seen from the stage. Numerous chairs and couches are arranged for the guests, and in the background may be seen tiers of improvised seats, rising at a steep angle, for the ship's company. Overhead the awning is lined with flags, a practice commonly adopted on board ship for such occasions, with excellent effect. It should be mentioned that the scene painting was executed entirely by Fleet-Engineer Edwards in the intervals of looking after the complicated machinery of the huge cruiser.

The "Rodney" has apparently a very strong "nigger" troupe, who are represented—though without their faces blacked—seated in front of some large building, and holding up a series of banners with the motto "'Happy 'Rodney.'" A good gang of minstrels may afford a great deal of amusement, for they can, of course, vary their programme at will, and, moreover, they require no scenery for their performance. The "Mummers Three" also belong to the "Rodney."

Photo. H. Sharpe. *THE PRINCESS POSES.*

Another picture shows a group of minstrels belonging to the "Ringarooma," in far Australia; and wherever our ships carry the British flag there is sure to be some kind of theatrical company improvised, with excellent results, tending as it does to keep the men out of mischief, and affording them and their friends a great deal of harmless amusement.

In some vessels "Penny Readings" are organised pretty frequently, all those who have any accomplishments, musical, humorous, or otherwise, being encouraged to come forward and take part.

Sometimes these are the means of unearthing some remarkable talent in various lines, the comic singer or reciter being most frequent.

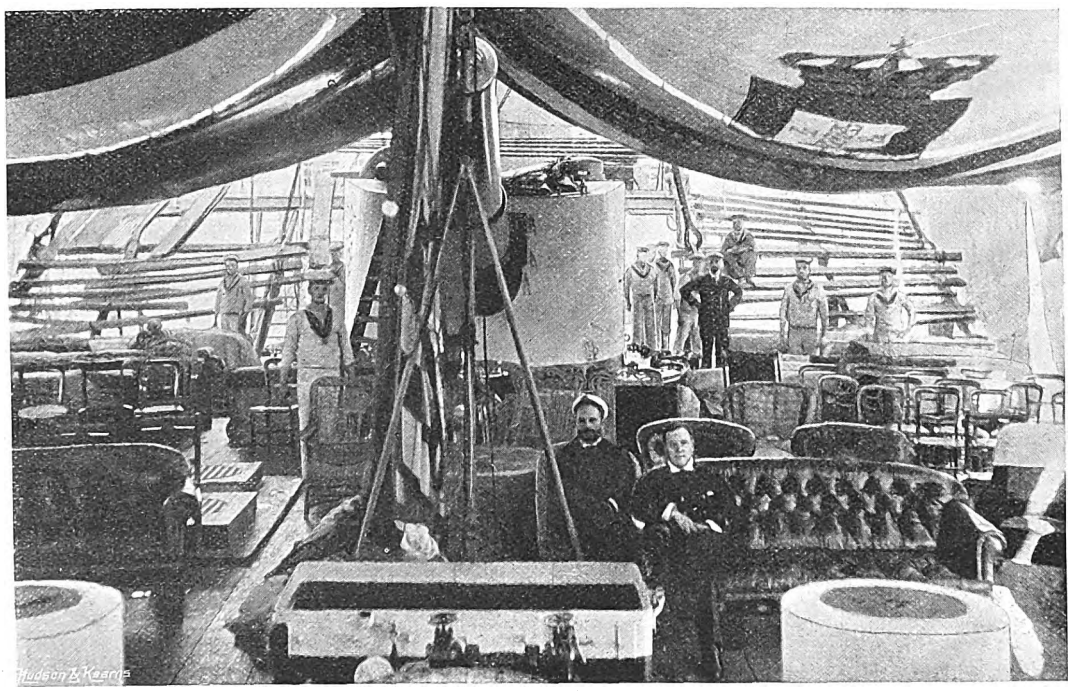

Photo. H Sharpe. *THE "HOUSE" FROM THE STAGE OF THE "POWERFUL."* Copyright.

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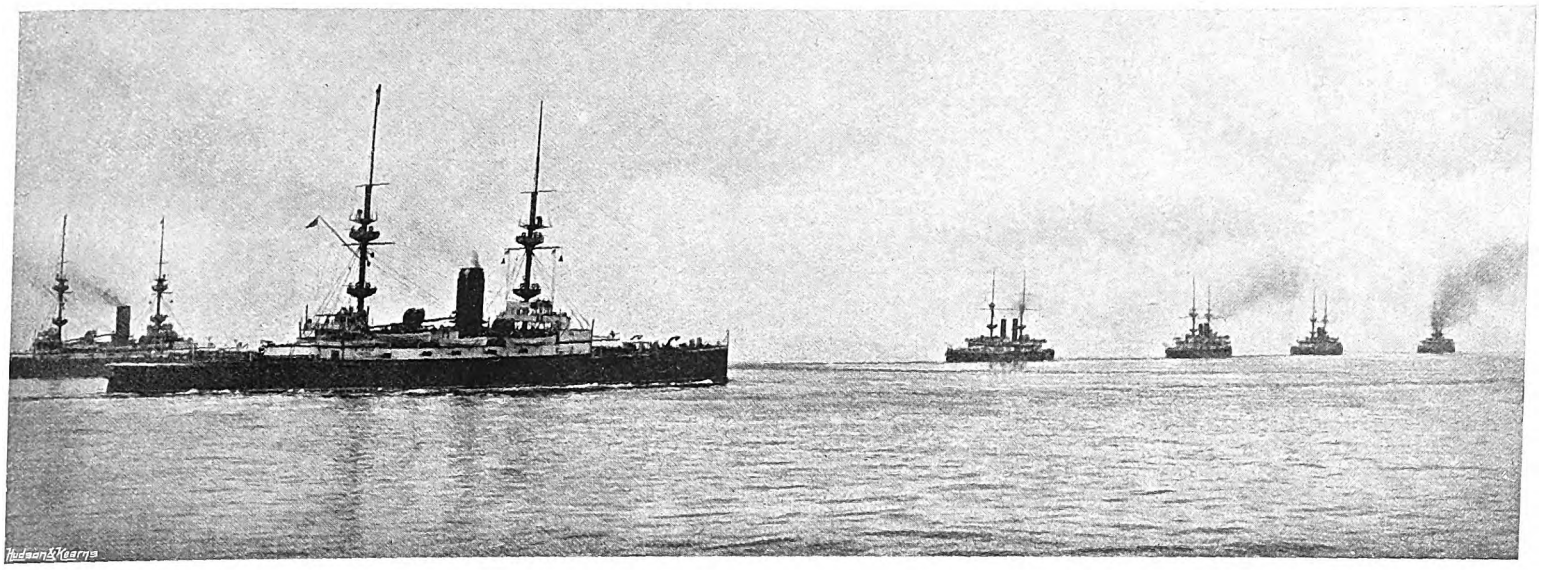
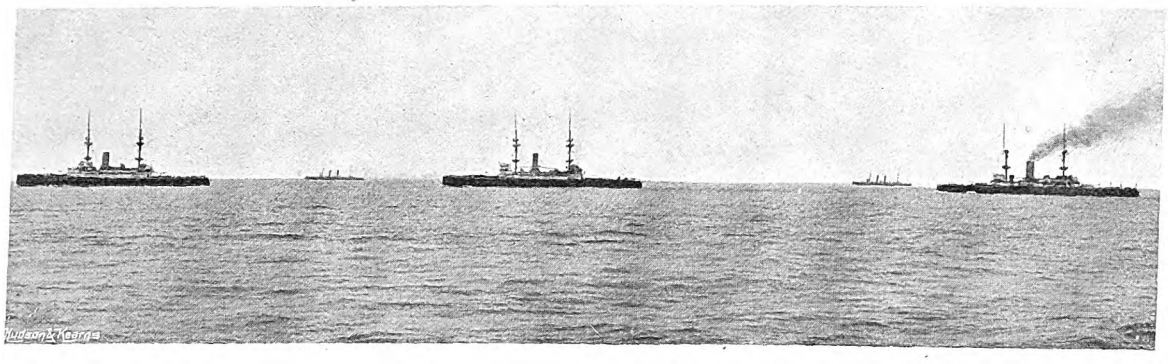
Steam Tactics—Their Part in Modern Warfare.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]



AT STEAM TACTICS.
1st DIVISION IN LINE AHEAD, 2nd DIVISION IN LINE ABREAST.

BY aid of the illustrations which accompany this article I will try to present to my reader a general idea of what is meant by steam tactics, and what part they play in modern Naval warfare. I can best define the term by saying that tactics are the art of marshalling, moving, and disposing the different units of the fighting force into any formation in the quickest and most certain manner, with the minimum amount of signalling.



CRUISING FORMATION.
Divisions in Line Ahead.

There are three distinct phases of Naval warfare through which a fleet must pass before an action can be won or lost. There is the "strategy of the station," in which the fleet or fleets are looked upon as units in the general scheme of offence or defence. There is the "strategy of the fleet," *i.e.*, steam tactics, which I have defined above. This is the connecting link to the third phase, the "strategy of the unit or individual ship," which comes into play when signalling for any reason becomes impossible.

The relative value of the two latter has probably completely changed since the introduction of steam, and the next Naval war may see actions won as much by the superior handling of the fleet as a fighting machine as by the individual powers of the ships engaged. It is therefore evident that steam tactics are of paramount importance. They are to the Navy what brigade drill is to the Army—that is, the whole basis on which rests the art of strategical warfare.

And now let us examine the broad principles. A fleet of eight battle-ships, as for instance the Channel Squadron,

Photos. Copyright. *FORMING "SINGLE COLUMN LINE AHEAD" FROM "DIVISIONS IN LINE AHEAD."* A. Debenham, Ryde.

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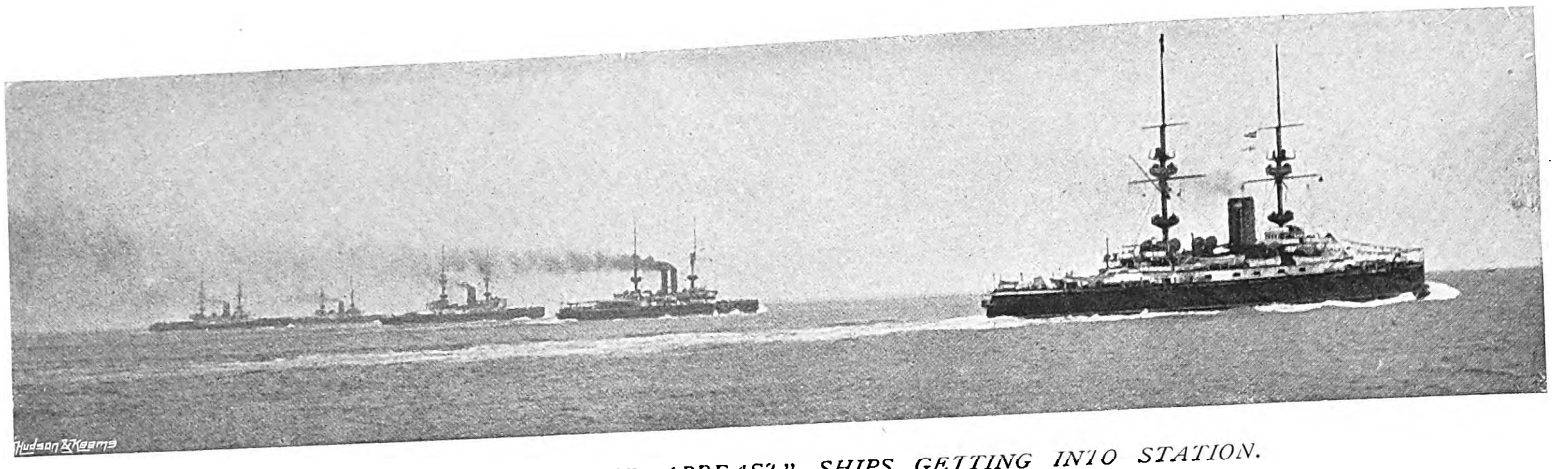
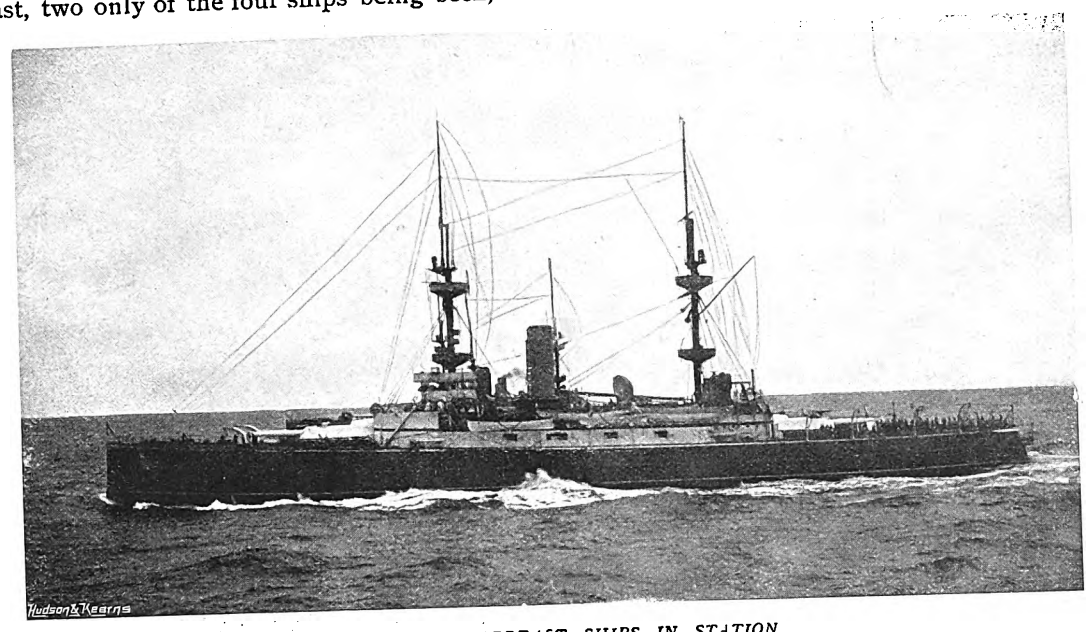


FORMING "SINGLE LINE ABREAST"—SHIPS GETTING INTO STATION.

which is a typical fighting machine, may be considered as being a line of eight ships, or as being in two divisions of four ships each, or as four sub-divisions of two ships each. These, again, may be disposed in line ahead, line abreast, or quarter line. In line ahead the ships follow one in the wake of the other. In line abreast the ships are abeam of each other. In quarter line they are disposed diagonally; it is, in fact, halfway between line ahead and line abreast.

In my first illustration the receding ships in the distance are the 1st Division in line ahead, while the 2nd Division, as may be gathered from the picture, are following them astern in line abreast, two only of the four ships being seen, as the third was the ship from which the illustration was taken.

The usual cruising formation of the fleet is in two divisions in line ahead. (The second illustration shows part of the 1st Division with a couple of cruisers outside.) In this, as in nearly all other formations, the ships are two cables (400 yards) apart, and the divisions are eight cables apart. The third picture demonstrates this formation even more clearly, for in it the fleet is forming single line ahead from two divisions in line ahead, and the 2nd Division are edging over to get astern of the 1st Division.



SINGLE LINE ABREAST—SHIPS IN STATION.
Five other Battle-ships are Concealed Behind the Hull of the Nearest.

The fourth illustration shows the fleet forming single line abreast. It was taken, of course, before the ships had got into station. Had I waited a minute longer, I should have got such a picture as No. 5, where the ships are in station, and there are five other battle-ships concealed behind the hull of the nearest, though so perfectly in line is the squadron that only the masts of the others are discernible, and that only in the original photograph.

Line abreast, again, may be either single line abreast, divisions in line abreast, or sub-divisions in line abreast. Quarter line, as I have explained, is just halfway between line ahead and line abreast.

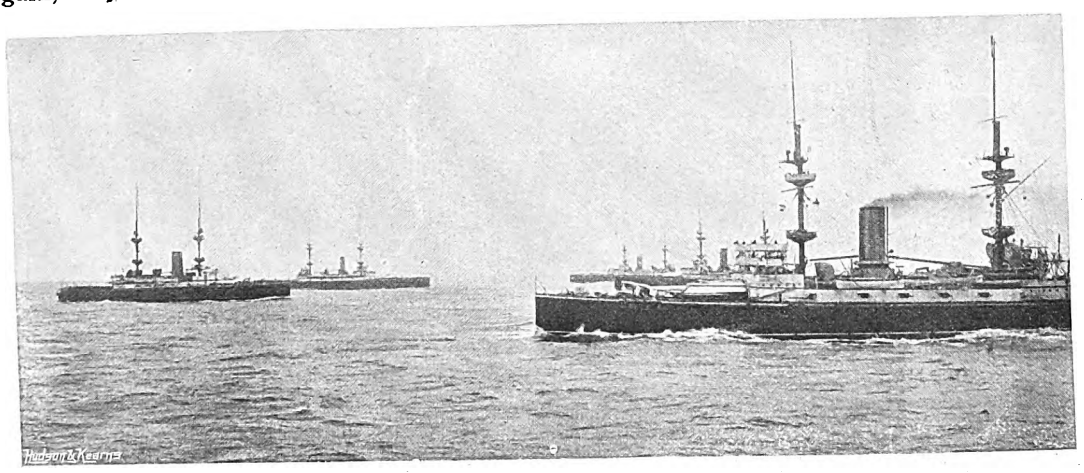
By ringing the changes on the above formations, altering course or distance of ships apart, practically any conceivable disposition of the ships may be attained, from the simple line ahead or line abreast to the most complicated of indented formations.

Besides these, there are others, of course, which can be used for special purposes. The celebrated "gridiron" manœuvre is one of these, and I give a picture illustrating it. It is used when the fleet is in two divisions and the admiral wishes to make the columns exchange positions. A halo of mystery and the idea of tremendous risk have gathered round this evolution; but this is in no way the case. Simple adherence to the rule of the road is all that is necessary, and then there are few evolutions more simple. Where it does score a point is as a spectacular display. Imagine eight ships, four on each side in line abreast, steaming at 12 knots apparently right at each other. They rush past within little more than a stone's throw, and with an apparent velocity of 30 miles an hour. It is a sight to make the landsman catch his breath. "If!" he thinks. But fortunately there are very few "ifs" in the Navy.

Concerning steam tactics generally, I may say that they are one of the most fascinating things in the world to watch; and in spite of the fact that we see them two or three times a week for weeks together sometimes, there are always to be found groups of men and officers standing about watching and criticising. Simple though they are—and every effort has been made to keep them as much so as possible—it is the simplicity that comes of lifelong study and familiarity with the subject.

The captain of a battleship has, of its kind, one of the most responsible positions in the world to fulfil. Upon his coolness and experience hang the fate of hundreds of lives and a million of money. Modern warfare demands that the 10,000 tons of steel under his command shall have the mobility and adaptability of the queen piece on a chess board.

How often, in one of those tight places which must occur under modern conditions, when there is barely a second for weighing tremendous issues, has that cool brain and unerring judgment triumphed over impending catastrophe and scored another victory for the simple sailor!



Photos. Copyright. THE "GRIDIRON" MANŒUVRE. A. Debenham, Ryde.

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Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—IV.

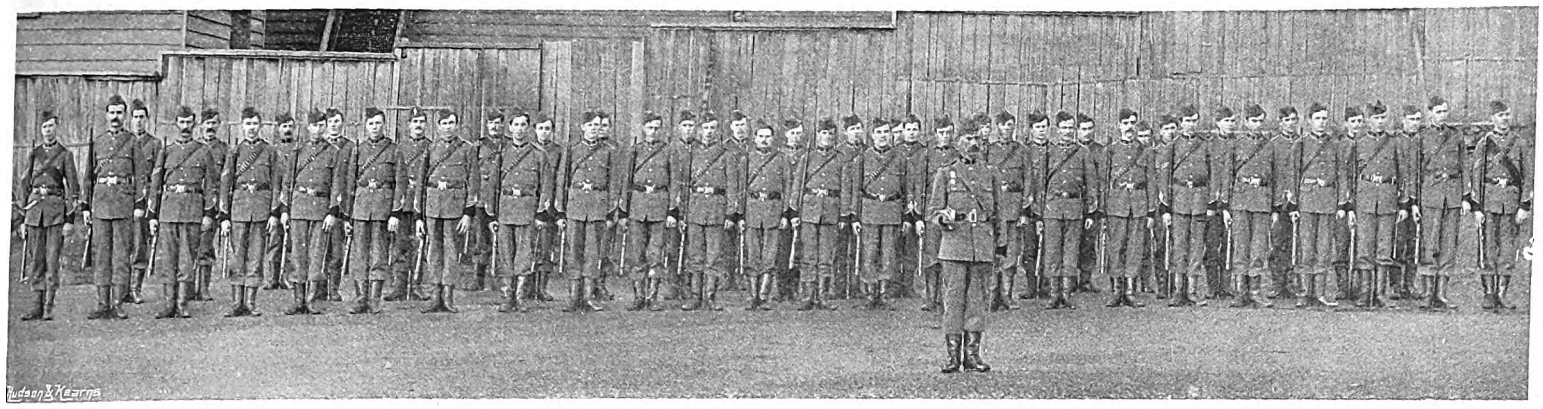

Photo. Copyright. THE VICTORIA RIFLES (AUCKLAND). F. W. Edwards.

THE Blenheim Rifles form one of the favourite corps in the Marlborough district, and are generally up to the maximum establishment, viz., sixty-three. In drill the corps takes a high position, whether as a company or as part of the battalion, and the non-commissioned officers have on several occasions gained the highest praise from commanding officers.

Great encouragement is given to shooting in this corps. A number of practices and matches are held each season, and good scores put up. At present the Blenheim Rifles are

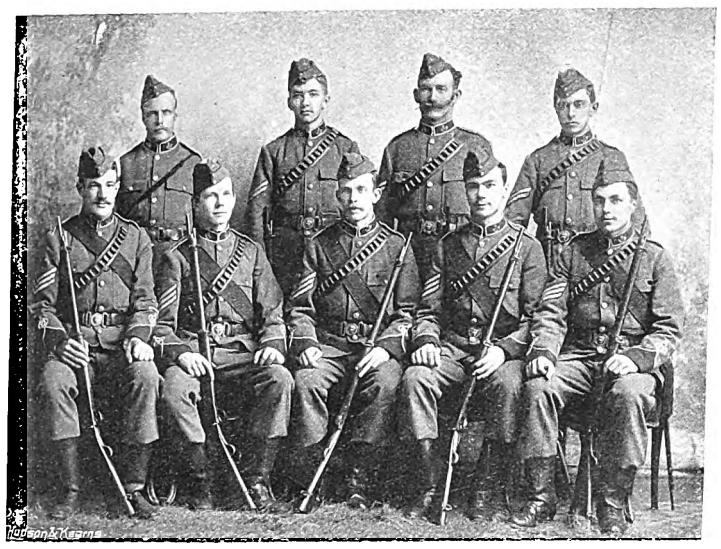

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."
THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, VICTORIA RIFLES

nearly up to their maximum establishment, and are as fine a body of men as there is in the colony. The present officer is Lieutenant Powell, a most enthusiastic and energetic soldier, and a capable instructor. This corps, like most of the rifle corps, contains a large number of marksmen who have gained their badges by their skill at Government firing.

The Greymouth Rifles are one of the oldest rifle corps on the Golden West Coast of New Zealand.

Although the Westlanders may be ever so patriotic, there is always a difficulty about raising a Volunteer corps there, owing to the floating population, which is constantly moving to wherever the red metal is the most plentiful.

Photo. Copyright. THE BLENHEIM RIFLES (MARLBOROUGH). Read.
Non-Commissioned Officers.

Formed in 1884, the Greymouth Rifles have, despite these little drawbacks, always kept up a good strength, and a careful selection has been made in the matter of recruits.

For drill the corps has always received high commendation from inspecting officers, and here, as in most of the other good corps in the colony, the squad system has been carried to a high standard.

In 1897 the squad of the Greymouth Rifles had a splendid record, and, although it met several of the best squads in competition, was always victorious. The corps has a splendidly equipped signalling detachment, which does excellent work. Captain Morice is at present in command.

The Christchurch City Guards were classed by the late

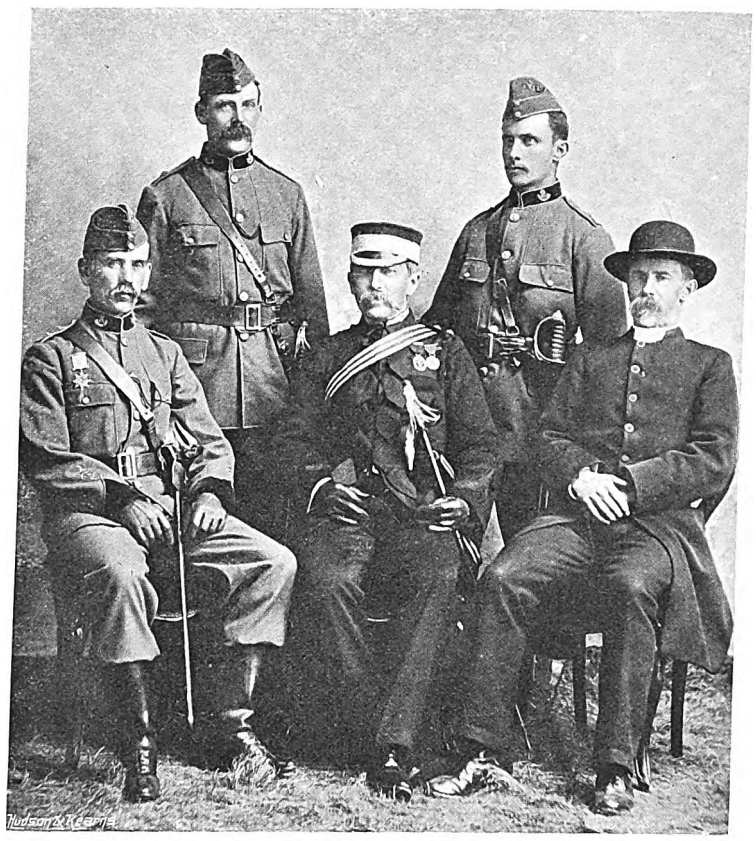

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."
THE OFFICERS, VICTORIA RIFLES.

commandant, Colonel Fox, as one of the best Volunteer corps in New Zealand. Raised in 1864, they have always kept up to a high standard, and there are few corps in the colony that can show a better record either in shooting or drill.

The New Zealand Rifle Volunteers are, owing to the smallness of their numbers and the ground they have to defend, trained in a very great measure as outposts, and self-reliance is one of the principal things taught.

Accuracy in shooting is also most desirable, and in both these departments the Christchurch City Guards are well to the front. The corps has for the third year in succession secured the team championship of the district. Some time back an association of the various corps in the district was formed, and a range having been fitted up, a series of competitions was held for a challenge shield. In 1896 this was secured by the oldest rifle corps in the district, viz., the City Guards, and since then they have held it against

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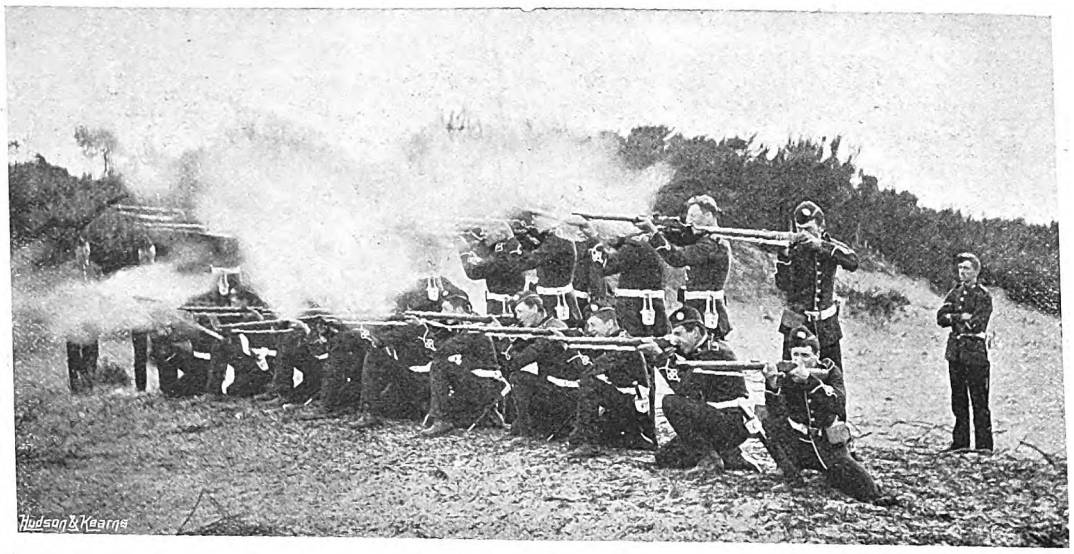
all comers, although on more than one occasion it was only after a stiff fight, and once after a tie with the City Rifles.

The corps, which numbers sixty of all ranks—the maximum establishment is sixty-three—is officered by Captain Cresswell and Lieutenants Sandford and F. C. B. Bishop.



THE CHRISTCHURCH CITY GUARDS.
A Crack New Zealand Corps.

The Christchurch City Rifles were raised in 1883 as a suburban corps, in the suburb of Sydenham, just outside Christchurch. The first commandant was Captain, now Major, John Joyce, at present M.H.R. for Lyttelton.

After a few years the headquarters of the corps were removed to Christchurch, when Captain Joyce was promoted to a majority, and as a consequence the membership steadily declined.

At a later stage an amalgamation was made with the Canterbury Irish Rifles, under the title of the A Company. Subsequently this was changed to the Christchurch City Rifles. Six years back the corps won the Associated Corps Challenge Shield.

Photos. Copyright. *THE BLENHEIM RIFLES.*
"Teaching the Young Idea."

THE GREYMOUTH RIFLES. *"Navy & Army."*
A Victorious Squa .

Celebration of Waterloo Day by Napier Volunteers.

THIS picture illustrates the patriotic spirit of the New Zealand Volunteer. In most districts, but especially in the North Island, where there are still living many of the veterans who fought through the Maori Wars, the great battle days of Great Britain are celebrated in some form or other, and of all these days June 18 (Waterloo Day) is the most regarded, as being the day on which Wellington, that king of fighting men, defeated Napoleon. It is then that the veterans meet and talk over the doings and traditions of their old regiments, and keep alive in the breast of the young Volunteer that respect and love for his Mother Country which causes him to devote his time and energies willingly to the service of his country, and enables New Zealand to virtually do without a standing army. This year the celebration took the form of an inspection and church parade, and the proceedings were as successful as ever.

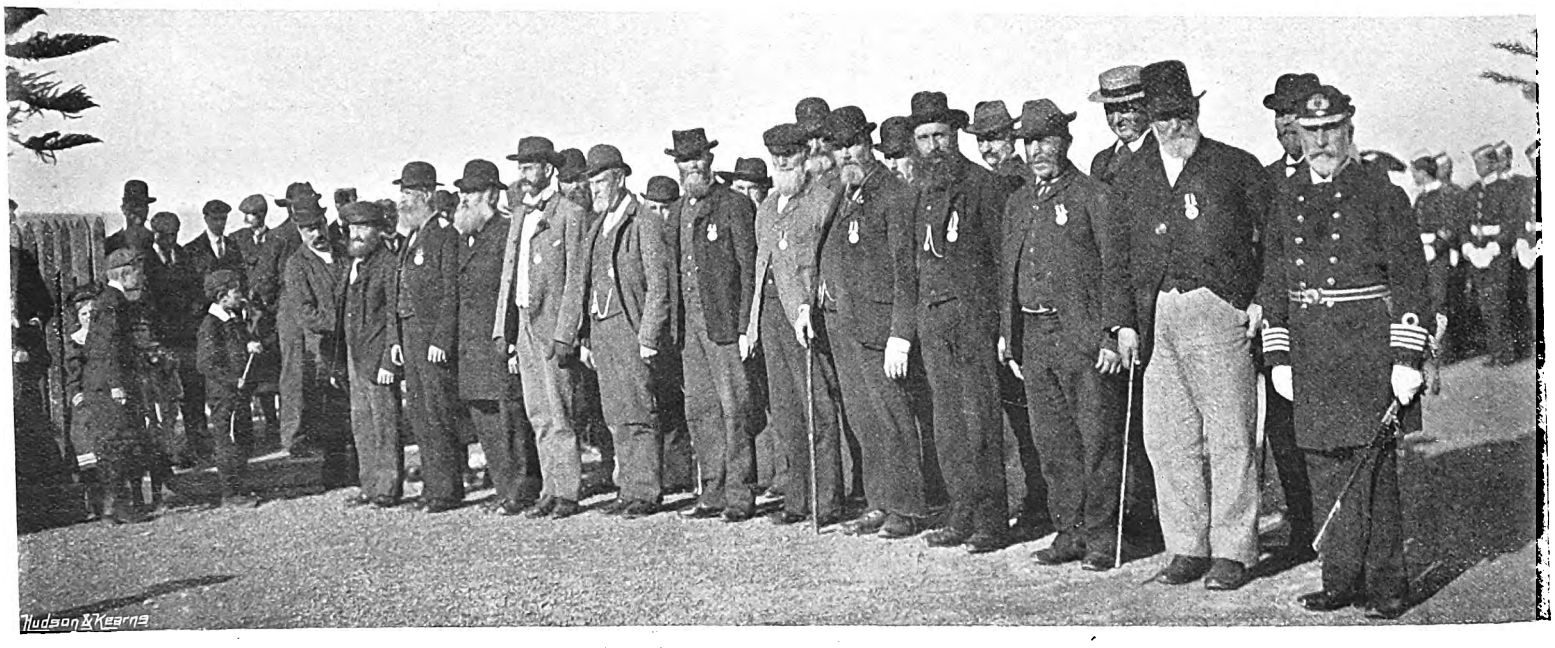


Photo. Copyright. *THE INSPECTION OF THE NAVAL AND MILITARY VETERANS.* *J. N. Taylor.*

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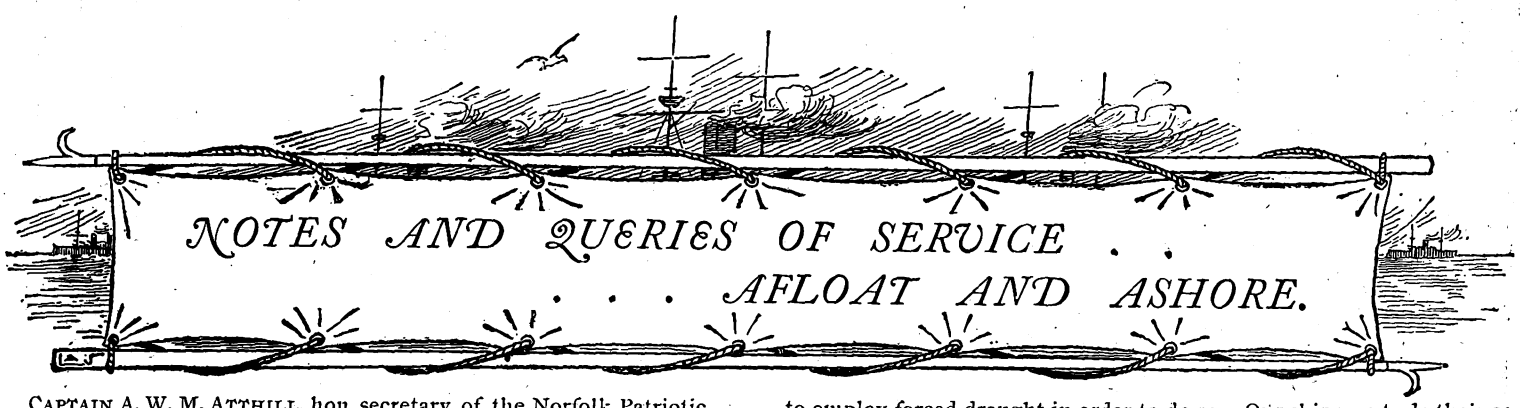

CAPTAIN A. W. M. ATTHILL, hon. secretary of the Norfolk Patriotic Association, writes me: "In your issue of May 27 last you reproduced a photograph of a group of Norfolk veterans, amongst them being William Elsegood, formerly of the 3rd Light Dragoons. It may be interesting to you to learn that in consequence of the publication of this group Elsegood has received a letter from a former comrade named Fletcher, who is now residing in Ottumwa, Iowa, U.S., and who states in his letter that he left the regiment in 1853 at Chatham, after the voyage home in the 'Duke of Argyle' from Karachi. Fletcher asks after any of his old comrades of D Troop who may be living, and mentions that he receives the NAVY AND ARMY regularly. I am sure you will be glad to have been the means of bringing two old comrades into communication after a lapse of forty-six years."

* * * *

"F. T." writes to ask on which shoulder the haversack is worn. The haversack is worn slung across the right shoulder, except for men of the Horse Artillery and Field Batteries, who wear it over the left shoulder. The haversack sling (both front and hind strap) is worn under the waist-belt. The scabbard of the side arm is worn under the haversack. When empty the haversack is neatly rolled up, hanging over the bayonet and resting on the hip. In the Garrison Artillery it is worn, when empty, under the frog and side arm, as far to the rear as possible without interfering with the valise; when filled it is worn outside the frog and side arm.

* * * *

APROPOS of the "Belle Poule" frigate mentioned last week, I am asked what became of the ship in which Napoleon gave himself up to England after Waterloo. It was the famous old "Bellerophon," or "Billy Ruff'n," known to our grandfathers as the hardest fighting man-of-war of the Nelson time, and particularly distinguished at the "Glorious First of June," the Nile, and Trafalgar. Well, there was no sentimental regard about historic relics in the days of our grandfathers. Within two months of her bringing Napoleon to Torbay, the "Bellerophon" was used as a convict hulk, and in that degraded capacity she lasted many years, being further renamed "Captivity," in 1824, under which name, finally, the historic "Billy Ruff'n" was broken up in 1834.

* * * *

"PROSTERNERE" asks me what was the longest range of the cannon used in the time of Cromwell. The ranges varied considerably, according to the size and calibre of the pieces. The artillery consisted of the cannon royal, whole cannon, demi-cannon, culverin, demi-culverin, saker, minion, falcon, falconet, robinet, and the base. There were also pierriers, or guns for throwing stone shot, and mortars used for throwing iron and stone balls. The table below will show a few particulars of these guns, all of which were used for siege purposes:

	Calibre in in.	*Weight in lb.*	*Range with elevation of 7°30'. Yds.*
Cannon royal	8	63	1,500
Whole cannon	7	39	1,350
Demi-cannon	6½	30	1,300
Culverin	5¼	17½	1,500
Demi-culverin	4½	10½	1,450
Saker	3¾	5¼	1,250
Minion	3¼	3¼	1,000
Falcon	2¾	2½	1,100
Falconet	2¼	1⅛	750
Robinet	1½	¼	500
Base	1¼	½	380

* * * *

"GLASWEGIAN" asks what is the true story of Sir Colin Campbell's Highland bonnet. There is no question about the story, for it can be told in Sir Colin's own words. After the battle of the Alma, in which he had command of the Highland Brigade, composed of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd, he wrote to his friend General Eyre, speaking with enthusiasm of the splendid behaviour of the Highlanders. "It was," he wrote, "a fight of the Highland Brigade. Lord Raglan came up afterwards and sent for me. When I approached I observed his eyes to fill and his lips and countenance to quiver. He gave me a cordial shake of the hand. The men cheered very much. I told them I was going to ask the Commander-in-Chief a great favour—that he would permit me to have the honour of wearing the Highland bonnet during the rest of the campaign, which pleased them very much; and so ended my part in the fight of the 20th inst." Lord Raglan readily granted the request. A bonnet accordingly was made, which had a heckle one-third red to represent the 42nd, and the remaining two-thirds white at the bottom for the 79th and 93rd.

* * * *

"T. A. M." (Aberdeen).—You are wrong in supposing that our cruisers of the "Drake" class can be in any way compared with the French cruisers of the "Chateaurenault" type. The latter is a commerce destroyer pure and simple, whose function it would be to prey on our trade, and to fly and trust to her speed to escape from a ship of the "Drake" class. As you say, the "Drake" is given in Brassey as carrying lighter armament than the Russian "Gromskoi" on a displacement nearly 2,000 tons greater, but if you carefully compare the two ships you will find that she has preponderating advantages. She has greater and better disposed protection, has much larger coal stowage, greater magazine capacity, and will undoubtedly be of much greater speed. You must remember that the French and Russian 23-knot cruisers have on trial to maintain that speed only for twelve hours, and are allowed to employ forced draught in order to do so. Our ships are to do their 23 knots under natural draught. The sea speed of the foreign ships is only to be 19 knots, as against the 21 knots of our ships. The "Diadem" not long ago—and with a foul bottom—ran home from Gibraltar at a speed of 19·7 knots. Every ship must be more or less of a compromise, and I think you will find that those responsible for our Naval construction are wise in sacrificing a numerical superiority in armament for more solid advantages.

* * * *

"CIVILIAN" (Liverpool) is wrong in assuming that the clasp to the Indian Mutiny medal inscribed "Defence of Lucknow" was given only to the original garrison under Brigadier Inglis. It was given also to the men of Havelock and Outram's force, who succoured them and continued the defence until relieved by Lord Clyde. Inglis's heroic handful comprised 1,008 Christians and 712 native combatants, including besides some Artillery and volunteers, the 32nd Foot, a company of the 84th, and some of the 16th (Lucknow) Bengal Infantry. The Havelock-Outram force comprised Eyre's, Maude's, and Olphert's batteries of Artillery, some volunteers, 1st Madras Fusiliers, 5th Fusiliers, 84th, 78th Highlanders, 90th Light Infantry, and a detachment of the 64th. The native troops with this force were some hundred loyal men of the 12th Irregular Cavalry, and 300 of Brasyer's Sikhs. With the Mutiny medal five clasps, and not four, were issued: (1) Delhi—for the operations against and assault of Delhi, from May 30 to September 14, 1857. (2) Defence of Lucknow—as above narrated. (3) Relief of Lucknow—to the troops engaged under Lord Clyde, November, 1857. (4) Lucknow—to the troops engaged under Lord Clyde in the final operations and capture, March 2 to 21, 1858. (5) Central India—to troops which under Sir Hugh Rose operated against Jhansi, Calpee, and Gwalior, and also to the forces under Roberts and Whitelock, January to June, 1858. Five clasps were thus issued, and it might have been possible for some officer employed on staff duty to obtain four, but personally I believe that no medal was issued with more than three, viz., Delhi, Relief of Lucknow, and Lucknow, and this combination of clasps was earned only by men of the 9th Lancers and Bengal Horse Artillery. The only clasps given to the Navy were for the Relief of Lucknow, and Lucknow to those of Peel's Brigade, but the officers and men of the "Pearl" Brigade got the medal without clasp.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Referring to the remarks of 'An Old Shellback' about the constellation of the Southern Cross at Omdurman. It is many years since I saw the Southern Cross, but, unless my memory fails me, I feel sure that it can be seen in clear weather well to the north of 20-deg. N. lat. Approaching from the north, as it is not a very brilliant constellation you may look carefully for it night after night and not pick it out from the many other stars until you are about 2-deg. from the Equator; but having been in its company for some time, and knowing it well, as you go north you will keep it in sight until you are well out of the tropics, which I remember doing as far as Basken, in the Persian Gulf. No doubt reference to the Nautical Almanac would prove whether I am right or wrong."

* * * *

THE Naval Service has of late years become so popular, and the number of those who would willingly see their sons Naval officers so great, that I am often asked how a boy can become a Naval cadet. As some of my enquirers live in Plymouth, and even in Dartmouth, there is presumably a great deal of ignorance on the subject. The following particulars will, I hope, be of assistance to many. First of all a candidate must obtain a nomination from the Admiralty, and without that nomination he cannot present himself at the examination which gives admittance to the "Britannia." All the necessary particulars are to be found in the printed documents published in London periodically. These documents give not only all particulars required, but also the papers set at the last examination for Naval cadetships, and a list of the successful and unsuccessful candidates, the latter without names, but only with the number assigned to them in the examination. These lists can be obtained through almost any bookseller, and only cost 6d.

* * * *

"J. B. S."—Yes, the types of Indian sowars and sepoys to be modelled for the Paris Exhibition have evidently been very carefully selected. They will be representative of all the martial races from which our Indian Army is recruited. The regiments which have been chosen to provide men from whom figures will be modelled are all of the crack regiments. The 15th Sikhs, the 3rd Sikhs, the 1st Battalion of the 2nd Ghoorkas, the 20th Punjab Infantry, the 10th Bengal Lancers, and the 27th Bombay Infantry, make together a thoroughly representative selection. The 20th Punjab Infantry contains some fine specimens of Afridis, and the models of these men will be especially interesting in view of the new frontier levies that are being raised at the Viceroy's suggestion.

* * * *

I CAME across a curious relic of the great Duke of Wellington the other day while coaching on the North Coast of Cornwall. The present coach that runs every day between Bude and Boscastle is none other than the old travelling chariot belonging to the Duke, adapted to its present purpose. The door handles of wrought brass show the Duke's crest, while inside the red cushions with yellow buttons, and the carpeted folding steps with red leather finishings, are still exactly as they were when the chariot was the property of the victor of Waterloo. It was bought at a sale a few years ago by a local (Bude) hotel proprietor, who converted it—with great care to preserve its original fittings as much as possible—to its state to-day as a pleasure coach. THE EDITOR.

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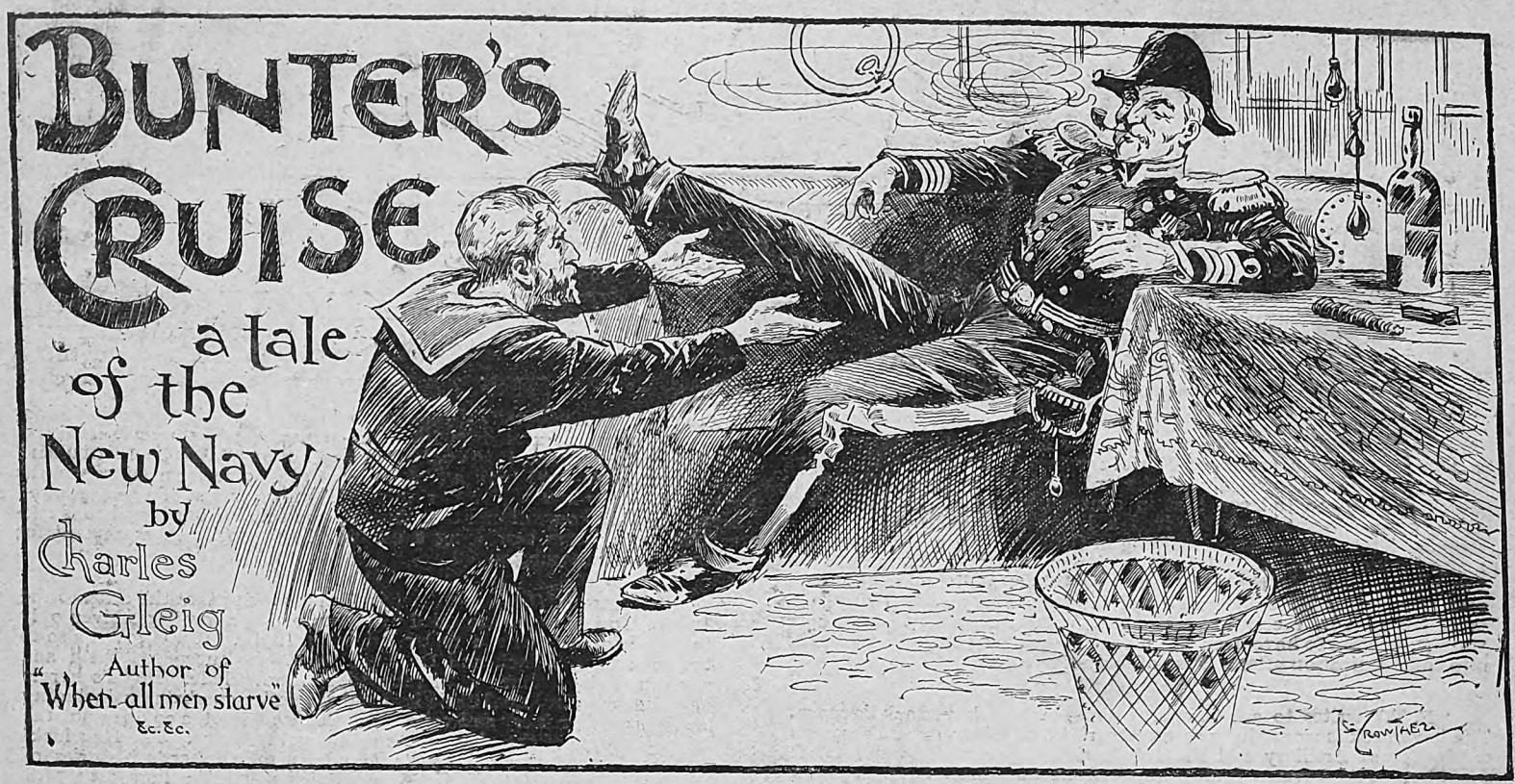

SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., who is in love with a publican's daughter, Nelly Pratten, is baulked in his matrimonial aims by the girl's social ambition. By a series of strange chances, detailed in the early chapters, Bunter contrives to impersonate his own captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale, and persists in the perilous fraud in order to convince Miss Pratten that she ought not to despise a "common sailor." The real captain, who is a stranger to the crew of the "Grunter," is universally mistaken for Bunter, whose clothes he has been obliged to assume. He is brought on board by the police and kept in arrest as a deserter. Next morning the "Grunter" sails for Gibraltar, not a soul on board being aware of Bunter's fraud. Captain Laxdale tells his story, and is regarded by the officers as being deranged in mind. Bunter releases his victim from arrest and permits him to work as a seaman. Laxdale consents to this, in the hope of being able to expose the fraud and turn the tables. Bunter believes himself to be unknown to all the crew, but he is recognised by a seaman named Squib. Of this man Laxdale makes a confidant, offering him a large reward to expose the fraud. Squib, however, hopes to gain more by blackmailing Bunter, and plays a double game. The men of the "Grunter," with the single exception of Squib, regard Captain Laxdale as an impudent impostor who is assuming insanity in order to get out of the Navy. Bunter hopes to escape before the fraud can be discovered, and means to desert at Gibraltar. On the second day of the voyage Captain Laxdale falls overboard in a heavy sea and is gallantly rescued by Bunter. Laxdale's desire to secure the punishment of Bunter is somewhat abated by this incident, though he is very eager to regain his rightful position. During the evening Squib makes himself known to Bunter, affects a desire to screen him, and demands blackmail. Bunter temporises with him. Squib gives Captain Laxdale a garbled account of the interview, and proposes that Laxdale shall escape from the ship at Gibraltar and endeavour to get Bunter arrested. Squib promises to aid in this scheme. Sunday passes without any striking incident, and next morning the ship anchors off Gibraltar.

CHAPTER XV. *(continued.)*

"D'YOU know anything of the railways about there?" asked Bunter, pointing across to Algeciras. "I think of making a little trip by train, if time allows."

"I could look up the trains at the library," said Parr. "They would have all the guide and train books there."

"Thanks; I wish you would," said Bunter. "It's a rum go, our keeping this place," he added, glancing at the Rock.

"Well, sir, we took it in fair fight," said Parr, indifferently.

"I don't deny that," said Bunter; "but how should we like it if the Yankees took Portland Bill, and turned it into a port for their ships?"

Parr smiled at this unpatriotic speculation, but his attention was just then diverted by the approach of a white galley, propelled towards the "Grunter" by six oarsmen.

"Who's this coming?" asked Bunter, uneasily.

"There's a soldier officer in the stern," said Parr. "It may be one of the colonels coming to call on you."

"Then I wish he'd keep away," growled Bunter. "I don't like colonels." He retreated to his cabin to don a frock-coat and clean collar.

The visitor, however, was not a colonel, for his card, which Parr sent in to Bunter by a midshipman, proclaimed him no less a personage than aide-de-camp to the Governor of the fortress.

"Bring him in," said Bunter. "I wonder what the devil he wants with me?"

The A.D.C., resplendent in his smart uniform, came clanking into the cabin, bowed, uttered a few platitudes, and presented a note from the general.

"Have a drink, mister, while I'm reading this," said Bunter. "Whisky, beer? What's your poison?"

"I will take just one glass of champagne," drawled the A.D.C. "It is the only drink I can ever touch in the morning."

"Then I shouldn't care to pay your mess bill," said Bunter. "Beer's good enough for me in the forenoon. Sparks, bring a bottle of fizz." He turned his back upon the A.D.C., and puzzled through the bad writing of the general.

"Dear Sir" (ran the letter),—"My old friend Lord Boldrewood informed me by the last mail that we might expect you at Gibraltar this week. He had quite forgotten, he tells me, that I was stationed here, and so omitted to give you a letter of introduction to me. Any relation of Lord Boldrewood will always be a welcome guest in my house; and it will give my daughters and myself great pleasure if you can dine with us this evening at eight o'clock.—Yours very truly, THOMAS TIPPING."

"Your boss asks me to grub with him to-night," said Bunter, bluntly. "I suppose I'll have to write an answer."

The A.D.C. smiled, mistaking the captain for some sort of new humourist. "I can convey a verbal message to Sir Thomas, if you like," he said, doubtfully.

"I wish you would," said Bunter, eagerly. "The fact is, I've strained my thumb, and it hurts me to write letters."

"Shall I say that you will come to dinner, sir?"

Bunter hesitated, and looked again through the note. He tried to think of some plea for evading the invitation, but for once he was at a loss. "Say I'll come," he growled, "and much obliged for the invite."

"And I will mention your reason for not writing," suggested the A.D.C.

"Thanks; perhaps you'd better."

"Till this evening, then," said the soldier, bowing ceremoniously.

"Wait a bit," said Bunter. "What's the rig of the day?"

"The expression is new to me, sir," said the A.D.C. "I am no sailor."

"I mean, what ought I to wear?"

"Undress uniform," said the soldier, marvelling at the captain's ignorance of official etiquette.

The A.D.C. departed, leaving his own and the Governor's cards. Bunter picked up the cards and examined them curiously. "General Sir Thomas Tipping, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.," he muttered. "Ned, my sonny, you're getting into high society."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN HIGH SOCIETY.

LYLE, who was acquainted with Sir Thomas Tipping and his daughters, had also been invited to dine at the Convent. Hearing this, Bunter proposed that they should go together.

During the day he was occupied with much routine business that caused him infinite perplexity. There were all manner of papers to sign relating to the ship's stores, engine defects, and the like; but he signed everything that was put

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before him, and quite won the hearts of the heads of departments by assenting to all their proposals.

"It's a treat," said Dr. Cavendish Terry, "to serve under a man like our skipper. Give me a man of good family, any day of the week."

"Pooh!" said Spanner, the democratic engineer; "he only signs to save himself the trouble of looking into things. If I asked him to sign a demand for a new boiler he'd do it. It's my belief, Terry, he doesn't know a damned thing about anything except whisky. He can lower that down fast enough, I allow."

"You're prejudiced," retorted Terry, scornfully. "Why do you assume all men of birth to be fools? Can't you see, my dear Spanner, that the skipper's social rank gives him the confidence in himself that every captain ought to have. He doesn't care a snap for responsibility, nor does he condescend to niggle over petty details."

"Bah!" said Spanner, rudely. "Steward! get me a gin and bitters; and damn all aristocrats."

In the course of the day, Dr. Terry consulted Bunter about his patient, Plain Hood. "I think, sir," he suggested, obsequiously, "it might be as well to send him to the hospital for examination. I thought of landing him to-morrow."

"I don't see the need of that, doctor," said Bunter, carelessly. "Better take him on with us to Malta, and see how he gets on in the meantime. His craze may pass off, eh?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly, if you wish it," said Terry. "In some respects it would be better to send him to the Malta hospital; for I incline to the opinion that he will entirely recover from his monomania."

"I doubt it," said Bunter, slyly; "but, of course, you know best."

"At any rate," said Terry, "he is now quite docile; and that is a good symptom."

"Yes, he seems tame enough," agreed Bunter; "and he's in good hands under you, doctor. We'll take the poor devil on to Malta."

Terry left the cabin, quite persuaded that he had never meant to land his interesting patient.

The day passed uneventfully. In the evening Bunter and Lyle, both very smart in their undress uniform and epaulettes, got into the captain's galley and were pulled towards the dockyard. The boat's crew, all picked men, sent the galley flying through the smooth water with their long, swinging stroke; and Bunter, as he leant back against the cushions and held the yoke lines, experienced a curious feeling of elation. "I wish Nelly could see me now," he mused; "she'd have to allow I'm a furst-rate skipper." Then he wondered if she would ever be brought to credit his marvellous adventures, and the doubt troubled him.

"Lyle, my boy," he said, presently, "I'd like to have a group of the officers taken. We'll have a photographer off from the shore to-morrow, if that'll suit the chaps."

"No doubt it will, sir," said Lyle, "so long as he comes early in the day; but we could have it done cheaper at Malta."

"Never mind that," said Bunter; "I'll pay. I'd like to have it done at once and send a copy home to my gal."

"I expect she'd rather have a solo," suggested Lyle.

"No," said Bunter, "I think a group, with me in the middle of the officers, ought to take her fancy."

"No doubt you are right," Lyle agreed. "Women always seem to adore success, though they extend sympathy to the unsuccessful. Did you ever read a smug book, sir, called 'Success, and How He Won It'?"

"Yes," said Bunter, untruthfully, "but I forget the drift of it."

"In that book," said Lyle, "the author always seems to be hinting: 'Succeed somehow, and no matter how.' He was extremely pious, I believe, and his books have sold, I'm told, by tens of thousands."

"Well, I'm fond of reading myself," said Bunter, inconsequently; "and so is my gal. She don't care to read about anyone under a lord or a baronite; but give me North American Indians, or anything with a good murder in it."

Lyle smiled. "You are with the majority, sir," he said. "Our national taste for sanguinary literature is reflected in every daily paper. They criticise a great poem in a dozen lines, and give two columns to a Shoreditch atrocity. You have read 'Treasure Island,' of course?" he broke off.

"I bought it off a bookstall for sixpence last month," said Bunter. "By gum, Mr. Lyle, that *is* a book. There's twenty-five murders in it, and all different."

"There's more than that in it, sir," said Lyle, slyly.

"Well, I may have lost count of one or two," returned Bunter.

Dismissing the boat at the dockyard landing-place, the two officers passed through the carefully-guarded gates of the Naval yard, and selected one of the decayed vehicles that were waiting outside. The driver, a degraded-looking ruffian of bastard race, slashed his cadaverous pony into a halting canter, and away they jolted towards the house of the general.

"Wait a bit," said Bunter, "what's the rig of the day?"

Twilight was deepening into night as the fly entered the town, and the officers watched the gay scene in silence. The stars peeped down through a cloudless sky upon the shaggy promontory peopled by a polyglot race. The lamps were lit; the shop windows glowed warmly; men and women, in fantastic garb, indefinitely varied, thronged the ill-paved streets. There were dusky Moors in long and snowy robes; pretty Spanish girls with a dash of English blood in their warm Southern veins; picturesque Adelphi villains, in slouched hats and long cloaks; festering beggars in decaying rags; beardless soldiers in British scarlet; sailors of all nations; and police in plenty. Through the open doors of the abounding grog shops the hum of voices or throb of guitars filtered into the noisy streets and lent gaiety to the scene. Now and again angry cries greeted the ears of the officers, or the crash of glass denoted some drunken broil in a wine shop.

Soon they reached the gates of the Convent, before which a sentry was pacing his short beat. He saluted the officers, and the fly passed through into a trim garden.

"Here we are, sir," said Lyle, and the fly stopped at the door. They alighted, and passed into the hall, the shrill curses of the bastard driver following them. The poor fellow was justly indignant, for Bunter had paid him no more than double his fare.

"You go first," whispered Bunter, nervously, "and tell the old cock my name. How many gals did you say there was?"

"Three," whispered Lyle; "Claudia, Ophelia, and Eurydice. Beware of Claudia."

There was no time to investigate Lyle's vague warning, for the fat butler had opened the drawing-room door and announced their names and titles. In a large room, flooded with soft light, six or eight people were assembled. A stout lady of uncertain age, dressed in white satin and camellias, advanced towards the bashful Bunter and extended a shapely hand.

"We are charmed to meet you, Captain Laxdale," she said, intensely and gravely. "These are my younger sisters, Ophelia and Eurydice."

"Then you're Claudia," thought Bunter, quite correctly. He wondered again why he must beware of her, for she seemed quite tame and rather weary. Ophelia was tall, angular, and swarthy, and repelled Bunter by her frigid manner; but Eurydice strongly attracted him, and made him forget his company manners. She was little, and plump, with a merry

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eye, and of the complexion described by fortune-tellers as "between colours." Bunter, who had bowed clumsily to Ophelia, held out his hand to the youngest sister and squeezed her slim fingers till she reddened with pain.

"Yours is a queer name for a young lady," he remarked, tenderly. "I hope you'll have a better end than your namesake in the Navy."

Here the Governor interposed, for he thought it high time to be noticed by his guest. "Glad to see you, Captain Laxdale," he said, pompously. "My daughter was born a few weeks prior to the loss of the 'Eurydice.' We had a dear friend on board, whom we invited to be her godfather; and hence the old classic's name."

"I see," said Bunter, hastily, and feeling that he had touched a painful chord of memory, changed the subject. "Very friendly of you to ask me here, sir," he said, "and I'm glad I came." Here he cast an amorous glance at Eurydice.

The Governor smiled sadly. "If my wife had been——" he began.

"She is quite well, I hope?" interrupted Bunter. Sir Thomas glared, and turned away.

"Eh! what's wrong?" muttered Bunter, greatly discomforted.

"Hush!" said Claudia. "Lady Tipping is now a saint in heaven. Mr. Lyle should have told you of our loss."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure," said Bunter, in confusion; "he must have forgot to mention it."

"The dead are soon forgotten," said Claudia, mournfully. "I often echo Hamlet's lament:

> 'But I have that within which passeth show;
> These but the trappings and the suits of woe!'"

She glanced tragically at her white satin dress, lowering her tired eyes, as though in prayer.

"Perhaps she's barmy," thought Bunter; "that's what Lyle must have meant." He thought it best to humour her.

"Just my sentiments, Miss Claudia," he said, cheerfully. "I always liked a good rhyme; and I've made a good few one time and another, when I've been at sea."

Eurydice, who had been flirting with the vapid A.D.C., caught this confession, and clapped her hands gleefully.

"A sailor-poet!" she cried; "how delightful! We must persuade you to recite some of your verses after dinner."

"Yes," said the Governor, gloomily, "I prefer poetry *after* dinner, I admit."

"I prefer coffee," said the A.D.C., flippantly.

"Soulless creature," said Eurydice, archly. She turned again to Bunter. "You must find endless inspiration in the sea?" she suggested. "'Ode to the Storm,' and that sort of thing."

Bunter began to feel uncomfortable again. "Well, no," he said, doubtfully, "I don't rhyme much about the sea, you know. I generally stick to love affairs, sprees ashore, and all that."

"Ah! you poets are so naughty," said Eurydice, daringly. "Promise that you'll recite after dinner."

Bunter fairly blushed.

"Perhaps his verses aren't fit for publication," suggested Ophelia, sourly.

"Minor poetry seldom is," snarled the Governor, who was impatient for his dinner. "Hang me if I know what the Services are coming to, when officers read poetry instead of drill-books. Well, well!" he added, remembering the exalted birth of his guest, "you shall give us some of your verses later on, Captain Laxdale. You don't inherit your literary gifts from Lord Boldrewood, I imagine. Your father's a man of the old school."

"Damned if I recite at all," thought Bunter, who was sensitive about his talent; but Eurydice threw him a ravishing glance, and he relented.

Dinner being now announced, Claudia took the arm of Bunter, who jumped to the alarming conclusion that he had "mashed" her. He had hoped to sit next to the playful Eurydice, but she fell to the lot of Lyle. The dinner-party was quite a small one, a brace of genial majors and their wives completing the list of guests.

The Governor enjoyed a large private income, and prided himself upon his wines. "Give me your opinion of that hock, Captain Laxdale," he said, whilst the fish was being eaten. He told the story of its origin at tedious length, the portly majors listening with respectful interest.

Bunter winked knowingly at Claudia, and gulped down the contents of his glass as carelessly as though it had held four ale. Sir Thomas eyed him with contempt, but his contempt deepened into irritation as his guest made a wry face and hastily corrected the hock with a large mouthful of bread, which he bit off his half slice.

"I don't fancy it much, sir," said Bunter, with his mouth full. "I'm more at home with beer or brandy."

"Bring some beer for Captain Laxdale," said the Governor, coldly. "My champagne has been praised, but my guests are always free to drink what they prefer."

(To be continued.)

Singing in the Army.

By Captain Owen Wheeler.

SINGING and soldiering have been closely associated from time immemorial. Between the battle-chant of Deborah and Barak and the last new canteen melody there lies a pretty considerable stretch of years, and, if one really set oneself to select from it even none but historical examples of the vocal fighting man, one would soon fill a column or six of this journal. As the latter contingency has not been contemplated by the Editor in regard to the present article, the writer must ask his readers to supply their history for themselves, while he lightly traverses his subject from a strictly modern, in fact contemporary, standpoint.

It must be admitted that, until very recently indeed, the art of singing has not been cultivated in our Army with any conspicuous success. As a rule the concert-hall of the private soldier is the canteen, though occasionally, it is true, in elevated moments he is apt to burst into song amid more public surroundings. Vocalisation in the streets in certain circumstances can become a Military offence, and the writer well remembers a huge Grenadier who was made a prisoner for forgetting himself in this way. According to all accounts he had been extremely noisy, but he modestly declined to admit that he had been guilty of anything resembling a song. "I wasn't singing, sir," he urged, after the evidence had set forth that he had disturbed an area of about two square miles; "I was only *humming!*"

In the canteen they do not hum, but it is only occasionally that the noise which is made when a song is called for can be dignified by the name of singing. There are often capital voices available, but not only is there, as a rule, a sad want of vocal method, but the subject-matter of the so-called "songs" leaves a very great deal to be desired. Even when they have a purely Military flavour these compositions are generally of a very inferior description. When borrowed from civilian life their origin may usually be traced to the lowest form of music-hall, the patrons of which will listen to nothing that is not maudlin in its sentimentality, or of a humour unspeakably coarse. Yet the vocal British soldier is unquestionably capable of better things. At a well-arranged regimental "smoker" it is always possible to find men who, under proper guidance, can sing a good song and sing it well, and many a garrison church can boast of a very fair choir.

In such a condition of things, the single-minded enthusiast with one large idea and a capacity for organisation is badly wanted, and it is pleasant to be able to add that he is available. Mr. John Farmer, the well-known Balliol College organist, composer of "Forty Years On" and other stirring and high-class music, has attained a great reputation by his efforts to instil into young fellows at the Public Schools and Universities a love of manly English songs and pure English melodies. At Harrow from 1862 to 1885, and at Balliol from 1885 to the present time, this admirable and energetic musician has worked away at his labour of love, until very definite results have been secured, of which the world-wide popularity of those well-known collections of school and college songs, "Gaudeamus" and "The Scarlet Gown," is sufficient evidence.

Mr. Farmer has now "tackled" the Army in the matter of singing, and it is very evident that here again he intends to score a practical success. He has commenced operations, as in the case of the Public Schools and Universities, by making a useful collection of good English songs specially adapted to be sung in unison by soldiers and sailors, and this is available in two forms, one a very cheap one for distribution among corps, under the title of "Scarlet and Blue." Here are included a number of fine old melodies very different from those which are commonly sung in canteens, or at places where soldiers "let themselves go" in the matter of vocal entertainment. It should be noted that Mr. Farmer specially advocates singing in unison, and that, accordingly, an important point in his system is to teach words as well as tunes.

But Mr. Farmer has not stopped at this stage. Within the last few weeks he has put his principles into practice by conducting concerts at Woolwich and Chatham, which have demonstrated conclusively that it only needs a little organised enthusiasm to produce some very beautiful results in the way of Military singing, and that with very little encouragement the movement which he has so happily inaugurated may well spread to every corner of the universe in which the Queen's uniform is worn.

At the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, Mr. Farmer's task was easy. The cadets, being mostly old Public School boys, welcomed him as an old friend, and sang that fine school anthem, "Forty Years On," and "The Burial of Sir John Moore" in splendid style. The latter song was subsequently sung with almost equal effect under Mr. Farmer's supervision by the Royal Scots Fusiliers and Royal West Kent at Chatham. At Woolwich, again, a most successful regimental concert was held, at which the 5th Battalion Rifle Brigade "gave tongue" in the R.B. regimental song, with an enthusiasm delightful to listen to.

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THE officer whose portrait heads this week's "Per Mare, per Terram" has recently been selected for appointment as brigadier-general on the staff to command the Royal Artillery at Malta, and will hold, during the tenure of his appointment, the rank of major-general. Colonel Desmond Dykes Tynte O'Callaghan is, as his name shows, an Irishman, and has, though he is only fifty-six years of age, nearly forty years of service, for he joined the Royal Artillery as a lieutenant in 1861. Promotion in the Royal regiment was slow in those days, for Colonel O'Callaghan was for over thirteen years a subaltern, only obtaining his promotion to captain in 1875. Although he has seen no war service, he has held important administrative appointments since 1884. For four years he was attached to the office of the Director of Artillery at Woolwich, then Secretary to the Ordnance Committee for three years, followed by three years as member of the same committee. The appointment he vacates to assume his new command is that of Chief Ordnance Officer at Portsmouth, the headquarters of the Southern District. Colonel O'Callaghan's new command is one of very great importance, for the Artillery garrison at Malta is an exceptionally strong one. It is of course entirely confined to Garrison Artillery, and comprises six companies of the Southern, two of the Eastern, and one of the Western Divisions. There is, besides, the Royal Malta Artillery, one of the regular corps of the British Army, though raised in the island. It has a strength of about 500 of all ranks, and has its own reserve.

Photo. Cribb.
MAJOR-GEN. D. D. T. O'CALLAGHAN, Appointed to Command the Royal Artillery at Malta.

Photo. Gregory.
CAPTAIN W. H. PIGOTT, R.N., Senior Naval Officer at Gibraltar.

CAPTAIN W. H. PIGOTT'S appointment as senior Naval officer at Gibraltar has been hailed with pleasure by all who know him, and there is no more popular officer in the Service. Captain Pigott, though a senior captain in the Navy, is still in his prime, for he is only just past the border line of fifty, and as he joined the Service as a youth of thirteen, in 1861, he has been for nearly forty years in the Royal Navy. Captain Pigott's war services embrace the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and he took his share in the bombardment of Alexandria, he then holding the position of first lieutenant on board the "Monarch," the earliest of our turret ships, and which now acts as guard-ship at the Cape. For his services Captain Pigott received the medal, with clasp, for Alexandria, the Khedive's star, and the Order of the Osmanieh. He was, moreover, specially promoted to commander. Of late years he has held several important commands. He was captain of the "Alexandra," the flag-ship of the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, when Sir E. H. Seymour, now commanding in China, held that appointment; afterwards he went as senior Naval officer to Bermuda, a post he held until quite recently.

BY the appointment of a chief of the staff to the Admiral Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, in the person of Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, whose portrait was given in our issue of September 16, the "Renown" will now have two captains, for she will also carry as flag-captain the officer whose portrait is here given, Captain P. F. Tillard. The latter is comparatively young in his rank, for he was promoted to it less than five years ago. He joined the Navy in 1865, when under fourteen years of age, being made a sub-lieutenant in 1872, and lieutenant in 1876. Twelve years later he became commander, and was promoted to captain in 1895. His war service comprises the Burmah Campaign of 1885-87, for which he landed with the Naval Brigade, he then being a lieutenant on board the "Bacchante," the flag-ship on the East Indian station. He has recently been in command of the

Photo. Heath.
CAPTAIN P. F. TILLARD, R.N. Flag-captain in the Mediterranean.

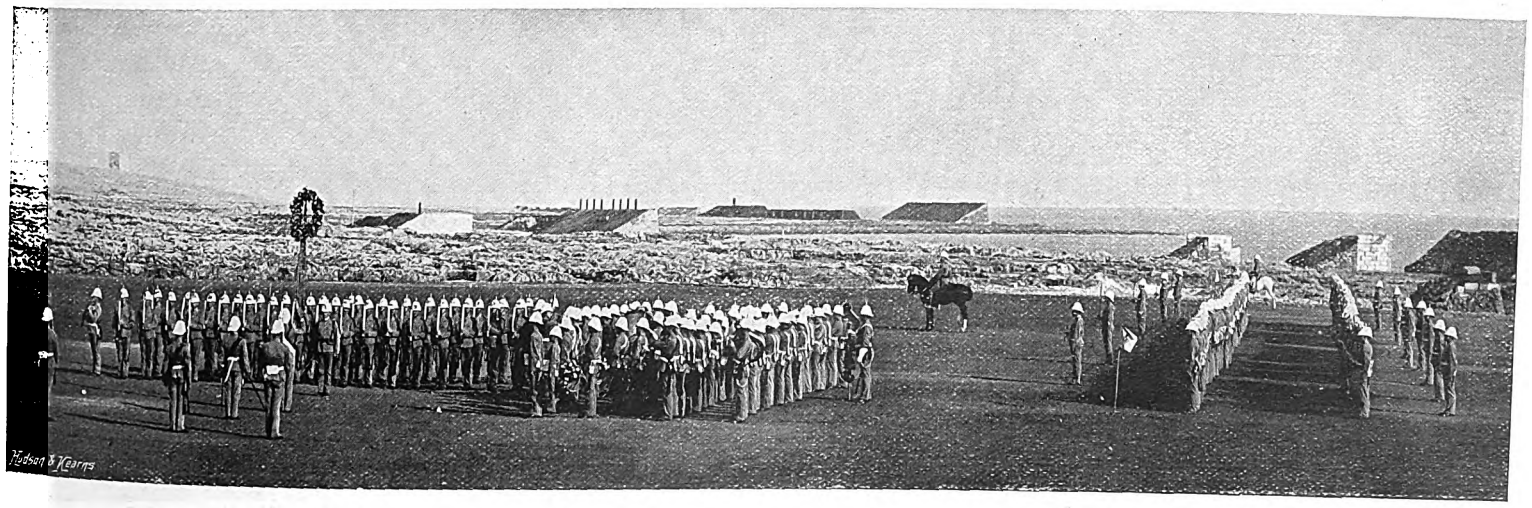

Photo. Copyright. *R. Ellis.*

HONOURING A GLORIOUS DAY—THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS CELEBRATING "MINDEN."

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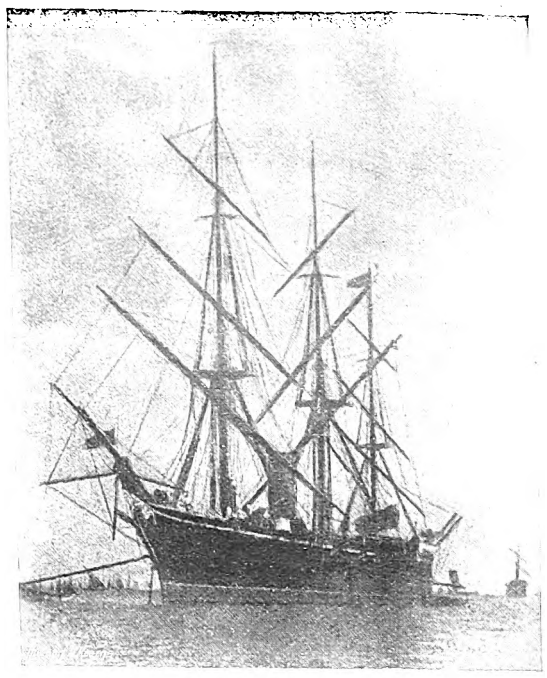

Photo. Copyright. IN MOURNING. "Navy & Army."
The "Volage" on the Occasion of the Death of the King of Portugal.

'Magicienne,' one of the cruisers on the Cape and West Coast of Africa station

JUST one hundred and forty years ago was fought the great battle of Minden, the most celebrated of all the actions of the Seven Years' War, and one in which the old 20th, now the Lancashire Fusiliers, covered itself with undying glory. The illustration on the preceding page shows the 2nd Battalion celebrating the great day, as is the annual custom, by a parade, at which the colours are laurel-wreathed, and the officers and men wear roses in their helmets. The pretty tradition which has for the last century and a-half been handed down in the old corps is that on the march to Minden the regiment bivouacked in or near a rose garden. With the flowers plucked the men decorated their caps, and wore them throughout the fight. Hence every August 1 the old corps decorates its colours in memory of the great battle that is the proudest in the long roll of its battle honours, which runs from Dettingen to Khartoum. On that day "Kingsley's Regiment of Foot," as the 20th was then named, according to the custom which prevailed of calling the regiment after the name of its commander, was one of six regiments of British infantry—the others were the 12th, 23rd, 25th, 37th, and 51st of the Line—who found themselves opposed to the centre of the French, who had taken up ground in a semi-circle before the town of Minden. Cavalry generally take up position on the flanks of troops in position, but curiously enough in this case the position this arm occupied was the centre, the ground on the flanks being rough, and unsuited for cavalry. The English infantry had thus opposed to them seventy-five squadrons of cavalry, numbering some 10,000 men. As they pushed forward they came under a heavy cross-fire from the enemy's artillery; but the rest of the story is best told in the quaint words of the great historian Carlyle: "They seem to heed it little; walk right forward; and to the astonishment of those French horse, and of all the world, entirely break and ruin the charge made on them, and tramp forward in chase of the same. The 10,000 horse feel astonished, insulted, and rush out again, furiously charging; the English halt and serry themselves. No fire till they are within forty paces, and then such pouring torrents of it as no horse or man can endure." Their own colonel was in command of their brigade, which was that on the right of the line, and the most severely exposed. Out of 1,394 officers and men killed, the loss of the 20th numbered practically a fourth, for the casualties in the regiment amounted to 321. Six officers and one sergeant were killed, and eleven officers and twelve sergeants wounded. Seventy-nine rank and file were killed and 212 wounded. Kingsley's Regiment was ordered the day following, in consideration of its heavy loss, to cease to do duty, but two days later the order of which the regiment is so proud was issued: "Kingsley's Regiment, at its own request, will resume its portion of duty in the line. Minden, August 4, 1759." Lieutenant-Colonel Beckwith, the officer actually commanding the 20th, was appointed on the field aide-de-camp to H. S. H. Prince Ferdinand, the Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces, in recognition of his own and the regiment's distinguished services.

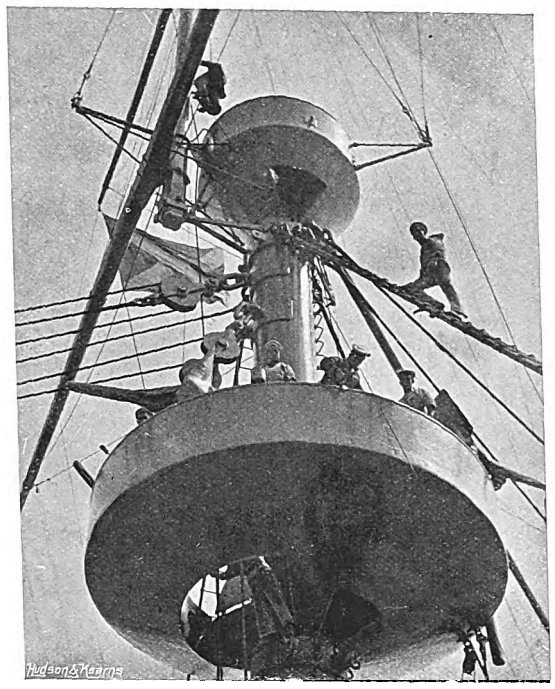

Photo. Copyright. "'WARE TORPEDO-BOATS." Cribb.
The Fighting-tops of a Man-of-War.

Our second picture of the Lancashire Fusiliers, at the foot of page 46, shows the officers of the three battalions on a unique occasion, for the other day the three battalions for once, and probably the only time they ever will do so, found themselves together. The 2nd and 3rd Battalions were stationed at Malta, and the 1st went out recently to relieve the 2nd—soldiers of Crete and Khartoum; thus all three found themselves for a brief space united. The three colonels of the battalions are, the senior, Colonel G. L. May, commanding the 1st Battalion; the second, Colonel R. G. Bruxner-Randall, the 3rd; and the junior, Colonel C. J. Blomfield, D.S.O., the 2nd. Colonels of the Lancashire Fusiliers inherit great traditions, for if our memory is not at fault, Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, was once a colonel of the regiment.

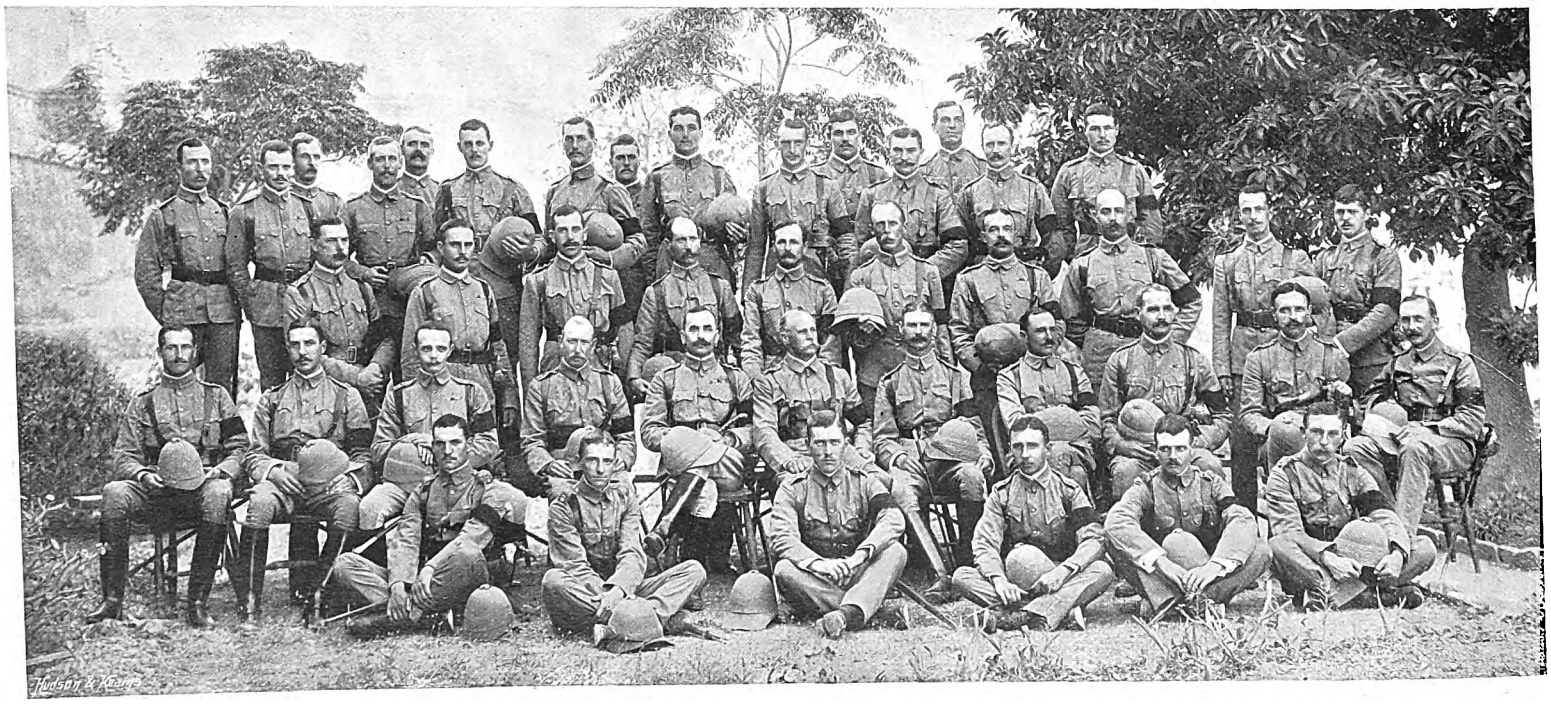

Photo. Copyright. R. Ellis.
COMRADES IN ARMS—OFFICERS OF THE THREE LINE BATTALIONS OF THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS.

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WHEN the late King of Portugal died, the "Volage," now of the Training Squadron, and one of the few masted and sparred ships left in the Service, happened to be at Lisbon, and in the illustration on the previous page we see how ships of the old style went into mourning.

The ship is at anchor, and the yards, which should be squared, with sails snug and ropes taut, are topped "a-cockbill," as the Naval term goes. Thus the spruceness and smartness of the graceful cruiser is destroyed. Metaphorically she is in sackcloth and ashes, thus signifying her grief at the death of the monarch.

Photo. Copyright. SAVED FROM THE DEEP. *"Navy & Army."*
Crew of the ss. "East Lothian," Run Down by the "Sans Pareil."

WHEN the little death-dealing craft rush, under cover of fog or darkness, to send to the bottom

"a million pounds in steel
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel
And the scour of the Channel tide,"

then will the guns' crews in the fighting-tops need to be on the alert to the utmost, for it will be their duty to pick up the little black speck as it comes under the beam of the search-light. The tops shown in our illustration are those on the foremost of the two military masts of a first-class battle-ship, and the armament carried in them is 3-pounder quick-firers—deadly little guns that could pour a hail of projectiles into the thin shell of the torpedo-boat, if only they could sight her and keep her under observation long enough for accurate fire. It will all be a question of seconds. In a fleet action we would rather not be in a top. Think of the gun's crew's position if the mast is shot away, and think of the wounded man who has to be sent down to the upper deck in a canvas sling before he can get medical attendance.

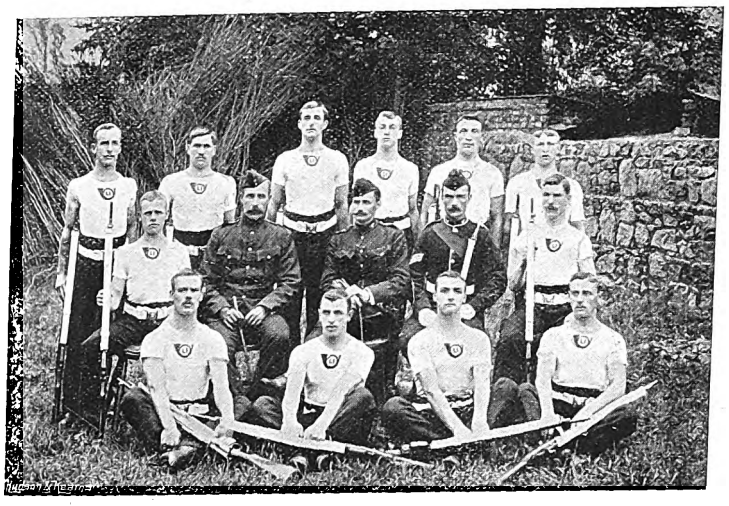

Photo. Copyright. MUSCLE AND BRAINS. *Guthrie.*
A Champion Physical Drill Team.

RETURNING from the recent Naval Manœuvres, through no fault of her own, the "Sans Pareil" ran down and sank the steam-ship "East Lothian," of Glasgow. With the exception of one man, all were saved. The crew numbered nineteen, and the ship had on board also the wife and son of the captain. The saved were well looked after by the "Sans Pareil's" men, and they needed it, for many were in their night-gear when the ship went to the bottom. Amongst these latter was the captain's wife, for whom during the night the men made a serge dress, and, as will be seen from our illustration, it affords no small tribute to the skill of the Bluejacket as a lady's tailor.

Photo. Copyright. VISITORS FROM THE SHORE. *"Navy & Army."*
Chinese Girls on Board a British War-ship.

TO possess one of the smartest physical drill teams in the Service is the pride of the "King's Own," the old 51st, now the 1st Battalion of the Yorkshire Light Infantry.

A superb lot of young soldiers are those here depicted, and if they are a fair sample of the battalion, it is as fine as any in Her Majesty's Service. It will be noticed that the badge the men wear is not the "bugle and strings," the usual emblem of light infantry, but the French horn. This distinction the 51st shares with the old 71st, now the 1st Highland Light Infantry.

Both corps were made light infantry after their return from Corunna, and adopted the horn instead of the usual "bugle" as a reminder of their friends the enemy.

NO class of men are better behaved at work or at play than the seamen and marines of Her Majesty's Navy. But in the nature of things there is a leaven of recklessness and wickedness in them, as in any other body of men. And so for the conservation of law and order it is necessary that in towns where the Naval and Military element largely predominates a special service police should be utilised. Our picture shows a Naval patrol leaving the dockyard at Portsmouth to patrol the streets of the great seaport, to see that Jack ashore on his Saturday to Monday leave is enjoying himself wisely and well. That they will have but little to do is fairly certain. Jack and Joe will, of course, occasionally look upon the wine when it is red. Men will break leave when suffering from the after-effects of a wet night or when under the beguilements of a wife or sweetheart. But it is very rarely that the Naval patrol has to arrest men for serious crime or riotous or disorderly conduct.

Photo. Copyright. THE QUEEN'S PEACE OVER ALL. *Cribb.*
Naval Police Patrol Leaving Portsmouth Dockyard.

WHEN rioting against European missionaries in China commences it is not long before a British war-ship appears.

On one such occasion the girls belonging to a mission of the American Episcopalian Church paid a visit to the ship that had come to their relief, and the party shown in our illustration was photographed on board.

The sailor's chief characteristic is hospitality, and Jack was as much delighted with his quaint visitors as they were with the novelty of their experience.

A delightful stay on board finished up with tea with the ward-room officers.

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The Royal Caledonian Asylum.

AMONG all the thousand and one philanthropic institutions which have seen the light during the present century, there is none more deserving than the Royal Caledonian Asylum. Although, as the name implies, the asylum, which dates from the Peninsular War, is of Scottish origin, its headquarters are at present located in Holloway, and it has been instrumental in clothing, feeding, and educating upwards of 2,000 children. The district in which the building is situated has in the course of years been transformed from a semi-rural into a populous one, and the institution is now making an appeal to the Scottish people for £15,000 in order to build new headquarters in the country.

It is claimed that there is not a Scottish regiment nor a parish in Scotland which has not known the benefit of the asylum. It seeks to make provision for the children of Scottish soldiers, sailors, and marines who have fallen or become disabled in their country's service, and for those of indigent parents residing in London. Moreover, it is instrumental in supplying our Army with a number of recruits yearly, the majority of whom join Scottish regiments, either as pipers, musicians, or private soldiers; and if enquiry were made it would be found that not a few of those who have distinguished themselves on the battle-field were formerly pupils of the Caledonian Asylum. The institution is under the direct patronage of Her Majesty, who honoured it with the title "Royal."

The Highland dress worn by the boys, and which is preserved in its entirety, is well known in London, where the pipers of the asylum are so often seen at the Stamford Bridge Gathering and at other functions.

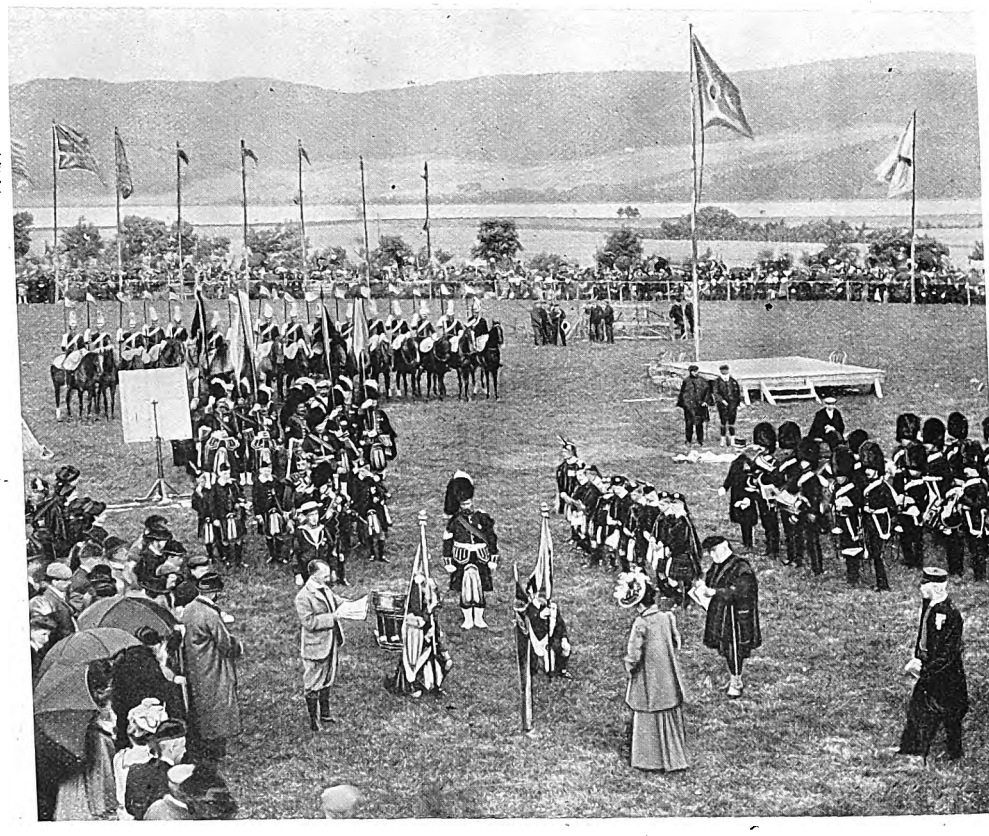
The chief moving spirit in the scheme for the removal of the institution to the country is Mr. Littlejohn of Invercharron, and he it was who conceived the idea of inviting some thirty boys and girls from the asylum to be present at the Invercharron Gathering this year.

This display, which was organised by Mr. Littlejohn, "the chief," consisted of an athletic and military display, but the principal event on the programme was the presentation to the asylum by Miss Littlejohn of a Queen's and school colour which had previously been approved by Her Majesty.

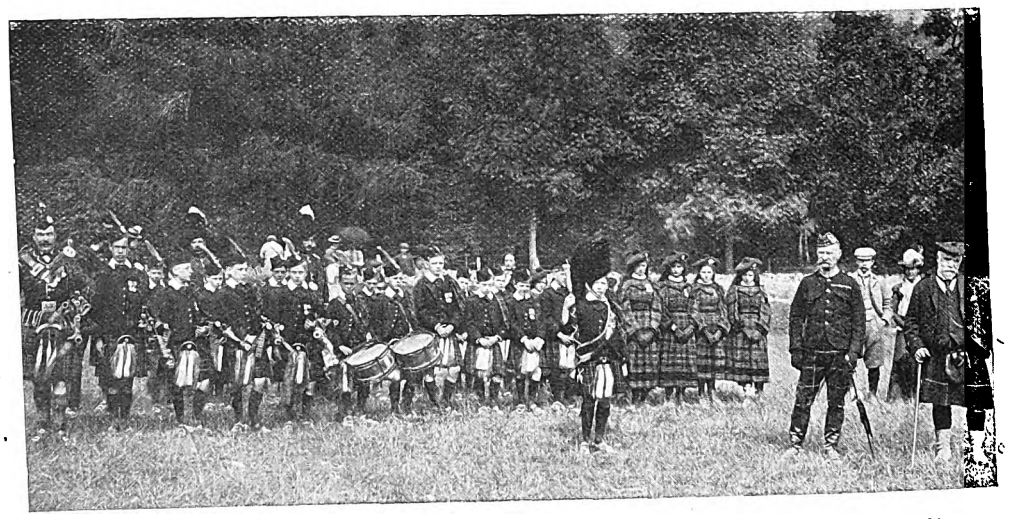
The ceremony took the usual form. There were present an escort of the Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry, and the band of the Scots Greys. A short consecration service was conducted by the Rev. John Mactaggart, formerly one of the most popular chaplains in the Army, but now retired. The colours were then presented by Miss Littlejohn to Peter Norman Mackintosh and Norman Macleod Hutchison, who received them kneeling, as they appear in an accompanying illustration. In the centre of the picture with her back to the spectator is Miss Littlejohn, and to her right in Highland dress is her father, "the chief." Slightly in rear of both is the Rev. John Mactaggart in uniform, wearing three decorations.

Mr. Graham, secretary of the institution, thanked Miss Littlejohn on behalf of the asylum, and announced that her father had headed the subscription list for the new building with a hundred guineas. "The chief" replied in a stirring speech, in which he wished the boys every success. Another illustration depicts the detachment with pipers at Invercharron. Mr. Littlejohn occupies the centre of the group, and seated near the doorway is no less a personage than Colonel Hector Macdonald, of Omdurman fame. A third picture shows the boys and girls in military formation, with their youthful drum-major in front.

THE INVERCHARRON MANSION HOUSE.
The Hero of Omdurman in the Centre.



THE PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.
The Secretary Returns Thanks.



Photos. Copyright. *"STAND AT EASE."* *J. Munro.*
The Detachment in Two Ranks.

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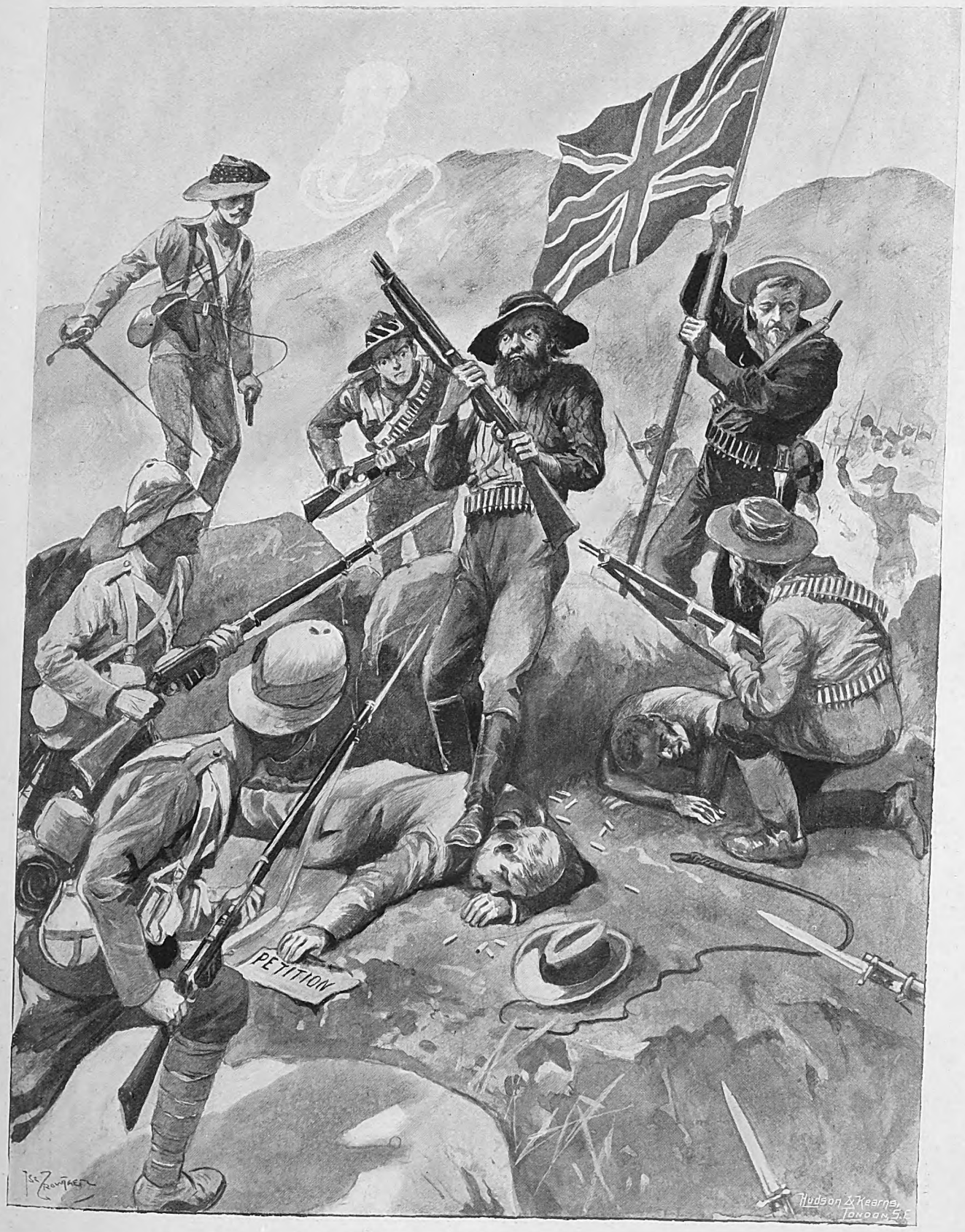
THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 140.] SATURDAY OCTOBER 7th 1899



THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

AS IT MAY BE.

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THE CRISIS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Actors and Scenes in the Drama.

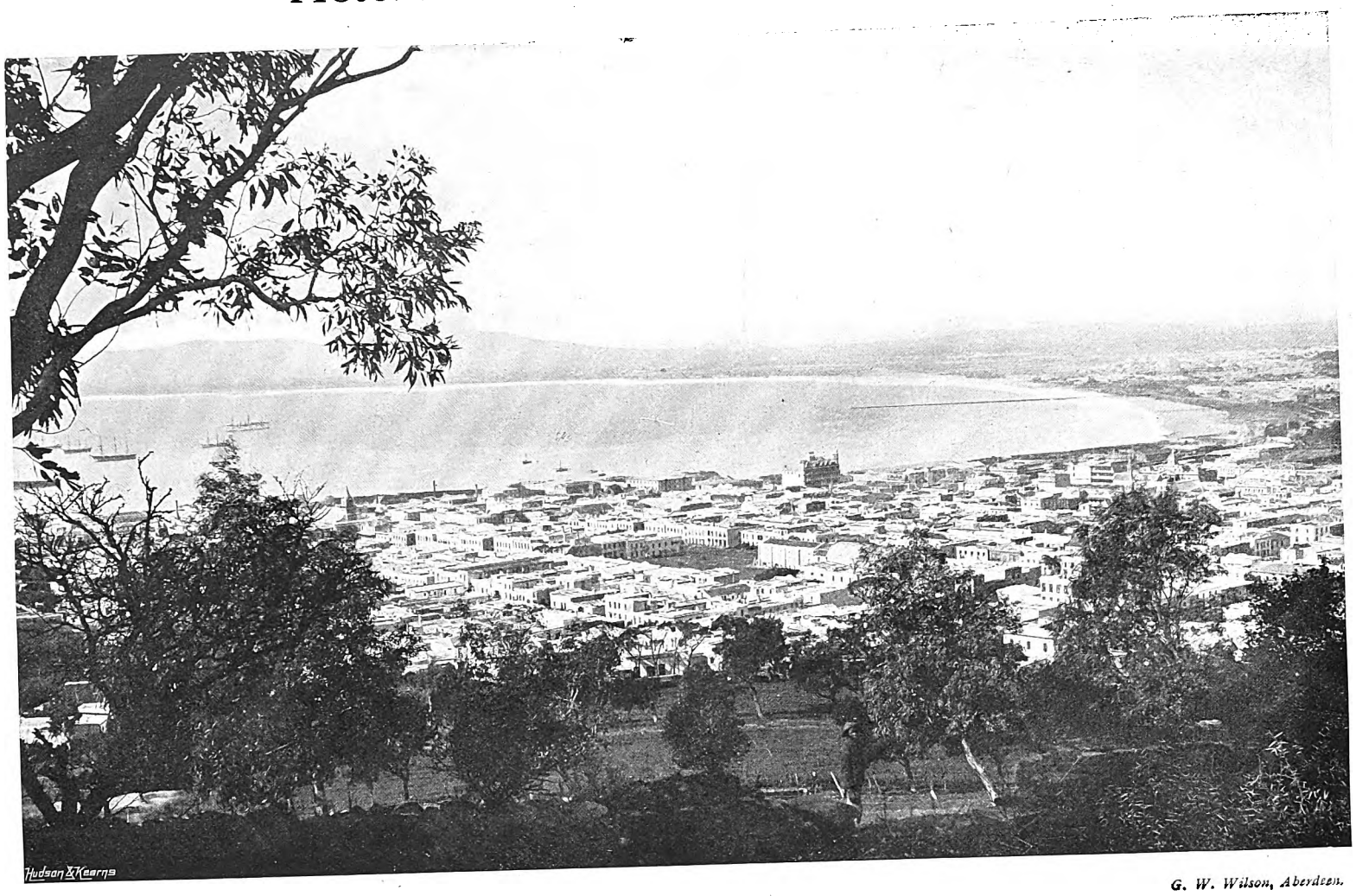

Photo. Copyright. G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

CAPE TOWN—SEAT OF GOVERNMENT, CAPE COLONY.

Photo. Elliott & Fry.
SIR ALFRED MILNER.
Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner for South Africa.

THE literal significance of the word "Crisis," namely, a "turning-point," is, and is not, applicable to the extraordinary situation which has arisen in South Africa. By some it will unquestionably be regarded as doubtful whether the actual turning-point in this distressing affair has not some time ago been passed. To be strictly accurate, we should perhaps say that the positive Crisis was reached at the time of the Bloemfontein Conference. On the other hand, for some time to come the events connected with this great conflict of racial ideas will of themselves constitute a turning-point in the history, not of a year, but of all time. To investigate in detail the various phases of such a complex episode is not the province of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. That we may safely leave to the great organs of public opinion, to whom such political studies are part and parcel of their existence. With lighter touch, and yet with becoming gravity, we shall endeavour to illustrate both by pictures and literary comment the more salient features of the situation, with, of course, special regard to the intervention of the sister Services, to promote whose interests is the first aim and object of this journal.

Precedence must naturally in such a connection be accorded to the seat of Colonial Government at Cape Town, of which we give a comprehensive and attractive picture. Space unfortunately prevents any but a passing reference to the history of this deeply-interesting spot. But incidentally it is worth while recalling that it is now over 300 years since British ships first visited the Cape in 1591, nearly a century after Vasco da Gama doubled it in a Portuguese vessel. In 1620 two English East India commanders took possession of the Cape in the name of Great Britain, but no settlement was formed. A period of Dutch occupation followed, and it was not until the general peace of 1814 that the Cape was ceded in perpetuity to Great Britain. The history of Cape Colony since then has

Photo. Barnett.
OOM PAUL."
President Kruger, South African Republic.

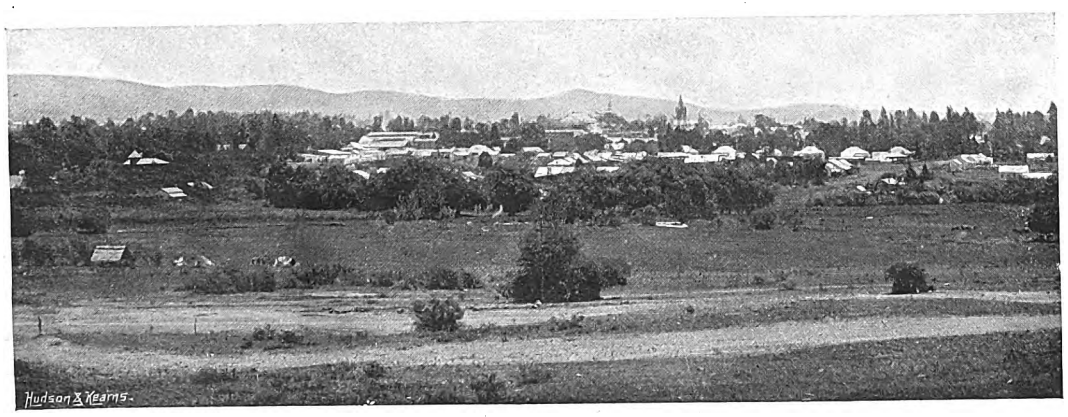

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army.
PRETORIA.
Seat of Government, South African Republic.

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Photo. Copyright. *Elliott & Fry.*
Hon. Sir W. F. HELY-HUTCHINSON, G.C.M.G., Governor of Natal.

South Africa, Sir Alfred Milner, though comparatively a young man, has attained distinction in at least five important walks of life. Scholar, journalist, politician, financier, he was a brilliantly-distinguished man before he went to the Cape two years ago, and it is very evident from recent events that in his present capacity he is essentially the right man in the right place, and that the country may be congratulated on being at such a juncture represented by a man whose versatility seems only equalled by his strength of character.

The man in the street knows nearly all there is to be known about Mr. Kruger, the President of the South African Republic. But there is much about this truly remarkable man which can hardly be revealed by the light of contemporary criticism. A mixture of patriarchal simplicity and a talent for ingenious evasion which would do credit to the wiliest of Asiatics, Oom Paul compels our admiration for the manner in which for so many years he has successfully played his own game; and whatever may be our national sentiments towards Boerdom, there are surely few amongst us who have not some slight feeling of respect for this rugged relic of old-world Dutch colonial enterprise.

The Boer seat of government at Pretoria is in very bad odour with the British public just now, and good reasons might be cited for the fact. A hotbed of Boer intolerance, it has of late years taken new shape as a centre of Boer aggressiveness, more especially towards the neighbouring settlement of Johannesburg, and to-day it is heavily armed with modern artillery, in evident contemplation of an ultimate conflict. In Pretoria Mr. Kruger reigns well-nigh supreme, and his daily drive, accompanied by an armed escort of Staats Artillery, is one of the features of this not very cheerful capital.

With frontiers contiguous to those of Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, the colony of Natal has as its seat of government the town of Pieter Maritzburg, and as its Governor the Hon. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, G.C.M.G. The latter has had a distinguished colonial career since the time when he was associated with Sir Hercules Robinson in Fiji in 1874, and is justly regarded as an excellent man to have in political authority at this moment in Natal, where the attitude of the Transvaal Boers is complicated by the known disaffection of Dutch farmers in the colony itself, as well as by the restless tendencies of the Basutos. Maritzburg is about seventy-five miles inland, and the railway runs through it from the port of Durban to Charlestown on the frontier, and thence to Johannesburg.

PIETER MARITZBURG.
Seat of Government, Natal.

A painful feature of the situation has been the involvement in it of the Orange Free State, the capital and the President of which are here depicted. Mr. Steyn had hitherto been regarded as an intelligent friend of the British Government, and at Bloemfontein British visitors have always been received on much more cordial terms than in Pretoria. It is a pity that such a pleasant understanding should be in danger of being so rudely ruptured. But if the Free State persists in throwing in its lot with the Transvaal, instead of remaining neutral in a quarrel in which it really has no sort of concern, its President, its capital, and its people generally, must take the consequences.

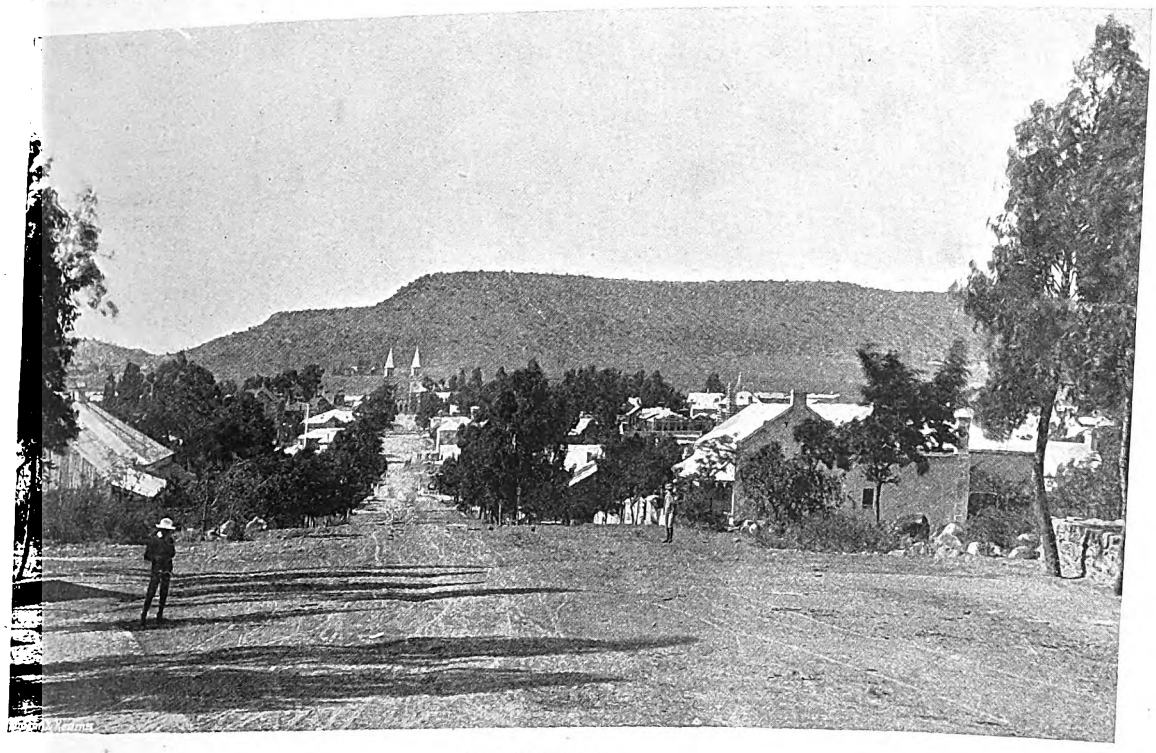

Photo. Copyright. *BLOEMFONTEIN.* *G. W Wilson, Aberdeen*
Seat of Government, Orange Free State.

Photo. *Wright & Andrew.*
Mr. M. T. STEYN, President, Orange Free State.

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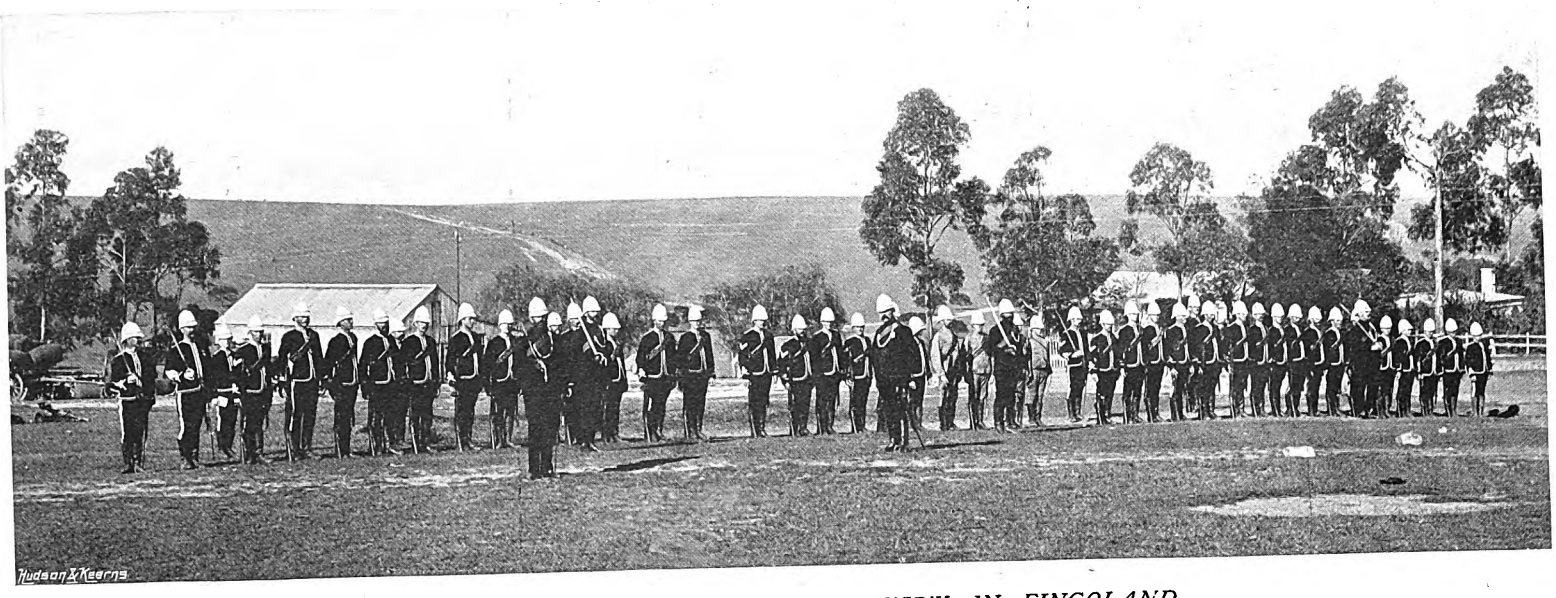
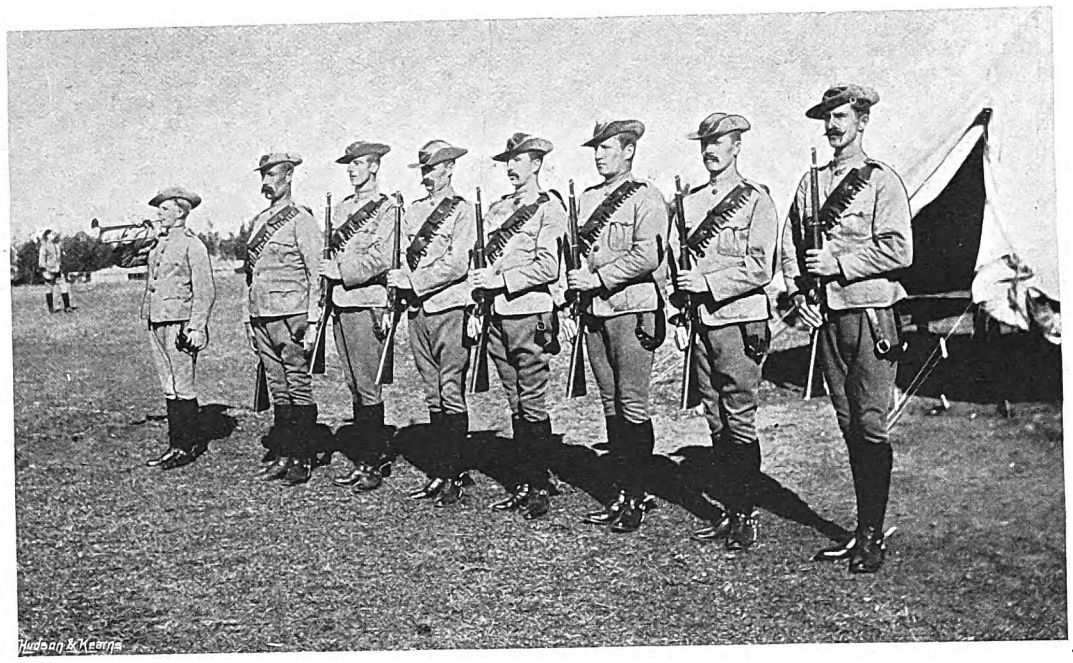
The Local Forces of Cape Colony.



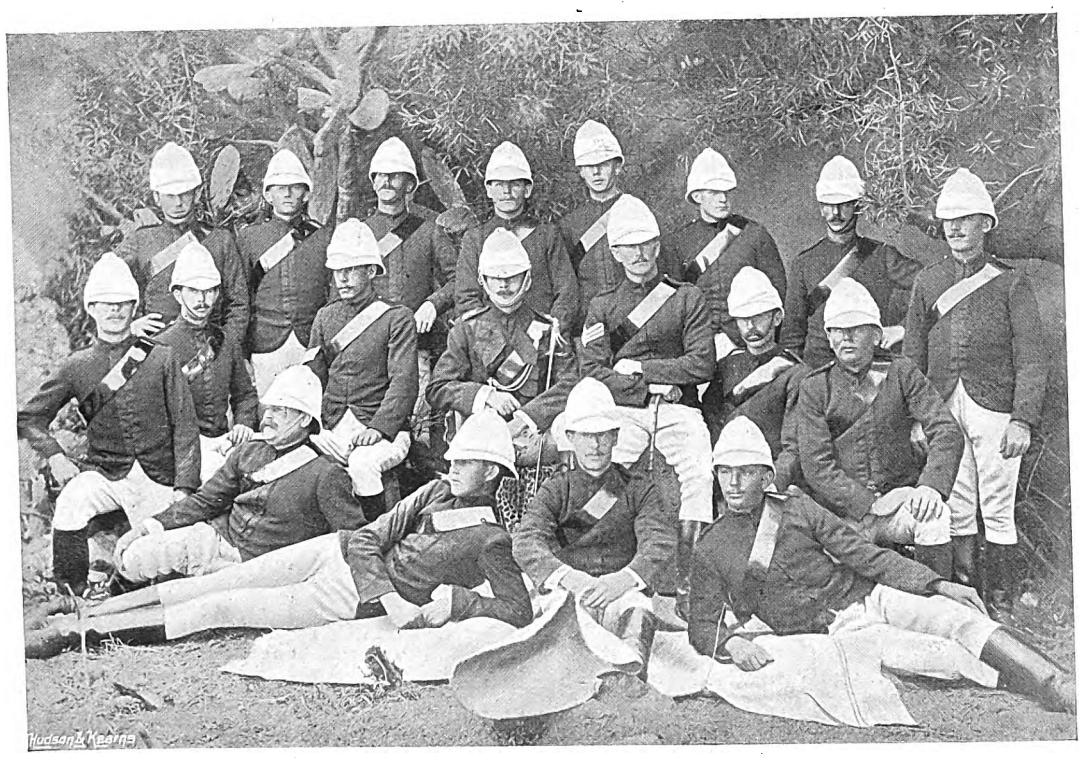
TRANSKEI MOUNTED RIFLES—A REVIEW IN FINGOLAND.

DURING the Crisis much has been made of the so-called defenceless condition of Cape Colony and Natal. But in this country it is very imperfectly realised that these great colonies have within themselves a powerful system of self-defence, in that for many years past they have been inured to the possibility of native risings, and have sturdily prepared themselves for any such untoward eventualities.

The result has been that, more particularly in Cape Colony, there have arisen not only the Volunteer forces which are habitually formed wherever British settlers abroad consider such organisations desirable, but also established local corps of considerable strength and singular efficiency. Of these we will now proceed to give some illustrations calculated at least to show that in more than one part of Cape Colony there are disciplined local troops fully able to give a good account of themselves against the Boer or anyone else.



GUARD! PRESENT ARMS!
Cape Mounted Rifles.



CAPE POLICE.
A Patrol in Full Dress.

The first picture shows a review of the Transkei Mounted Rifles at Idutywa, in Fingoland. The figures are too small to enable the equipment of this excellent corps, which, be it understood, is one of Volunteers, as distinct from Cape Mounted Riflemen, who constitute the permanent forces of the Colony, to be scrutinised in detail. But, later on, over the appropriate title, "A Workmanlike Quartette," we give a portrait of four officers of the corps which clearly conveys the desired information. Those who have studied the history of the Crisis will have noted that in the district guarded by the Transkei Mounted Rifles there has been distinct indication of native disaffection, and it is pleasant to think that, if any serious effervescence should take place, there are men on the spot, well armed and

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A WELL-MOUNTED SUB.
Lieutenant, Cape Mounted Rifles.

well equipped, who both know the country thoroughly and are quite able to deal with the ebullient Kaffir in a very short and sharp fashion.

The second illustration is one which of itself will attract attention by reason of the soldierly smartness which characterises the figures shown. Here we have a guard of Cape Riflemen presenting arms to a passing officer of rank, and it is enough to gladden a soldier's heart to look at even a picture of such excellent, well-set-up colonial troops engaged in the smart performance of an honourable duty

A CAPE MOUNTED RIFLEMAN.
N.C.O. in Marching Order.

The Cape Mounted Riflemen is a corps with a distinguished history, although on its present basis it was only organised as lately as 1878. It was formerly a mounted police force, composed of Europeans, and styled the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police. This, in its time, did excellent service against rebel Hottentots and Kaffirs, but it must not be confounded with the Cape Mounted Riflemen of to-day, which is a permanent military force paid out of Cape finances and consisting of thirty-five officers and about 1,000 rank and file. The corps has seen much service, and not a few of the officers and men have taken part in all the South African wars and rebellions of the past twenty years. Not many years ago the corps contained no less than five V.C.'s, of whom, unfortunately, there is only one, Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel Hartley, remaining. The regiment is split up into small detachments in the native territories, principally in Pondoland, a district which for many years has caused no little anxiety to the Government. The headquarters of the Cape Mounted Riflemen are at Umtata, where there are stationed the Staff, the Artillery Troop, the band, one squadron, and the recruits. The men go through their drills here preparatory to being

A WORKMANLIKE QUARTETTE.
Officers, Transkei Mounted Rifles.

drafted off to the various out-stations, some of which are as much as 150 miles distant from headquarters. The recruits are mostly obtained from England, but occasionally they are enlisted in the Colony itself.

From the Cape Mounted Riflemen we turn by an easy transition to the Cape Police, an important force, nearly 2,000 strong, composed mostly of Europeans, with a sprinkling of native detectives. This corps, which so recently as 1897 took a distinguished part in the suppression of the Bechuanaland Rebellion, is permanently embodied, and always available for active service. Round about Kimberley the influence of the Cape Police is particularly strong, and it may be anticipated that in any collision with the Boers the Cape Police will, if present, give an uncommonly good account of themselves.

Photo. Copyright.

READY FOR ANYTHING!—CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES, MARCHING ORDER PARADE. "Navy & Army."

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The accompanying picture shows a party of this admirable corps in full dress. The party was photographed on its return from patrol duties of a peculiarly onerous and harassing description, and we are able to say that a companion photograph, which was taken of the party in marching order the day before, affords excellent proof of the soldierly capacity of the Cape Policeman to obliterate at short notice the traces of active service, and to regain with scarcely an effort the smartness necessary for purposes of parade.

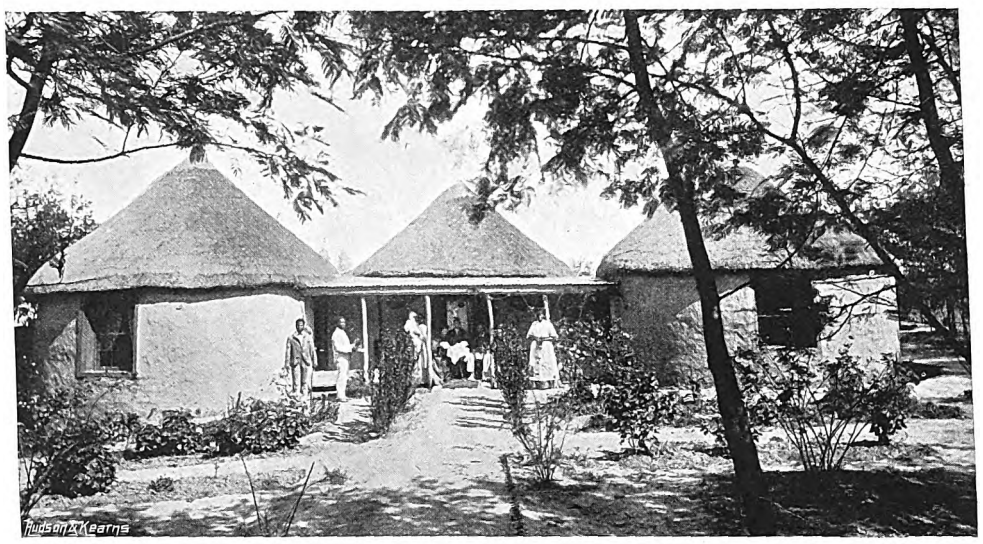
Following the picture of the Cape Police, we have in close juxtaposition four further illustrations connected with the Cape Mounted Riflemen. The first of these shows a lieutenant of the corps, Lieutenant Vizard to wit, who appears in undress, and, as will be seen, is mounted on a class of horse not always to be met with even in the best cavalry regiments of the Service. As a matter of fact, the horse was in its time a noted racer, Euchre by name, and it is strong evidence of the sporting characteristics of the Cape Rifleman that such a fine animal should be taken into everyday use.

Other pictures show a non-commissioned officer of the Cape Mounted Riflemen in marching order, a marching order parade, and an officer's quarters at Coldstream in Pondoland. The first speaks for itself, and is a striking representation of an up-to-date Mounted Infantryman. The second shows the varied constitution of the corps which, as has already been noted, includes an artillery troop, while the third indicates that it is quite possible for an officer of the Cape Mounted Riflemen to make himself extremely comfortable in at least one of the picturesque districts in which his duty lies.

IN CAMP AT MIDDLEBURG.
Officers, Diamond Fields Horse.

The camp photograph which is here reproduced was taken at Middleburg, and includes an officer of the well-known Diamond Fields Horse, upon whom, in the absence of regular reinforcements, the defence of Kimberley and the diamond mines chiefly depends.

Besides organised Volunteer corps, both in Cape Colony and Natal, there are numerous rifle clubs, largely joined by men who, while anxious to maintain proficiency in rifle-shooting, cannot spare the time necessary for the proper performance of even the not very exacting duties demanded of a volunteer. Some of these clubs have a strong roll of members, and undoubtedly they tend to increasing to a marked extent the military resistance of the colonies concerned.



AN OFFICER'S QUARTERS, C.M.R.
Coldstream, Pondoland.

On the Cape Border.

THE borderland which separates Cape Colony from the adjoining territories is an extensive one, but it may safely be stated that along it there is no more important point than the City of Diamonds, which we see here illustrated, and which lies some 550 miles north-east of Cape Town. The history of the diamond-mining industry in South Africa is a very romantic and well-nigh universally familiar one. We need not recapitulate it, more especially as for the purpose of this journal a still greater interest is attached to Kimberley in connection with the Transvaal Crisis, in that it is a point of some strategic importance. It has been pointed out by alarmists that, theoretically, Kimberley is distinctly open to the possibility of a Boer raid, but in the opinion of experts this view is entirely misleading. The latter opinion has been confirmed by the prompt and rapid reinforcement of the position by the despatch from Cape Town of the Loyal North Lancashires and detachments of the Royal Garrison Artillery, which were sent up to the border about September 20. In conjunction with Police, Rifles, and Diamond Fields Horse, it may be taken for granted that these regular troops will render Kimberley alike invulnerable to Boer attack and quite capable of holding its own against any native rising.

Kimberley has lost much of its former greatness. But, owing to the presence of the mines, it still retains a certain prestige, and in any case may be said to occupy an important position on the line of railway which runs up from Cape Town to Bulawayo.

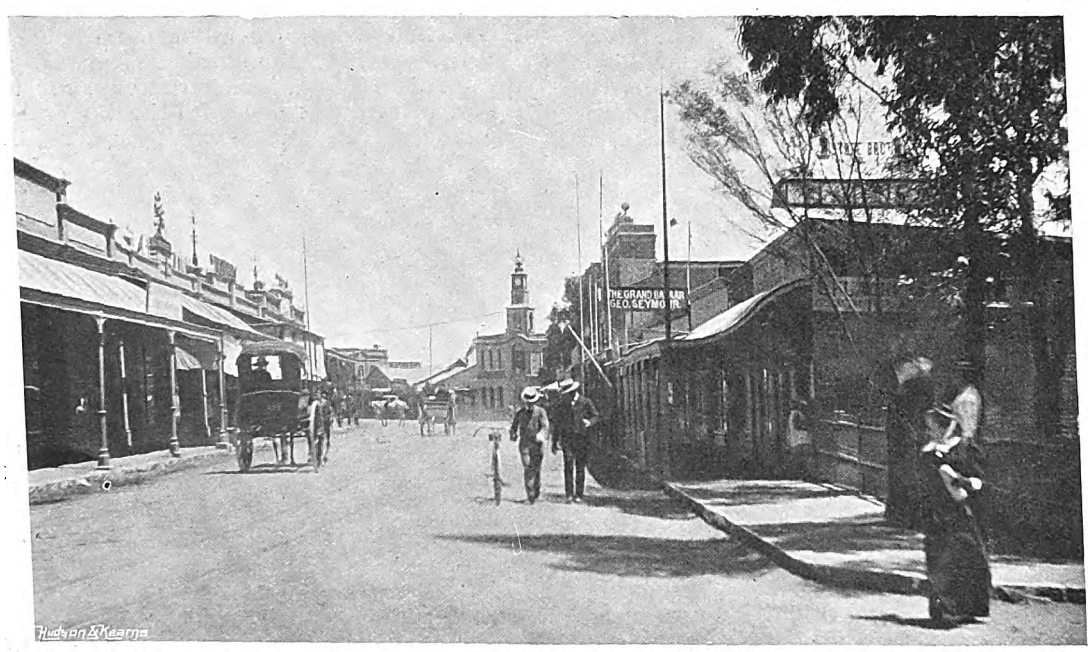


Photo. Copyright *KIMBERLEY.* *G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.*
The City of Diamonds.

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The Naval Forces.

Photo. Copyright. THE NAVAL CHIEF AT THE CAPE. L. Jenks.
Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Harris, K.C.M.G., and His Staff.

IT is strange that we should owe, in a great measure, to an American writer the public appreciation of the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, the dominating circumstance in any complication which may occur between us and a foreign Power is our Naval supremacy, or, to use the now universally-accepted term, our "command of the sea." Before Captain Mahan wrote his epoch-making work, it is possible that some misapprehension might have arisen as regards the contingency of foreign interference between ourselves and the recalcitrant Boers. But now, happily, there is not a civilised nation nor an intelligent student of international affairs who does not clearly understand that the position of England in regard to the Transvaal is, by reason of our unquestioned Naval supremacy, absolutely unassailable by foreign influences.

Without unduly dilating upon this aspect, important as it is, let us now turn to our pictures, in which our Naval armed strength at the Cape will be found very adequately illustrated. The first of these shows Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Harris, K.C.M.G., the Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope station, and his staff. The second is a pretty view of Simonstown, the head-quarters of the station. In the third we have the admiral's residence, known as Admiralty House. A fourth shows a local review of Bluejackets, and the fifth exhibits the bulk of the Cape Squadron at anchor.

Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Harris is well known in the Naval Service as a highly-accomplished and many-sided man. Author of several important professional works, he has enjoyed singular opportunities as commander of the Training Squadron and Rear-Admiral in the Mediterranean

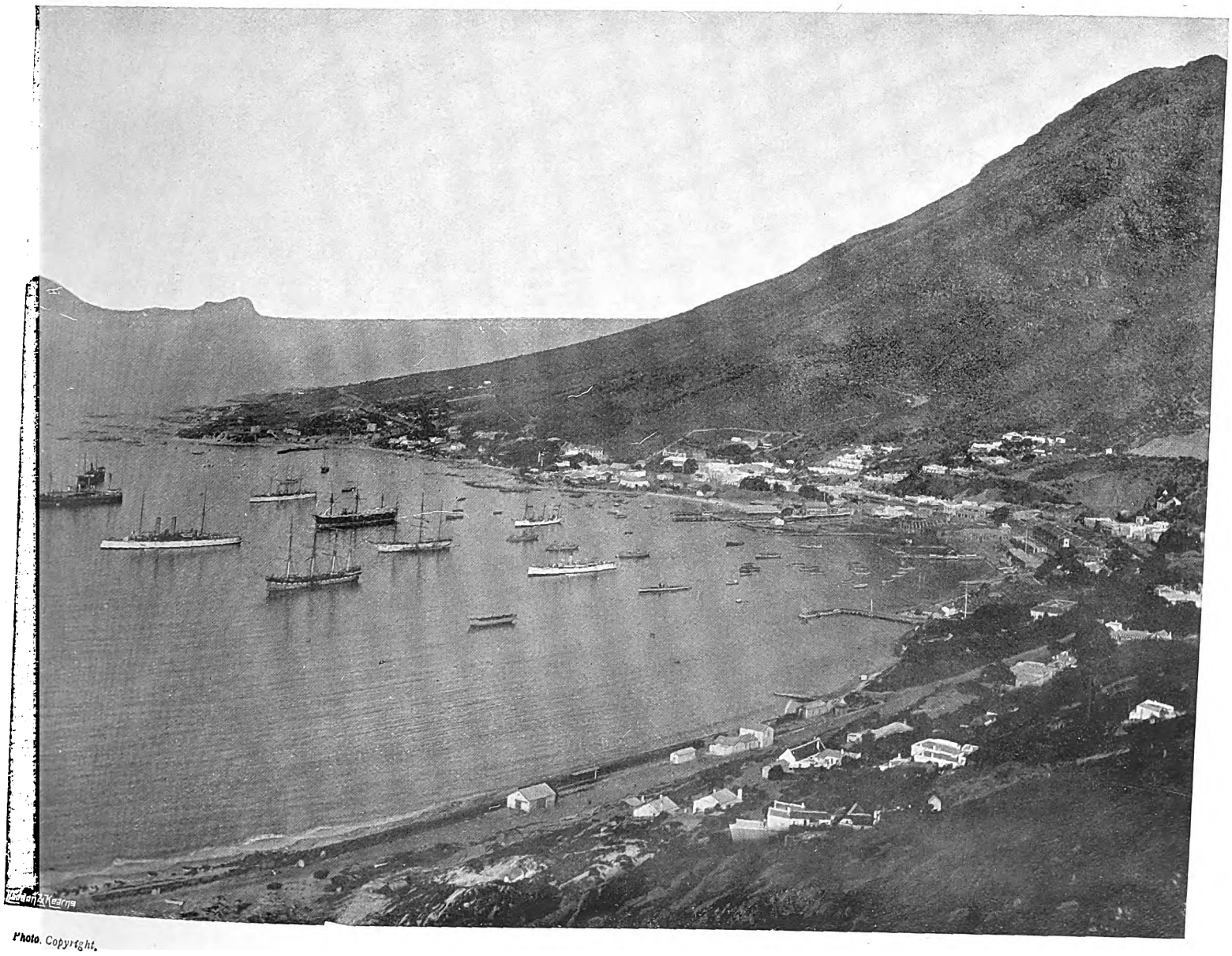

Photo. Copyright. SIMONSTOWN—HEADQUARTERS OF THE CAPE SQUADRON. "Navy & Army."

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Fleet. With over forty years' service, Sir Robert Harris is an officer fully qualified to deal with any and every emergency likely to arise in the course of the next few months, and he may be congratulated on the likelihood of having under his orders at an early date a fleet of unusual size for these waters.

A feature of the Cape station is not so much the area which it includes as the definitely divided nature of the command. Not only has the West Coast to be adequately patrolled, but the East Coast as far as Zanzibar requires the habitual presence of one or more of Her Majesty's ships. In one of Rudyard Kipling's sketches there is a bright description of the supposititious performances in an East African river of a flat-iron gunboat from the Cape Squadron, and the episode of the bombardment of the sham Sultan's palace at Zanzibar is sufficiently fresh in the public mind to illustrate the variety of service in this quarter. On the West Coast the sailor's life can hardly be said to be an altogether happy one, but every now and then it is pleasantly diversified by sharp bouts of inland campaigning against some petty "king" who has wantonly defied the long arm of British vengeance by outrages upon British subjects. The Cape Squadron is normally-not a very powerful one, even the flag-ship being but a second-class cruiser of 5,600 tons. It consists, however, of a number of useful vessels excellently well adapted to the requirements of the station. Besides the "Doris," the flag-ship, and other ships on the West Coast, and elsewhere out of convenient reach, the squadron includes the "Barracouta," "Barrosa," "Forte," "Magicienne," "Partridge," "Philomel," "Sparrow," "Tartar," "Thrush," and "Widgeon." The guard-ship at Simonstown is the "Monarch," the overflow ship being the "Penelope." Since the trouble with the Transvaal occurred, the "Dwarf" has gone out to relieve the "Alecto," now on the West Coast, but it is understood that she will be retained for service under the immediate orders of the admiral in case of emergencies. The first-class cruisers "Powerful" and "Terrible" have also been ordered to call at the Cape at an early date, thus bringing our Naval strength in these waters to a point of formidableness which probably President Kruger and his ill-advised counsellors hardly realise.

For, of course, there is a significance in the presence more especially of the two last-named vessels which is altogether apart from their qualifications in the matter of Naval offence and defence. In any conflict with the Transvaal a Naval Brigade will be of singular utility, and it goes without saying that to such a contingent heavily manned ships like the "Powerful" and the "Terrible" could make a handsome contribution.

ADMIRALTY HOUSE.
Official Residence of Sir Robert Harris

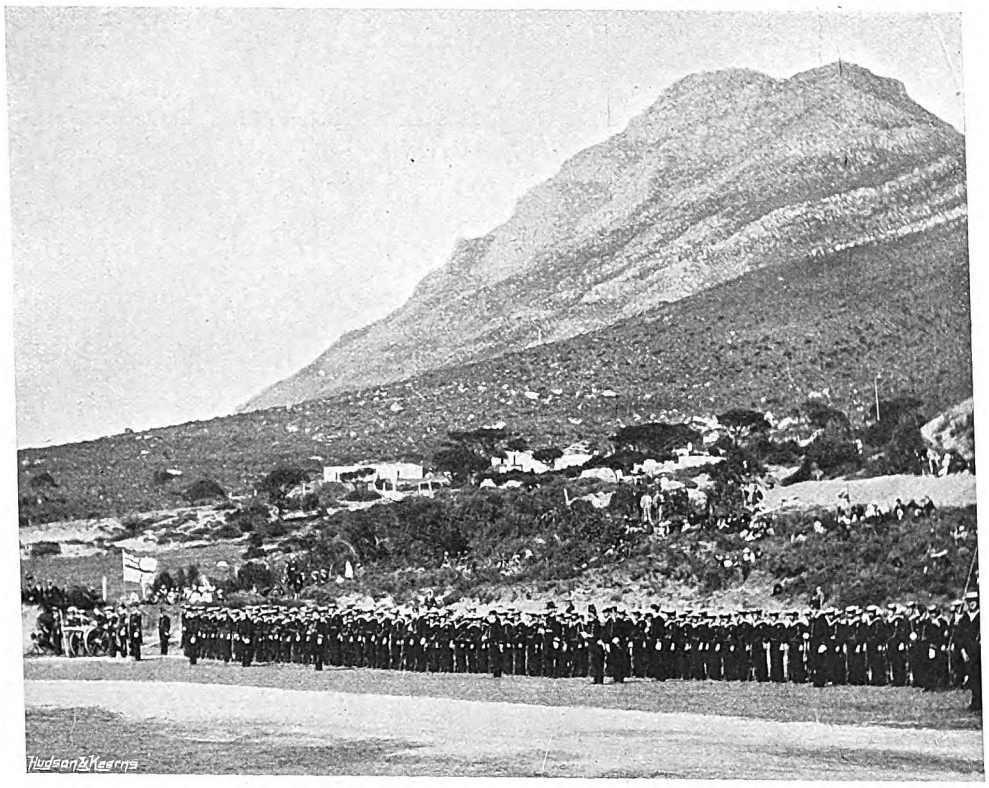
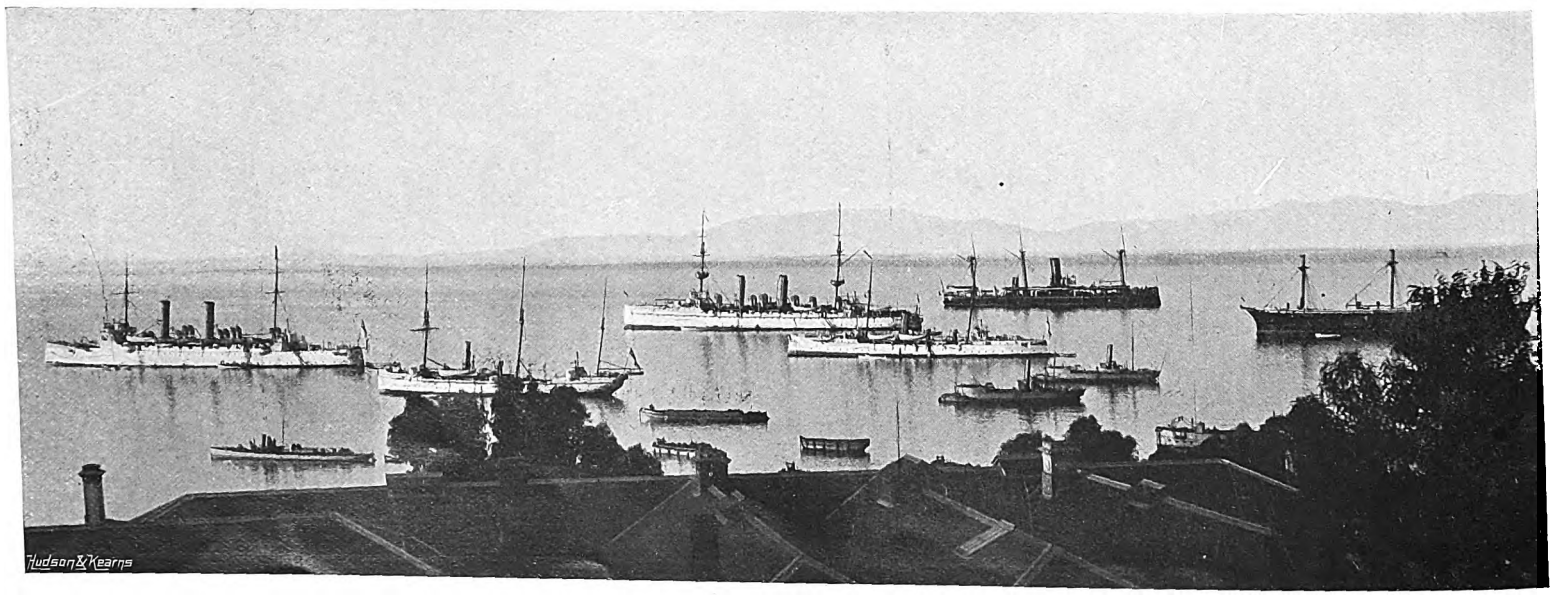


Photo. Copyright. *A POSSIBLE NAVAL BRIGADE.* *"Navy & Army."*
Review of Bluejackets at Simonstown.



THE BULWARKS OF SOUTH AFRICA—THE SQUADRON AT THE CAPE.

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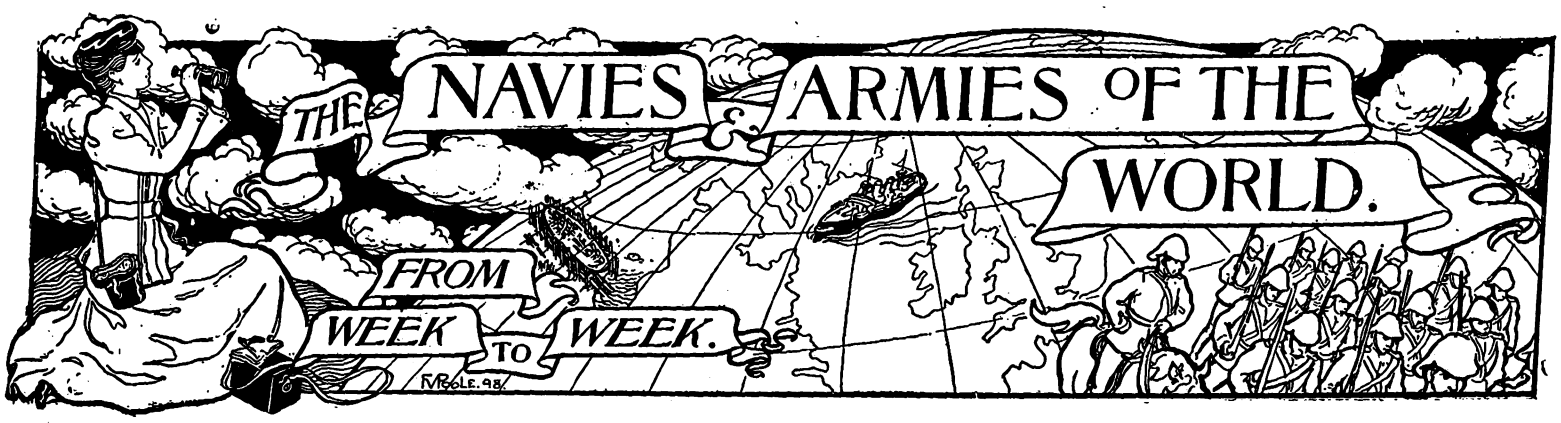

IT is said that General Joubert has summed up the situation in South Africa in a formula, which has the not inconsiderable merits of being brief, and being accurate. The question, according to him, is whether Boers or Britons are to be masters in South Africa. It would be difficult to put the case better. When two men have only one horse between them, and both want to mount, it is clear that one must ride behind. This truth was revealed many centuries ago. In South Africa we have tried hard to solve the problem how to allow both to ride in front, but it won't do. Our management has not been above reproach from the beginning. When we first came to the Cape it was as deliverers. The rule of the Dutch East India Company, which governed in the Colony, was harsh, as it was everywhere. We found many who were prepared to help us among the inhabitants. Unfortunately we gave the Colony back, and did nothing to protect our friends. When we took it again we got no help, and the answer made to us when we enquired how that came to be the case, was the query whether we could give security that the people who made themselves useful to us would not once more be handed back to the tender mercies of the East India Company. That was the beginning of a grudge which has been fed by other causes since. It is a pity, for, with all his faults, there is much sense and valour in the Dutchman. It would have been a much happier business if we had managed otherwise, and if the Dutch at the Cape had become part of us, as those who settled in the East of England have done. They were many, and their descendants are to-day excellent Englishmen.

* * * *

Perhaps the greatest mistake we have made with the Cape is that we did not take it far sooner. Its value as a useful halfway house to India was obvious as far back as the reign of King Charles II. Our Government was so well aware of the advantage of possessing a good port as a house of call for ships going to the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, that it sent Richard Munden to retake St. Helena in 1673. To be strictly accurate, he was sent into the South Atlantic to protect the East India Company's ships, and hearing that the Dutch had seized the island, he recaptured it. But since we sent a force so far away, and thought so highly of the advantage of having a Naval station in those parts, the better course would have been to make Munden strong enough to take the Cape. A garrison could easily have been found by transferring the soldiers at Tangier, seeing that this place was destined to be given up at the end. The East India Company would have been very pleased to undertake the expense of holding the post, and would soon have made it pay its way by opening it to English colonists. We could most assuredly have kept it at the end of the war, when the Dutch were only too happy to make peace on any terms. The French Huguenots who settled under the Dutch after the revocation of the edict of Nantes would have been equally ready to become our colonists. Indeed, we might have taken it ten years earlier with the squadron which seized New Amsterdam under command of Sir Robert Holmes. As the second Dutch War was caused partly by quarrels with the East India Company, the venture would have been quite as legitimate as the attacks we made on the possessions of the Hollanders on the coast of Guinea and in America.

* * * *

All this belongs to the history of "things which might have been." In the American War of 1778-83, when the Dutch were again our enemies, our hands were so full that we could not spare men to attack the Cape, though it would have made matters far easier for us in India if it had been in our power. It was not until 1795 that the Navy was able to get hold of the Colony with its anchorages. In that year Sir George Keith Elphinstone came down with a strong squadron and troops, and took the Colony with some difficulty Holland had been dragged into war against us by France, and was crushed between the two of us. It is probable that we might have managed matters very quietly, and have secured a comfortable Naval station for ourselves, if we had helped the colonists to found a free Republic under our protection. But we professed to be acting as friends of the exiled stadtholder, and were, at an enormous expense, engaged in mothering all the "legitimate" governments in Europe which could not stand on their own legs. So we took the Cape to hold it till the peace, and could not restore the stadtholder after all. In 1806 we had to send Sir Home Popham and Sir David Baird to take it again. That time we kept it, but in the interval we had contrived to displease everybody, and we started all wrong. So there has never been real peace in South Africa.

* * * *

It is needless to say how thoroughly the last phase of our troubles has corresponded with the first. We should not be fighting the Boers to-day if that were not the case. One cannot but hope that it is for the last time, but it is not possible to look forward with much confidence. For the moment the pressing question is what the fighting will be like. There are some who seem to be convinced that it will be a very simple business—a march, a battle, a glorious victory, one more or less bloody field, and then the Boers will all go home cowed into a duly humble respect for British prowess. It is a charming picture, but it has an awkward likeness to the flattering dreams of the Frenchman who shouted "A Berlin" in 1870. And it has the misfortune not to be based on any foundation of evidence. The Cape Dutchman, like other men, has not always fought equally well, but in the main what he has shown is great tenacity, and it has to be proved that he will be more feeble now. The big-battle-and-all-over theory is too good to be quite true, and if it breaks down, the alternative, which is a guerrilla war with men who are good shots, are well armed and well mounted, in a very big, thinly inhabited country, may be a long business. Moreover, it is one which will require a great many men and be very costly. When it is over, a large garrison will have to be maintained in South Africa, and will have to be paid for by somebody. Of course, these are no reasons for not doing the work if once it becomes necessary, but only for not jumping to the conclusion that it will be a small affair.

* * * *

The reception given to the Australian Naval Defence Scheme has been deservedly frigid, and we shall probably hear very little more of it. A plan by which the Empire is to supply vessels which are to be manned by a kind of local Naval Volunteers is a wild imagination. Such a fleet would be neither one thing nor another. The colonies which are dependent on the sea have a very good cause to provide themselves with a Naval force; but then they ought to do the thing thoroughly, buying their own vessels, appointing their own officers, drilling their own crews, and fitting their own dockyards. Then the Navy would be theirs to do what they liked with. But if they wish their ships to form part of the Imperial Navy, they are trying for what will not answer. It is, perhaps, a question whether it ought to be wished that they should contribute to the support of the Navy, since those who pay the piper have a natural inclination to call the tune. But if they do, it ought to be in the way of direct payment, and on the distinct understanding that the Admiralty has entire authority over the ships built with the help of that money. Or, again, if the colonies would maintain good dockyards for the use of the Royal Navy, that would be of real service. What would be of no service to anybody—except to the holders of a few good billets—would be the setting aside of a number of vessels to be in Australian ports, and to be manned with scratch crews on the outbreak of war.

DAVID HANNAY.

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Paul Kruger—Sportsman and Diplomat.

"Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teaching run.
Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old;
Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain—
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again"—Kipling.

THE man of the hour upon whom all eyes are turned is undoubtedly Paul Kruger, the persevering and, as we regard him, incredibly stubborn President of the Transvaal Republic.

Although in his official capacity the subject of this sketch is wont to rule over a people essentially Dutch, he is not himself of Dutch extraction. It was from Germany that his ancestors hailed before the family emigrated to South Africa three generations ago. It must not be supposed that the sturdy President glories in exhibiting his genealogical

A LONG SHOT

tree. On the contrary, he despises all such frivolities. This fragment of his pedigree has been unearthed by others, for Kruger "cares for none of these things." As far as his family goes, he is content to boast that his mother and father were brave and honourable people. Their honesty we may take for granted. As regards the bravery of his father there is little doubt, for it was Kruger senior who fired the first shot against our troops under Sir H. Smith some fifty years ago at Boomplatz.

The President's early life was passed in the open, where he spent his days trekking over the veldt, an existence that no doubt contributed to that self-confidence which is so much a part of the man. It was in these early days on the veldt that Kruger acquired his enviable reputation as a marksman, an equestrian, and an athlete—a reputation which was equalled by few and excelled by none of his fellow-burghers.

At the early age of seven he is said to have "bagged" a lion, and in his younger days he would certainly have surprised the "running deer" men at Bisley, for he could at a gallop with ease bring down a buck in motion at 600-yds. As a long-range shot he knew no equal; and it is related that when hunting one day with an intimate friend the head of a buck was seen over a rock at a range of some 800-yds. He was soon in position to fire, when his friend defied him, laying substantial odds against his bringing down the animal; Kruger assented with a grunt, and in another second the buck—the head and shoulders only of which were to be seen when aim was taken—was stretched on its native hill.

It was during one of his regular shooting expeditions that he met with an accident resulting in the loss of his left thumb. The rifle he was using burst suddenly with such force that a piece of his thumb was blown away. Kruger paid but little attention to the incident until mortification had set in, when at length he consulted a medical man. The latter took a serious view of the case, and advised the amputation of the left arm; but the patient would not even submit to the loss of his hand. The doctor, naturally grieved at the rejection of his proffered advice, washed his hands of the "case," but Kruger was determined to save his life without entailing so great a sacrifice.

Without a moment's hesitation he determined on the use of his jack-knife, and ere long had cut off the damaged member at the first joint. This rough-and-ready method, however, was not crowned with success on the first occasion. Mortification had gone too far; but Oom Paul was not thus to be baffled. Again grasping his jack-knife, he successfully completed the operation by amputating his thumb at the second joint.

It is related that in his teens Kruger rejoiced in competing with the Kaffir warriors. They regarded him with mingled respect and wonder when, putting his horse at a gallop, he would suddenly take his feet from the irons, and, steadying himself with his hands, stand on his head, to the bewilderment of his beholders. Meanwhile his charger never slackened its pace, but sped on until young Kruger again assumed a more natural position. In this respect his coloured spectators knew that with the Boer they could not hope to compete. In a cross-country foot-race they saw more chance of success, but neither in this domain of sport could they approach their Boer antagonist. Kruger in those days was not the stern Kruger of 1899, and he would often "take them on" for the pleasure it gave him of seeing them (good runners as they were) left behind in the race and gradually ridding themselves of all obstacles as they endeavoured to gain on the nimble sprinter. On such occasions the laugh was always with Kruger, and he would often during the race find time to bring down an antelope or two.

When indulging in one of these manly contests he espied, as he thought, a buck "at gaze," to use an heraldic term. Grasping his rifle, he took steady aim and fired; but what was his surprise to find himself face to face with a lion and holding a rifle that had missed fire.

The hunter advanced a few steps as the lion showed signs of retreat, but on second thoughts Kruger decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and began to retire, still keeping his eye on the infuriated beast. Once

AN UNIQUE EXPERIENCE

more he aimed, but again the piece missed fire, and the lion, bounding into the air, landed almost at his feet. It was a trying and critical moment; but Kruger fears not the African lion, whatever he may think of the British specimen. His courage did not desert him. Grasping the stock of his rifle, he raised it to deal the lion a deadly blow, but this attitude so unnerved the beast that it "turned tail and bolted." Kruger, although he is a ruler in the strictest sense of the word, is not wont to assume any kingly airs. Such would badly become the gruff old gentleman. As regards his

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bodyguard only is he fastidious. Sentries guard his residence, and he is always accompanied in his rides abroad by a detachment of mounted police with loaded rifles and revolvers.

So much for the personality of the man of the hour; but does it not seem that Kruger the sportsman is superior in every way to Kruger the diplomat?

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

OCTOBER 8, 1747.—Engagement of the Spanish "Glorioso," 70, by the "Russell," 80, and "Dartmouth," 50, off Cadiz. The "Dartmouth" attacked the "Glorioso" alone for two hours and a-half, when the "Dartmouth" suddenly blew up, all on board perishing except an officer and eleven men. The "Russell," having been astern, got alongside some hours later, and after a second fight the "Glorioso" surrendered.

October 9, 1805.—Recapture of the "Cyane," 26, by the "Princess Charlotte," 36. The "Cyane," with a French crew on board, was with the French corvette "Naiade," 20, when the "Princess Charlotte" was sighted, disguised as a merchantman. The two stood to attack the British ship, but on her opening fire, the "Naiade" deserted her consort, which after a fight surrendered to the "Princess Charlotte."

October 10, 1782.—Capture of the Spanish "San Miguel," 74, one of the fleet blockading Gibraltar, after being driven close under the guns of the fortress. The "San Miguel" surrendered after a few shots struck her.

October 11, 1797.—Lord Duncan's decisive victory off Camperdown over the Dutch fleet under Admiral De Winter. British: Seven 74's, seven 64's, and two 50's. Dutch. Four 74's, seven 64's, one 60, three 50's, one 44, one 40, and two 32's. The Dutch lost two 74's, five 64's, one 50, and two frigates which surrendered during the action.

October 12, 1702.—Reduction of Vigo, by a squadron of Sir George Rooke's fleet, which forced the boom, and attacked, destroyed, and captured the combined Franco-Spanish fleet inside the harbour—20 men-of-war with 15 treasure galleons.

October 13, 1796.—Capture of the Spanish "Mahonesa," 36, by the British "Terpsichore," 32, after a smart action of an hour and a-half, in which the enemy tried to get off, but was caught up by the smartness with which the "Terpsichore" repaired her damage aloft, ran alongside, and finally took her.

October 14, 1798. — Capture of the French "Resolve," 36, by the British "Melampus," 36, after a running fight. The French "Immortalité," 46, was in company with the "Resolve," but made no attempt to help her, and went off leaving the "Melampus" to settle her consort.

OCTOBER 8, 1813.—Action of Vera, in the Pyrenees, in which, after a sharp fight, Kempt's and Colborne's brigades drove the French from their position.

October 9, 1779. — Repulse of the French and Americans at Savannah by the British, under General Howe. The loss of the Americans and French was 1,150, that of the British 455.

October 10, 1719.—Surrender of the citadel of Vigo to a land force, under Lord Cobham. The Navy co-operated, guns being landed from the fleet, which guns the sailors worked. 1803.—Surrender by the Mahrattas of Cutlack, in Southern India, to a force under Colonel Harcourt.

October 11, 1763.—Fort of Monghir, garrisoned by 2,000 men, surrendered to Major Adams. 1799.—The French having made an attack on the village of Lemmer, in West Friesland, defended by marines and sailors, were repulsed with a loss of 157 killed and wounded, besides 38 prisoners. The British loss was comparatively slight.

October 12, 1860.—Pekin captured by the combined French and British forces, under General de Montauban and Sir Hope Grant.

October 13, 1812.—Major de Rinzy, with 560 Regulars, 300 Militia, and a few Indians—total 1,000—repulsed an attack by the American General Smith, at the head of 1,560 men, on Queenstown, on Lake Erie. The Americans lost 930 prisoners, besides many killed and wounded. Our loss was comparatively trifling.

October 14, 1066.—William, Duke of Normandy, with 50,000 men, defeated the English, under King Harold, who had 40,000 men. Harold was killed in the battle. The English lost between 14,000 and 15,000 men, while the loss of the Normans was 5,000. 1810.—The 71st Highlanders, under Colonel the Hon. H. Cadogan, forming the advanced guard of Sir Brent Spencer's brigade, were attacked by a strong French force, supported by Artillery. The French were repulsed.

Literary News and Books to be Read.

MANY of those who have read the volume upon "The Naval Pioneers of Australia," by Mr. Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery, which I noticed when it appeared some months ago, must have been interested in the personality of Governor Phillip. They will be glad to know that the authors have expanded the chapter on that remarkable man into a volume, which, under the title of "Admiral Phillip: the Founding of New South Wales," appears in the series of "Builders of Greater Britain" (Unwin, 5s.). Cook was really the Columbus of Australia, and I shall have something to say concerning him presently; but Phillip was the pioneer and first organiser of progress in the Southern Continent. What led to the selection by Lord Sydney of this little-known Naval captain to be the first Governor of New South Wales has not been ascertained; but one may surmise that he had a reputation for possessing good solid qualities, and that the prospect of transporting a colony of criminals and establishing them in a land almost unknown was not one to tempt many officers, since it presented but a dreary and doubtful outlook, and promised no chances of prize-money in a time when fortunes were made at sea. Phillip's service had been neither exciting nor brilliant, and want of employment at home had at one time driven him to take service in the Portuguese fleet. But he was a man of foresight, very careful and conscientious, and was possessed with a spirit of dogged perseverance that carried him through a host of difficulties. This is really a characteristic of our race, and it is pleasing to find that this brilliant monograph does justice to a man who deserves to be honoured by every Australian, and scarcely less by the dwellers in the old country, whose interest is deep in their kindred beyond the sea.

* * * *

Phillip set out upon his mission well knowing what he was going to do; he foresaw the future of his colony, and he was particularly anxious that, though he planted convicts in it, they should not "lay the foundations of an empire," to use his own pregnant phrase. It was only by "pegging away" at the Admiralty that he was able to secure the bare necessaries for his enterprise, and it is significant of the small attention his operations attracted that the "Annual Register" of the time makes no allusion to it. To convey 1,000 passengers, of whom about 700 were the worst criminals selected from English gaols, on a six months' voyage to a country practically unknown was a formidable business, fraught with much danger, and, as it proved, there were no ball cartridges, nor the means of making them in his ships. But it was as nothing compared to the uphill work ashore. Phillip immediately recognised the unsuitability of Botany Bay for his purpose, and was the discoverer of the magnificent harbour of Sydney. The ravages of disease, the mutinous conduct of some of the convicts, quarrels with the marine officers in his ship, difficulties with the natives, and the approach of famine could not cow the dauntless heart of Governor Phillip. The fact is that the Admiralty at home had almost forgotten the unfortunates it had sent out; and while Phillip was making heroic efforts, and governing his strange subjects with wise discrimination, comforting the authorities at home with the cheerful and optimistic view that everything would come right in the end, there were serious dangers ahead. It has been said that he was cruel, but his excellent biographers rightly urge that the true test of a man's character is to be sought not in his manner of dealing with the idle and vicious, but in his treatment of the few who were men enough to deserve sympathy and encouragement. Phillip surmounted his difficulties, and sailed for home, after an absence of six years, in December, 1792, still with the same confidence in the future of his colony. It is a very interesting story, admirably told in good prose, and may be commended without reserve.

* * * *

I have made an allusion to Captain Cook, and there is reason to do so in relation to an article in the October *Cornhill*, in which Professor Edward E. Morris, of Melbourne, claims to throw new light on the great circumnavigator's career. There is a gap in Cook's record between May, 1755, and May, 1759, but the Professor fills part of it through the discovery of an autograph log, bearing the name of the famous seaman, which covers the period from June 27, 1755, to December 31, 1756. This log was offered for sale in a shop in Bourke Street, Melbourne, curiously enough alongside a letter of Emma, Lady Hamilton's. Now, everything about the log shows it beyond doubt to be a genuine log of the time. Cook was then on board the "Eagle," and the service recorded is mostly at and about Plymouth, cruising against French, and once in bringing a prize round to the Thames. One asks, of course, for the pedigree of this log, and it appears to be satisfactory, though there is the possibility of a flaw. Mrs. Cook had a cousin, one Captain John Smith, whose biography is found in Marshall, who states that Mrs. Cook made over to him certain of her husband's log-books, and it was Captain John Smith's grandson who sold the book to Professor Morris. It bears this inscription on its title-page: "Log-Book on board His Majesty's ship 'Eagle,' kept by Jams Cook, master's mate," but there is, unfortunately, a manifest erasure of the name and rank, which are evidently written over something that was there before. Professor Morris thinks the erased words were "Jams Cook, able seaman," and that Cook altered the title when he attained the rank of master's mate. But, if that be so, one questions why he erased the name "Jams Cook." However, the MS. is clearly of the date, and though few able seamen of the time could have kept logs, we must not deny the ability of Cook. It is a personal log, and was carried by the writer on board certain cutters in which he served as boatswain. I cannot describe its contents, which are precisely like those of all logs of the time, and am content to draw attention to the interesting character of the "find."

* * * *

Altogether unique and charming is the first number of "Celebrities of the Stage," a new publication (George Newnes, Ltd.) which is to be completed in about sixteen sixpenny parts. The editor, Mr. Boyle Lawrence, says in his "forewords" that the collection is to be thoroughly representative of "the players," but that "eclecticism rather than rigidity of selection has been the aim." He has certainly begun capitally. The coloured reproductions of photographs are beyond compare, and the accompanying letterpress is all that is needed. In regard to paper, printing, and general get up "Celebrities of the Stage" is entirely up to the standard of excellence for which the firms of Newnes and Waterlow are renowned. "SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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First Military Movements.

Photo. *Elliott & Fry.*
SIR F. FORESTIER-WALKER,
Lieutenant-General Commanding at the Cape.

THE history of the active war preparations in connection with the Crisis in South Africa may be said to have commenced early in August, when, in response to an appeal from the Natal Government for reinforcements, the 1st Battalion Liverpool Regiment was sent from Cape Town to Durban, and two other battalions, the 1st Manchester and the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, to which we shall presently make further reference, were ordered out from Gibraltar and home respectively. Simultaneously an interesting change was made in the military staff at the Cape, Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler being transferred to a home district command and Lieutenant-General Sir F. Forestier-Walker taking his place.

The selection of the latter officer—of whom and of whose official residence at Cape Town we give pictures—was admitted on all sides to be an excellent one. Both as a major-general in Egypt, and as lieutenant-general commanding at Devonport, Sir F. Forestier-Walker has shown himself a most capable holder of a high and responsible military charge, while, as an old Scots Guardsman and a former brigadier at Aldershot, he is naturally a pretty sound critic of regimental smartness and efficiency. But, in addition to these general qualifications, Sir F. Forestier-Walker has an extended South African experience, such as may prove extremely valuable at this juncture. In 1875 he accompanied the Expedition to Griqualand, and in 1878-79 he won great distinction in both the Kaffir and the Zulu Campaigns, being twice mentioned in despatches for his services at the battle of Ineyazane and the occupation of Etshowe. He was again honourably mentioned for the manner in which he performed his duties as A.A. and Q.M.G. in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85.

It must not be supposed that, pending the arrival of reinforcements, the sister colony of Natal was in any way idle or indifferent to its then rather precarious position, assuming a sudden development of hostilities. Such an attitude was certainly not to be even thought of in connection with an officer of such marked ability and energy as Major-General Sir W. Penn Symons, of whom we give a snapshot, which shows him in the act of closely inspecting a corps passing him in mobilisation order. General Symons, who, until the appointment of Sir George White to the charge of the reinforced troops in Natal, was brigadier-general in local command, is a former South Wales Borderer, and was present with the old 24th (than which no corps has a nobler record of South African service) in the operations against the Galekas and the Zulu Campaign of 1877-78-79. Of late years General Symons has greatly distinguished himself as an Indian Frontier leader, having taken a prominent part in the Burmese, Chin-Lushai, and Waziristan Expeditions, and also in the important Frontier operations of 1897-98.

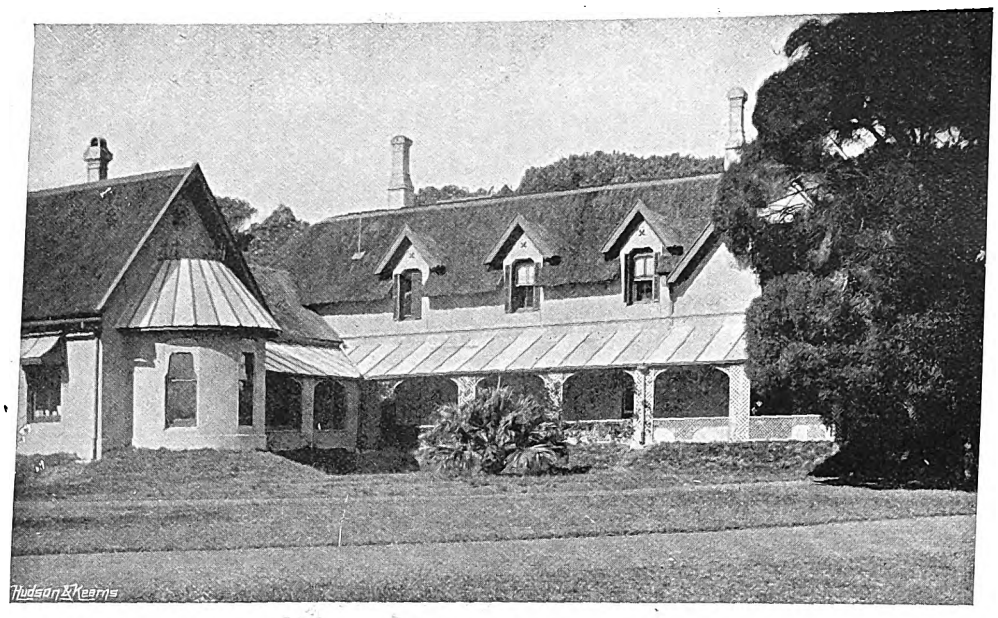
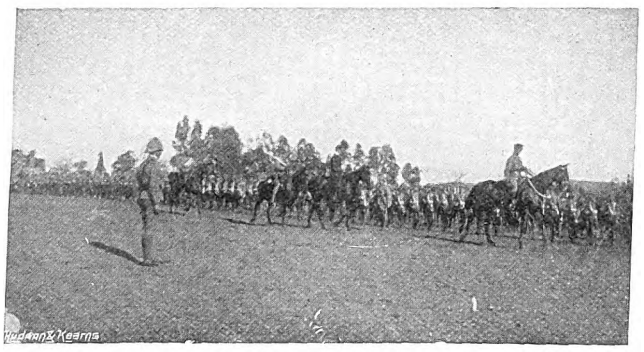


Photo. Copyright. *THE GENERAL'S HOUSE.* *Harris.*



From a Photo. *MAKING READY IN NATAL* *By a Military Officer.*
Sir W. P. Symons Inspecting Troops.

The picture of the review at Pieter Maritzburg, the military as well as civil headquarters of Natal, shows that, even before the arrival of the first reinforcement, the colony could make an excellent show of troops of the highest quality. This particular review was a very bright success, and created great enthusiasm among the civil population. It included not only regular cavalry, artillery, and infantry, but also the Natal Carbineers, of which some interesting pictures will be found later on, in the section devoted to "The Local Forces of Natal."

It will be interesting at this juncture to give attention to the actual strength

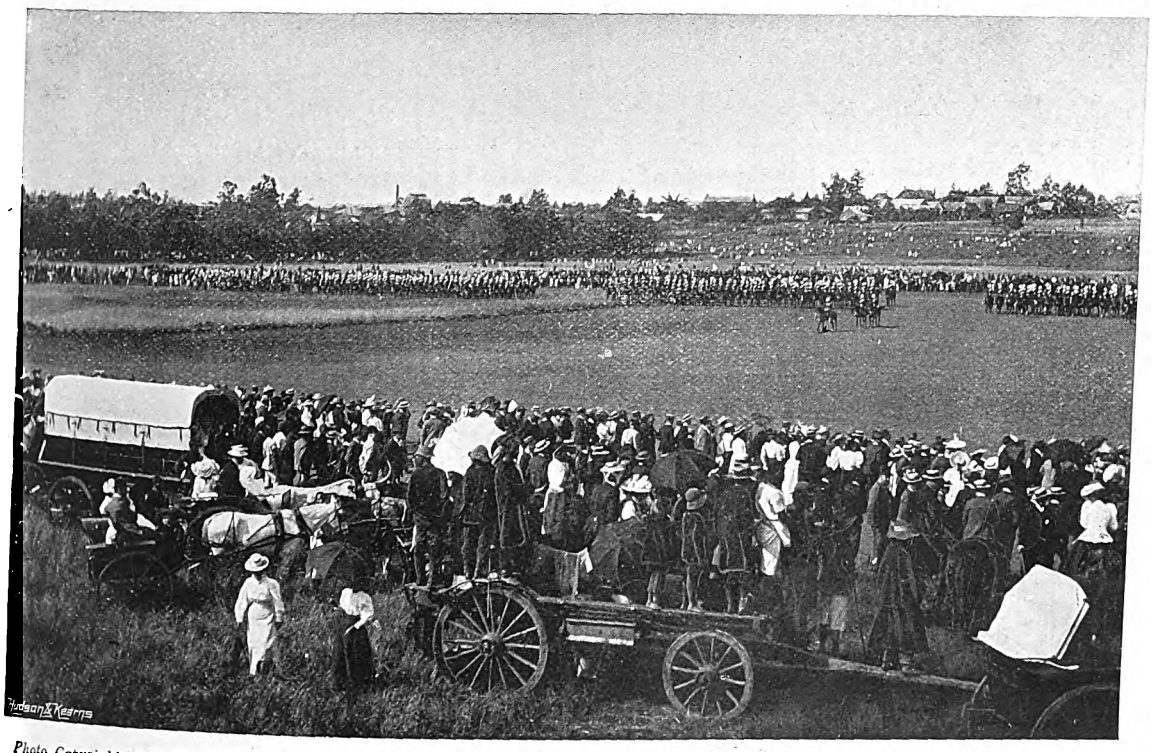


Photo. Copyright. *AT HEADQUARTERS IN NATAL.* *H. W. Armstrong.*
A Review at Pieter Maritzburg.

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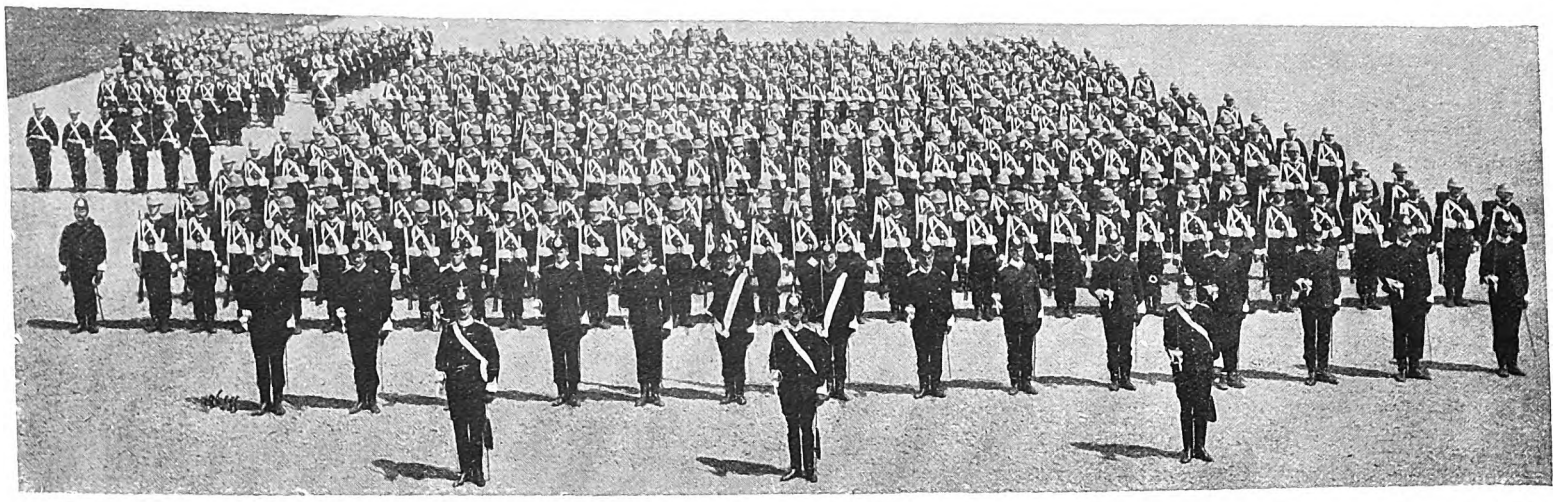
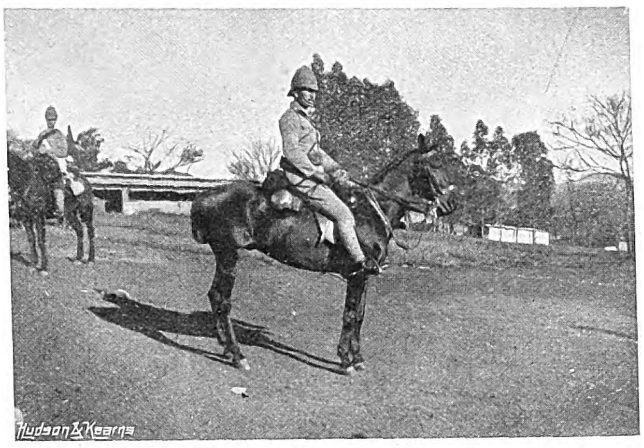


Photo. Copyright. J. David.

AN EARLY REINFORCEMENT—THE 1st BATTALION MANCHESTER REGIMENT.

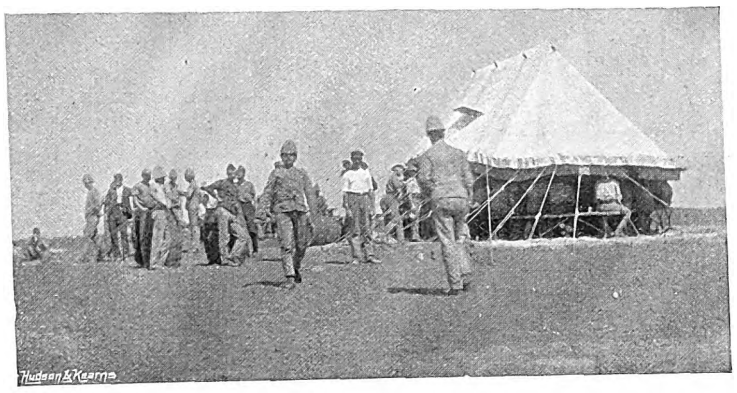
of Natal at the commencement of the Crisis in order that the process of subsequent reinforcement in this direction may be thoroughly understood. For from the first the warlike interest of the situation has been largely centred in Natal rather than in Cape Colony, in which, for various reasons hardly to be entered into here, the military position wears a different aspect, and in the earlier stages was of much less urgency.

Prior to the transfer of the 1st Liverpools from the Cape to Natal, the regular garrison of the latter colony was as follows: Cavalry, two regiments; Artillery, three field batteries and one mountain battery; Engineers, a detachment of a fortress company; Infantry, three battalions; Army Service, Royal Army Medical, and Ordnance Corps detachments. The actual regiments, batteries, and battalions, were the 5th Lancers and 18th Hussars, the 13th, 67th, and 69th Batteries Royal Field Artillery, the 10th Mountain Battery, the 1st Battalion Leicestershire, the 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps, and the 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



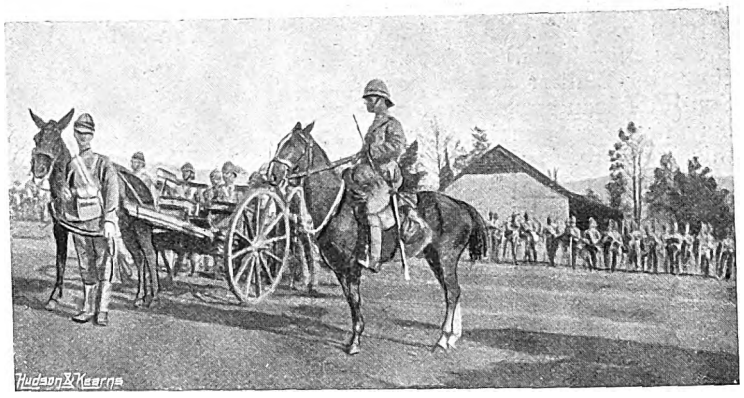
From a Photo. By a Military Officer.

THE O.C. ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.
At the Front in Natal.



From Photos.

CAMP CANTEEN OF THE LEICESTERS.
During Manœuvres in Natal.



By a Military Officer.

ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.
Regimental Signalling Officer and Machine Gun.

The picture given of a detachment of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, with accompaniments in the way of South African trophies, aptly illustrates this smart and solid corps, which bears the Harp and Crown as its badge, and as its motto the Unionist sentiment, "Quis separabit?" The Royal Irish Lancers is one of the select few cavalry corps which enjoy the distinction of carrying the Marlburian victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet as battle honours, but it has not been lucky in the matter of war service in the present century. It was represented at Suakin in 1885, and may well have looked forward to acquiring further honours in South Africa in the near future. The regiment is in the pink of condition, having attained particular efficiency, so far as African campaigning is concerned, under Colonel J. J. S. Chisholme, who has for some weeks past been specially engaged in raising a mounted Imperial Service corps in Natal.

The 18th Hussars, an admirable light cavalry corps, will be in the memory of many who knew them some few years ago at Hounslow. They are an old Peninsula and Waterloo regiment, and among their field officers they reckon Major P. S. Marling, V.C., who won such great *kudos* with the Mounted Infantry in Egypt in 1882-84, and again in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, including the battle of Abu Klea. Major Marling's is a name of further interest in connection with the present state of affairs in South Africa, because he also served in the Transvaal Campaign of 1881, and was present both at

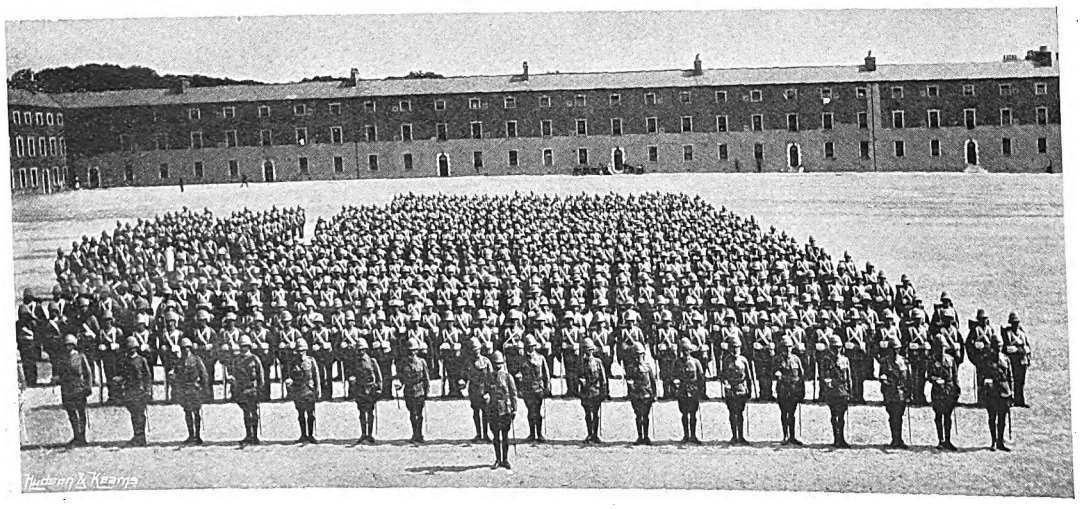


Photo. Copyright. Thomson, Fermoy.

THE 1st ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS.
Now on the Bechuanaland Border.

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Ingogo and Laing's Nek. Those who have only seen Hussars in their home kit will hardly recognise them in the picture, which shows them in the order used for manœuvres, and consequently for field service, in Natal.

On page 64 appears a striking full-page picture showing the 10th Mountain Battery exactly as it looks, in all probability, at the present moment. The picture, like several others in this number, has already been published in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, not, indeed, because there has been the slightest wish on the part of the proprietors to spare any expense in the matter of new illustrations, but simply because in the few cases where there has been repetition it was absolutely impossible to secure fresh pictures equal in point of quality and interest to those already available.

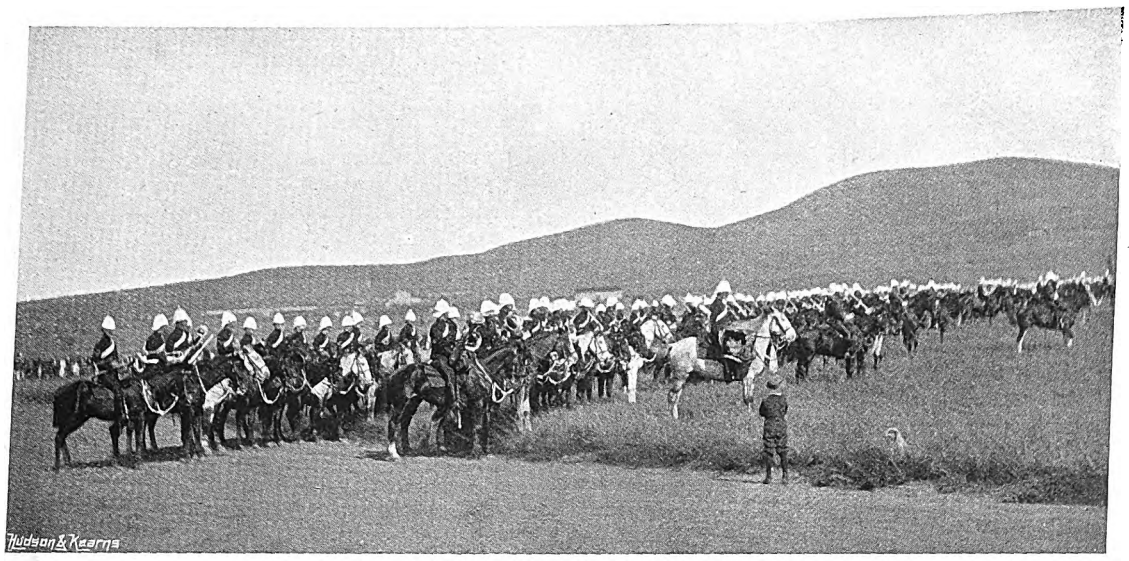

Photo. Copyright. THE 18th HUSSARS. On Parade in Natal. *H. W. Armstrong.*

We illustrate the former infantry garrison of Natal by pictures showing scenes in connection with a recent encampment of the 1st Leicestershire, and by snap-shots of the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers in "mobilisation order," the men of which, like the Leicestershires, have for months past been getting themselves into hard condition for active service at the shortest notice. The 1st Leicestershire, known as the "Bengal Tigers," the old 17th, is a regiment which did excellent service in the Afghan War, as well as in the Crimea and at Louisburg, and is of considerable antiquity, having celebrated its bi-centenary some twelve years ago by a ball, which is still remembered at York as one of the most elaborate celebrations of the kind ever attempted. The 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers is a relic of the East India Company's service, and will be only too glad of the opportunity to add an African battle honour to its splendid roll of Indian distinctions.

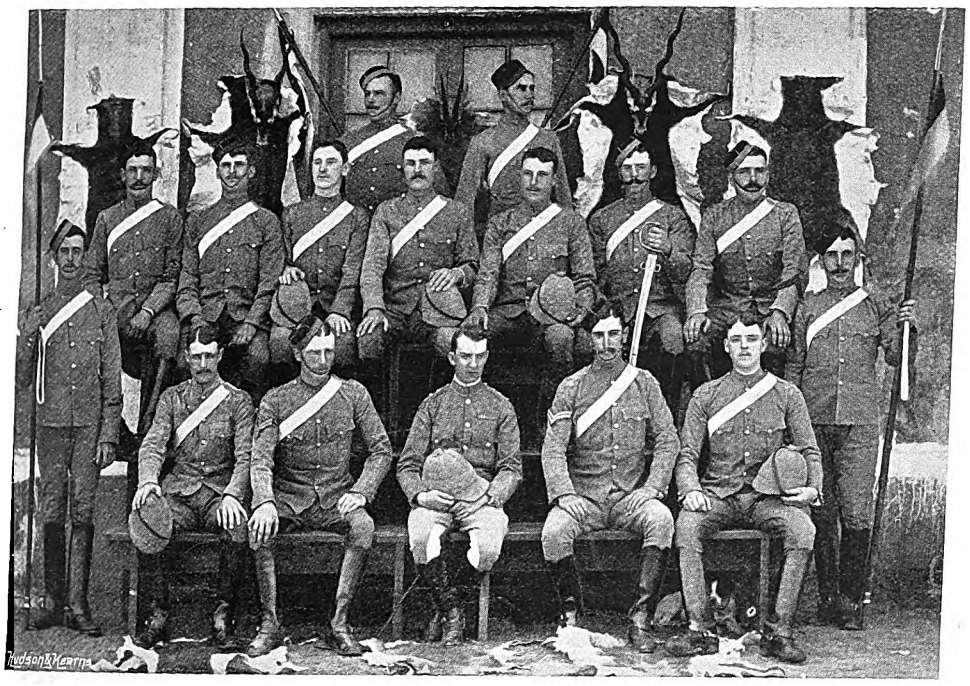

Photo Copyright A DETACHMENT OF THE 5th LANCERS. Stationed in Natal. *J. W. Caplain.*

Turning to the subject of the early reinforcements of the South African garrison, the first move made was, as we have seen, the despatch of the Liverpools to Durban, and the ordering out of a battalion from Gibraltar and one from home. Both the latter are now in South Africa, the 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers having been stopped at the Cape, and subsequently, after a brief sojourn at Wynberg, sent up country in the direction of Mafeking, while the Manchesters have proceeded to Natal.

Port Elizabeth.

IT is very possible that, in the development of the situation in regard to the Transvaal, Port Elizabeth may assume a position of very considerable importance. In any case, it is a secondary port of disembarkation, and as such may prove a particularly useful supplement to Cape Town in the matter of speedily pouring troops into the country from India and home. Port Elizabeth has the advantage of being considerably nearer to the border of the Orange Free State than Cape Town, and the railway runs up almost due north, thus affording a very direct line of communication.

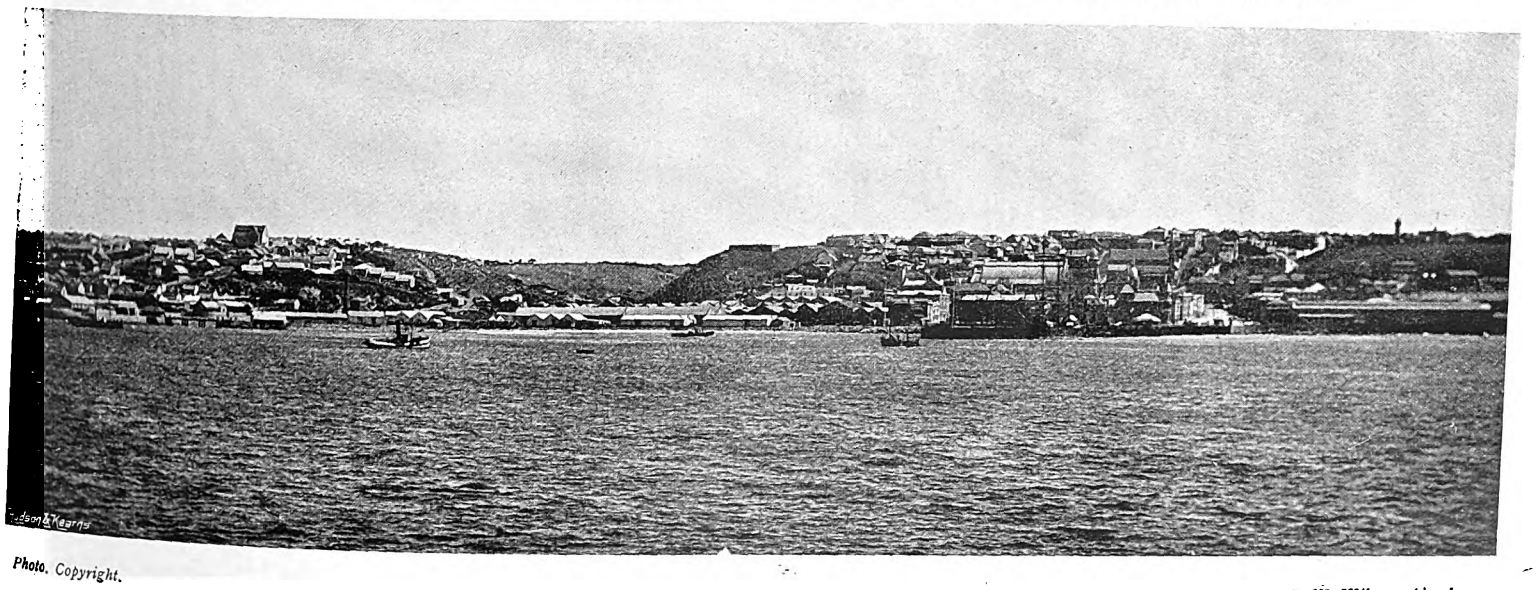

Photo. Copyright. A SECONDARY PORT—PORT ELIZABETH SOUTH. *G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen*

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The Indian Contingent.

AT a comparatively early stage in the Crisis it was understood that, in the event of serious complications with the Transvaal, one of the first steps to be taken would be the despatch to South Africa of a considerable force from India. There were two obvious reasons for such a measure, assuming, of course, that India were in a position to spare the troops required. In the first place, India is nearer to Natal by some days' sailing than England is, and, secondly, the British corps in India are for the most part ready for service in any direction at very short notice. They do not require to be brought up to war strength by calling up reserves, or by heavy drafts of volunteers from other corps, and they mostly consist of fairly-seasoned soldiers. In a word, when time is a factor of first importance, it is only natural that we should look to India for assistance in any serious trouble, not only in the East and Far East, but also in the Soudan, and in East and South Africa.

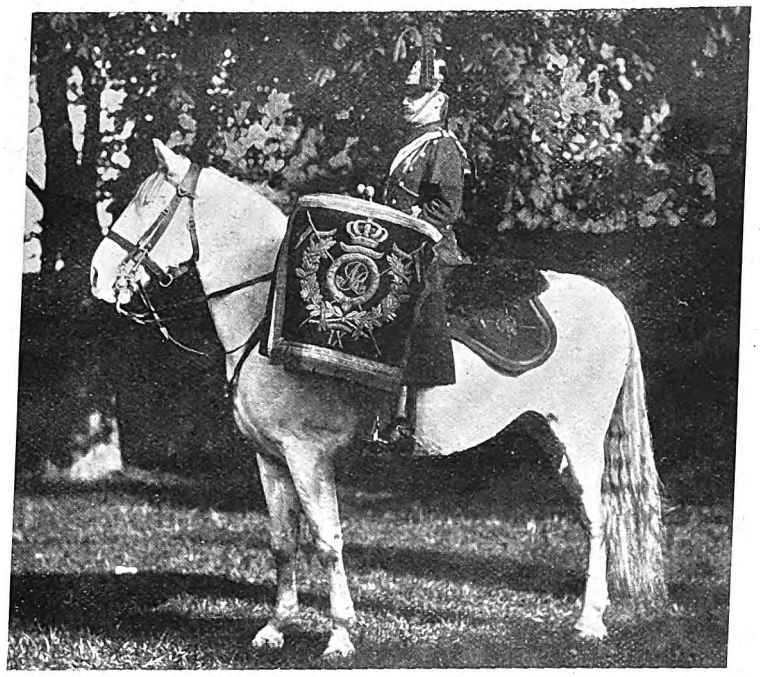

Photo. Copyright. THE PET OF A FIGHTING CORPS. *"Navy & Army."*
Drum Horse of the 9th Lancers.

It is a matter of history that we have more than once availed ourselves of our Imperial facilities in this direction. Apart from the great occasion when, in 1878, Lord Beaconsfield brought a force of Native troops to Malta, as a demonstration of the less conspicuous, but none the less potent, military resources of the British Empire, a notable instance of an Indian contingent occurred in 1882, when a mixed British and Native force was sent to Egypt under command of the late Major-General Sir Herbert Macpherson. In both these cases the actual number of fighting men was about 7,000, which is approximately the strength of the contingent which we are about to describe, and in the case of the force which was sent to fight in Egypt the troops did excellent service in the field.

The one serious question in the case under discussion was whether an appreciable quantity of purely British troops—for there were obvious objections to using Native corps in any such campaign as that in contemplation—could be spared from a garrison which is never supposed to exceed the possible demands that may be made upon it. Happily, the circumstances were entirely favourable. Not only was India in a state of great internal tranquillity, but the frontiers were also fairly quiet, and, above all, the trooping season was just commencing. It was, humanly speaking, impossible that India would become embroiled with such a suddenness that, by retaining corps which under ordinary circumstances would be going home on relief, she could not, if necessary, make up the deficiency caused by her having lent a few thousand men for Imperial service in South Africa.

Photo Copyright. A 19th HUSSAR SENTRY. *Gregory.*
On Duty at the Depot, Canterbury.

Accordingly it was with no surprise that, after the momentous Cabinet Council of September 8, the public learnt that orders had gone out to India for the early despatch to South Africa of some 7,000 troops, consisting of a cavalry brigade, an infantry brigade, a brigade division of Royal Field Artillery, and departmental details. In India itself the order was received with great enthusiasm, and was carried into effect with the greatest promptitude. Within ten days the embarkation was commenced, and within another eight it was virtually complete. When one considers not only the number but the variety of the troops included in the contingent, and the fact that the corps were drawn from points as far distant as Secunderabad in Madras, Fort William in Bengal, and Jullundur in the Punjab, it will be admitted that the despatch of these 7,000 men reflects the highest credit upon the Indian military authorities.

Turning to the composition of the contingent, this was as follows: The cavalry brigade consisted of the 5th Dragoon Guards, the 9th Lancers, and the 19th Hussars; the infantry brigade of the 1st Devonshire, the 1st Gloucestershire, the 2nd King's Royal Rifle Corps, and the 2nd Gordon Highlanders. Of all these corps we are happily enabled to give pictures, and we take pleasure in adding a "sample" gun from the brigade division of Royal Field Artillery, which was made up of the 21st Battery from the Madras and the 42nd and 53rd Batteries from the Bombay command.

The 5th Dragoon Guards, well known as the "Green Horse," used to be a heavy cavalry regiment, and as such fought with distinction in the Crimea. It is now classed as medium

Photo. Copyright. THE BAND OF THE "GREEN HORSE." *Herzog & Higgins.*
Officially Known as the 5th Dragoon Guards.

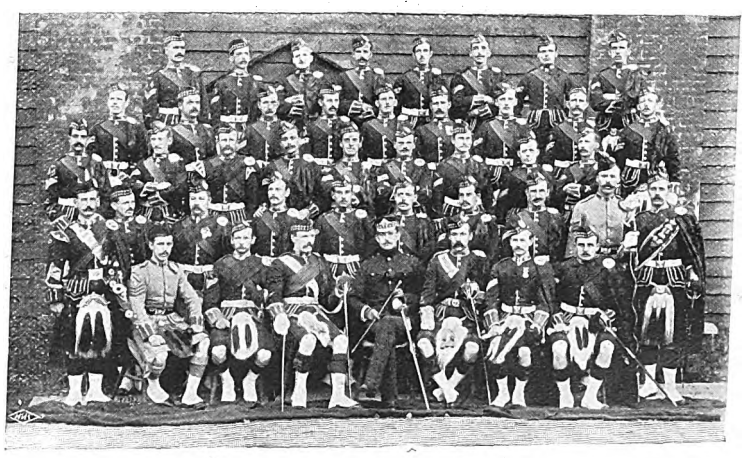

Photo. Copyright. *J. Davis.*
HIGHLANDERS TO THE FRONT AS USUAL.
Adjutant and N.C.O.'s, 2nd Gordons.

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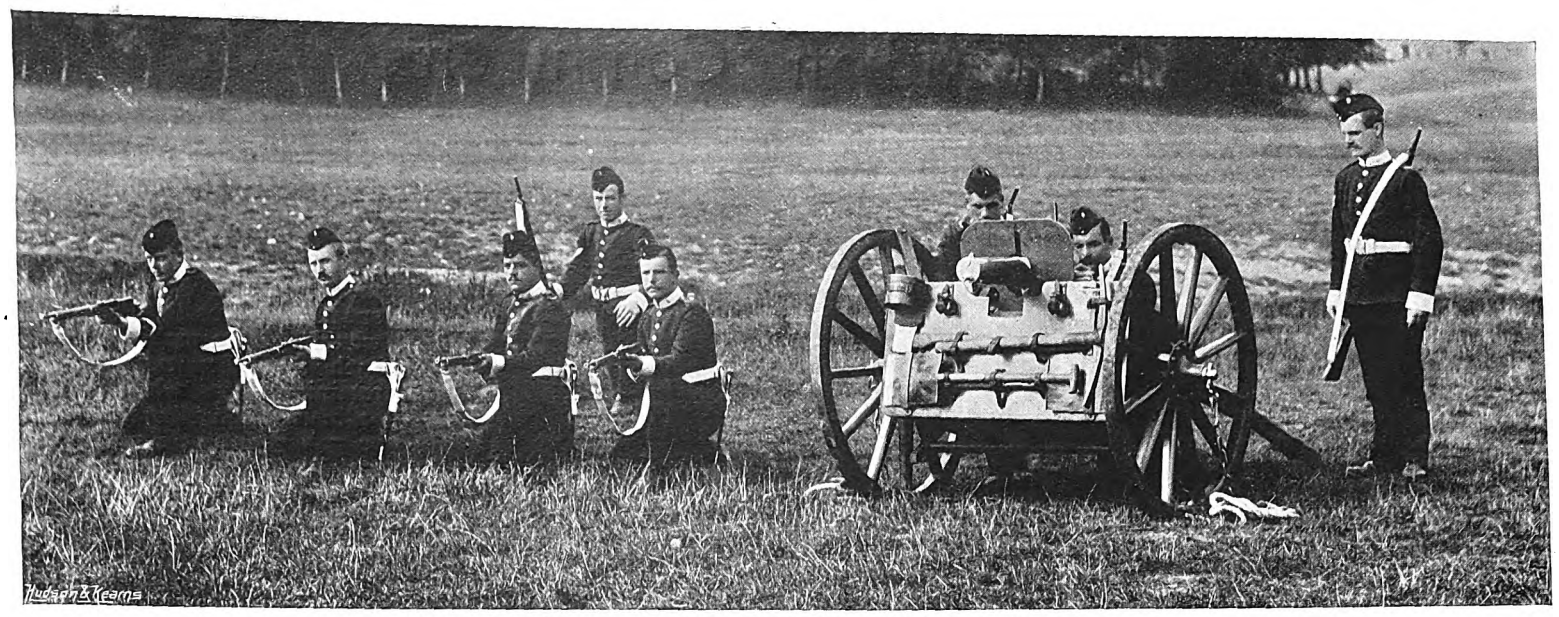

Photo. Copyright. Wyrall.

DEVONS IN ACTION—MAXIM-GUN DETACHMENT, DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT.

cavalry, and, having been for a considerable time in India without seeing service, was doubtless delighted to find itself included in the contingent. The 9th Lancers is a pattern fighting corps, which did splendid work in the Afghan War, and, when it left Aldershot three years ago for South Africa, was eagerly looking to the chance of taking the field in Matabeleland. The trouble in the Matoppos had, however, ended by the time the 9th Lancers arrived, and after two years in South Africa the regiment was sent on to India. It does not, we may be sure, want to be disappointed a second time. The 19th Hussars distinguished itself greatly in Egypt and the Soudan, and is the only cavalry corps which carries Abu Klea as a battle honour. A squadron of the 19th Hussars, under Barrow, accompanied the column under Sir Herbert Stewart in the desert march from Korti to Gubat, and throughout this arduous operation carried out its duties with conspicuous skill and gallantry.

Of the infantry, the Devonshires recently saw service on the Indian Frontier, where their Maxim-gun detachment did excellent work. The 1st Battalion is commanded by Colonel J. H. Yule, and before starting for South Africa was stationed at Jullundur. The Gloucestershire Regiment, of which the 1st Battalion (formerly the 28th Foot) is now about to land in Natal, wears the Sphinx superscribed Egypt, and has a notable battle roll, including Ramillies, Louisburg, Quebec, 1759, the great Peninsula victories, Waterloo, the Sikh War, the Crimea, and the Indian Mutiny. The 2nd King's Royal Rifle Corps is returning to South Africa, after having been

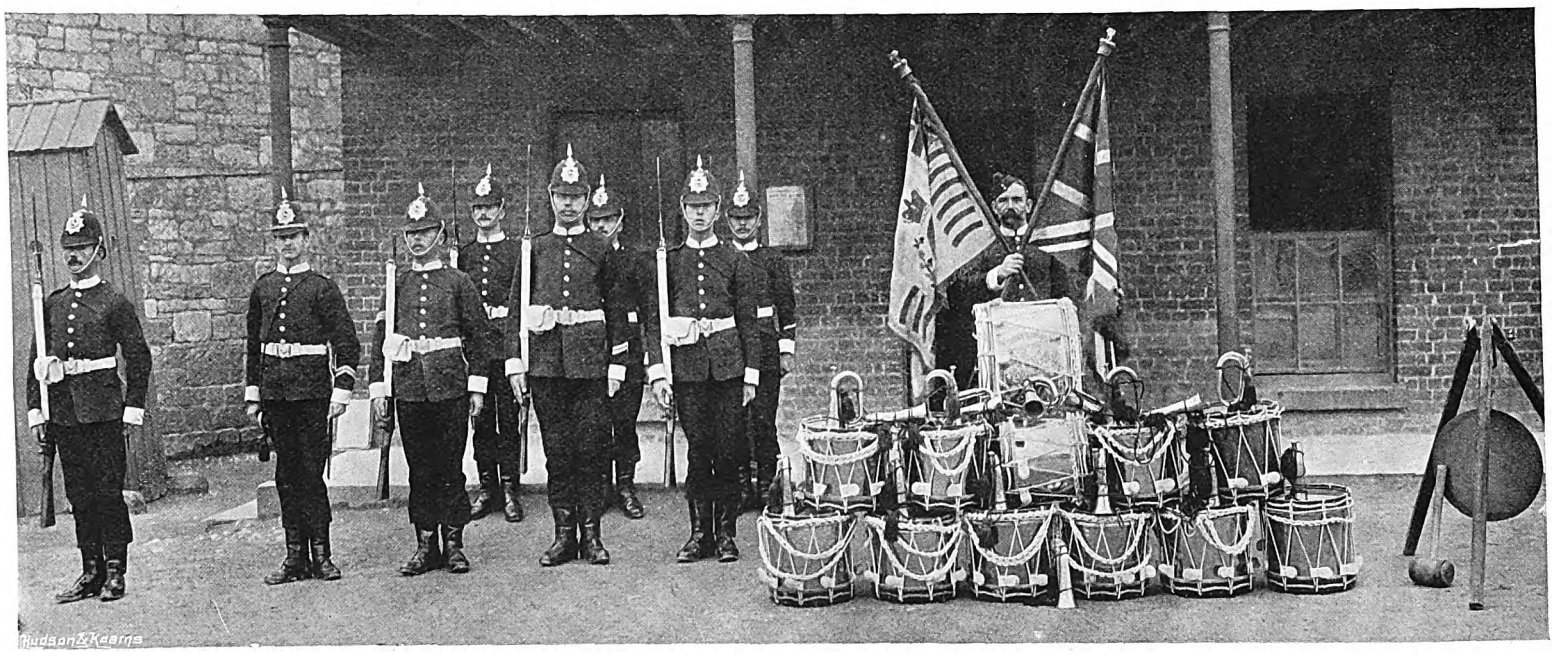

Photo. Copyright. W. M. Crockett.

GLOUCESTERS—COLOURS AND DRUMS.

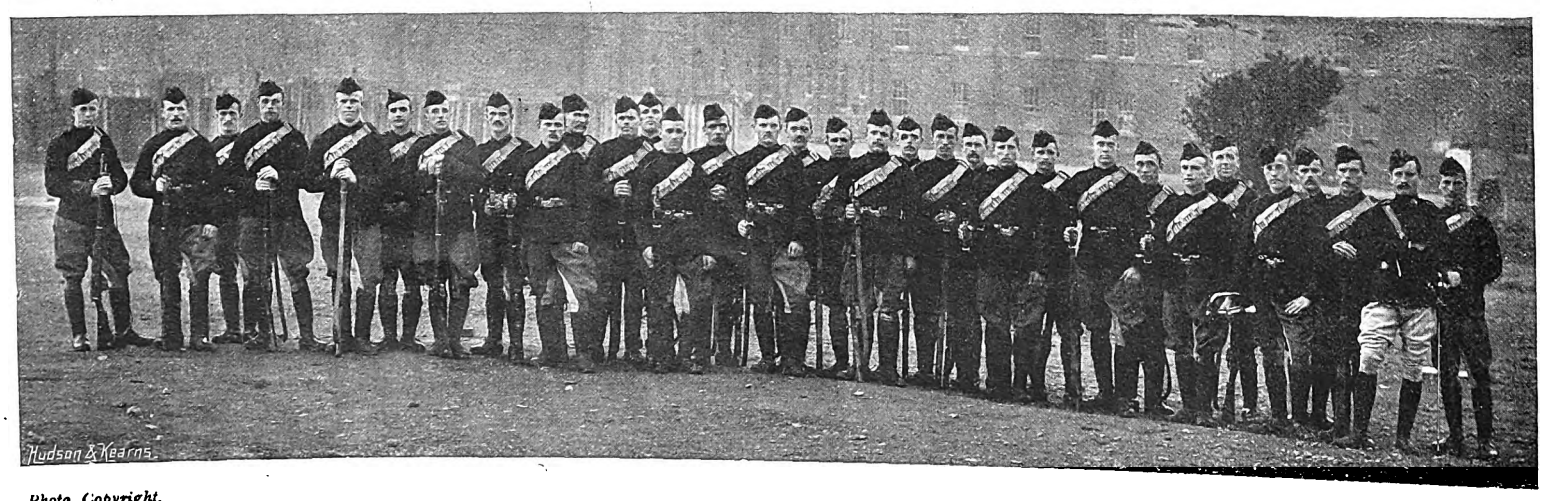

Photo. Copyright. Gregory.

JUST THE MEN FOR SOUTH AFRICA—MOUNTED INFANTRY, KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS.

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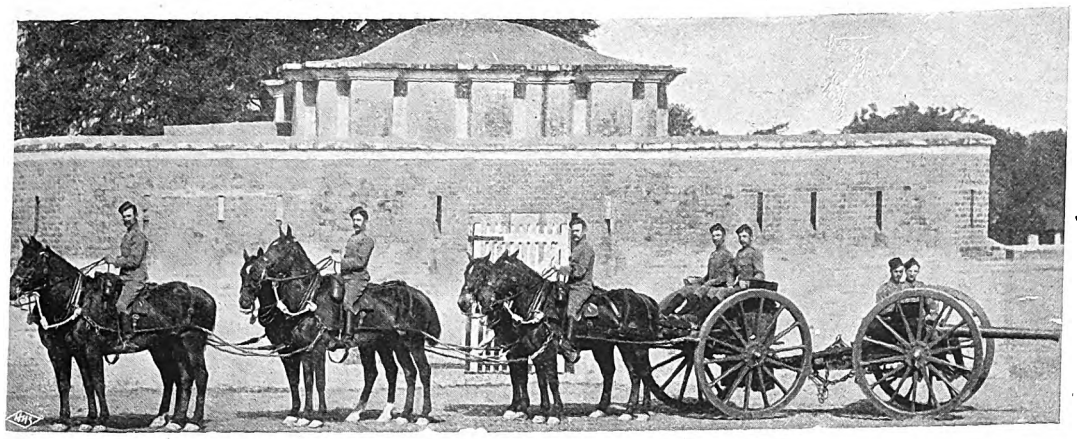

Photo. Copyright. GUN TEAM, 21st BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY. Navy & Army."
En Route for South Africa.

only a few months in India, where it has been stationed at Fort William, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Grimwood. The 2nd King's Royal Rifle Corps was the battalion with which Sir Redvers Buller served in the China War in 1860. The Mounted Infantry detachment, of which we give a picture, strikes one at once as particularly smart and efficient, and likely to be of the utmost use, if need arise, in any South African campaign. The Gordons have been so constantly before the public of late that it seems needless to dilate upon their prowess and splendid record. The 2nd Battalion, the old 92nd, went out to India from Aldershot last year, and is lucky indeed to have such an early chance of emulating the valiant deeds of the heroes of Dargai.

Further Reinforcements.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the orders for the despatch of an Indian contingent, arrangements were entered into for the further stiffening of the garrison in South Africa by four battalions of infantry from home and the Mediterranean, and also by three batteries of Royal Field Artillery from Aldershot. It is important that this further reinforcement should be given its proper place in the scheme of warlike preparations, as distinct from both the earlier reinforcement which we have described under the heading "First Military Movements," and the Army Corps, to the composition of which we shall presently give attention.

The four battalions of infantry selected in accordance with the decision of the Cabinet Council were the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, stationed at Aldershot, the 1st Border Regiment at Malta, the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers at Cairo, and the 2nd Rifle Brigade at Crete. Of all these we give pictures. The field batteries selected were the 18th, the 62nd, and the 75th.

The 2nd Rifle Brigade is shown on parade at Cairo, in the kit in which it took part in the advance on Khartoum. The battalion was not reckoned particularly fortunate in being bundled off to Crete the moment it returned from the Soudan, but the Greenjackets are so used to being sent here, there, and everywhere, at short notice, that they were doubtless content to take their chance of a present uncomfortable sojourn in Crete and an early future call to service, should events render the employment of a battalion in the Mediterranean desirable. The chance has turned out a happy one, and the 2nd Rifle Brigade may consider itself a distinctly lucky corps if it gets the opportunity of taking part in two distinct campaigns in little more than twelve months.

The latter remark also applies to the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, who have hardly had time to get the sands of the Soudan and the smells of Omdurman out of their eyes and noses before they, too, have been sent out to vindicate, if needful, the capacity of England to make good her reasonable demands. Of all the battalions which marched on Khartoum, none elicited, from competent critics, more outspoken approval than the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, and those

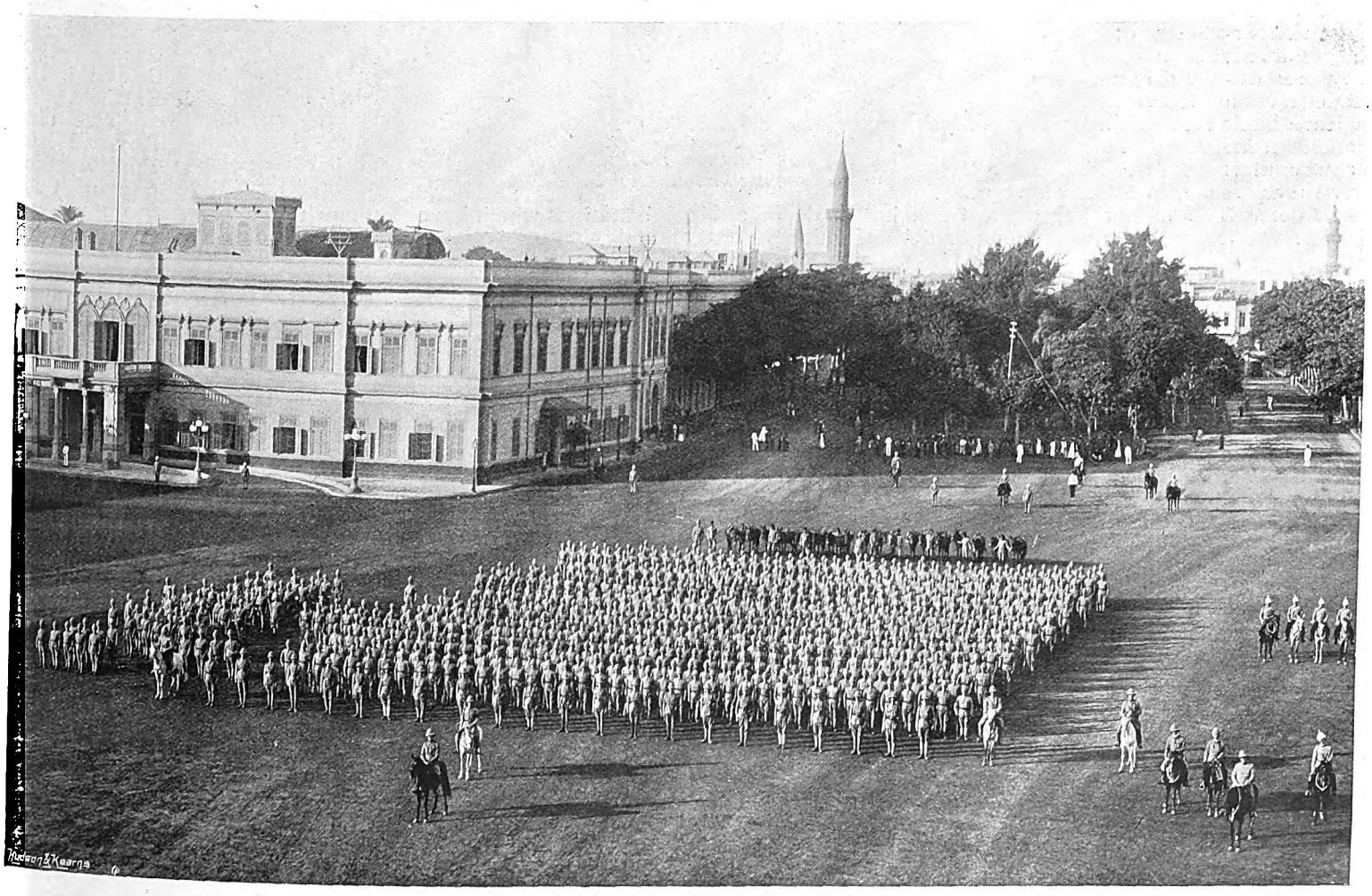

Photo. Copyright. G. Lekegian & Co.

FRESH FROM THE SOUDAN.
THE 2nd RIFLE BRIGADE, ORDERED FROM CRETE TO SOUTH AFRICA.

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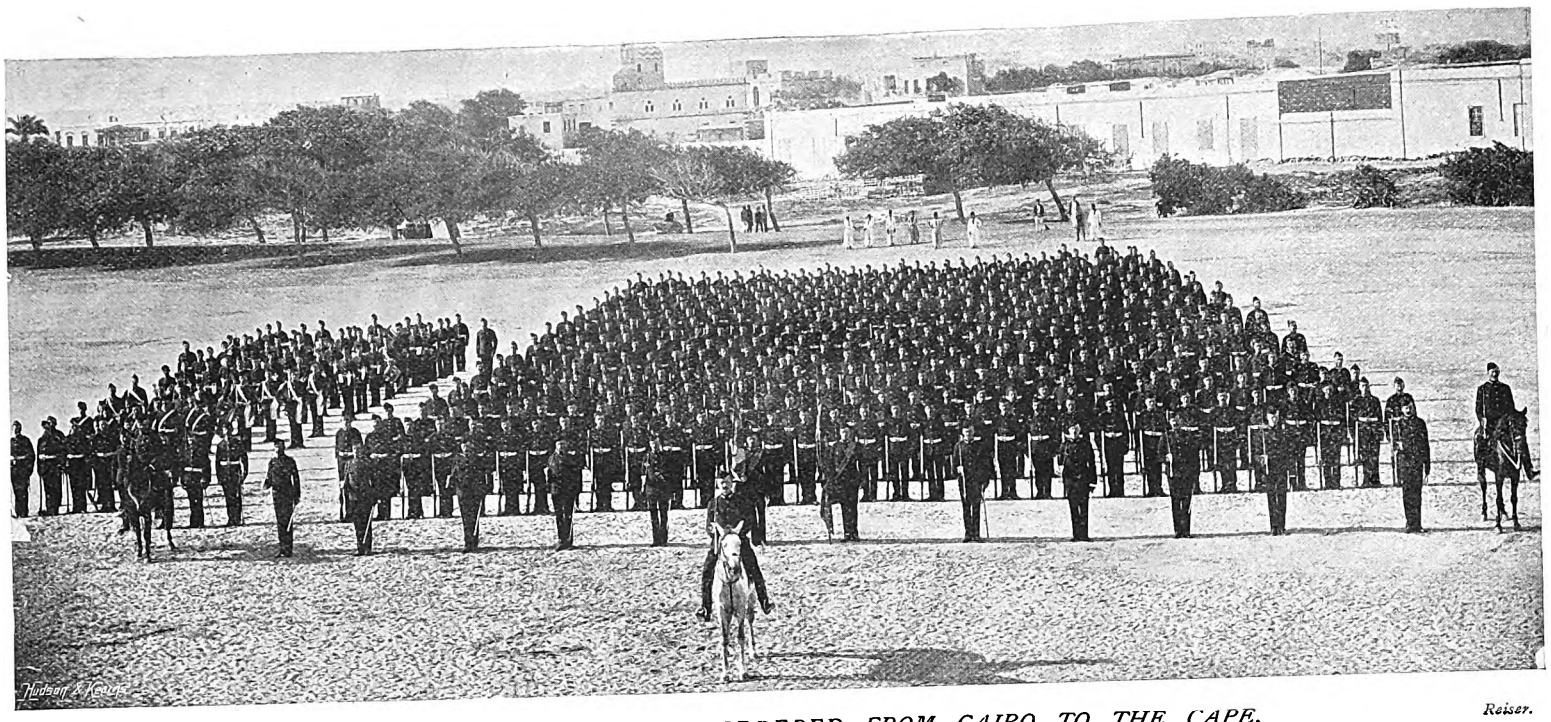

Photo. Copyright. 1st ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS—ORDERED FROM CAIRO TO THE CAPE. Reiser.

who witnessed the re-embarkation of this magnificent corps for South Africa, on the 16th ult., in the liner "Gaul," declare that it had lost nothing of its distinctive smartness and solid efficiency. Thoroughly seasoned, thoroughly well officered, and with all the prestige of participation in a recent great victory about them, the "Old and Bold," or the "Fighting Fifth," as they are indifferently called, may be depended upon to leave their mark upon the Transvaal if ever they pass its borders. The Border Regiment, which has its depôt at Carlisle, and is largely recruited from the dales of which Scott has given us a charming picture in "Guy Mannering," is composed of the old 34th and 55th, the former being the battalion now on its way to South Africa. The regiment carries the great Peninsular and Crimean victories, as well as the single impressive word "Lucknow." It has two badges, these being the laurel wreath and the dragon superscribed China. The 1st Battalion is commanded by Colonel J. H. E. Hinde.

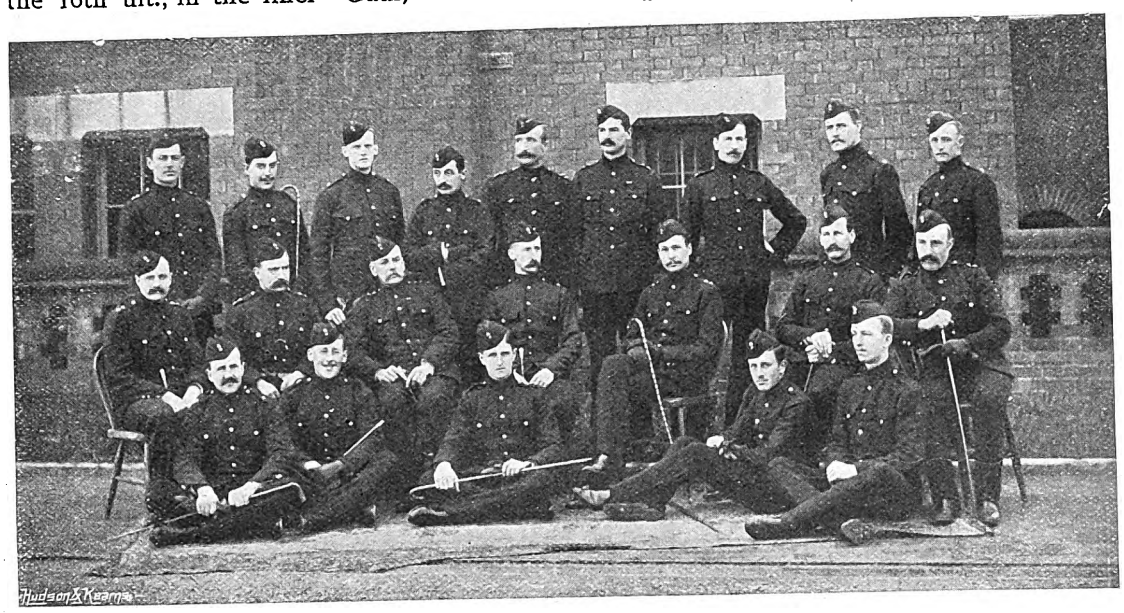

Photo. Copyright. THE "FIGHTING FIFTH." Officers, 1st Northumberland Fusiliers. Elliott & Fry.

The 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers is one of two battalions which have seen much service, but since 1857 have only won the honours given for Egypt, 1882-84, and Tel-el-Kebir.

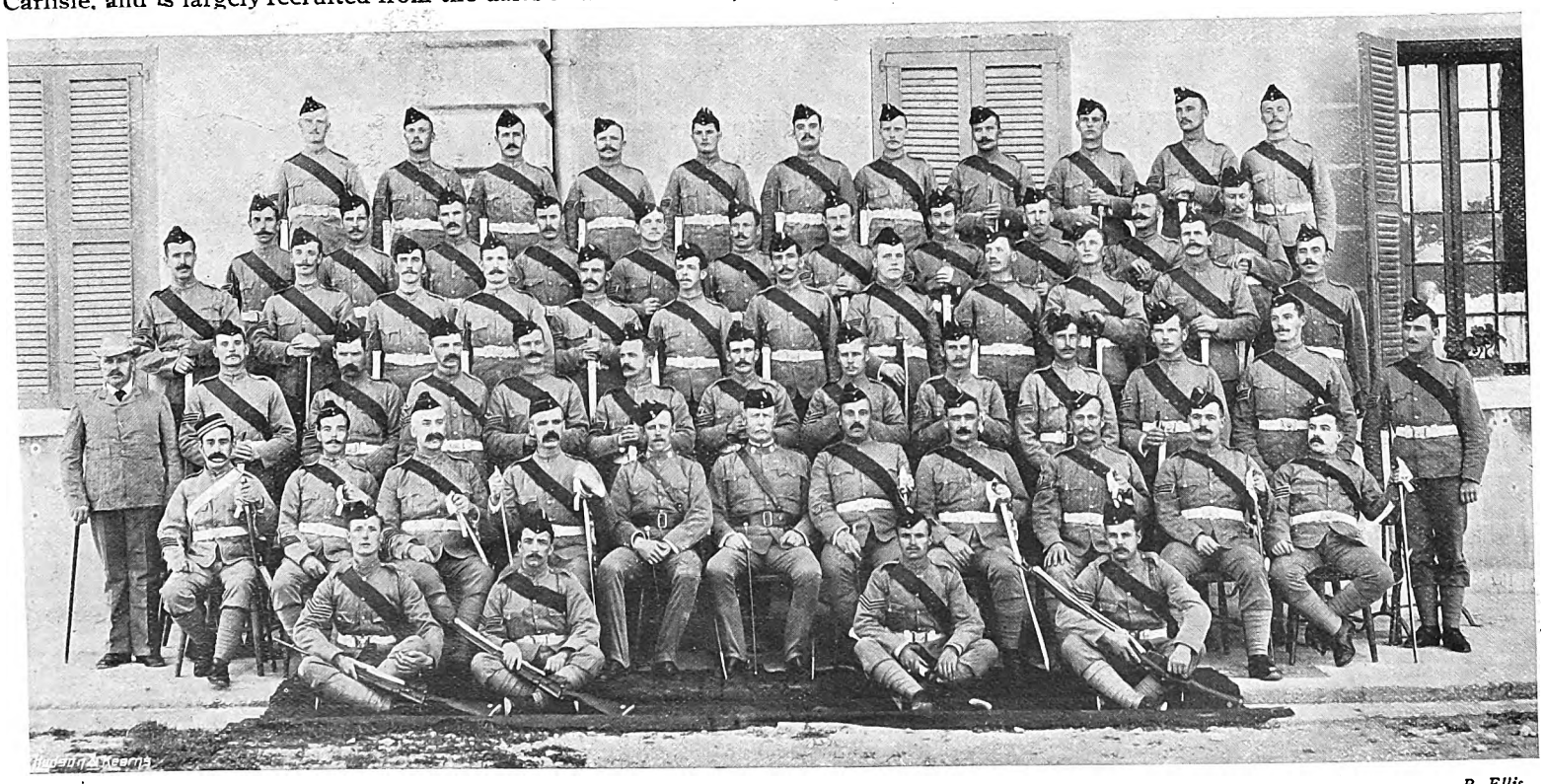

Photo. Copyright. R. Ellis.

COLONEL, ADJUTANT, AND SERGEANTS, 1st BORDER REGIMENT, NOW EN ROUTE TO NATAL.

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The Command in Natal.

THE orders given for the despatch of the Indian contingent, and of the further reinforcements just alluded to, were followed by a very important and at the same time a most natural step. With the additions noted, it was evident that the forces in Natal would be brought up to a strength of some 15,000, and, without any disparagement of the ability and experience of Major-General Sir W. P. Symons, it was felt that such a command should be held by an officer of very high rank and large administrative capacity. Luckily, such an officer was immediately available in the person of Lieutenant-General Sir George White, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., who had just relinquished the Quartermaster-Generalship to the Forces in order to accept the appointment of Governor of Gibraltar.

Photo. *Window & Grove.*
GEN. SIR G. WHITE, V.C., G.C.B., etc., Commanding the Forces in Natal.

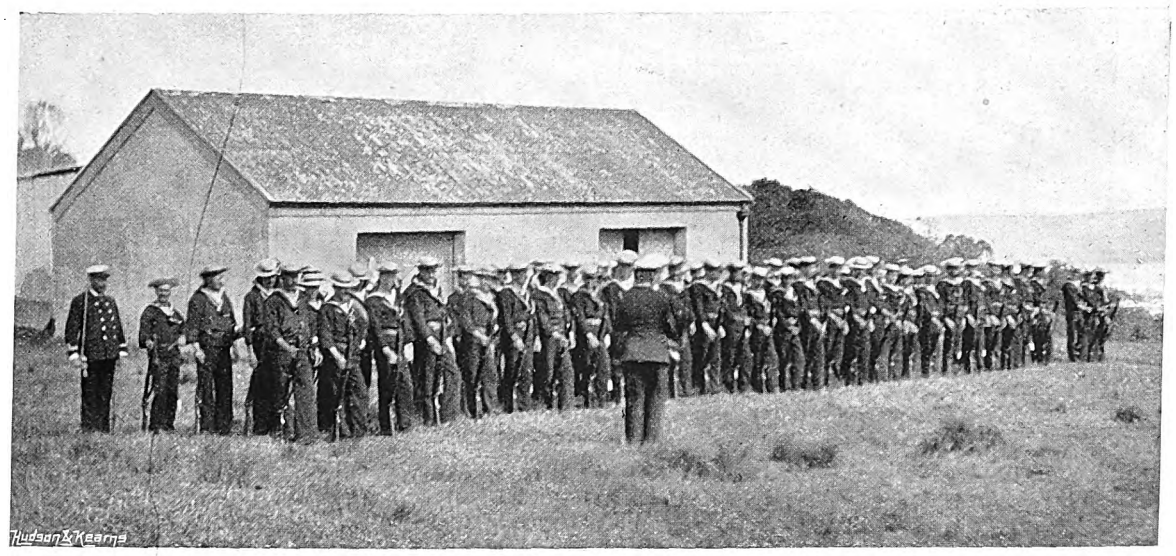
The career of Sir George White, who prior to his term of service as Quartermaster-General was Commander-in-Chief in India, is familiar to everyone interested in military affairs. An admirable administrator and organiser, he may be sure of a hearty welcome alike from the colonial residents, the former garrison, and the Indian contingent. As his Chief of the Staff Sir George White has Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter, who recently left the Egyptian service to take up the command of the Quetta District. The latter is an old 4th "King's Own" officer, and has been aptly called the "Paladin of the Egyptian Army," a division of which he commanded in the advance on Khartoum.

Photo. *Bassano.*
MAJOR-GEN. SIR A. HUNTER, K.C.B., Chief of the Staff in Natal.

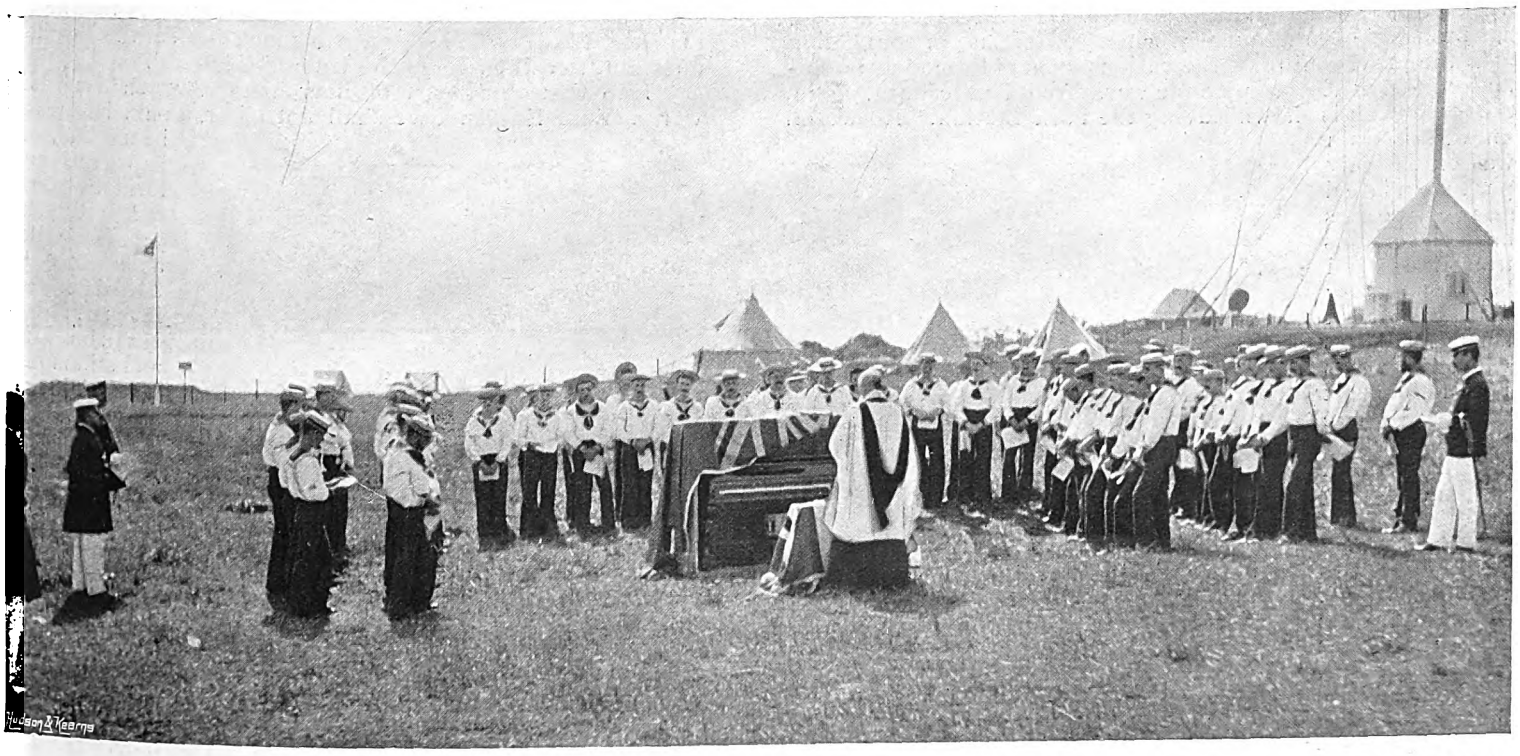
Natal Naval Volunteers.

THESE two pictures indicate a comparatively little-known feature of South African Volunteering, the existence, namely, of a corps of Naval Volunteers, with headquarters at Durban, where it is quite conceivable that such a body might on occasion prove extremely useful.

It will be remembered that some years ago there was a corps of Naval Volunteers in London, which had as its headquarters an old gunboat—the "Frolic"—and was a very popular institution among a good class of Volunteer enthusiasts. It would seem that, judging from the well-attended parades depicted in our two illustrations, a similar movement has "caught on" equally well in Natal. One may be permitted to hope that it will receive greater official encouragement than did the London corps, which was eventually disbanded, amid loud expressions of regret, in April, 1892.



A USEFUL COMPANY.
Natal Naval Volunteers on Parade



From Photos. *By a Naval Officer.*

"HANDS RIG CHURCH!"—A SHORE PARADE AT DURBAN.

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The Transvaal and Its People.

THE Transvaal, or, to give it its official title, the South African Republic, has of late loomed so large on the political horizon that it is quite unnecessary here to attempt to describe it with that wealth of detail which is best confined to school geography books. Rather let us lightly sketch salient points, with special reference to military considerations, and by the assistance of what our readers will surely admit to be a singularly interesting and instructive series of pictures.

Of the country it is sufficient to say that it is bounded on the north by the Limpopo river; that on the south it is separated from the Orange Free State by the Vaal river, and on the south-east is impinged on by a corner of Natal; that on the east it is shut off from the sea by Portuguese territory; and that on the west lies British Bechuanaland and the southern portion of Rhodesia. The country alternates between veldt and rocky ground, of which indications will be found in our pictures, and in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg is the famous Witwatersrand district, the gold mines of which are, in a sense, the *fons et origo* of the present *malum*. For apart from these it is not probable that any important foreign or, to use the local term, Uitlander colony would have arisen in this not very pleasing or hospitable country. In the opening chapter of this number allusion was made to, and a picture given of, the Boer capital, Pretoria. Here is another, as also one of Johannesburg from the north. Further pictures show a scene in Pretoria which has probably been frequently witnessed of late in connection with the provisioning of the various laagers formed at important points, in view of possible war. At Johannesburg, again, the Cape train is shown leaving the Park Station. As we all know, this train was extensively patronised some weeks back, the exodus from the Rand becoming, very naturally, fast and furious when the Boers began to boast openly of the atrocities they would commit at Johannesburg on the outbreak of war. A street in Barberton is also illustrated. Barberton lies about 200 miles due east of Pretoria, and is the largest town within easy distance of the Portuguese frontier. It was stated recently that at Komati Poort, which is actually on the frontier, a Boer commando had been posted, in view of eventualities. This has been vehemently denied, but there seems every reason to believe that in the event of war a considerable concentration would take place at Barberton, followed by an advance, if only for defensive purposes, to Komati Poort.

GENERAL JOUBERT, Commander of the Forces, and Vice-President S.A.R.

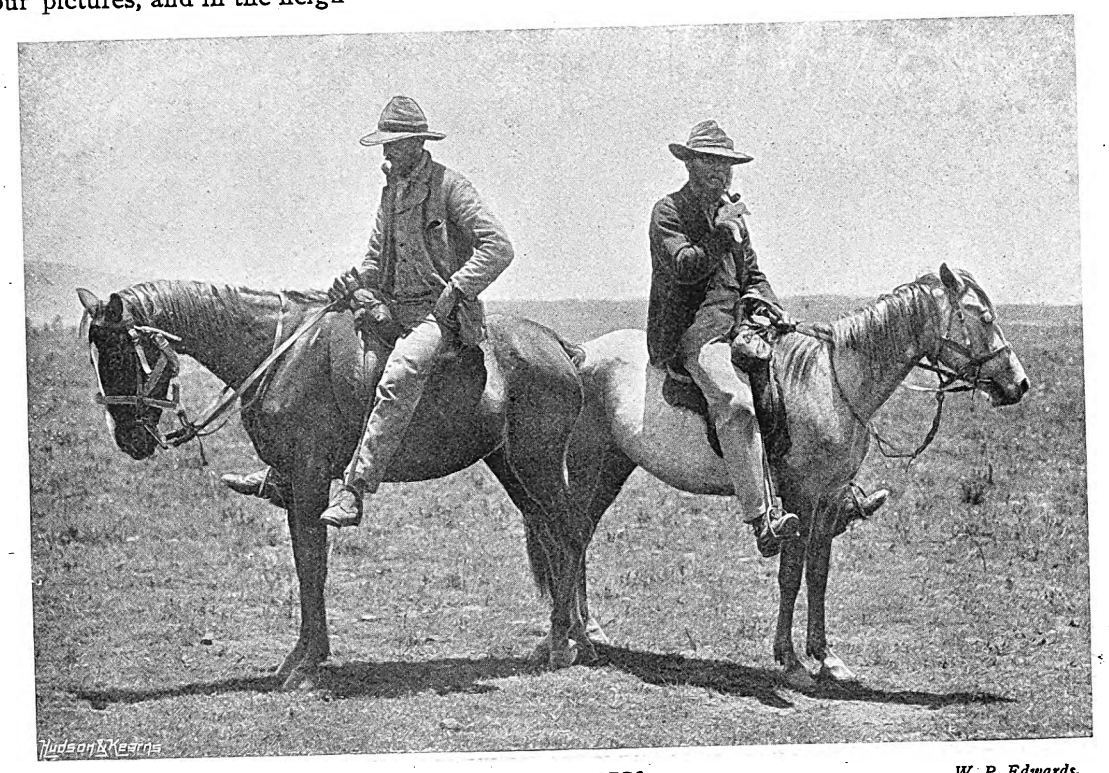

Photo. Copyright. *TYPICAL BOERS. "Ideal Mounted Infantry."* *W. P. Edwards.*

Turning to the inhabitants of the Transvaal, we may aptly quote the remark of an acute American observer, who says that "all there is of Boer history for the last eighty years is a struggle for personal liberty." Later on he remarks that "the history of the Boers is one-third war against England, one-third war with negroes, and one-third civil war." With the first two aspects most of us who are even desultory readers are familiar, but the third is to many, perhaps, a little strange. They picture the typical Boer as a person of rugged independence as regards ourselves; they are aware of the fierce hatred which exists between him and most of the natives with whom he comes in contact; but they scarcely realise that in his attitude towards his own constituted authorities he is utterly defiant of anything and anybody not in accordance with his views. "The Boer ideal is to live upon a farm so big as to conceal from view his next neighbour, and to be exempt from all Government interference, particularly that of the tax-collector." Perhaps the real reason why Mr. Paul Kruger has obtained such a hold over these "kittle cattle" is that he has instructed the tax-collector not to knock at all at the burgher's door, but to call twice on the Uitlander instead.

Into that third part of Boer history, which consists of war against England, we shall not enter, a sufficient reason being that, perhaps, the most lurid chapter of that history has yet to be written, and at no distant date. The memories of Majuba Hill, and still more of Bronkhorst Spruit, have been a source of Boer glorification for nigh a score of years. The shame of the one, the inhumanity of the other, must sooner or later be wiped out, either by the reduction of the Boer to a proper comprehension of British supre-

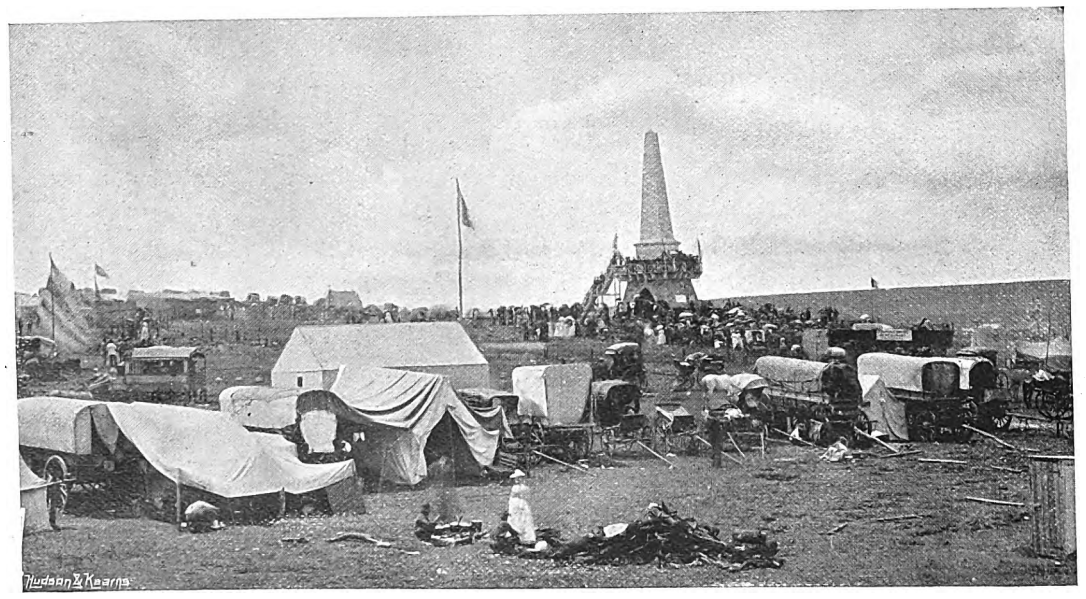

Photo. Copyright *PAARDEKRAAL. Where the Boers Commemorate "Dingaan's Daag."* *W. P. Edwards.*

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macy, or by that sterner logic to which, to do them justice, the people of the Transvaal have themselves in times past not hesitated to appeal.

Let us turn abruptly from this distasteful subject to one which shows the Boer in a brighter light. Two years after the great trek of 1836, when a migration of the Dutch from British territory took place, which was afterwards to result in the establishment of the Orange Free State and the South African Republic, the Boers, after repeated struggles with the Matabele, came into close contact with the Zulu chief, Dingaan. A party of Boer emissaries was at first received by the latter with apparent friendliness, and then treacherously murdered. An attack on the emigrants followed, and 600 men, women, and children were massacred. The Boers retaliated, but at first with small success. On December 16, 1838, however, an extraordinary battle was fought, in which the Boers won an amazing and decisive victory. They numbered but 460 fighting men, and were in laager with their women and children, when they were attacked by 12,000 Zulus. For three hours the blacks made repeated rushes, but were continually repulsed by the deadly fire of the Dutchmen, whose muskets were changed and loaded by the women and children. At last 200 of the gallant defenders slipped out of the laager on their ponies, and, dividing into two squadrons, charged the Zulus on the flanks. The latter fled, leaving 3,000 corpses on the ground; and every year the Boers now meet in great numbers at Paardekraal—shown in an accompanying picture—to celebrate "Dingaan's Daag," the day on which this marvellous victory was accomplished.

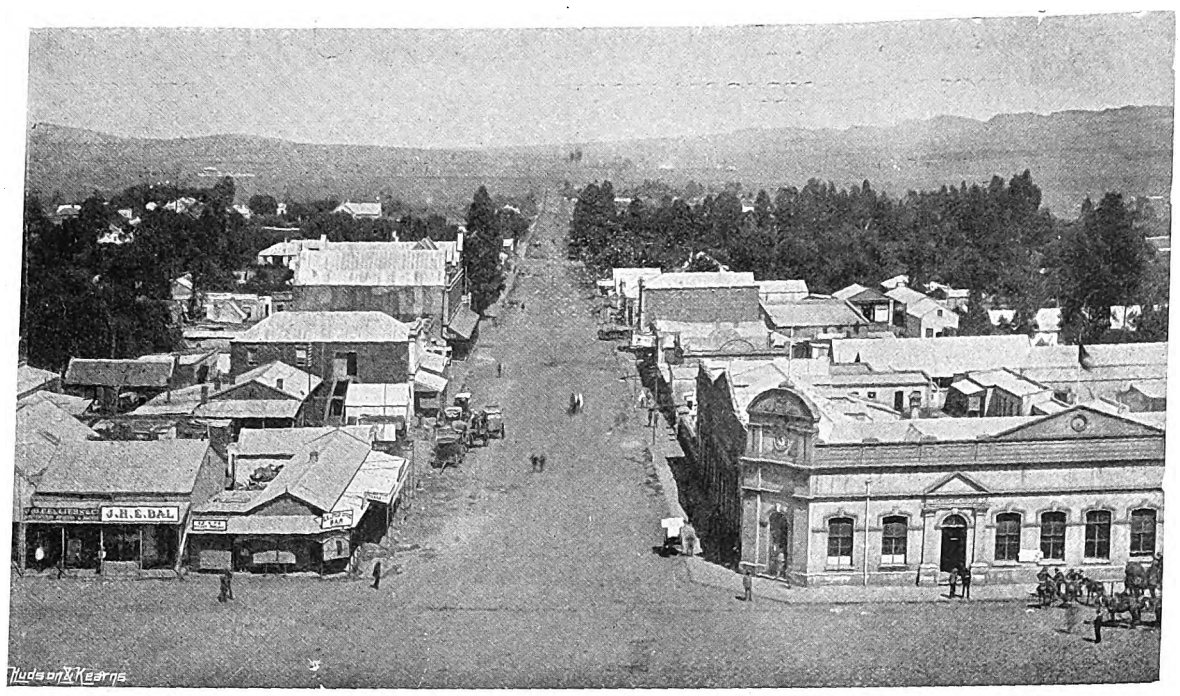

Photo. Copyright. THE BOER CAPITAL *"Navy & Army."*
A Street in Pretoria.

Photo. Copyright. THE HOME OF THE UITLANDERS. *G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen*
Johannesburg from the North

The latter-day Boer, of whom we give, perhaps, as typical a pictorial example as could possibly be obtained—and this one, it may be remarked, was only obtained with great difficulty—does not in his main characteristics differ from the pioneers or foretrekkers, as they are respectfully called, of 1836. Of his virtues and vices, however, our readers have probably read enough and to spare in the copious literature which has already gathered about the Crisis. Let us, then, leave him in his civil and social capacity more or less alone, and turn again to the consideration of him as a fighting man, commencing with a note on the curious military system on which the power of the Transvaal, whether for offence or defence, rests.

The system in question is indeed a singular one. The only permanent troops are a small body of "Staats Artillerie," of which it is impossible to give accurate

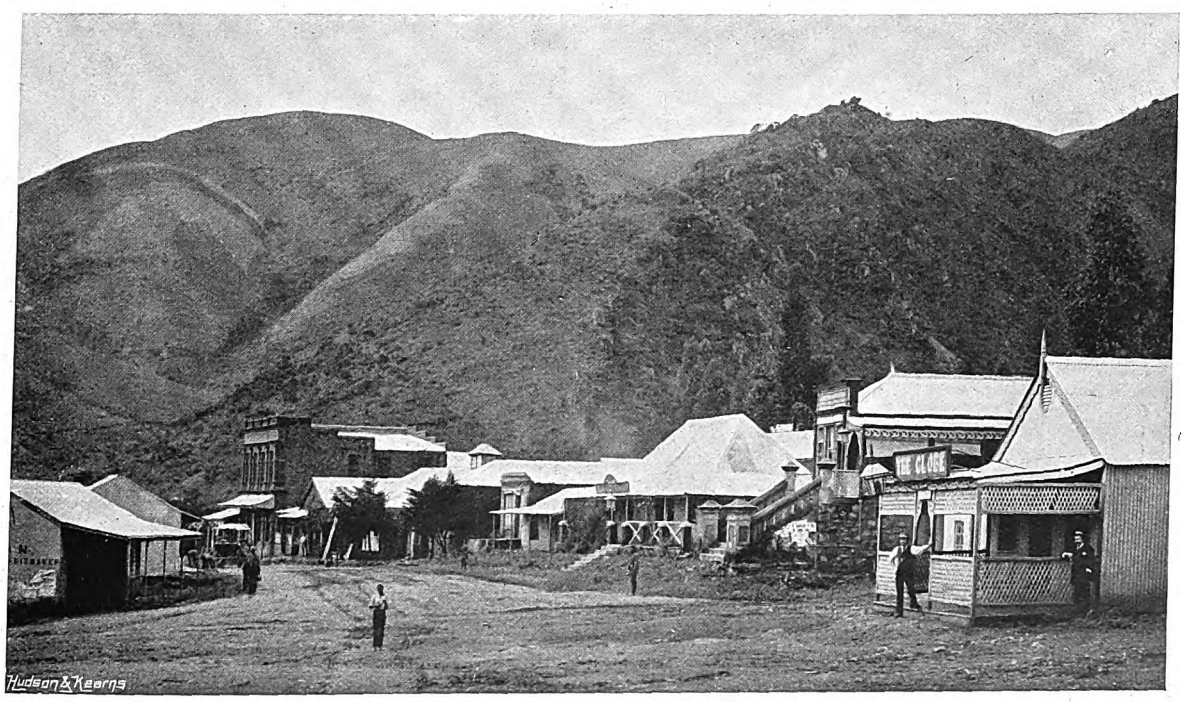

Photo. Copyright. BARBERTON. *W. P. Edwards.*
Houses in Pilgrim Street.

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A STAFF FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Major-General J. D. P. FRENCH.
Lieutenant-Colonel Sir H. S. RAWLINSON, Bart.

Major-General A. G. WAUCHOPE, C.B., C.M.G.

Major-General G. H. MARSHALL.
Colonel E. W. D. WARD, C.B.

GEN. SIR REDVERS BULLER, V.C., G.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. H. ALDERSON.
Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. O. PLUMER.
Major-General H. J. T. HILDYARD, C.B.
Colonel C. M. H. DOWNING, R.A.
Colonel R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL.
Major General Hon. N. G. LYTTELTON, C.B.
Lieutenant-General LORD METHUEN, K.C.V.O., C.B., C.M.G.
Major-General A. FITZROY HART, C.B.
Major-General Sir F. CARRINGTON, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

OFFICERS WHO HAVE BEEN, OR ARE LIKELY TO BE, SELECTED FOR THE STAFF IN CAPE COLONY OR NATAL. (*See* "Notes and Queries.")

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numbers either of men or guns, as it is probable that both have been largely increased since the last official returns. According to all accounts the Artillery contains a number of modern guns, of which one battery, at least, is of up-to-date quick-firers. There seems no question as to the goodness of the equipment, and the batteries are said to be excellently mounted. But those who have succeeded in getting a glimpse of the corps at drill—not, it would appear, a very easy matter—have not been profoundly impressed with its performances, and have gone so far as to suggest that the possession of quick-firers would not give a Boer battery any superiority over an ordinary British field battery armed even with unconverted guns.

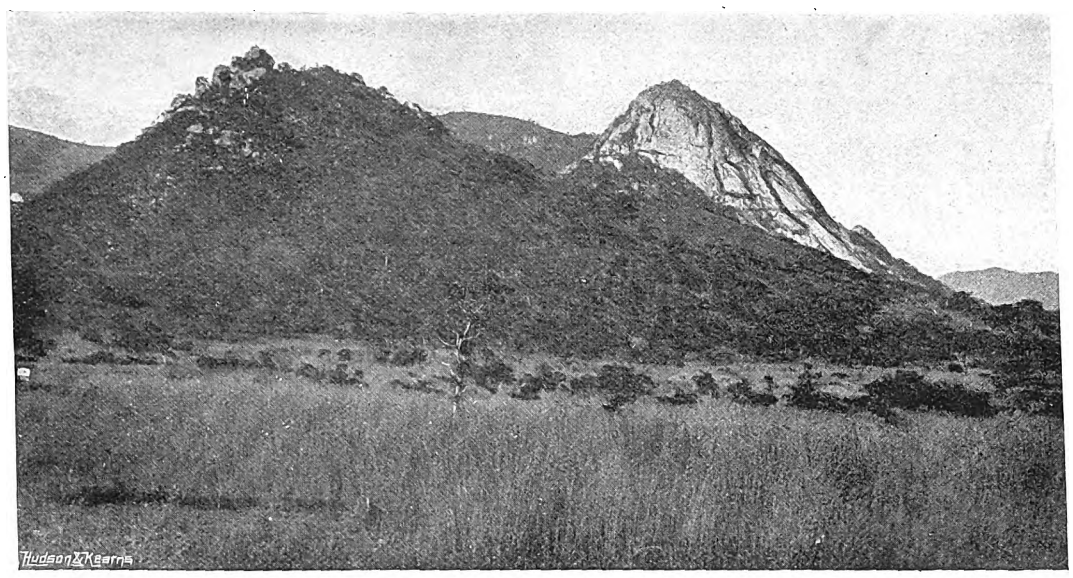

Photo. Copyright. *ON THE PORTUGUESE BORDER.* *Temple.*
Kopje Scenery in the Transvaal.

The head of the Boer military system is General Joubert, of whom we give a portrait, and who is, perhaps, even when in his war-paint, the most unmilitary-looking Commander-in Chief in the world. No one, however, disputes his military capacity and his thorough comprehension of the best method of handling his very unconventional but undeniably efficient army. It is said, however, that on one momentous occasion his success, the crowning success of his career, was determined not so much by his own military genius as by the intuition of his wife. It was Mrs. Joubert who finally persuaded her hesitating spouse to attack us at Majuba Hill. General Joubert has run Mr. Kruger very close for the Presidency, and stands next to him in the esteem of the old burghers.

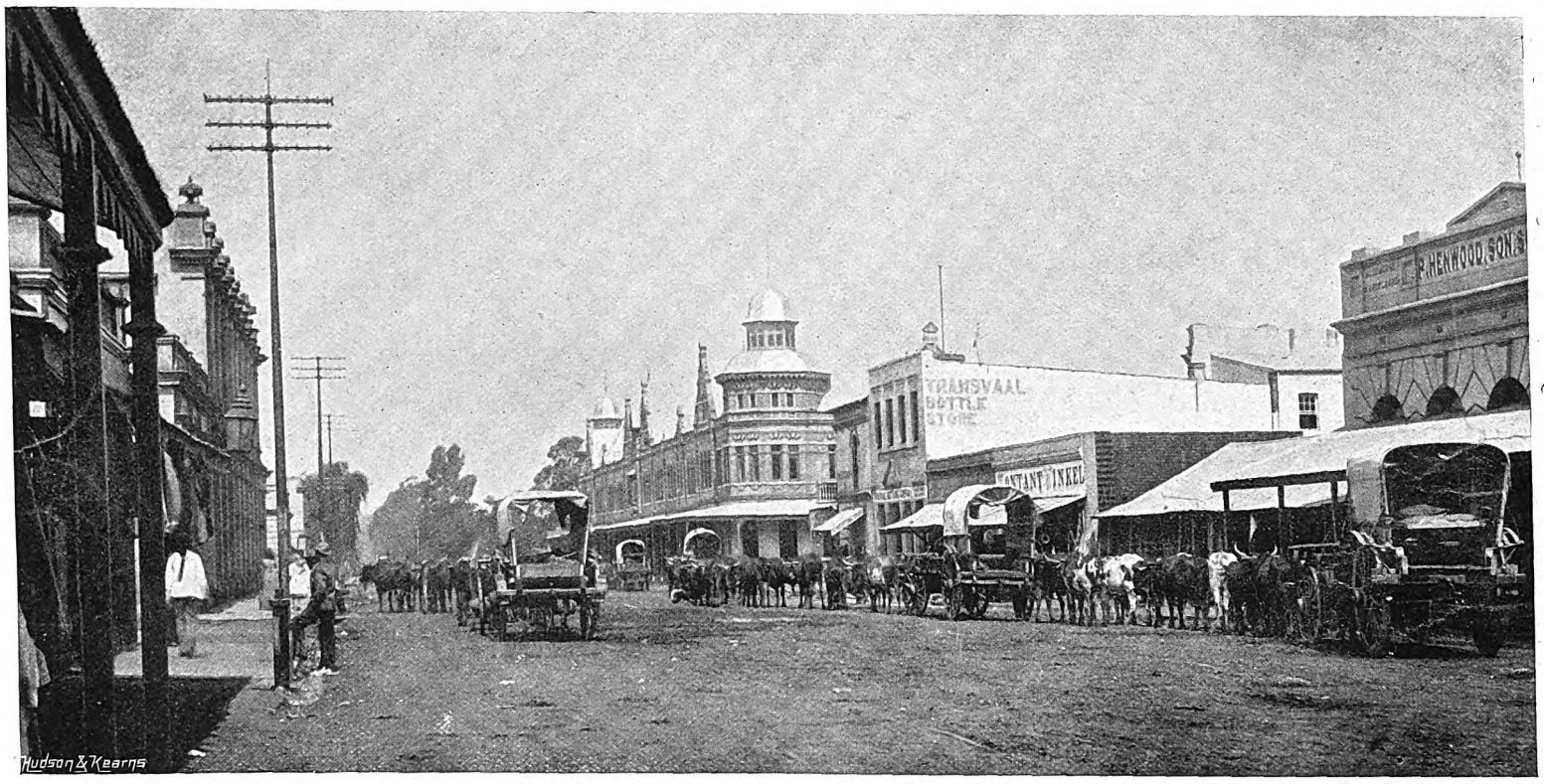

Photo. Copyright. *SUPPLY PREPARATIONS—DESPATCHING STORES FROM PRETORIA.* *"Navy & Army."*

His military deputy is Commandant Cronje, who had charge of the operations against the Jameson raiders, and it is thought that in any fresh war with England this officer would be given the command in the field, in view of General Joubert's advanced age.

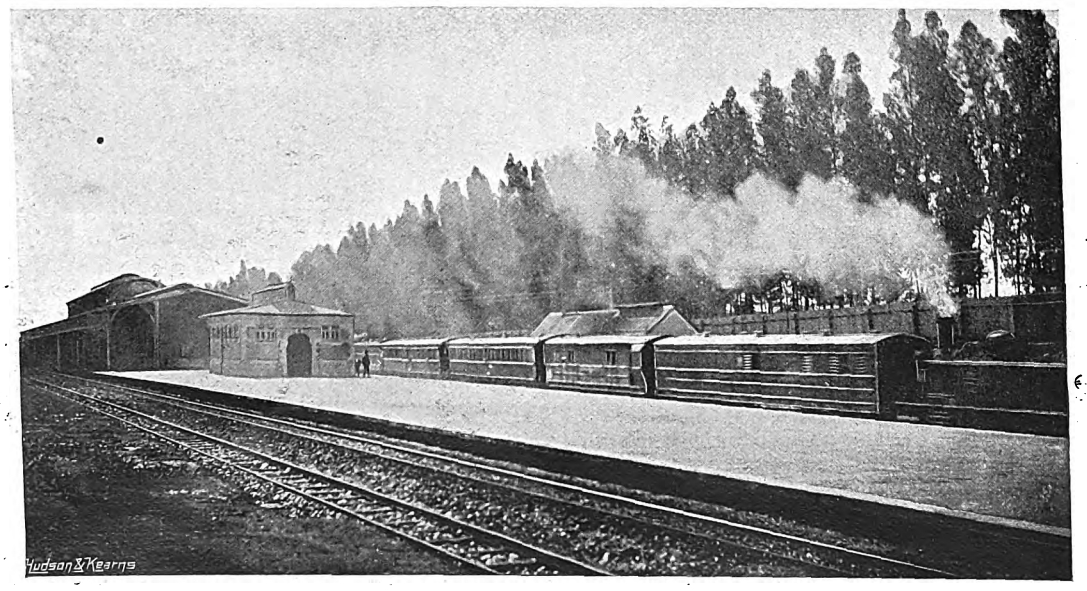

Photo. Copyright. *PARK STATION, JOHANNESBURG.* *W. P. Edwards*
Train Leaving for Cape Town.

The Boer tactical unit is the commando, which is simply an agglomeration of a number of mounted men under a Field Cornet, of whom there are a sufficient number scattered throughout the country districts. When a Boer is called upon or, as it is

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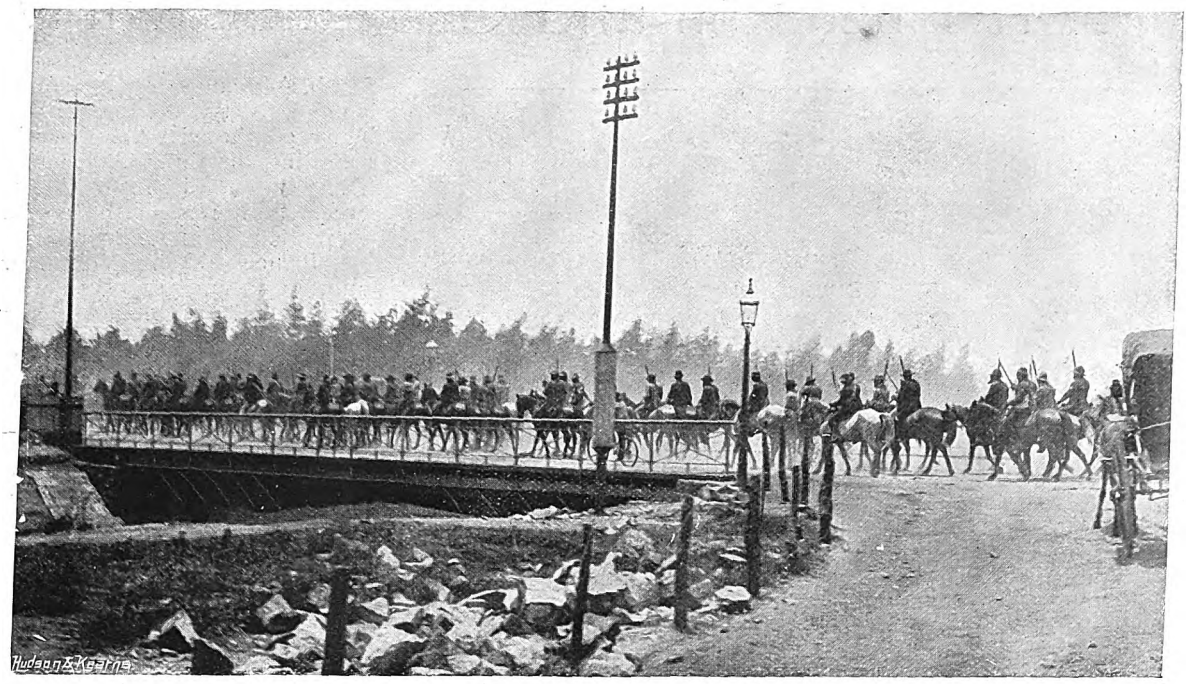
termed, "commandeered," for service, he merely puts on his cartridge-belt and, with a supply of provisions to last him some days, and his rifle, he mounts his pony and canters off to the rendezvous of the commando.

The Boers have been called by one of the foremost military critics of the day "ideal mounted infantry," and there is no doubt that they go far towards answering this description, although "ideal" may, perhaps, be an unduly exaggerated epithet. In three most important, nay, essential respects the Boer is all that could be wished for even by the most exigent commander. In the first place he is exceedingly mobile. It is said that in three days he can cover, if necessary, nearly 200 miles, and his pony is admirably trained to adapt himself to his movements when dismounted. The Boer needs no one to hold his animal when he himself is engaged in firing at an enemy, as the pony merely grazes in the immediate neighbourhood, waiting for his master to jump on his back and ride away the moment it suits him to do so.



ARMED BOER COMMANDO.
Crossing a Bridge at Johannesburg.

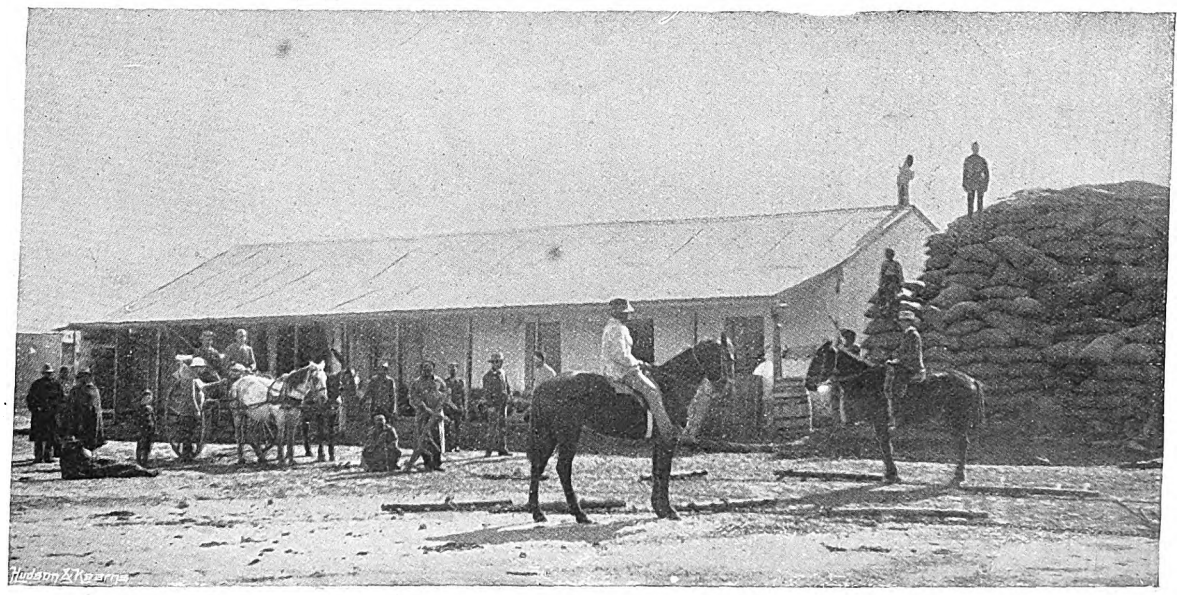
A BOER ENCAMPMENT.
Waggons Massed on the Veldt.

Secondly, the Boer is, to a great extent, self-supporting when in the field, and can manage for several days without any rations at all other than those he has brought with him from home. In an extended campaign, of course, some method of reprovisioning is necessary, but with such men only a very simple system is required, as far removed as possible from that which is absolutely necessary with most regular troops. The advantages thus possessed by a Boer commander are, it is obvious, almost incalculable, and are distinctly to be reckoned with in estimating the chances of any campaign in his country.

Lastly, there is the matter of armament and marksmanship. As regards the former, we are all cognisant of the fact that practically all the 15,000 to 20,000 Boers who are likely to take the field are armed with the latest pattern of Mauser repeating rifle, and are fully capable of using it. It is not supposed to equal the Lee-Metford, but it is undoubtedly a very fine weapon, more especially in the hands of experts. It is said that, owing to the gradual decrease of big game in the Transvaal and the consequent absence of opportunities for acquiring proficiency with the rifle, the Boer is not relatively such a good marksman as he was in 1881, and certainly the results obtained at Krugersdorp were not impressive. But it would be quite unsafe to reckon on any marked inferiority in this respect; and probably, man for man, the Boer is at least as good a shot as the bulk of our own mounted infantry.

Pretoria, the Boer capital, is surrounded by forts said to be very efficiently armed with modern artillery, but probably not proof against "high-angle" fire. There is also a fort overlooking Johannesburg which might give trouble in the early stages of an outbreak of hostilities.

Unquestionably the Boer is a foe not to be despised; but in a final collision with him it is safe to say that the valour and discipline of the British soldier, under proper leadership, with many sad memories to urge him forward, will have the usual result.



Photos. Copyright. *A WAYSIDE SCENE.* *W. P. Edwards.*
Typical Boer Trader's Store.

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Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown Volunteers.

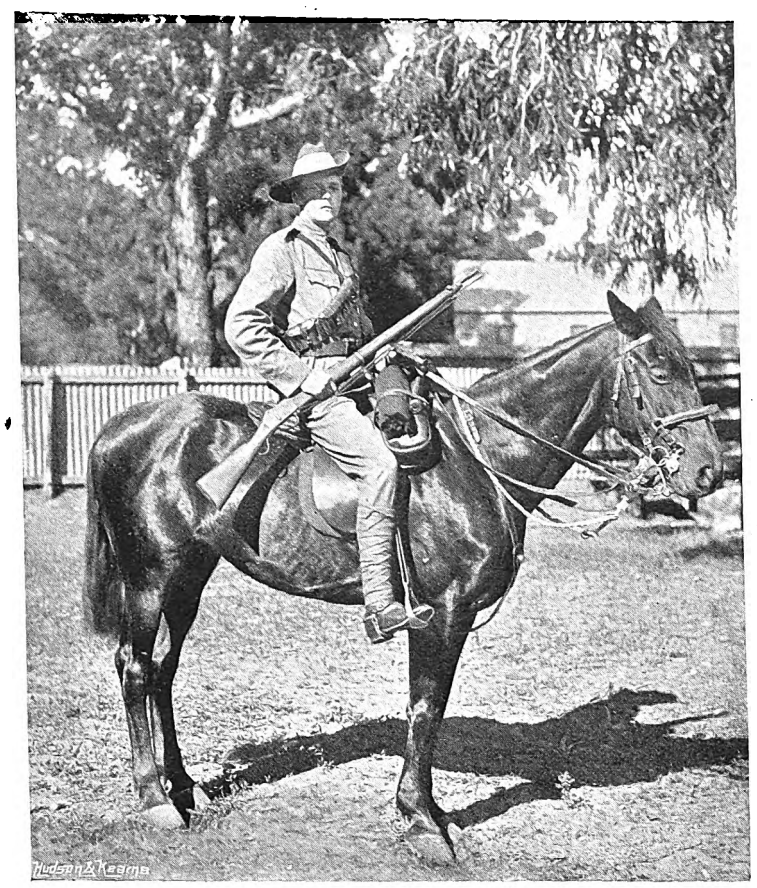

Photo. Copyright. *Hepburn & Jeanes.*

1st CITY VOLUNTEERS, GRAHAMSTOWN.
Trooper, Mounted Infantry.

AT Port Elizabeth, of which we have elsewhere given a picture, and at Grahamstown, there are to be found remarkably successful instances of colonial Volunteering, of which we here give pictorial specimens. The 1st City Volunteer Corps, of Grahamstown, was formed in 1875 with a view to checking native risings, and two years later it saw active service against the Galekas. In 1880 the 1st City (Grahamstown) Volunteers was ordered to the front to take part in the operations against the Basutos. In the Langeberg campaign against the Bechuanas in 1897, again both the mounted infantry and infantry of the 1st City participated, and a number of the officers and men wear the South African war medal as well as that for long service. The 1st City Volunteers is a purely Volunteer corps being composed of shop assistants and farmers of the surrounding district. The commanding officer is Major H. T. Tamplin, an old Inns of Court Volunteer, who has taken the greatest interest in the corps, and to whose untiring efforts its popularity and efficiency are largely due.

Prince Alfred's Volunteer Guard at Port Elizabeth is another prominent corps which has seen service, and is in a very capital condition of efficiency, as may be judged from the accompanying illustration. This shows the regiment on its return from service in Bechuanaland, and is pretty clear evidence of its solid and workman-like character.

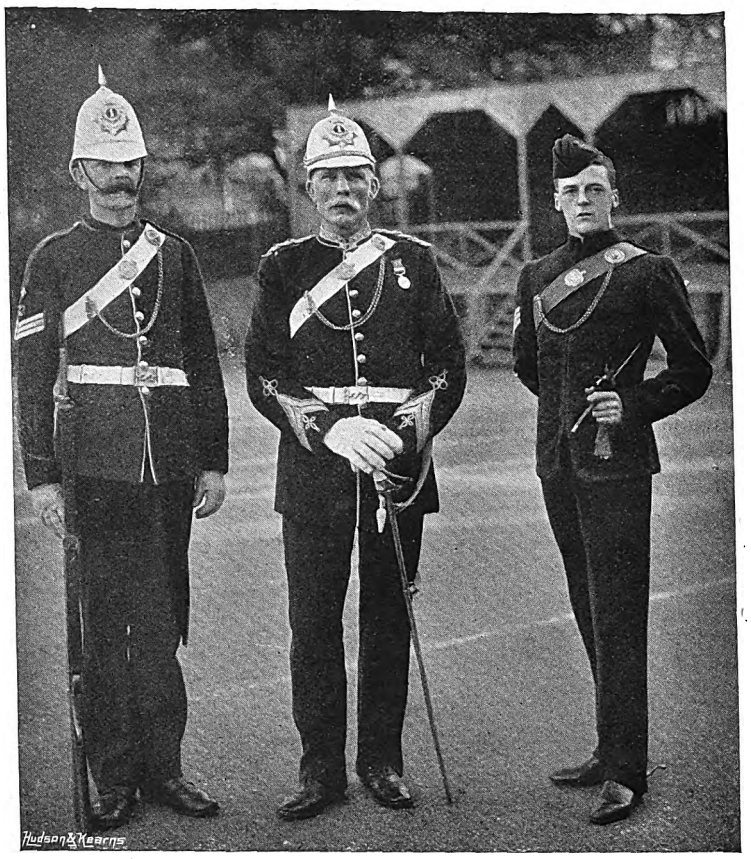

Photo. Copyright. *Hep'urn & Jeanes*

GRAHAMSTOWN VOLUNTEERS.
Officer, Sergeant of Mounted Infantry, and Infantry Sergeant.

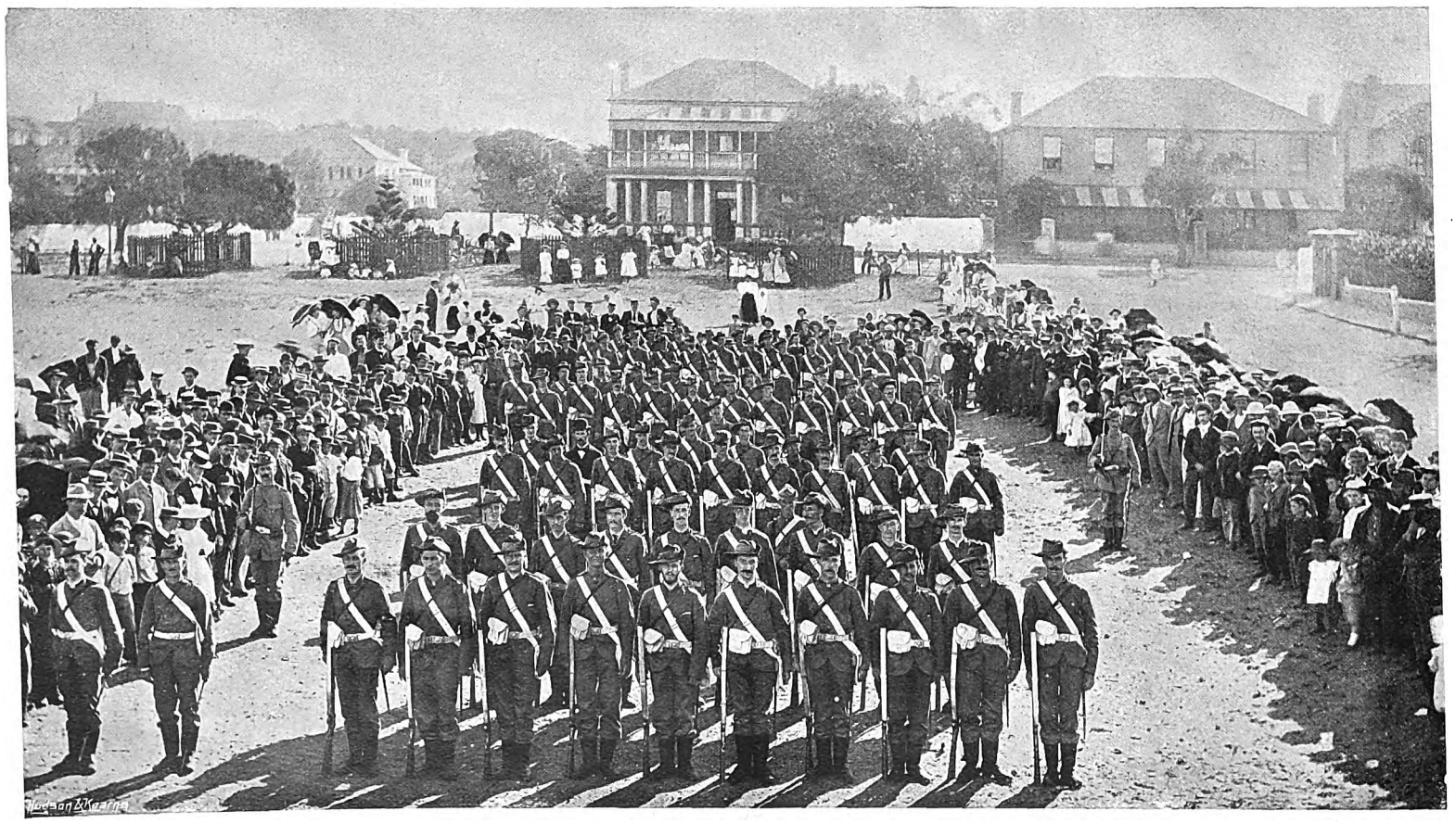

Photo. Copyright. *PRINCE ALFRED'S GUARDS, PORT ELIZABETH, SOUTH AFRICA.* *A. Green.*

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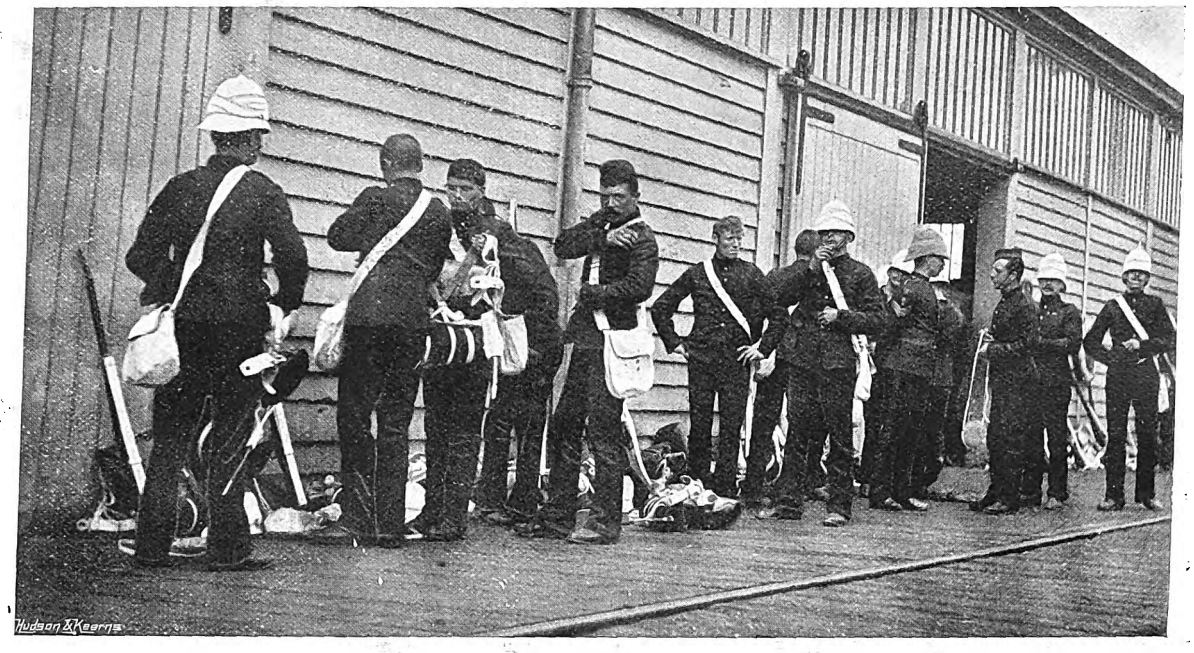
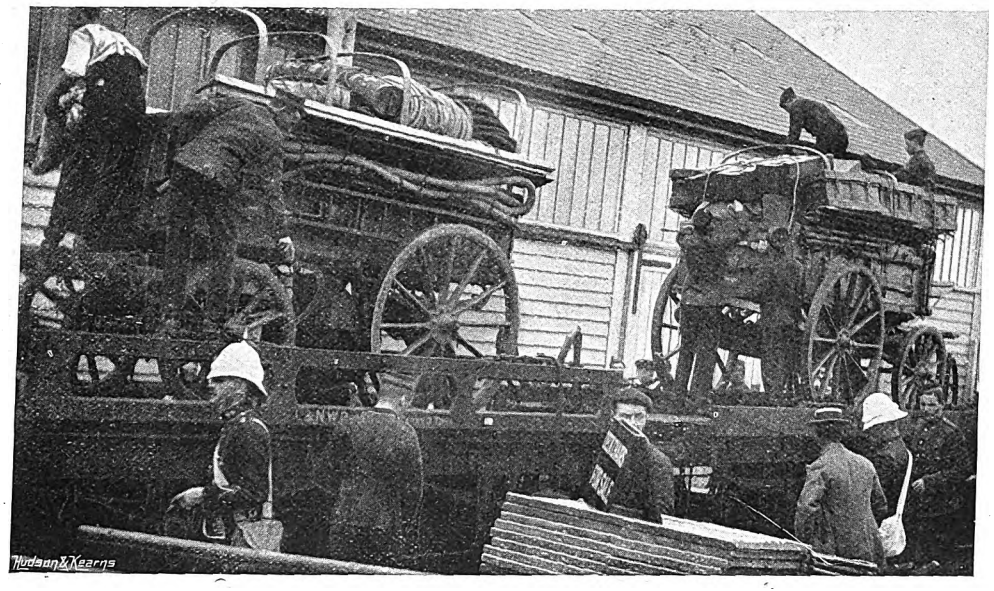
The Transport of Troops by Sea.

IN a military system like ours, it goes without saying that the sea transport of troops occupies a peculiarly important place. Not only is all our actual fighting done beyond the marine girdle which encircles our happy little island, but our responsibilities in the way of colonial garrisons, which have not only to be furnished but constantly relieved from Imperial sources, are truly enormous. Accordingly, for at least nine months in every year there are British soldiers on sea-passage in one quarter or another of the globe in the ordinary course of relief, while not infrequently during the remaining three some little war necessitates an expedition, which keeps Thomas Atkins and Father Ocean on terms of intimate intercourse literally all the year round.



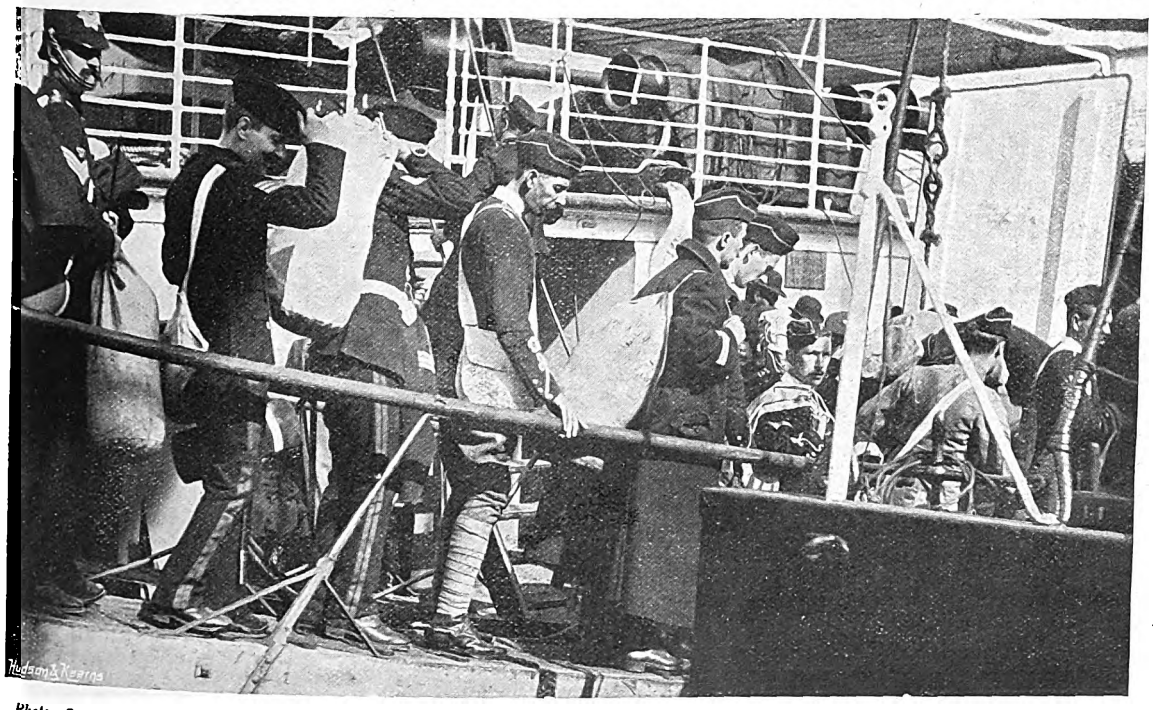
AT THE DOCKS.
Just Decanted from the Train.

The perfection to which our present system of transport of troops by sea has attained is the result of not only much experience, but also of a good many experiments. Within the memory of many living the life of a soldier on sea-passage to any distant point formed a very painful episode in his career, to which he seldom looked back in after days without a shudder. Badly fed, poorly looked after, literally "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confined," he was often more dead than alive by the time he reached his journey's end, and it was only his real grit and astonishing vitality that enabled him to pull himself together, so as to be fit for service within a month of landing.



FOOD FOR GUNS AND HORSES.
Forage and Ammunition Trucks.

Nowadays we have changed all that, and although occasionally a certain amount of discomfort is sustained, and troop-decks—despite rules as regards cubic space—appear to the untutored eye to be packed on the same principle as sardine tins, every possible effort is made to obey those laws of health and of decency which forty years ago were often rudely violated. The natural consequence is that the British soldier steps aboard a transport in the best of spirits, more especially if there is any fighting in prospect, he contrives to enjoy himself extremely on the voyage, and at the end of it he jumps ashore in splendid health, as ready as possible for any work, however hard, and any enemy, however tough.



Photos. Copyright. *DETAILS EMBARKING.* *Cribb.*
Army Service and Army Pay Corps.

For over twenty years, until a short time back, the principal place in our system of sea transport of troops was occupied by the magnificent Indian troop-ships, the "Serapis," "Euphrates," "Jumna," "Crocodile," and "Malabar," which, year after year, with the regularity of omnibuses, ploughed their stately way through the Mediterranean and Red Sea to and from Bombay, occasionally stepping aside to assist this or that expedition which might happen to be in progress. These grand old vessels were looked upon as Military as well as Naval institutions, and thousands of Army men of all ranks look back with

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to become irksome. Of course these hired transports, which are for the most part ordinary liners belonging to the great steam-ship companies, have to undergo certain alterations before carrying troops. But the system has now been in practice some years, and the steam-ship companies know exactly what to do as soon as one of their vessels has been taken up by the War Office for transport purposes. The necessary fittings are all kept in store, and in a wonderfully short space of time a liner can be adapted not only for the largely-increased number of passengers she is required to carry under such a contract, but also the great mass of stores and miscellaneous baggage, the horses, and sometimes the guns, which accompany a movement of troops by sea.

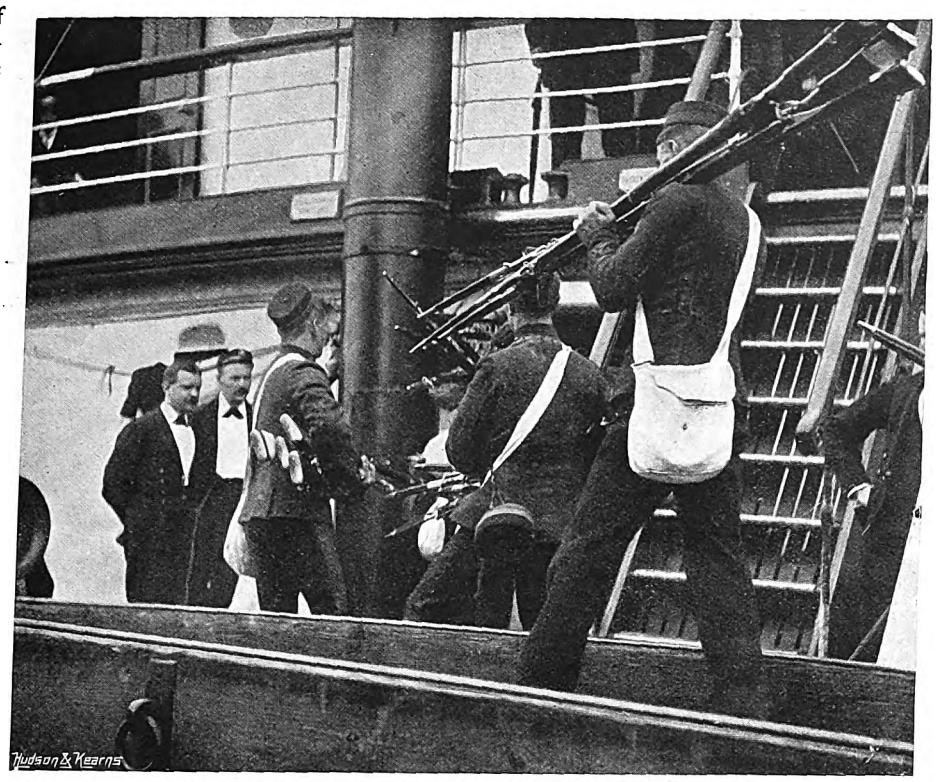

Photo. Copyright. *TAKING RIFLES IN.* *Cribb.*
Army Ordnance Corps Embarking in the "Gaul."

The accompanying illustrations give an excellent idea of the embarkation of troops on hired transports at Southampton, and are specially interesting as having been reproduced from photographs taken in connection with the present Crisis. Thanks to an admirable system, for which Colonel Stacpole, the D.A.A.G. at Portsmouth, who is one of the greatest living experts in such matters, is largely responsible, the detraining of the troops and their embarkation constitute really a beautiful piece of drill, which it is quite a pleasure to look upon. Some idea of the perfection arrived at may be gathered from the fact that the other day a battalion which came down from London to Southampton was embarked in 55-min. from the time the first man left the train.

An Army Corps for South Africa.

OF all the measures necessitated by the South African Crisis, the most impressive has been the preparation of an Army Corps, or at any rate of an Expeditionary Force resembling in constitution and approximating in numbers to that war unit, for immediate field service. At the time of writing the exact composition of this powerful aggregation of troops has not been officially announced, and it would, therefore, be indiscreet, as well as perhaps illusory, to speak with anything like authority on this branch of the subject. But it is understood that the force in question consists of about 30,000 of all arms, that it includes, besides a possible cavalry division, some eight infantry brigades, that it is taken almost entirely from regiments, battalions, batteries, etc., belonging to the 1st Army Corps, and that it will be directed in the field by General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., commanding the Aldershot District.

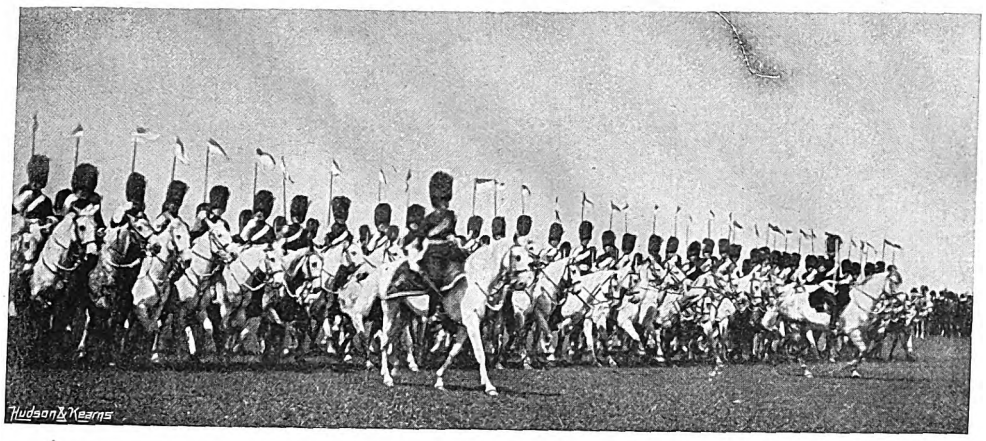

Photo. Copyright. *THE PRIDE OF SCOTLAND.* *Cummings.*
2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys).

The illustrations which are here presented have been most carefully selected, not only because they are typical of the variety of troops which go to make up an Army Corps, but also because in the great majority of instances, if not invariably, they represent corps which have

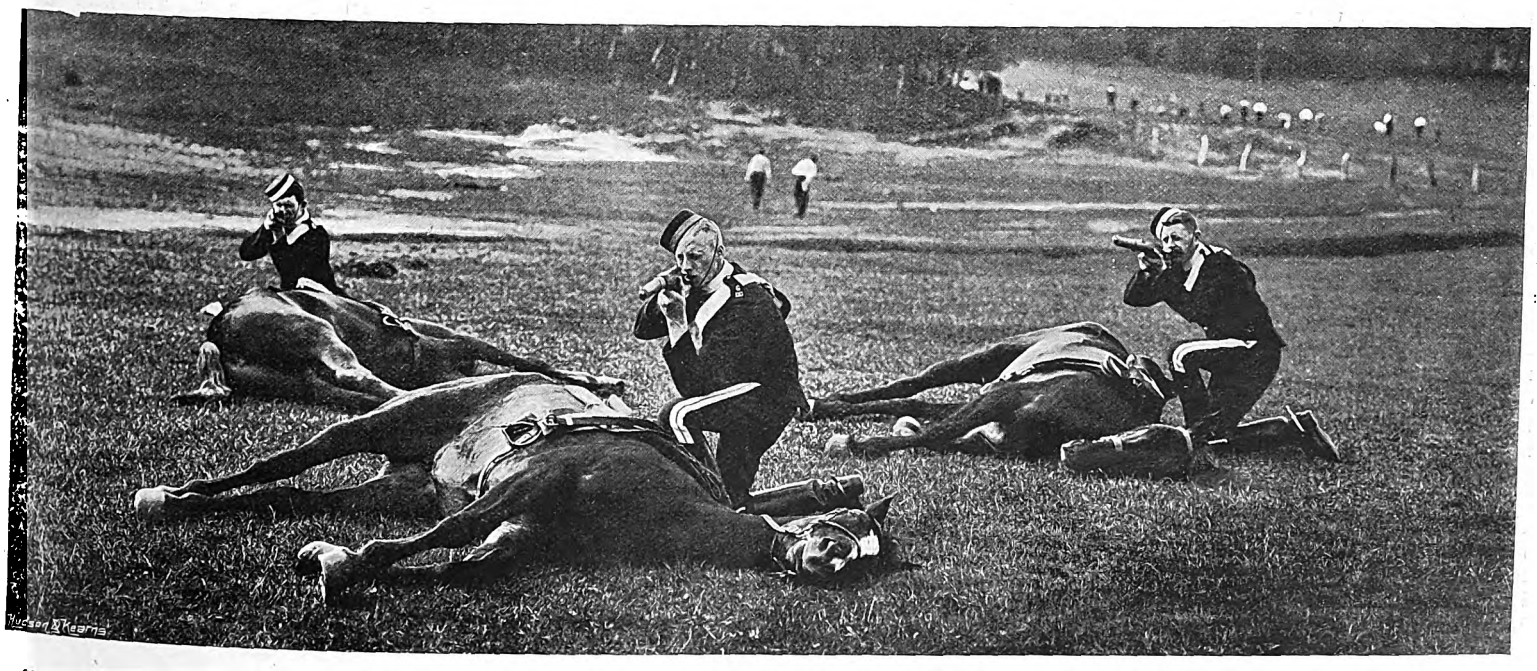

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory.*

WELL-TRAINED HORSES—6th DRAGOON GUARDS (CARABINIERS).

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actually been warned to hold themselves in readiness for embarkation.

In this connection a brief preliminary note may serve to explain a principle which, it is said, has been applied in the present instance, and which from a Service point of view is of great traditional interest. This is the system of brigading regiments and battalions, more especially the latter, under some common designation linking those particular corps together by a bond of something more than ordinary *camaraderie*. In not a few of our great campaigns Highland brigades, Irish brigades, brigades of Rifles, brigades of "forties"—*i.e.*, brigades of regiments bearing some number from 41st to 49th—and Light Infantry brigades have won peculiar renown, and there is no question that this method of introducing a sort of active service distinction has had the happiest results.

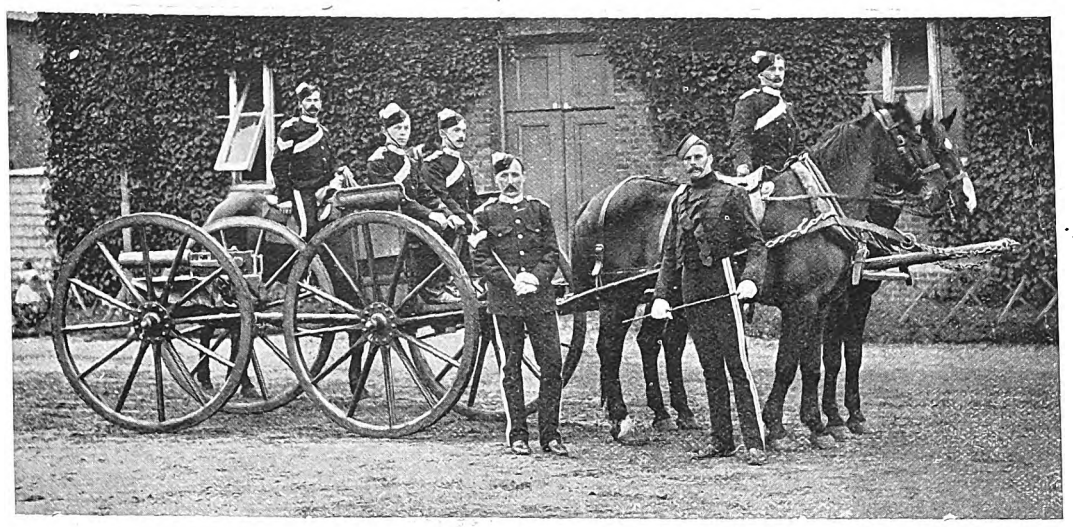

Photo. Copyright. LIGHT CAVALRY. *Elliott & Fry.*
13th Hussars with Galloping Maxims

From our pictures it will be seen that we have anticipated the formation of at least one Guards', one English, one Scottish, and one Irish brigade. It seems questionable whether for the purposes of such a campaign as the one in contemplation it would be possible to form a Welsh brigade, but there is every reason to suppose that that splendid regiment, the old 23rd, which is here depicted marching past with its goat at the head of the column, will be included in a Fusilier brigade, while brigades of Rifles and Light Infantry may also be looked upon as probabilities. But we must not allow these speculations, delightful as they are, to divert us from the set purpose of this particular sketch, which is not so much to "cast the fashion of uncertain evils"—some folks are narrow-minded enough to regard all war units as a positive evil of a no uncertain description—as to briefly sketch the composition of a British Army Corps for the benefit of readers to whom such terms convey but a vague impression of men, horses, and guns more or less jostling one another in an anxious endeavour to get to the front and win battles.

Photo. Copyright. THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY—THE SMARTEST CORPS IN THE WORLD. *Gregory.*

Photo Copyright. PREPARING TO ADVANCE. *W. M. Crockett*
A Field Battery at Manœuvres.

As a matter of fact an Army Corps is a rather complex and delicate piece of machinery, and one which, more especially in the event of war, when the utmost strain is being put upon its weakest parts, requires very careful handling. In the matter of stores and transport alone an Army Corps, consisting, as it does, of between 30,000 and 40,000 men, means an immense amount of preliminary preparation if confusion is to be avoided and mobility studied. An individual battalion may be got ready for service in a very short space, but an Army Corps is something very much more than an aggregation of individual battalions, as will be seen from the following details. On the other hand, when once the work of organisation has been carried out, the Army Corps becomes an extremely powerful unit, capable of acting independently and of dealing a terrific blow under

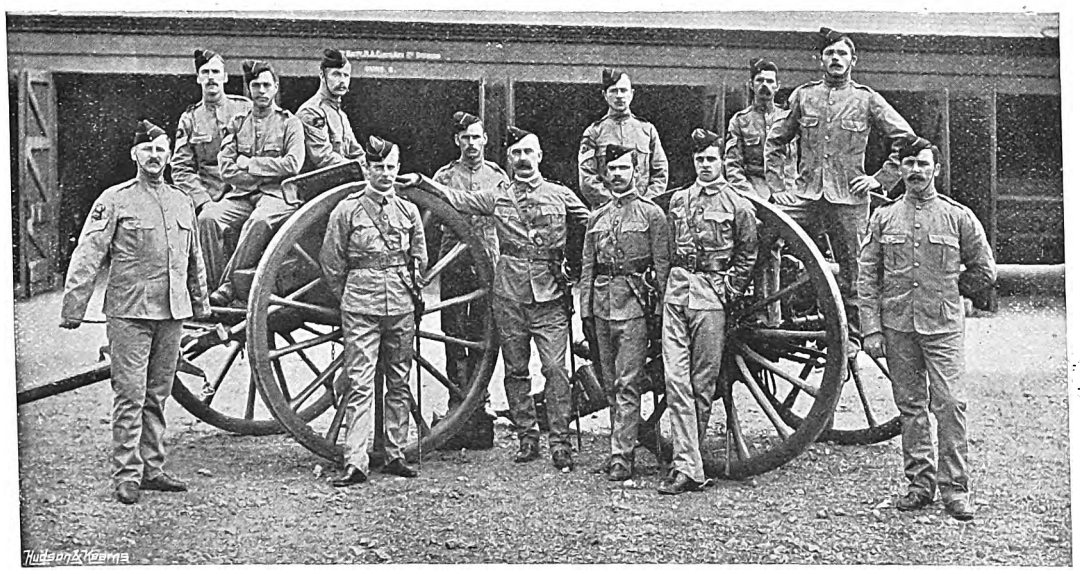

Photo. Copyright. ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY. *Elliott & Fry.*
In Their Field Service Kit.

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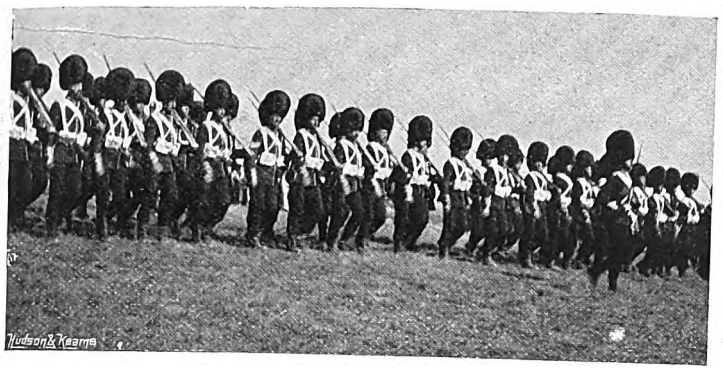
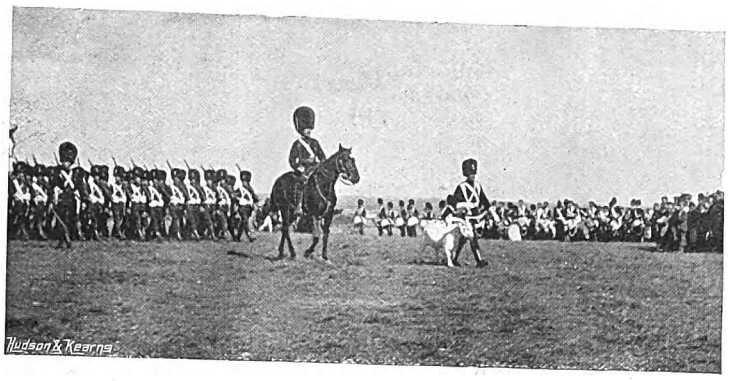


Photos. Copyright. THE GUARDS AT MANŒUVRES.
Marching Past on Salisbury Plain.



A FAMOUS REGIMENTAL PET. "Navy & Army."
The Royal Welsh Fusiliers and Their Goat.

almost any circumstances. The Army Corps as an institution reaches its centenary next year, having been invented by General Moreau, who, in 1800, divided up into *Corps d'Armée* his Army of the Rhine. The necessity for such a division was a simple one.

The Army as a war unit had outgrown the supervising capacity of any one man, unless the latter were assisted by a fresh link in the chain of responsibility between himself and generals commanding divisions. It is easy to see that, as two great masters of the art of war, Marshal Marmont and Field-Marshal von Moltke, have taken pains to point out, the handling of a force of from ten to sixteen divisions, such as would be put in motion in any great Continental conflict, would be a practical impossibility unless the devolution of responsible authority were adequately provided for. For such an army would occupy in battle a front of, perhaps, five miles. Hence the introduction of the Army Corps as the only system possible for insuring the prompt mobilisation and movement of great bodies of men with due regard to the proper proportion of all arms of the Service.

On the Continent many Army Corps are kept ready to move at the shortest notice, while in our own Army we are supposed to have two which can, in any great emergency, be despatched on foreign service in about a fortnight. We did not ourselves adopt the Army Corps system until 1815, and there are many who, even now, regard it as unsuited to our requirements. But, rightly or wrongly, the Army Corps is part of our military system, and although the force warned for service in connection with the Crisis may not be precisely an army according to the tables of war establishments, it resembles it, as already noted, in all essential respects, and may be both conveniently and instructively dealt with on that basis.

Turning now to the actual composition of a British Army Corps and the numerical strength of the constituent parts, it may be said that in round numbers an Army Corps contains some 35,000 officers and men, 10,000 horses, and nearly 100 guns. For purposes of rough and ready calculation of units, an Army Corps consists of two or more divisions, while two or more infantry brigades, with a due proportion of cavalry and artillery, constitute a division, and two or more battalions go to make up an infantry brigade. In the same way, two or more Army Corps are said to constitute an army. In practice, however, an Army Corps of only two divisions, or a brigade of only two battalions, would be considered unduly weak for operations against a "well-found" enemy.

According to official calculations a British Army Corps on war establishment for service abroad consists, in the first instance, of three solid infantry divisions, each of them containing two infantry brigades of four battalions each, a divisional squadron of cavalry, three batteries of artillery, a divisional ammunition column, a field company of Royal Engineers, a company of Army Service Corps, and a field hospital. Each infantry brigade has, in its turn, besides the four battalions of infantry, a machine-gun section, a company of Army Service Corps, a bearer company, and a field hospital. Accordingly, the three divisions of infantry comprised in an Army Corps

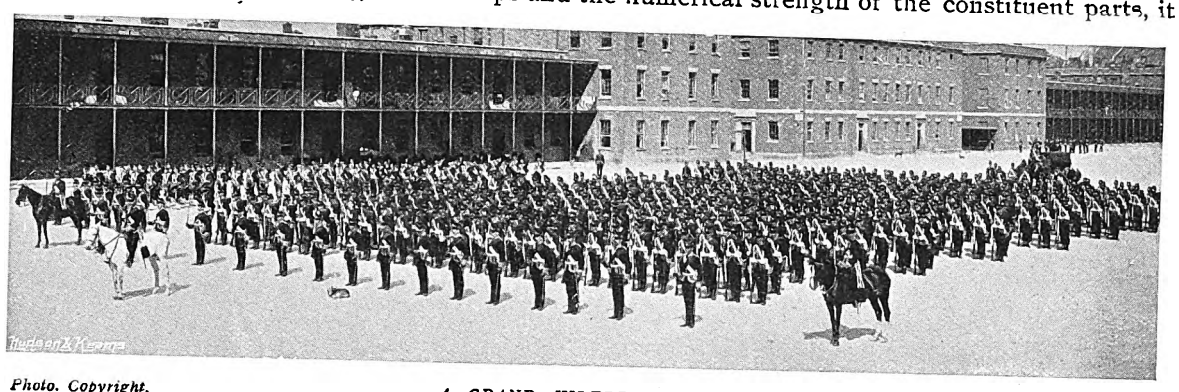


Photo. Copyright. A GRAND KILTED CORPS. W. M. Crockett.
The Highland Light Infantry on Parade.

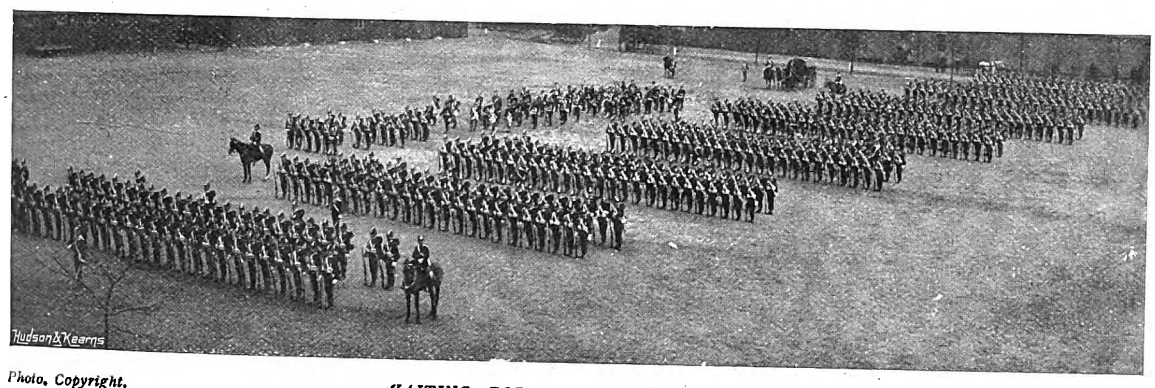


Photo. Copyright. WAITING FOR THE GENERAL. Cummings.
P.W.O West Yorkshires on Parade.

Photo. Copyright. RARE FIGHTERS. Molloy.
The Connaught Rangers in Ambush.

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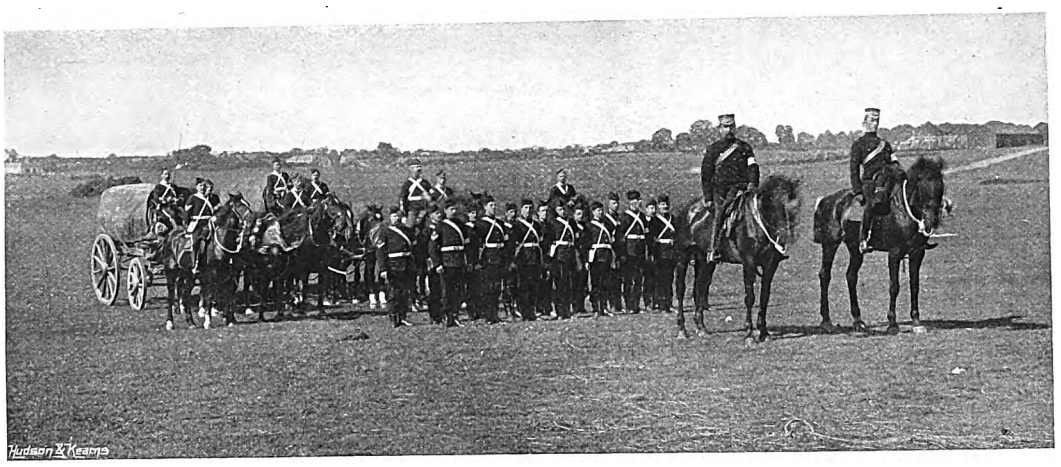
quickly "tot up" to a total of about 31,000 men and 6,500 horses.

But as in the case of a division we have divisional troops, so in that of an Army Corps there are corps troops, of whom the greater part are corps artillery, consisting of both horse and field artillery, which are under the immediate control of the corps commander. There is also the corps cavalry, consisting of the headquarters and one squadron of a cavalry regiment, the remaining three squadrons of which are already apportioned to the infantry divisions as divisional cavalry. Then, again, there are corps engineers, consisting of a field company, a pontoon troop, half a telegraph battalion, a field park, and a balloon section. Also corps infantry, made up of one battalion and a machine-gun section. Two companies of army signallers are included in the ideal Army Corps, an Army Service company for corps troops, two bakery companies, A.S.C., and a corps field hospital. Of the total, 36,000 odd officers and men, some 2,400 are supposed to remain at the base, so that we get a fighting strength of, say, 33,000 of all ranks, which is a safer estimate than the bloated figures usually put forward on paper by amateurs, who do not take sick lists and other trifles into consideration.

Photo. Copyright — *SMART AND SERVICEABLE.* *The Army Service Corps.* — *Russell & Sons.*

Attached to the Army Corps there is often a cavalry brigade of three or four regiments; but this is no part of the Army Corps proper. Sometimes the cavalry is handled as an independent division, in which case there are included not only two cavalry brigades and minor brigade and divisional details, but also two batteries of Royal Horse Artillery, a mounted detachment of Royal Engineers, and a battalion of Mounted Infantry. It would be easy to enter into greater detail, but to do so would probably weary the lay reader, who in such a connection wants rather to form a general idea than to fill his mind with figures of doubtful interest outside professional circles.



From a Photo. — *A FIELD HOSPITAL.* *Attached to a Cavalry Brigade.* — *By a Military Officer.*

Assuming that an Army Corps and a cavalry division are sent to South Africa, it would be necessary to provide in addition a certain number of troops for duty on the line of communications. Already this provision has been made in the case of the force to be placed under the orders of Sir George White in Natal, and on a very liberal scale. The strength of these troops varies, of course, with circumstances, of which the length of the line is one of several. The regulations lay down, as a guide, that when one Army Corps and one cavalry division are in the field, and with a line of communications of 50 miles of railway, and 50 miles of road, including a base, six stations and an advanced depôt, the approximate strength of the troops on it would be four battalions, each with two machine guns, one cavalry regiment, two field batteries, one fortress engineer and two railway companies, five companies of the Army Service Corps, two general (400 beds) and two stationary hospitals (200 beds), besides depôts, etc. From this it will be apparent that the despatch of an Army Corps to the Cape would necessitate the employment of many more than the 36,000 men which we have reckoned as constituting that unit.

Enough has surely been said to show what a colossal undertaking the despatch of an Army Corps on foreign service really is. For, of course, we must take into consideration the fact that this great force has not simply to be moved across a land frontier, as in the case of Continental Army Corps, but has to be placed on shipboard and transported several thousand miles in a great number of different vessels, all of which have to be carefully selected and fitted for this work. Then, again, assuming that the various corps and departmental units are in a state of complete readiness and efficiency, the deeply important, nay, vital question of the staff presents itself. In the case of a special expedition to a country like South Africa, it might not be desirable to adhere too closely to those lists of selected officers which are supposed to be cut and dried in connection with the 1st and 2nd Army Corps. Officers of local experience would naturally have special claims in a case of this sort, and further selection and balancing of qualifications are rendered necessary. Nor is the task rendered easier when the waiting-rooms at the War Office are crowded with officers eagerly offering their services, and bringing every sort of influence to bear upon those in authority to send them to the front in any capacity. In a word, notwithstanding a state of greater preparedness and efficiency than has ever before existed in this country, it cannot but be that the preparation of this force has been a very difficult, tedious, and anxious process. But the force is ready, and only awaits the word "go" to prove its ability to "go anywhere and do anything."

Photo. Copyright. — *MILITARY "MAIDS OF ALL WORK."* *Army Ordnance Corps Loading Stores.* — *J. Cummings.*

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War Balloons for the Front.

ONE of the most interesting announcements made in connection with the despatch of the troops was to the effect that a balloon section, Royal Engineers, had been placed under immediate orders for South Africa, with a view to its early employment on active service. It is singularly gratifying, in view of the many taunts that have been levelled at our Army for its backwardness in adapting the balloon to purposes of warfare, that we should be the first nation to use, at any rate, an up-to-date aerostat in the field, and there is little doubt in the minds of those who "know these things" that the demonstration, if made, will be a highly practical and successful one.

As a matter of fact, neither the School of Military Ballooning at Aldershot nor the corps of Royal Engineers have in reality been letting the grass grow under their feet in the matter of military aeronautics. They may not have talked very loudly of the progress they have made, and they may not have soared very high in the direction of "navigables," towards the production of which the French have for years been making the most strenuous efforts. But, so far as captive balloons are concerned, there is no doubt that we possess as efficient an equipment and as well-trained officers and men as any Army in Europe, and unquestionably it is far better to have captive balloons which will do their work satisfactorily than it is to have "navigables" which can only be relied upon to fall into the hands of the enemy at particularly inconvenient moments.

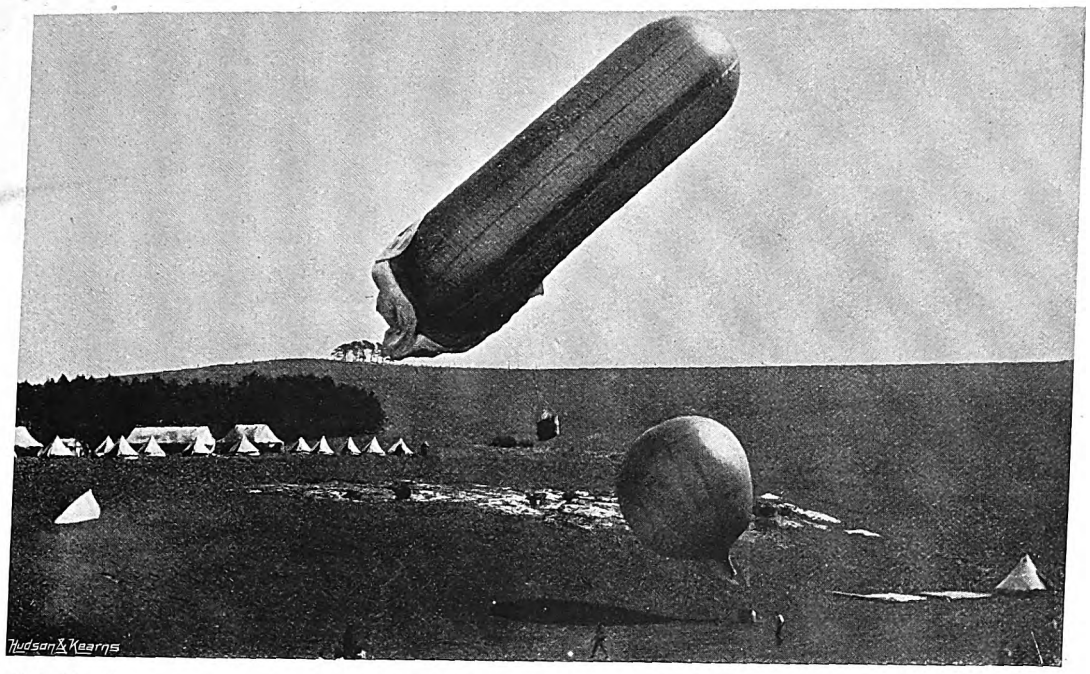

Photo. Copyright. THE SAPPER "IN EXCELSIS." A Military Balloon. *J. Hunt.*

We illustrate here a very up-to-date war balloon, such as might be used either independently or, perhaps preferably, in conjunction with a smaller captive balloon fitted with a Marconi receiver, which would accompany the general commanding. Exceedingly interesting experiments were recently made at Aldershot with the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy as applied to war balloons, and we shall not be surprised to hear that a complete equipment has been sent out to South Africa.

Rhodesia.

TO the careful student of the Crisis a curious and many-sided interest is connected with the great expanse of country, scarcely settled and very imperfectly developed, but still teeming with fruitful possibilities, which owes its name and present condition to Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Even from a purely military standpoint there are three important potentialities in regard to Rhodesia which demand attention, and any one of which may have an important bearing upon the history of the next few months.

In the first place, in any troubled state of the South African political atmosphere there is always the chance of a native rising, and with the Matabele Revolt still fresh in our minds, it is natural that any apprehension on this score should be largely centred in the country round about Bulawayo. Our experiences of the Matoppo Hills have taught us that in this quarter a native rising need not be really formidable to give an immensity of trouble, and cause, one way and another, a really serious loss of life. Secondly, assuming the outbreak of hostilities with the Transvaal, there is the awkward possibility of a determined Boer raid in this direction, not, of course, with the object of invading the country, but merely of isolating it from the

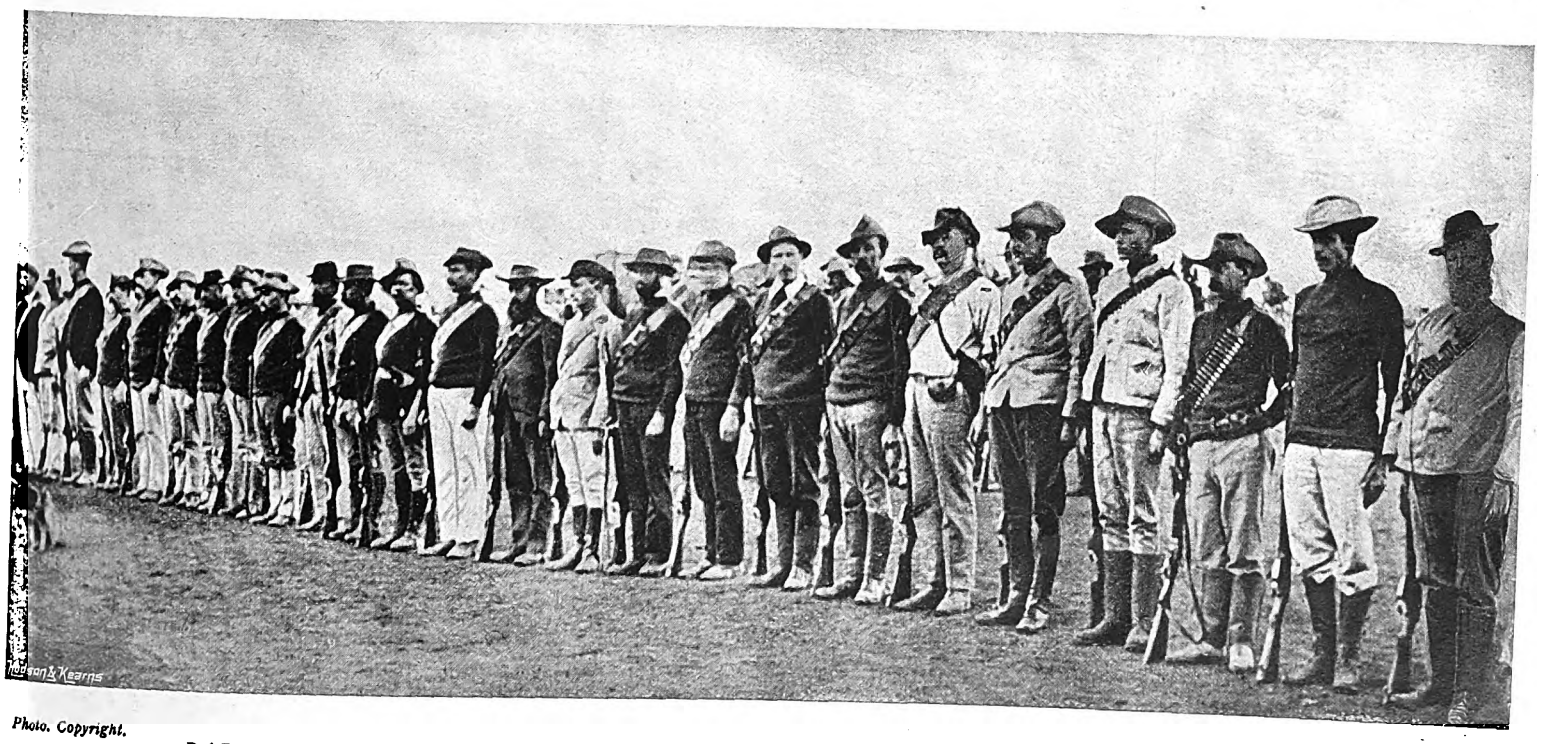

Photo. Copyright. BADEN-POWELL'S ROUGH-RIDERS—SAMPLES OF RHODESIAN IRREGULAR HORSE. *W. P. Edwards*

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south by smashing the railway communication between Bulawayo and Cape Town. The Boers have no particular affection for Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and this, in its way, would have been a pleasant compensation for the Jameson Raid of unfortunate memory. Thirdly, it is clearly apparent that, in regard to the Transvaal, Rhodesia occupies a position of immense strategical importance for purposes of attack. Between Bulawayo and Mafeking, the chief station of British Bechuanaland, there is direct communication, and from a point near Mafeking there is the best available route leading direct upon Pretoria. The Jameson raiders committed nearly every military blunder it was possible to commit, but they took the right route, and in any invasion of the Transvaal that route would certainly be followed by at least one column of the attacking force. Pending an organised movement, it is conceivable that if the Boers were busily occupied in operations on, say, the Natal border, a force collected in Rhodesia and suddenly launched from Mafeking in the direction of Pretoria might not only create a diversion, but effect very substantial results. Considerations such as these must have influenced the authorities in their despatch, at a very early stage in the Crisis, of Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell on special service to Rhodesia. Colonel Baden-Powell, whose portrait appears on the page devoted to the officers who are taking leading parts in the drama now being played, has won great distinction in the organisation of native levies, and in the class of rough-and-tumble service which is met with in out-of-the-way parts of Africa. Both in Ashanti and in the Matoppos he did conspicuously good work, and when it became known that his special mission in Rhodesia was to raise, with the assistance of Colonel Plumer and other kindred spirits, a corps of irregular horse, satisfaction was very generally expressed.

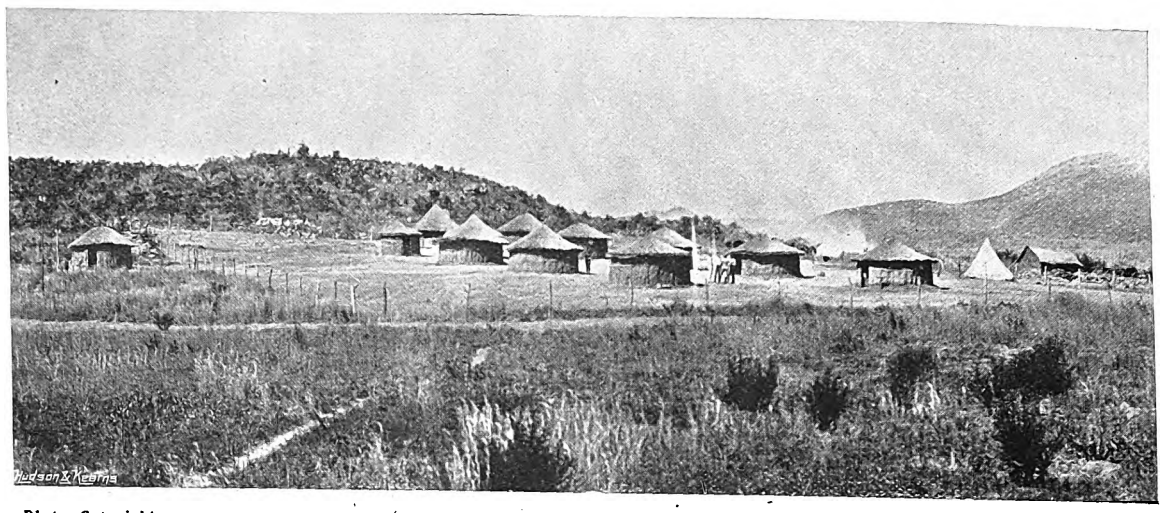

Photo. Copyright. A POLICE CAMP. *Men's Quarters, Rhodesia.* *Temple.*

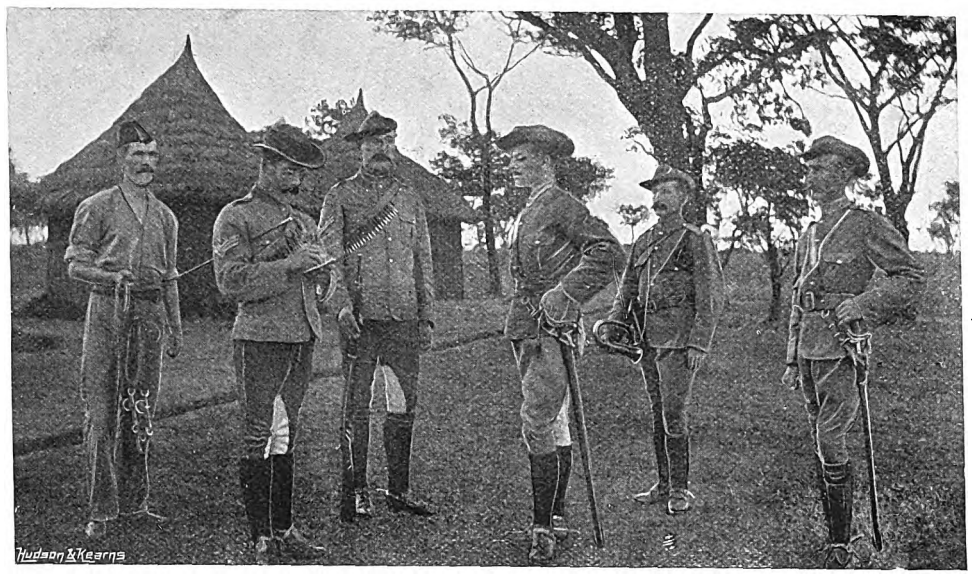

Photo. Copyright. BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE. *The Only Permanent Force in Rhodesia.* *"Navy & Army."*

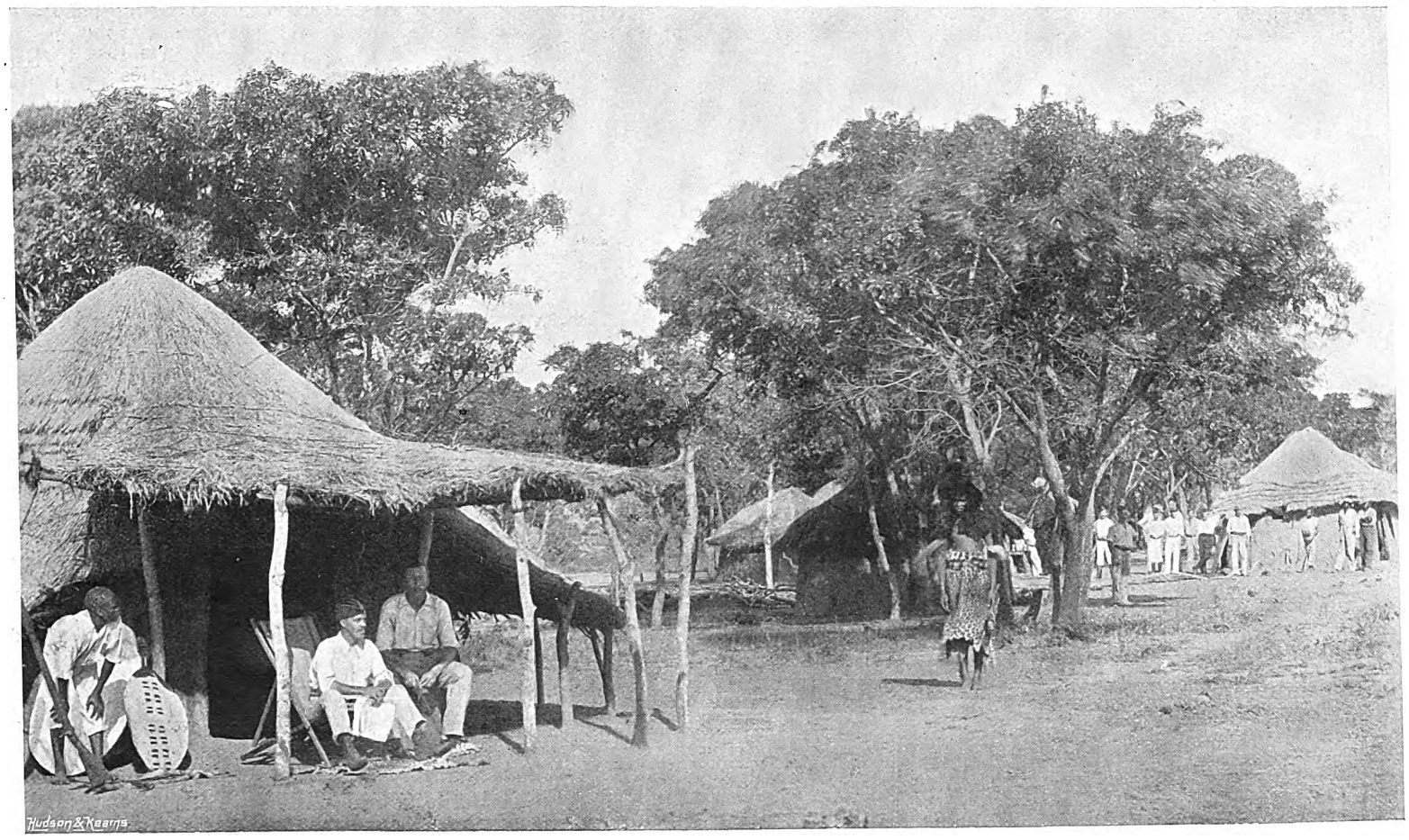

Photo. Copyright. A FORT IN RHODESIA—HUTS OCCUPIED BY OFFICERS. *Temple.*

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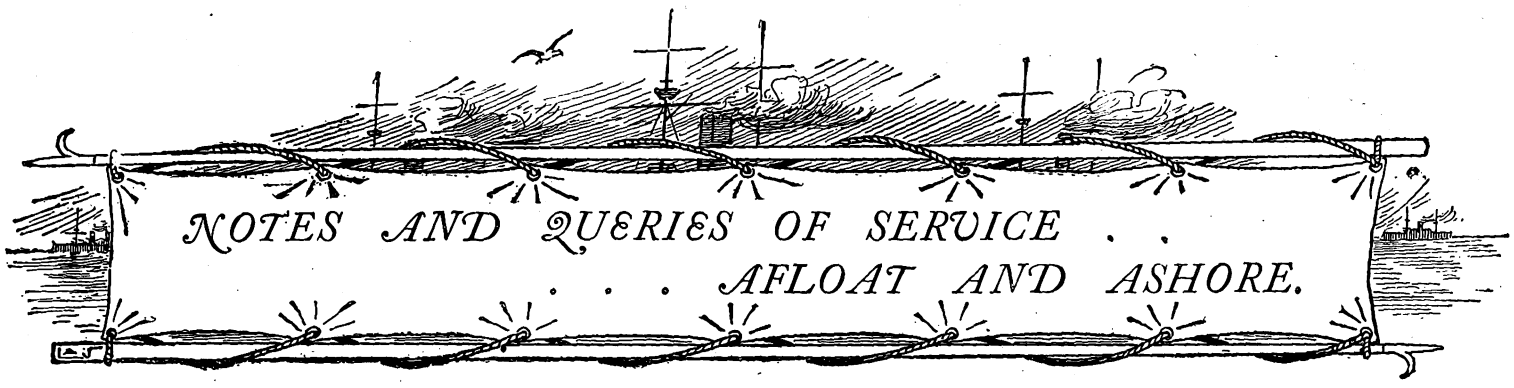

"TROOPER."—I can only answer your question concerning the transport of troops to South Africa in a general way, as a detailed answer would involve too much space. There are three chief considerations, viz., ventilation and light, the provision of clear passages along the decks, and room for each man to sit down to his meals at his mess table. Thus, if there is side ventilation the tables may be placed 5½-ft. from centre to centre, whereas if there is no side ventilation they are placed 6½-ft. apart. The mess tables are placed at the sides of the vessel, and are 6-ft., 7½-ft., or 9-ft. in length, according to the beam of the vessel, the rule being to allow 2½-ft. clear passage between the ends of the tables and the numerous hatchways, etc., that are placed amidships. The centre part of the vessel between these passages would be used for tanks, rifle racks, and sea kits. The rough rule which gives the number of men a vessel can carry is, allowing eight men to a 6-ft. table, two and a-half men can be carried for each foot of length of the vessel carrying these tables, three men to each foot when 7½-ft. length tables are carried, accommodating ten men at each table, and three and a-half men to each foot of length of vessel when 9-ft. tables, accommodating twelve men at each table, are used.

* * * *

AS regards horses in transports, ventilation is of primary importance, and men are never berthed on decks immediately above the horses. Either the men are partitioned off from the horses on the same deck or they are placed on the decks below. It generally happens that additional ventilation has to be provided when transporting horses, in order to provide strong up-currents of air to take away the foul air, and it is usual to pump the fresh air on to the deck. To get the horses in, the hatchways have to be at least 10-ft. square. Roughly, the number of horses that can be carried is to take only those parts of the available decks where there is a clear 12-ft. from the ship's side, and this length divided by three will give the number of horses that can be taken, allowing for spare stalls, the stalls provided being 5 per cent. more than the number of horses embarked. If the hatchways are very wide the horses are walked down to their stalls, but otherwise lifts capable of taking two horses up or down at a time are provided.

* * * *

"R. W."—I am afraid that old story which you quote, that a certain old lady left money in her will to provide the cadets in the "Britannia" with jam and Devonshire cream, is one of those myths which no amount of contradiction will ever kill. When the supply was augmented a few years ago, the cadets declared that another old lady had died, though some of the more knowing ones held that the original old lady's investments had turned out more profitable. The fact of the matter is that these appetising comforts are provided by the Government out of the sums contributed by the parents.

* * * *

"W. T. L."—The age of a recruit for the Life Guards must be between 18 and 23, his height 5-ft. 11-in. to 6-ft. 1-in., and his chest measurement 36-in. and upwards. Besides these requirements, every recruit has to furnish certificates of character from two clergymen or magistrates, and he must also, of course, be medically fit. With regard to a bandsman there are no fixed measurements, but he must be medically fit, and must be passed as efficient by the bandmaster.

* * * *

"FAIR PLAY."—The minimum cost of the necessary uniform for a second lieutenant joining the Royal Marine Artillery at Greenwich would be about £30, and the Royal Marine Light Infantry, about £26, but the answer to a question of this sort depends so much on the point of view of the questioner. The prices charged by different outfitters necessarily vary, and everyone's individual fancy will alter the number and quality of many of the articles considered indispensable. In addition to this first outfit at the college, about £50 more must be spent in the Royal Marine Artillery on promotion to lieutenant, about two and a-half years later, and about £40 in the Royal Marine Light Infantry, after one year's service, exclusive of the cost of furnishing quarters in barracks, and the provision of mess livery and clothes for the soldier-servant at headquarters. More things will be required again on embarkation for a foreign station, in the shape of white clothing. The best way for "Fair Play" to make exact comparisons would be to write to two or three outfitters who work for the Royal Marines asking for their prices for Greenwich outfits, and compare these with the Army and Navy Stores List. The Quarterly Navy List gives a description of all the uniforms which go to make up a Marine officer's kit.

* * * *

"T. C." (Westmount, Montreal).—I am always glad to hear from correspondents abroad, and was specially pleased to receive your letter, with its cordial appreciation of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. That you take an interest in the Services is scarcely to be wondered at, considering the Service record you have in your own family. The China medal, with clasp for Fatshan, is one to be prized, for of the five clasps issued with the medal, Fatshan was given to the Navy alone. Only one medal was issued with the whole five clasps, and that went to a comrade of your father's, a gunner of the Royal Marine Artillery. With regard to the books you ask about, the best you could get for your purpose would be "Records and Badges of the British Army," by Chichester and Burges-Short. The best book on medals is "Medals and Decorations of the British Army and Navy," by Horsley Mayo. This is, however, an expensive work, its price being three guineas. The illustrations are very complete, and superbly executed in colour. The crests of Her Majesty's ships can be got in fourteen sheets, from Griffin and Co., The Hard, Portsmouth. The authorities on the China War are: "Narrative of the War with China in 1860," by Lord Wolseley, published in 1862, and Swinhoe's "Narrative of the North China Campaign." The latest work is that compiled by Captain Knollys, in 1875: "Incidents in the China War of 1860, compiled from the private journals of General Sir Hope Grant."

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The good things of the Naval Service are now few and far between, though it is not so very long ago that an admiral appointed to the command of the Pacific station could always make sure of securing an addition to his income of at least £1,000 a year; some years a great deal more. This was obtained in a perfectly legitimate manner, by the conveyance of what is always in the Service called 'freight,' that is to say, specie and bullion, the coin being dollars, and the bullion ingots of gold—slabs of metal about 10-in. long and 3-in. wide. The freight was generally picked up on the coast of Mexico, though sometimes in Peru and California. Freight is only carried by men-of-war when merchant ships are not available. The Admiralty rate for the conveyance of freight is 1 per cent. The amount received from the shippers is divided into four shares, of which the captain of the ship carrying the freight receives two shares, the admiral commanding the station takes one share, and Greenwich Hospital gets the fourth share. Thus, however many different ships may carry freight, the admiral and Greenwich Hospital always share. An instance may be given of a sloop at San Francisco embarking freight to the value of 1,750,000-dol., or £350,000. At 1 per cent. the amount paid for conveyance works out as £3,500. The commander of the sloop got £1,750, the admiral and Greenwich Hospital each taking £875. The commander of the sloop was indeed a lucky man, as owing to the almost continuous employment of the ship on the coast of Mexico, he made nearly £7,000, during a commission of four years, by the conveyance of freight."

* * * *

MANY stories are told about the smuggling of silver—all on the coast of Mexico. One time-honoured legend is that a boat's crew and a midshipman are serving their time as convicts in a mine, having been caught in the act of taking silver off to their ship. Unquestionably a great deal of smuggling took place; the risks were small and the profits great. It was not difficult to bribe the officials, and it was very easy to arrange that the ship should be off the coast at a certain time and place, and that her boats should meet the silver-laden mule caravans. Like most other good things, the business was overdone; the Government naturally became angry, and eventually an over-zealous officer seized the paymaster of one of our ships, cast him into prison, and confiscated his money—the money he had obtained legally for the payment of the ship's company. Protests and threats of bombardment were useless, as although the paymaster was released the money has been retained to this day. The captain of the ship threatened to bombard the town, but the representations of the British merchants, coupled with the presence of a large number of troops, accompanied by numerous field-guns, preserved the peace. There is also a true story, to the effect that a captain of a frigate, having secured an enormous freight, sailed direct for England with it, leaving his station without permission. He reckoned that even if tried by court-martial, and dismissed the Service, he had made more money than he could by any possibility make in the Navy, and that, having the interest of the admiral of his station on his side, he would probably get off with a reprimand, in which surmise he was correct, as he was not even tried.

* * * *

THE page of portraits of officers who have been, or are likely to be, selected for the Staff in South Africa is necessarily both incomplete and to some extent speculative. Most of the names are "familiar in our mouths as household words," especially that of General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., commanding the Aldershot District, and late Adjutant-General to the Forces. Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen, lately commanding the Home District, is another extremely well-known and popular officer. Major-Generals Lyttelton and Wauchope, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson, will be remembered in connection with the Soudan Campaign, and Major-General Sir F. Carrington, Colonel Baden-Powell, and Lieutenant-Colonel Plumer in connection with the Matabele rising in 1896. Major-Generals Hildyard and FitzRoy Hart command infantry brigades at Aldershot, and Major-General J. D. P. French has had charge of the 1st Cavalry Brigade at the same centre. Colonel Ward is one of our leading authorities on Army Service work, and Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson a noted mounted infantry organiser. Major-General Marshall conducted the artillery drills on Salisbury Plain during the past summer, and Colonel Downing commanded the Practice Camp at Okehampton. The photographs used are owned by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Knight, Whitlock, Gregory, Lekegian, Van der Weyde, Maull and Fox, and the proprietors of *Black and White*. (*See page* 72.)

* * * *

THE pictures of ships on the Cape of Good Hope station, which are grouped on one of the two centre pages of this number, receive general allusion in the article on our Naval Forces in South Africa. No detailed catalogue appears necessary, as almost all that are named have been previously illustrated and annotated, if not described at length, in the pages of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. The pictures given are reproduced from photographs by Messrs. Ellis of Malta, Symonds, West, Cribb, and Crockett. (*See page* 73.)

THE EDITOR.

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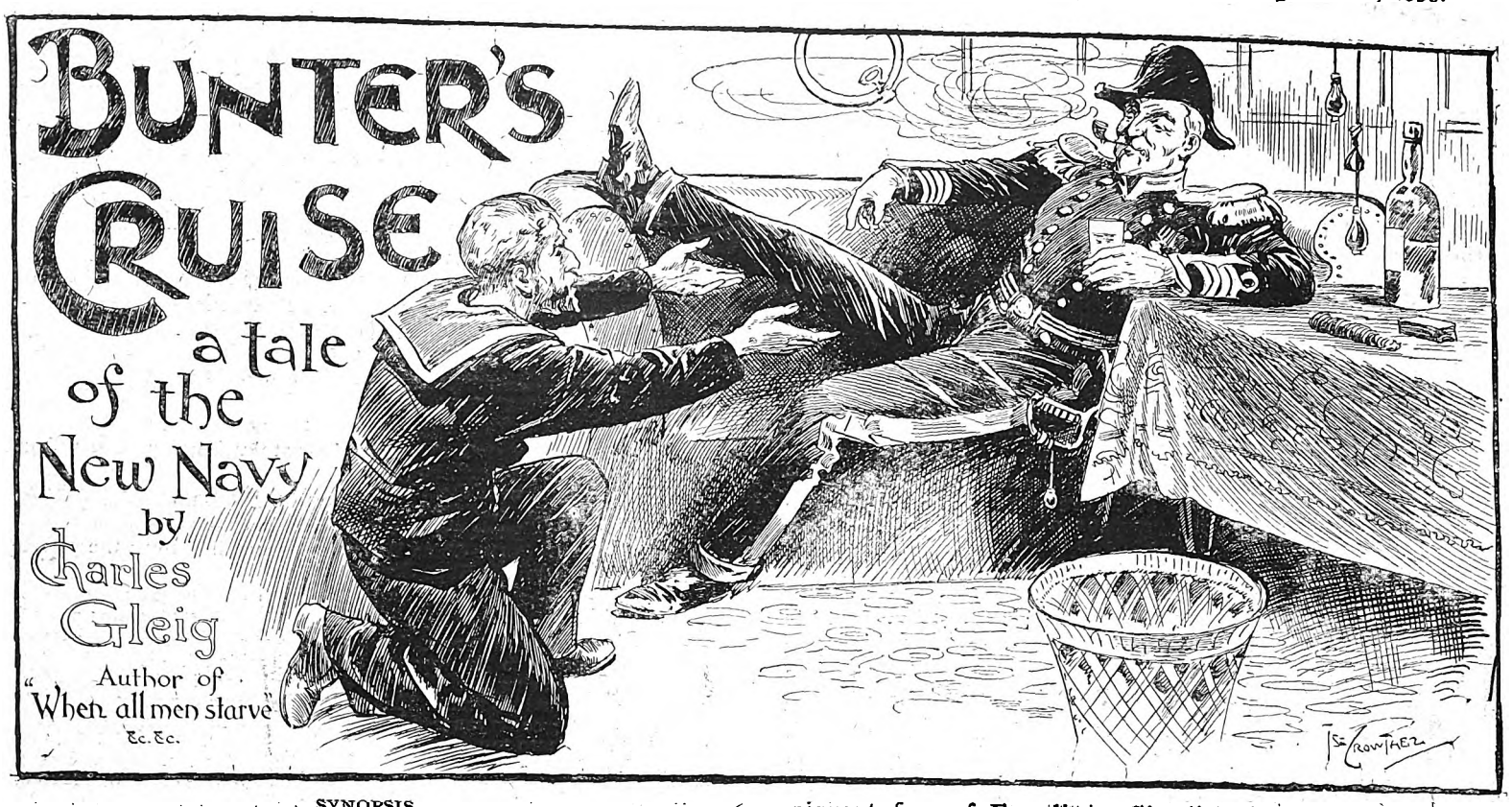

SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., who is in love with a publican's daughter, Nelly Pratten, is baulked in his matrimonial aims by the girl's social ambition. By a series of strange chances, detailed in the early chapters, Bunter contrives to impersonate his own captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale, and persists in the perilous fraud in order to convince Miss Pratten that she ought not to despise a "common sailor." The real captain, who is a stranger to the crew of the "Grunter," is universally mistaken for Bunter, whose clothes he has been obliged to assume. He is brought on board by the police and kept in arrest as a deserter. Next morning the "Grunter" sails for Gibraltar. Captain Laxdale tells his story, and is regarded by the officers as being deranged in mind. Bunter releases his victim from arrest and permits him to work as a seaman. Laxdale consents to this, in the hope of being able to turn the tables. Bunter believes himself to be unknown to all the crew, but he is recognised by a seaman named Squib. Of this man Laxdale makes a confidant, offering him a large reward to expose the fraud. Squib, however, hopes to gain more by blackmailing Bunter, and plays a double game. The men of the "Grunter," with the single exception of Squib, regard Captain Laxdale as a skulk who is assuming insanity in order to get out of the Navy. Bunter hopes to escape before the fraud can be discovered, and means to desert at Gibraltar. On the second day of the voyage Captain Laxdale falls overboard in a heavy sea and is gallantly rescued by Bunter. Laxdale's desire to secure the punishment of Bunter is somewhat abated by this incident. During the evening Squib makes himself known to Bunter, affects a desire to screen him, and demands blackmail. Bunter temporises with him. Squib gives Captain Laxdale a garbled account of the interview, and proposes that Laxdale shall escape from the ship at Gibraltar and endeavour to get Bunter arrested. Squib promises to aid in this scheme. Sunday passes without any striking incident, and next morning the ship anchors off Gibraltar. The Governor of Gibraltar invites the captain of the "Grunter" to dinner, and Bunter, seeing no way of refusing the invitation, puts a bold face on the matter and goes into high society. Claudia, the Governor's eldest daughter, is strongly attracted by Bunter's unconventional manners, but he is attracted by the youngest daughter, Eurydice.

CHAPTER XVI. *(continued.)*

"NO, no; don't trouble to fetch beer for me," replied Bunter, uneasily. "I can drink any stuff that's going. A glass or two of fizz bucks a man up and greases his talking gear."

"The champagne to Captain Laxdale," growled the Governor, and during the rest of the meal he ignored Bunter entirely.

Better had it been for Bunter to have rejected champagne, for soon the heady wine drowned his bashfulness and set him at his ease. He drank bumper after bumper of the insidious beverage, and the string of his tongue was loosed.

"In these days of artifice and affectation," murmured Claudia, "how stimulating it is to meet a real man. Your honest preference for simple ale, Captain Laxdale, tells me much."

"Well, you can easily get boozed even on beer," said Bunter, "if you take enough of it. I knew a chap——"

"Spare me," said Claudia, with a shrinking gesture. "Indeed, I never doubted that, for our soldiers here indulge in lamentable orgies with the balance of their slender pay."

"The stuff they sell in the grog shops here is bad enough to poison a hog," said Bunter, apologetically. "You mustn't be too hard on 'em, Miss Claudia."

The mature damsel gave him a tender look. "How consistently unconventional you are," she said, admiringly. "How bravely you ignore the miserable formulæ of starched society."

The gaze of the amorous sailor had wandered to the piquant face of Eurydice. Claudia's intensity bored him, the more so as he did not understand half that she said.

"Eh? how d'you mean?" he asked, absently, as he showered a cascade of pepper over his vegetables, and made Claudia sneeze.

"You call me 'Miss' Claudia," explained the lady, sinking her voice to a whisper.

"Do you mind?" asked Bunter, puzzled.

"I like it—from you," she said, meaningly. "But for the restraints of convention I would have you discard the prefix."

"Oh, yes, of course," muttered Bunter, quite in the dark.

"Some day when our souls are more in unison you shall call me by my name," said Claudia. "You are named Roger, I know."

"Am I?" said Bunter. "I mean, yes, I am."

"By those who are dear to you, I should have said."

"No," said Bunter, "very few of 'em call me that."

"It is a privilege that I would share with the few," said Claudia, tenderly. She sighed heavily, and scrutinised her empty plate.

"Have some more turkey," suggested Bunter. "It's jolly good."

The stout damsel shook her head. "Food repels me," she said, untruthfully; but Bunter was not impressed.

"You'd say that if you had to eat salt beef in the tropics," he remarked. "That kind of stuff makes a man relish fresh victuals when he gets 'em."

"Why affect to misunderstand me?" said Claudia, gravely. "My soul hungers for the ethereal fare of sympathy, and you are sympathetic. Here, in these gross surroundings" (she nodded disdainfully at her empty plate), "I cannot talk to you as I would. The fumes of dinner come between us."

"Yes, there's a time for all things," said Bunter. He turned from her to the solid work of the moment, and the conversation dropped.

"The old feather-bed is rather mashed on me," he decided; but the thought gave him no pleasure. "It's always the wrong sister fancies one," he reflected, as he ogled the pretty Eurydice.

As dinner progressed Bunter grew more and more confident. He disregarded the coolness of his host's manner, and drank freely with every course. He told some astonishing stories about sailors and their sprees on shore, and some of these were well received.

"How you must have studied your men," said Eurydice. "I should so much like to see the 'Grunter.'"

"Ships are all alike," said the A.D.C. "They are composed of precipitous ladders and wet paint. You break your shins on the ladders, and spoil your clothes with the paint."

"If you come to that," retorted Bunter, fiercely, "regiments are as like one another as boxes of tin soldiers. I wouldn't give a tinker's d—— I mean, I wouldn't give a weevily biscuit, to see your garrison march past a flag-pole."

He met the eyes of Eurydice, and softened. "I'd be very proud to show you over the 'Grunter,'" he said, bluntly. "Will you come aboard to tea to-morrow and bring all the ladies? There won't be any wet paint either," he added, severely, "though I can't alter the ladders."

The sisters exchanged glances, and Eurydice, who loved

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to coquette with the eligible A.D.C., declared that she longed to visit Captain Laxdale's ship.

"And so do I," murmured the mature Claudia.

"To-morrow is our 'At Home' day," she added, aloud. "If you would let us come on Wednesday——"

"Any day that's agreeable to you will suit me down to the ground," said Bunter, gallantly.

"And then," whispered Claudia, "we may be able to converse together unchecked."

This was not what Bunter wanted, but he bore with Claudia's sentiment for the sake of her pretty sister.

They were now at the dessert stage of the ponderous meal, the coping-stone of an indigestible feast; and Bunter was full of wine and confidence.

"Will you not try our Spanish olives?" said Claudia, tenderly. "There is something so delicate about the olive, though, like beautiful poetry, it is a cultivated taste." She selected a monster specimen, and offered it to Bunter.

He thanked her indifferently, and began to chew it; but soon an expression of disgust clouded his merry face, and he spat it out upon his plate.

The action, though decidedly unconventional, was too advanced for Claudia, and for a moment her admiration was chilled.

"You don't seem to like it," she faltered.

Bunter rinsed his mouth with claret before replying. "I'd as soon eat a plum soaked in paraffin," he said, bluntly.

"Perhaps it was a bad one," said Claudia.

"Say putrid, and you'd be nearer the mark," growled Bunter. "You won't catch me testing Spanish plums again."

"Only a sailor could dare to be so natural," thought Claudia, admiringly, as she gave the ladies the signal to rise.

When they had gone Bunter moved nearer to his host, and applied himself with renewed ardour to the cool claret. He told some very much "after-dinner" stories about sailors and their doings, and the Governor thawed.

"It is odd," he confided to one of the majors, "that a son of Lord Boldrewood should be so rough in his manner. The fellow is quite a character, and he must have astonished them when he was in the Queen's yacht."

"I fancy his roughness is a pose, sir," said the major. "One can see that there is culture below the surface."

"True," agreed the general. "You're a keen observer, Major Brown-Jones."

"There was a blooming sparrer, got up a blooming spout;
There came a blooming shower of rain, and washed the bloomer out."

It was growing late when they joined the ladies, for the realistic anecdotes of Bunter had made the Governor linger over his cigar. The two younger daughters sang the usual drawing-room songs, to the accompaniment of the vapid A.D.C., and Bunter was enraptured by the clear tones of Eurydice. He begged for a comic song, and the girl pleasantly complied. Her song, though not amusing, pleased Bunter mightily.

"But now, Captain Laxdale," said the girl, as she turned from the piano, "you must keep your promise, and recite some of your own poetry."

The susceptible Bunter felt as liberal as Herod after witnessing the dance of the daughter of Herodias. Had she demanded the head of the real Captain Laxdale in a bread-barge, she might have got it.

"I'll do anything I can to amuse you, Miss Eurydice," he said, gallantly; "anything you like, from pitch and toss to manslaughter."

"How nice of you," said Eurydice, coquettishly. "Ladies and gentlemen, Captain Laxdale is now going to recite one of his very own poems."

The company displayed all the artistic interest they could command after a heavy dinner, and Bunter found himself somewhat embarrassed.

"I hardly know what to give you," he said, doubtfully. "Most of my verses aint altogether fit for ladies. They're too near nature."

"It is hard to be too true to nature," murmured Claudia.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the Governor, in some alarm. "Can't you give us a pastoral, Laxdale? Birds, and flowers, and that sort of thing might be safest."

"Well, sir, I have written a few bits on birds," said Bunter, "though I like other sorts better. I'll give you my 'Lines on a Sparrer,' if you like."

"Oh, do!" cried the ladies in chorus.

"A charming theme," said Claudia, and begged for silence.

Bunter squared his shoulders, put his hands behind his back in the approved board school manner, and began: "Lines on a Sparrer," he repeated, solemnly; but there was a sly twinkle in his blue eyes.

"There was a blooming sparrer
Got up a blooming spout;
There came a blooming shower
o' rain,
And washed the bloomer out."

The ladies started, and exchanged wondering glances, but Bunter continued, unmoved:

"Out came the blooming sunshine,
Dried up that blooming rain;
Blest if the little bloomer
Didn't get up the spout again."

The poet bowed clumsily, and resumed his seat. For some moments no word was spoken, and the silence was dreadfully embarrassing to all. "I knew they wouldn't like it," Bunter whispered to Lyle.

The lieutenant smiled, sadly.

The sprightly Eurydice was the first among the ladies to relieve the tension. "Thank you, so much," she said, gravely. "Your poem seems to display a deep insight into bird life."

The Governor laughed. "It's a clever rhyme," he said, doubtfully, and reminds me of Albert Chevalier's cockney songs."

"Or of Herrick, in his coarser vein," said one of the majors' wives, icily.

"Truth to nature can never be coarse, dear Mrs. Brown-Jones," said Claudia, firmly. The two ladies plunged into argument, and "Lines on a Sparrer" escaped further criticism.

But Bunter was not pressed to recite again.

CHAPTER XVII.

In the Copper-punt.

Whilst Bunter was disporting himself in high society, Roger Laxdale and the deceitful Squib were preparing to execute their plan of "breaking out" of the ship. Leave had been granted for the night to a small section of the crew; but as Squib was not a "special" leave man, he was required to remain on board with the majority.

A breeze from the south-east had sprung up during the evening, rippling the surface of the anchorage with choppy little waves; but the "Grunter" lay close under the land and was sheltered from the rising swell by the Naval break-water, known as the "Mole." The ship had tautened her cable, but was not otherwise affected by the slight swell.

The conspirators leant over the forecastle rail watching the twinkling lights of the town. The Marine sentry paced up and down, from port to starboard, his rifle at the "slope," his mind a pipe-clayed vacuum. The three had the forecastle to themselves, for the bulk of the crew were grouped on the fore part of the upper deck, singing, smoking, or conversing. The grunt of a discordant concertina (an instrument of torture to Laxdale) violated the beauty of the night and drowned the whistling of the wind in the rigging. The conspirators

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conversed in low tones to the accompaniment of the sentry's creaking boots.

"The wind's getting up," said Laxdale, gloomily. "I doubt if the copper-punt will be safe."

"It won't blow no harder," said Squib, confidently. "You aint going to back out of it, are you?"

"No, I suppose we'd better try to-night."

"Why, of course," said Squib. "The punt'll keep afloat right enough in this little swell, and we aint got far to pull."

Laxdale glanced over his shoulder at the sentry. "Is that the Marine we've got to bribe?"

"No, not him," said Squib; "he goes off at four bells" (10 p.m.). "Have you got lush ready?"

"I got a bottle from him to-day," said Laxdale.

"'Alf of that'll square a blooming Joey," said Squib. "We might as well drink some ourselves, while we're waiting."

Laxdale ignored the hint, for he wished Squib to keep strictly sober. "Tell me your plan again," he said. "I'm not clear about the details."

Squib spat irritably into the sea, but complied.

"When they pipe down," he said, "you and me turns in with our clothes on. As soon as all's quiet, we comes up here, and gives Thomson the lush. We'll have to wait till Thomson goes off the forecastle to strike six bells——"

"Why?" asked Laxdale.

"'Cause he says we must," Squib explained. "If we got into the punt when he was up here the sergeant would know he must have seen us."

"Yes, I see that," Laxdale agreed. "Go on."

"Well, that's all," said Squib. "I lowers you down in the blooming punt, and shins down the fall after you."

"Won't they hear the blocks creak when you lower?"

"They won't, 'cause I've greased them," said Squib.

"The lieutenant of the day may be on deck and see us?"

"Rot!" said Squib; "he'll be turned in by then."

"How about the quartermaster on watch?"

"That's arranged," said Squib. "Thomson'll walk aft, after striking the bell, and keep him in talk for five minutes."

"It all seems very risky," said Laxdale. "I know we shall be seen by somebody."

"No, we shan't," said Squib, confidently. "Leave it to me, and you'll be ashore afore eight bells" (midnight).

"It will be far too late to find anyone that knows me," groaned Laxdale, "even if there is anyone who does."

"What a disgustin' habit you have of raising objections," growled Squib. "We can lie snug in one of the grog shops till morning. There's no other way of getting ashore that I knows of."

"Yes, yes, you are right," said Laxdale, more hopefully. "I shall not forget what you've done for me, Squib. You shall not lose by it."

"No, I don't mean to," muttered the sailor.

Presently three bells (9.30) struck, whereupon the boatswains' mates piped down and the men went below. Some tried to evade the rule, for the cool night air was tempting, but the ships' police routed them from their hiding-places and rated them imperiously. On his way to the mess-deck, Squib caught sight of Bully Kipps, and whispered something in his ear. Kipps nodded assent.

"Mind you keep awake," said Squib.

"You may bet your sea-boots I shall," growled Kipps.

The time passed very quickly with Laxdale as he lay in his hammock awaiting Squib's signal to rise. His mind dwelt chiefly upon the risks of detection, for, now that he was roused to action, he was keenly desirous of checkmating the impostor. Yet he felt some compunction in injuring the man who had saved his life. He heard four bells struck before the fitful talk of the men had wholly died away. Soon afterwards silence reigned as supreme as she could hope to do in the company of snoring sailors. Half-an-hour passed swiftly, and the ship's bell again marked the passage of time. This time the sentry struck it lightly, to avoid disturbing the crew. Still no sign from Squib; but after a quarter of an hour Laxdale felt his hammock shaken and knew that the suspense of waiting was over. Slipping very quietly to the deck, he took his boots in his hand and crept up the fore ladder. The moon was obscured, the sky overcast; the night air blew chill in his face as he stepped on deck from the stuffy atmosphere below. He noted with exultation that the darkness of the night favoured escape. Still it was not dark enough to satisfy him, for he could see Squib waiting for him under the forecastle. He joined his ally, and they held a whispered conversation as they crouched near the fore mast.

"Where's the whisky?"

"Here," said Laxdale, patting his distended jumper.

"Hand it over, then."

Laxdale complied, and Squib poured half the spirit into a second bottle which he had ready for the purpose.

(To be continued.)

WAR!

ALTHOUGH at the time of writing war has not been actually declared, it is regarded as absolutely inevitable, and very possibly by the time these lines are in print a collision will have occurred, such as may finally and completely shatter the extremely slender hopes that yet remain of a peaceful settlement. On both sides the preparations which have been made for some time past are of the most openly hostile description. In the Transvaal a proclamation of martial law is hourly expected; both the Boer and British borders are being closely watched by troops pushed up to within easy distance of the actual frontier, and in the course of the next few days the actual despatch of our Army Corps from home may have commenced. We are justified, therefore, in regarding war, if not as a foregone conclusion, at any rate as only to be averted by a series of incidents of a wholly miraculous description.

The preparation of a Double Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is, as may be imagined, a task not only of considerable labour, but one which cannot be satisfactorily accomplished at lightning speed. It will be readily understood then that, though every effort has been made to make the account we have given of the Crisis as up-to-date as possible, the scrupulous care necessitated by the reproduction of over 100 pictures has compelled us to leave something to be added by way of a postscript, giving a yet closer view of an eventuality which may prove to be one of the most important as well as most lurid happenings of the present century.

During the past few days, apart from the meeting of the Cabinet Council on September 29, two highly-important steps have been taken by our military authorities. The first of these was a swift, sudden, and carefully screened forward movement of practically the whole of the Ladysmith garrison, including the 18th Hussars, two field batteries and the 10th Mountain Battery, the 1st Leicestershire and the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, to Cragside Farm, between Glencoe and Dundee. The latter has important coal mines in the immediate vicinity, which, incidentally, it is very desirable to protect, and is connected with the railway from Durban to Charlestown by a short branch line, the junction being at Glencoe. Doubtless the main object of this move was to prevent an attack on the part of the Boers from the Buffalo river. Ladysmith being temporarily evacuated, orders were given to the 5th Lancers and an infantry battalion to move up from Pieter Maritzburg, thus leaving room for corps of the Indian contingent, the first instalments of which have already arrived at Durban.

The second important step to which we particularly allude was the placing under immediate orders for South Africa of a number of Army Service Corps companies in anticipation of the despatch of a complete Army Corps under Sir Redvers Buller, who, it is now authoritatively said, will leave England for the Cape forthwith. This is an impressive and wise precaution, inasmuch as it is upon the Army Service Corps that the speedy shaking down into their places of the various corps on disembarkation will largely depend.

Meanwhile there has been a general stiffening of our military position all round in Natal, Cape Colony, and in Rhodesia and British Bechuanaland. In the last-named quarter it appears that some 1,000 mounted men are available, and it is very evident that the material is of the best possible description. From the Cape every effort is being made to secure the safety of the railway which runs up through Kimberley, Vryburg, and Mafeking to Bulawayo, and there is also great activity among the Volunteers. In Natal a new regiment of 500 Imperial Light Horse has been formed, and 1,800 Volunteers mobilised, amid immense enthusiasm, and sent to Ladysmith.

On the part of the Boers there is much talk of offensive measures, and a notable concentration has taken place at Volksrust. Whether this indicates an imminent attack upon Natal, or merely a stubborn defence of the road leading from Charlestown to Johannesburg and Pretoria, is at the time of writing doubtful; but it may be taken for granted that if anything in the nature of a brisk offensive is taken by the Boers, it will be followed by an exceedingly brisk counter-stroke on the part of one section or another of the cordon which even now is stretched around the Transvaal.

It is convenient to mention here that this Double Number does not represent either a first or final effort on our part to deal with this momentous episode. For weeks past we have followed the Crisis in these pages, and, so long as any Service interest continues to be attached to it, we shall illustrate the course of events by the best and brightest pictures procurable from correspondents at the front and other sources.

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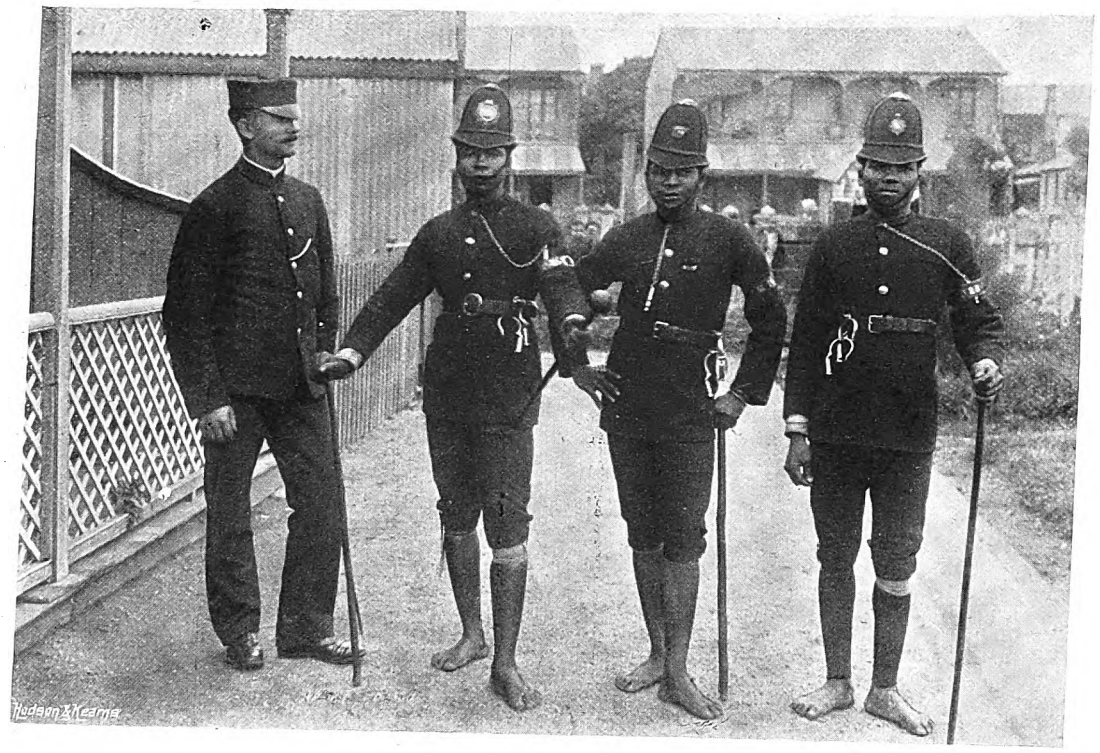
Native Life and Scenery.

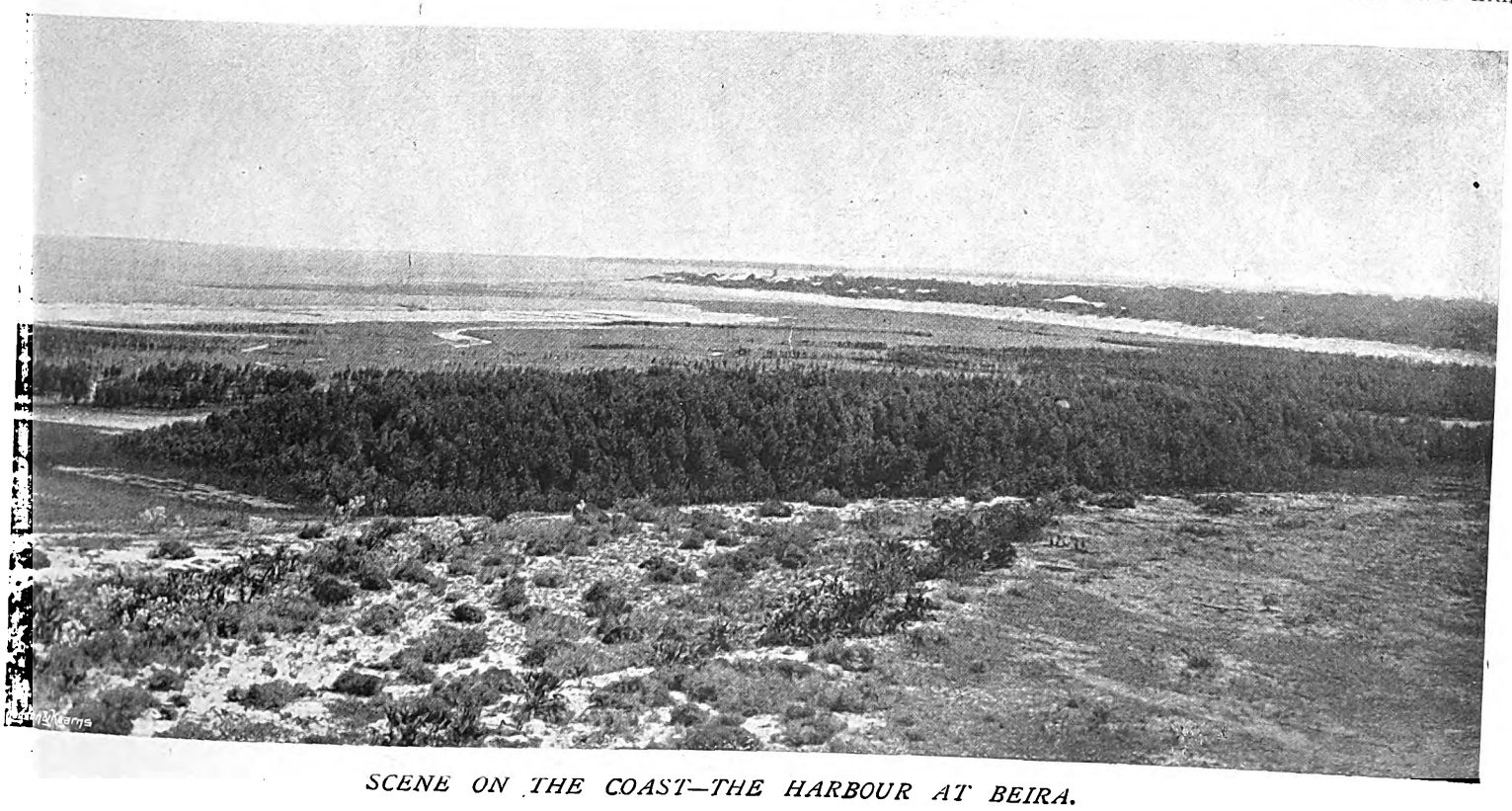
IT is a common saying that out of Africa we may always be on the lookout for some novel discovery or happening to arise. But to many, a still greater charm attached, at any rate, to South Africa is the presence of elements in which the absence of change is the most prominent feature. To the lover of Nature South African scenery has a fascination all its own; to the student of the more or less noble savage, the varied aboriginal races in Cape Colony, Zululand, Rhodesia, and other districts afford a source of infinite interest and not a little instruction. Such observations, too, are carried out with far greater pleasure in a nearly perfect climate than they can be in the steamy recesses of a South American jungle, or on the torrid plains of Asia. Small wonder, then, that a considerable literature has gathered around this subject, a literature to which we now propose to make a slight, but possibly not unattractive, pictorial addition.

FROM GAY TO GRAVE.
A Zulu War Dance



BLACKS IN BLUE.
Native Police, Natal.

The Zulu war dance here depicted may not, at first sight, seem a very impressive performance. To civilised minds of the sober British type such apparently senseless mummery seldom appeals, unless *pour rire.* But a mass of antiquarian interest is centred in the widespread savage notion that ceremonial dances should precede any organised campaign. We Britishers, too, have reason to know that the dancing Zulu can also develop with amazing suddenness into a "fust-class fightin' man," who, in some such organisation as that which Cetewayo had handed down to him by his great predecessor, can severely tax the resources of a great civilised Power before he will own him-



SCENE ON THE COAST—THE HARBOUR AT BEIRA.

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self beaten. Many a great poet has sung of the comparative value of the arts of war and of peace. Here we have them sharply and amusingly contrasted. Our first picture showed the lusty Zulu preparing to take the war-path; the second depicts him in the streets of a Natal town in the character of an official guardian of the peace. It is possible that in this latter capacity he would fall short of his British *confrère* in controlling the traffic at the Mansion House, or carrying out the raid of a "West End Club." But his physique is all that could be desired, and there is about him a distinct aspect of good nature, a quality which, as we all know, is absolutely indispensable in a policeman.

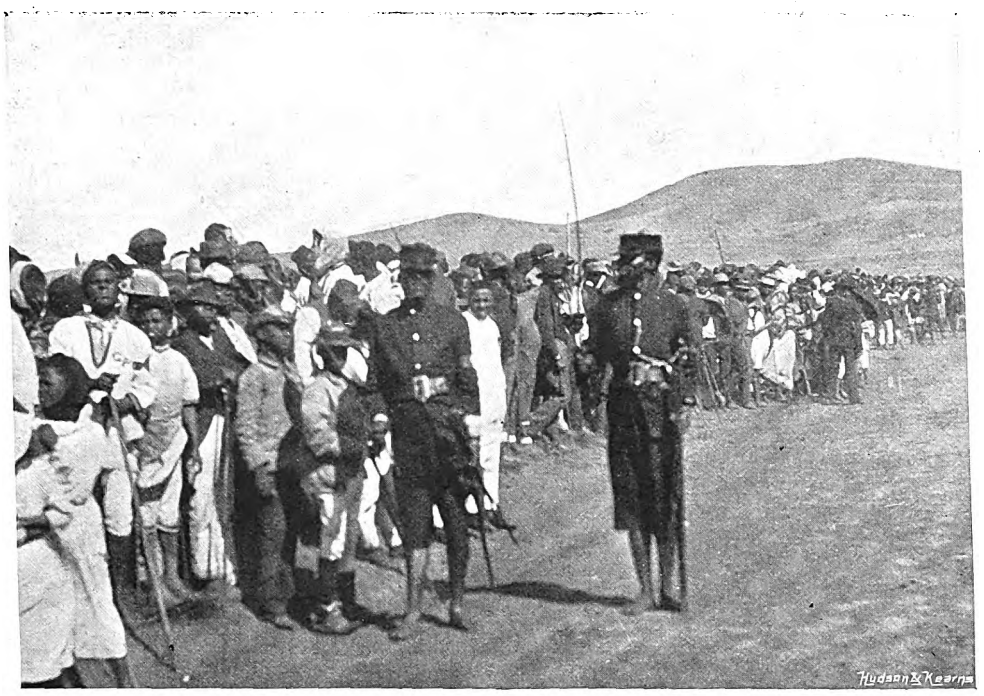

Photo. Copyright. *A NATIVE CROWD* *"Navy & Army."*
Spectators at a Review.

Later on we have the South African native in another *rôle*, that of the 'rickshaw driver, who for a very modest fare doubles the parts of horse and driver, and carries one spinning along the dusty street, uphill and downhill, at a capital pace and without exhibiting any sign of distress. This youngster is framed on a bigger model than the original 'rickshaw wallahs of Japan, and is the possessor of an excellent pair of legs. If ever the 'rickshaw becomes popular in this country outside the Earl's Court Exhibitions, we may see this identical boy in the Park, though doubtless in a costume of a rather less severely simple character.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army.*
A JEHU OF DURBAN.
Zulu Jinrick haw Boy.

Another picture shows a crowd of native spectators at a review, and a very interesting crowd it is. Essentially

Photo. Copyright. *ROAD AND RIVER—A "BIT" NEAR CAPE TOWN.* *G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.*

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warlike as many of the South African races are, a military review appeals to them with especial force, and they gladly congregate in thousands to watch with interested and critical eyes the parade movements of the British soldiers. Here,

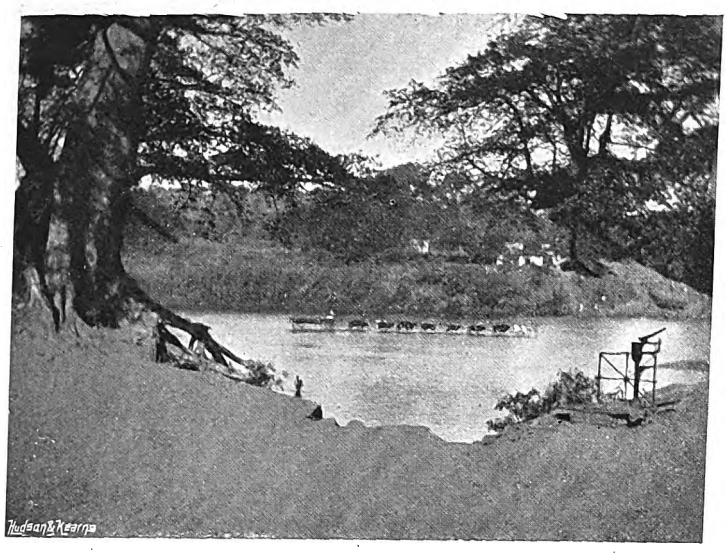


Photo. Copyright. AN HISTORIC STREAM. *"Navy & Army."*
Crossing the Tugela River.

again, we have the native policeman, and in the crowd there are many types, particularly among the younger members, which will repay careful study.

Our pictures of South African scenery mostly speak for themselves, though a special interest is attached to the scene on the Tugela river, which will commend itself to all students of the history of British ascendancy in this quarter of the

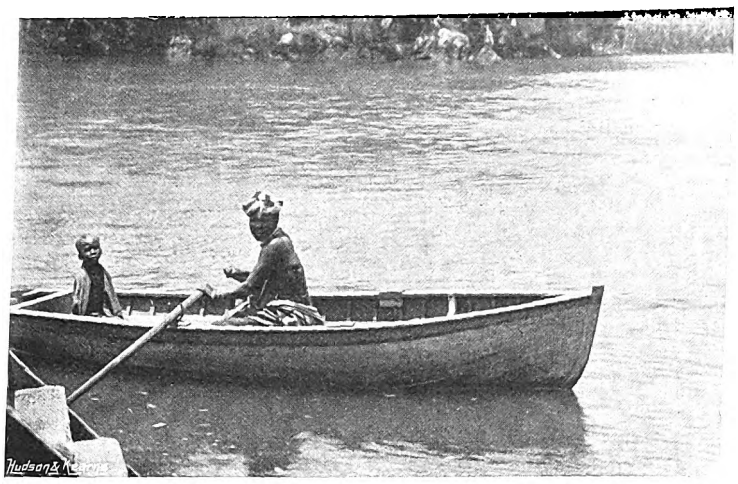
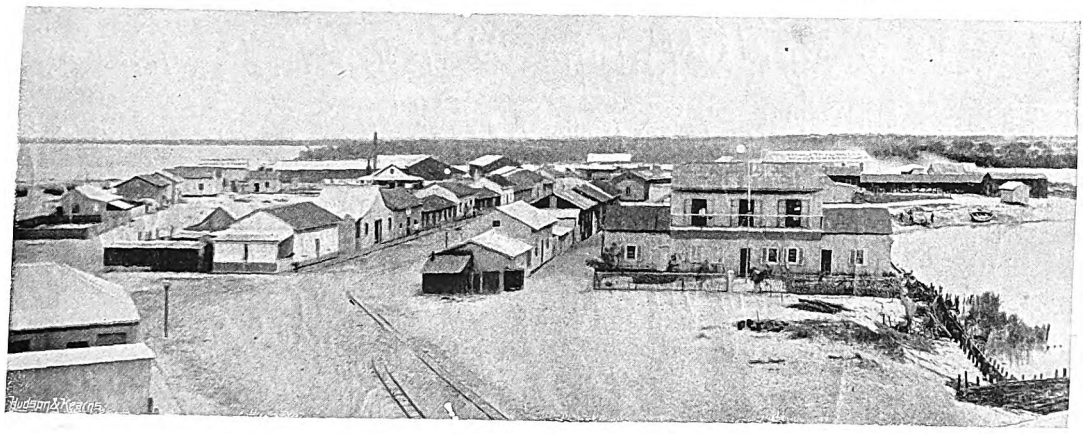


Photo Copyright. AN IMPORTANT PASSENGER. *"Navy & Army."*
Scene on the Umzimvubu River.

globe. The Tugela river separates Zululand from Natal proper, and runs into the Indian Ocean some seventy miles north-east of Durban. Another river scene with a human interest attached to it is that on the Umzimvubu, in which a native youngster of very tender years is being rowed by, presumably, his fond parent in a boat built on unmistakably European lines. The little man's face wears a very quaint expression, and it is difficult to believe that such a skinny shrimp will ever develop, as he will probably do, into a magnificent and shapely mass of muscle. The "bit" near Cape Town, with its restful alternations of light and shade, shows that something besides veldt scenery and the feverish bustle of gold-mining centres is to be met with and enjoyed in this picturesque country of broad effects and ever-delightful variety.

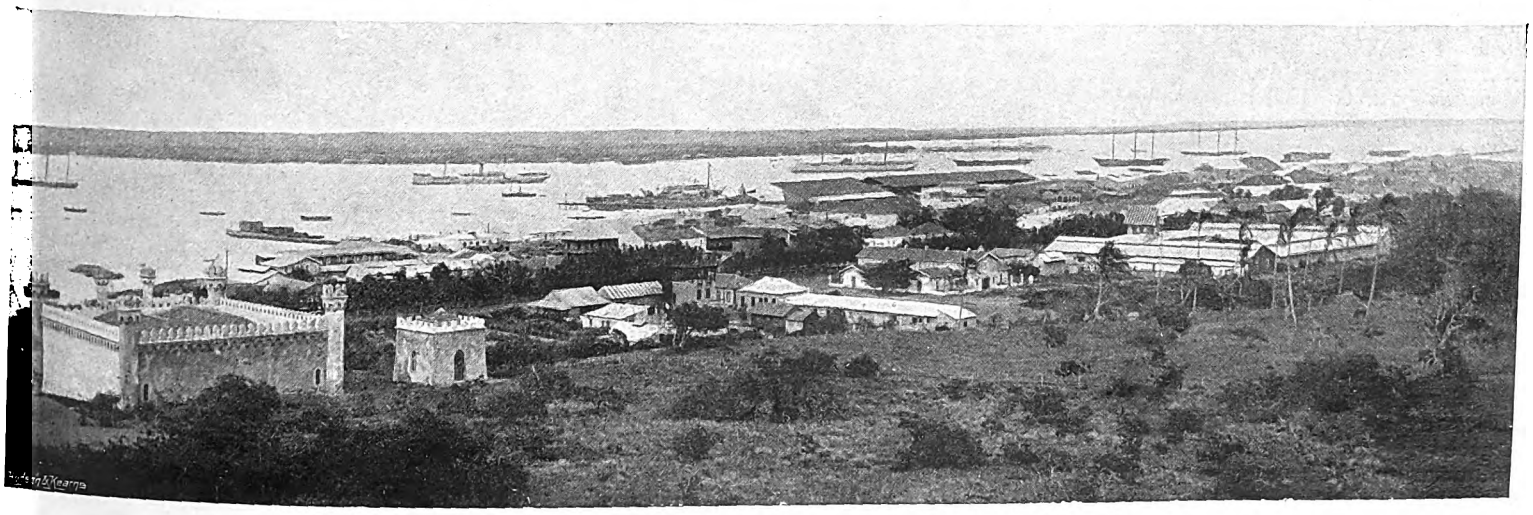
Portuguese Territory.

THE whirligig of time brings strange revenges, and in the history of the world there are few more striking instances of decay and growth than the conjoint annals of Portuguese and British empire in Africa. The explanation is that the Portuguese have never taken their position in this continent very seriously, and that their rule has been disfigured by many acts, if not of tyranny, at least of utter indifference to native feeling.



THE SHORT CUT TO MASHONALAND.
The Portuguese Port of Beira.

Beira, which forms the subject of one of our pictures, is chiefly of importance as affording a means of rapid communication between Salisbury and other Rhodesian centres and the sea. In the old days a belt of country infested by the tsetse fly rendered such communication extremely difficult, if not, to the average traveller, impossible. But now a line of rail shortens the journey to an extent which, if Beira were in better hands than those of the Portuguese, would pave the way to the commercial prosperity of the inland region. Of Lorenço Marques little need be said, more particularly just now, when at any moment it is possible that a significant declaration of policy in regard to Delagoa Bay may be made by either the British or Portuguese Government or both. But it may be recalled that it is through this territory that the Boers have been hoping, against hope, to obtain an outlet to the sea.



ONE OF THE KEYS TO THE TRANSVAAL—LORENCO MARQUES.

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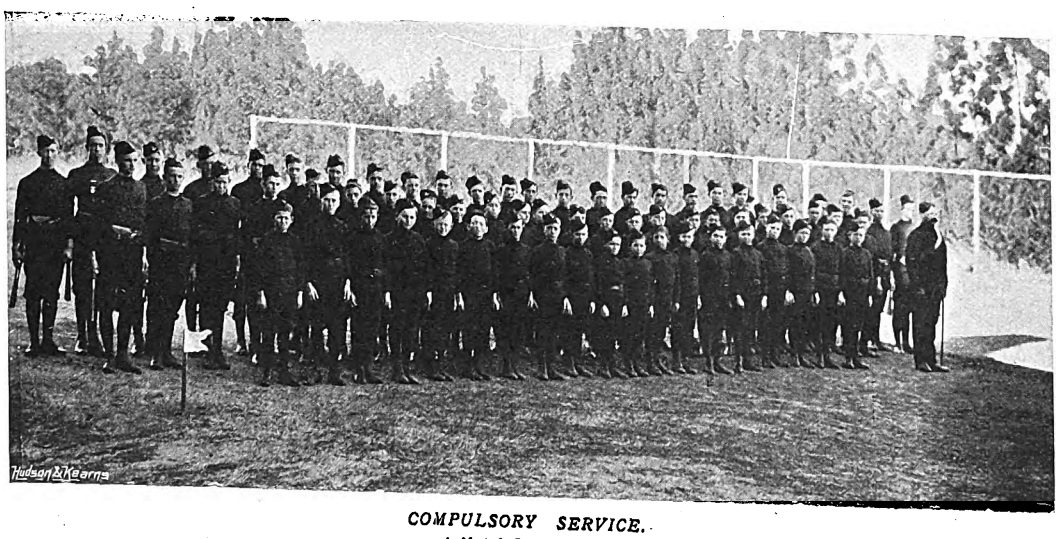
The Local Forces of Natal.

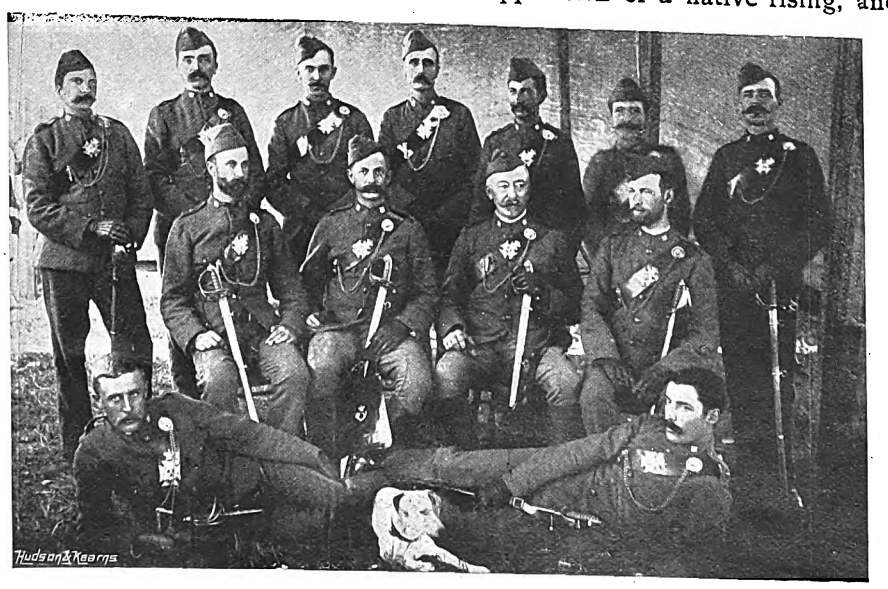
ACTION FRONT! READY!—MAXIM DETACHMENT, NATAL CARBINEERS.

THE local forces of Natal are not quite so numerous as those of Cape Colony, but they are singularly efficient, and composed of the very finest material that can well be imagined. For the local Police has an excellent name in the Mother Country, and attracts many a stalwart, level-headed youngster who cannot afford an Army commission and finds home commercial life distasteful, while anyone settling in the country joins, almost as a matter of course, one or other of the Volunteer corps. In the Police the training is of a most sound and practical description, while the Volunteers are, whenever possible, encouraged to hold manœuvres at which the *raison d'être* of such organisations is kept steadily in view, and simple efficiency rather than mere parade smartness is sensibly studied.



COMPULSORY SERVICE.
A Natal Cadet Corps.

The series of pictures here reproduced gives a capital idea of the local forces of Natal as distributed under four heads—Police, Cadets, Volunteer Infantry, and Volunteer Mounted Infantry, or, as perhaps they would prefer to be called, Mounted Volunteers.



GROUP OF OFFICERS.
Durban Light Infantry.

The first illustration shows the Maxim detachment of the Natal Carbineers coming into "Action front." The value of the Maxim for colonial, and especially for South African, service is now pretty generally understood, and it is particularly easy to appreciate its usefulness in the hands of a corps like the Natal Carbineers, who may almost at any moment be called upon to assist in the suppression of a native rising, and whose capacity to move with a machine gun to a distant spot at the shortest notice is no mean factor in the civil, if not military, security of the colony.

The title of our second picture, "Compulsory Service," may at first sight seem puzzling, but it is very easily explained. These youngsters are College boys, and come under the wise rule which renders service in a cadet corps compulsory on all lads attending a Natal Government school. One cannot gather from such a picture the exact stage of efficiency arrived at; and, indeed, it is a great mistake to push

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schoolboy soldiering beyond a certain point. But there is no mistaking the general soundness of the principle of thus early inculcating in the colonial human product the discipline and self-respect—not to speak of physical education—which are inseparably connected with a good military training. Judging, too, from the general appearance of these laddies, they take to their soldiering kindly, and they are not likely to forget in after life the lesson learnt at school, that one of the first duties of a British colony is not to lean too heavily on the Mother Country in the matter of defence, if only for the simple reason that to do so means loss of independence and increased taxation.

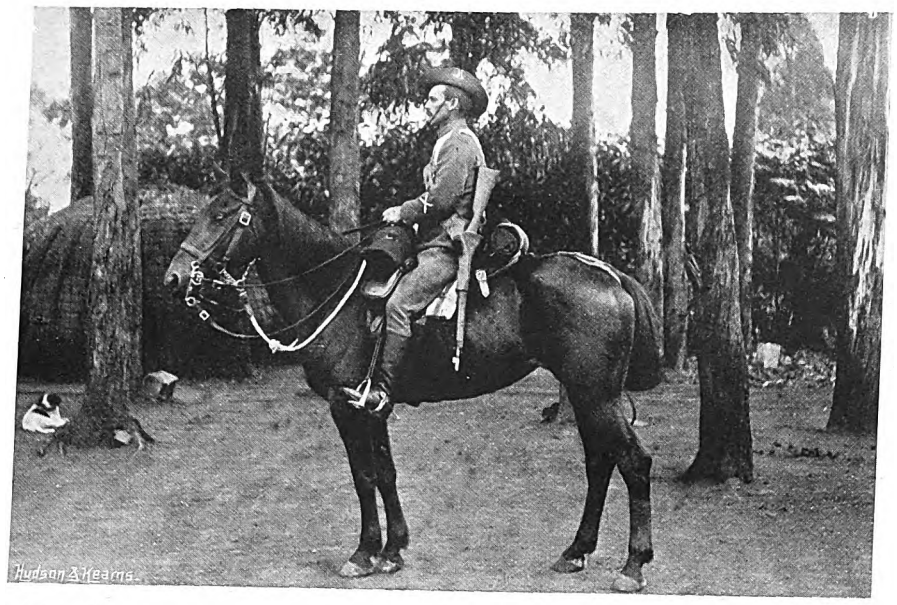

Photo. Copyright. A NATAL CARBINEER Off to the Manœuvres. "Navy & Army.

The group of officers of the Durban Light Infantry must be taken in conjunction with that which appears on this page, and shows the regiment on parade in camp. The Durban Light Infantry is a very well-known and popular corps, and presents, as will be seen, an excellent appearance in regard to both officers and men. In the camp picture close scrutiny reveals the fact that the battalion is not looking as straight to its front as might be desired by a conscientious adjutant. Those who know how hard it is to look a Natal sun, or for the matter of that any kind of fairly-developed sun, full in the face will appreciate the slight embarrassment of the Durban Light Infantry on this occasion, and make allowances accordingly.

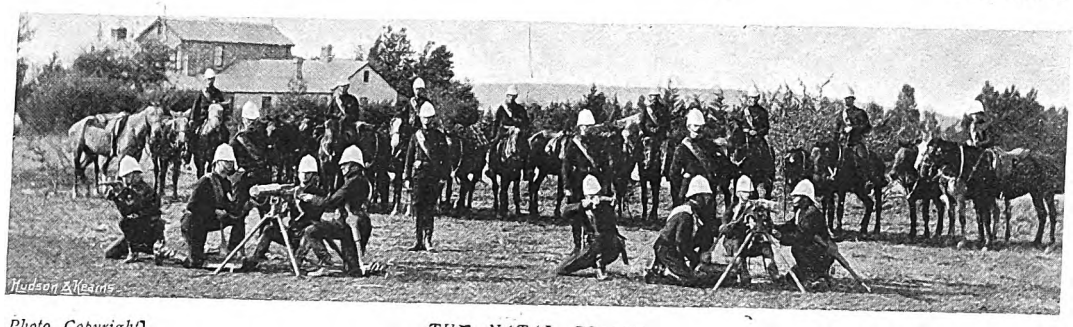

Photo Copyright THE NATAL POLICE. Maxim-gun Detachment. J. W. Clarke.

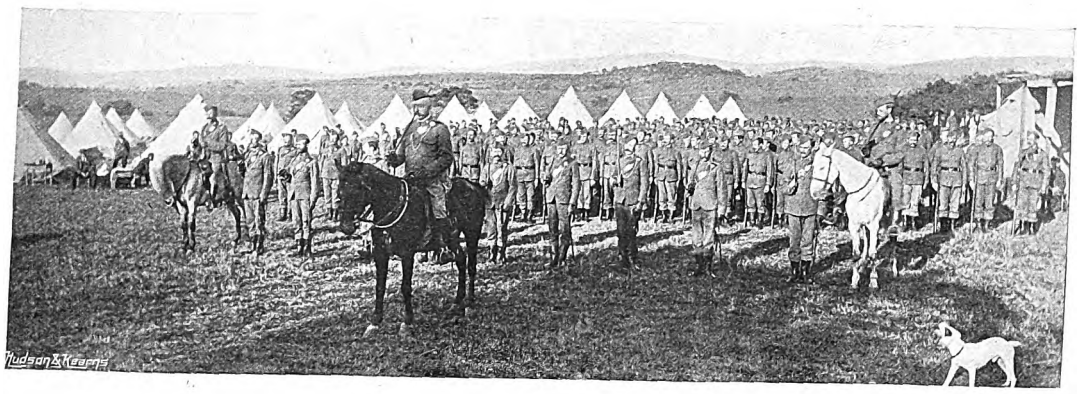

Photo. Copyright A CAMP PARADE. Durban Light Infantry. "Navy & Army.

The fine young fellow who figures on horseback in the fourth picture is a trooper, since promoted to corporal, of the Natal Carbineers, as he appeared *en route* for the manœuvres at Balgowan. The Natal Volunteers were encamped at this spot for ten days, and went through a most interesting and instructive course of training side by side with the Regulars. This non-commissioned officer stands a good chance of being promoted to a commission one of these fine days, as in the Natal Carbineers commissions are given by election when vacancies occur.

The Natal Carbineers have seen, perhaps, as much active service as any Volunteer corps in existence. They escorted Sir Theophilus Shepstone when he proceeded on the venturesome duty of crowning Cetewayo, they were in the Langabele affair, and they lost heavily at Isandhlwana, having volunteered for service in the Zulu War.

Two interesting pictures exhibit the Natal Police, which by competent critics is regarded as in the very forefront of colonial corps, if it does not actually take precedence for downright efficiency and smartness. Here again we have a Maxim-gun detachment, a fact which of itself attests the military character of these so-called police. What a hubbub would arise at home if at the next demonstration in Trafalgar Square the Metropolitan Police suddenly appeared on the scene with a few Maxims by way of overawing the populace. Yet it is quite conceivable that many emergencies might arise in which the Natal Police would find a machine gun uncommonly handy, and be enabled by its use to keep an ugly crowd in check almost as effectively as they could with a hundred additional men. The mounted parade forms an impressive picture, and the general opinion will doubtless be that it might well be mistaken for one of a first-rate cavalry regiment. Certainly in smartness and efficiency the Natal Police do not yield many points to any cavalry corps in the Service, at any rate so far as colonial requirements are concerned.

A feature of the local forces of Natal appears to be the excellent quality not only of the men, but also of the officers, needless to say a most important detail in connection with colonial soldiering. For the latter means constant liability to a class of field service on which an officer who does not know his work is of very little use.

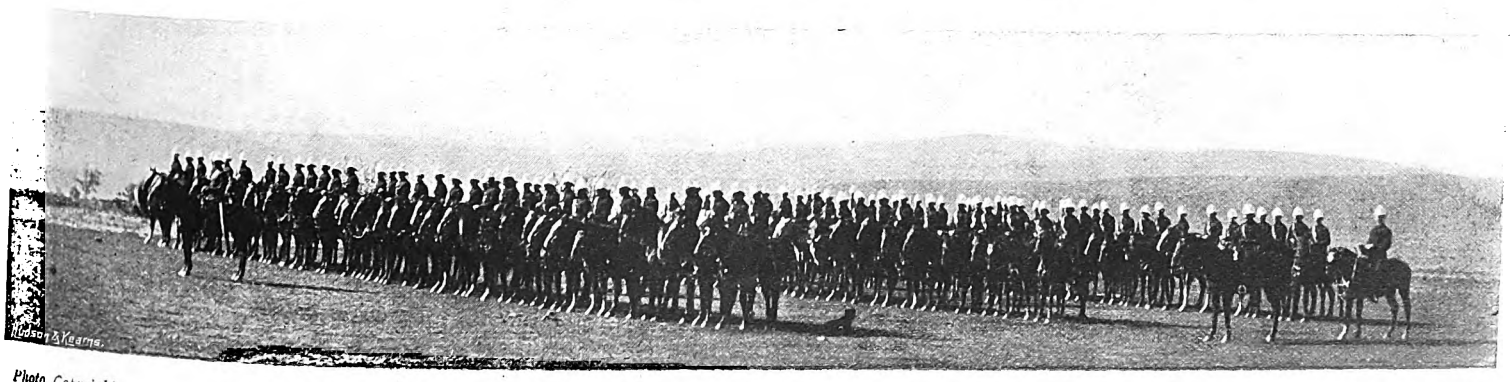

Photo. Copyright. A MOUNTED PARADE—NATAL POLICE J. W. Clarke.

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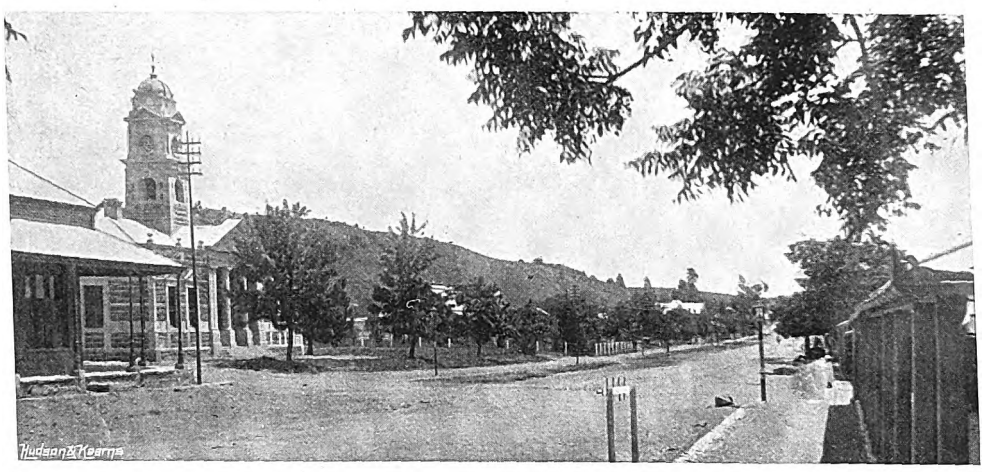
On the Natal Frontier.

THE two pictures which illustrate this heading have a significance which will readily commend itself to thoughtful readers of this journal. Of one, that which shows the regimental memorials on Majuba Hill, the tale is far too sad for us to wish to dilate upon it here. Yet it seems positively necessary at this juncture to briefly indicate those bitter memories which have rendered our associations with the Boers so painful. There is no question of revengeful feelings involved. But it will be admitted, even by those of the most rabidly Boerphil tendencies, that the men who fought against us in 1881 have not proved themselves by any means generous enemies. Repeatedly, and in public, they have boasted of successes due by no means altogether to their own superior courage or military skill; and it is not unnatural that on this account a bitter prejudice on our part should survive against them, and an abiding anxiety to wipe off old scores. In any conflict which in the future may occur between the forces of England and those of the Transvaal the latter will find it to their deadly detriment if the former take as their watchword the grim reminiscence, "Remember Majuba Hill." Ladysmith is now the most important military garrison in Natal. It is a position of singular strategic importance, because, while to all intents and purposes it is within striking distance of the Transvaal border, it also is the point from which we might be able at any time to aim a serious blow at the Orange Free State. The railway into the latter runs, in the first instance, to Harrismith, and the capture of Van Reenen's Pass would probably mean a prompt entrance into the Free State, and a fairly easy march upon Bloemfontein. The troops for a flank attack of this description would be drawn from Ladysmith, and the importance of the latter is largely accentuated by the steps which have recently been taken for the reinforcement of the Natal garrison. It is said that the infantry battalions of the Indian contingent will be employed on the line of communications between Durban and some frontier advanced post, such as Laing's Nek. In this event Ladysmith will probably become the most important military station not only in Natal, but in the whole of South Africa, possibly, at the same time serving as Sir G. White's divisional headquarters.

Photo. Copyright *IN MEMORIAM.* *"Navy & Army.*
Military Monuments on Majuba Hill.

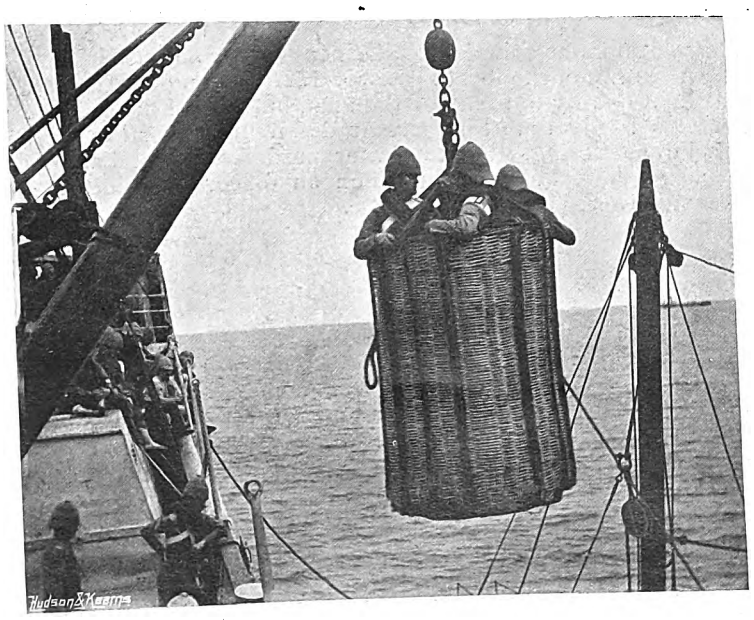


A STREET IN LADYSMITH.
The Strongest Garrison in Natal.

Landing Troops at Durban.

DURBAN, or, as it is sometimes called, Port Natal, is a place of very pronounced importance in connection with the Transvaal trouble. Here will be landed not only the ordinary reinforcements sent to Natal from home, but also the corps included in the Indian contingent, as well as the new divisional staff under the leadership of Sir George White.

In one picture is shown a landing-stage, in the other the method of decanting passengers from larger vessels on to the tender which runs into the harbour.



'TWIXT SKY AND SEA.
Transferring Troops to the Tender.

WAITING FOR THE TENDER.
A Landing-stage at Port Natal.

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Life on the Veldt.

THE veldt may be described as a South African institution, the exact homeequivalent of which does not exist, but which has its counterpart in a dozen foreign countries. The rolling expanse of country, which in the hot weather is little more than an arid waste, but in and after the rains is clothed in verdure, is to the Cape very much what the heather is to Scotland; but a closer resemblance to it, perhaps, may be found in the American prairie or savannah and the Australian bush. South Africans use the term "veldt" somewhat loosely, very much, in fact, as we the word "country" as opposed to "town." But apart from any set definition, there is no question that the veldt is a thing apart, with indefinable characteristics and, it may be added, an indefinable charm of its own.

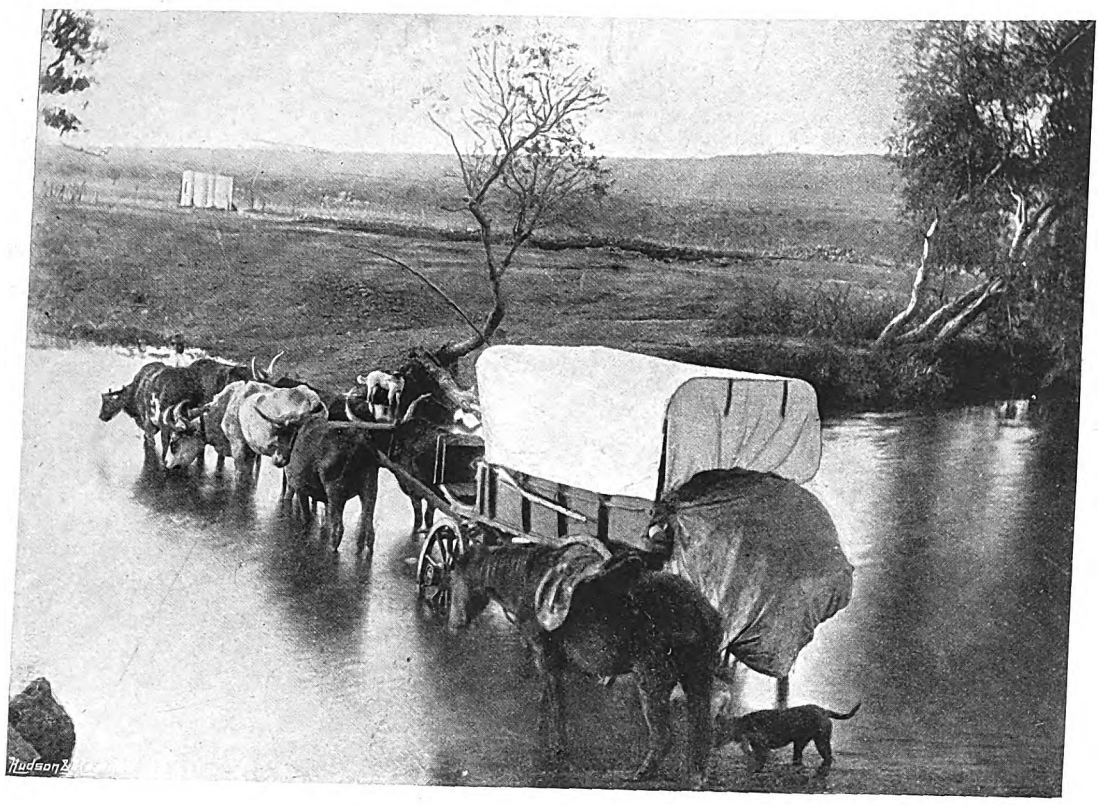
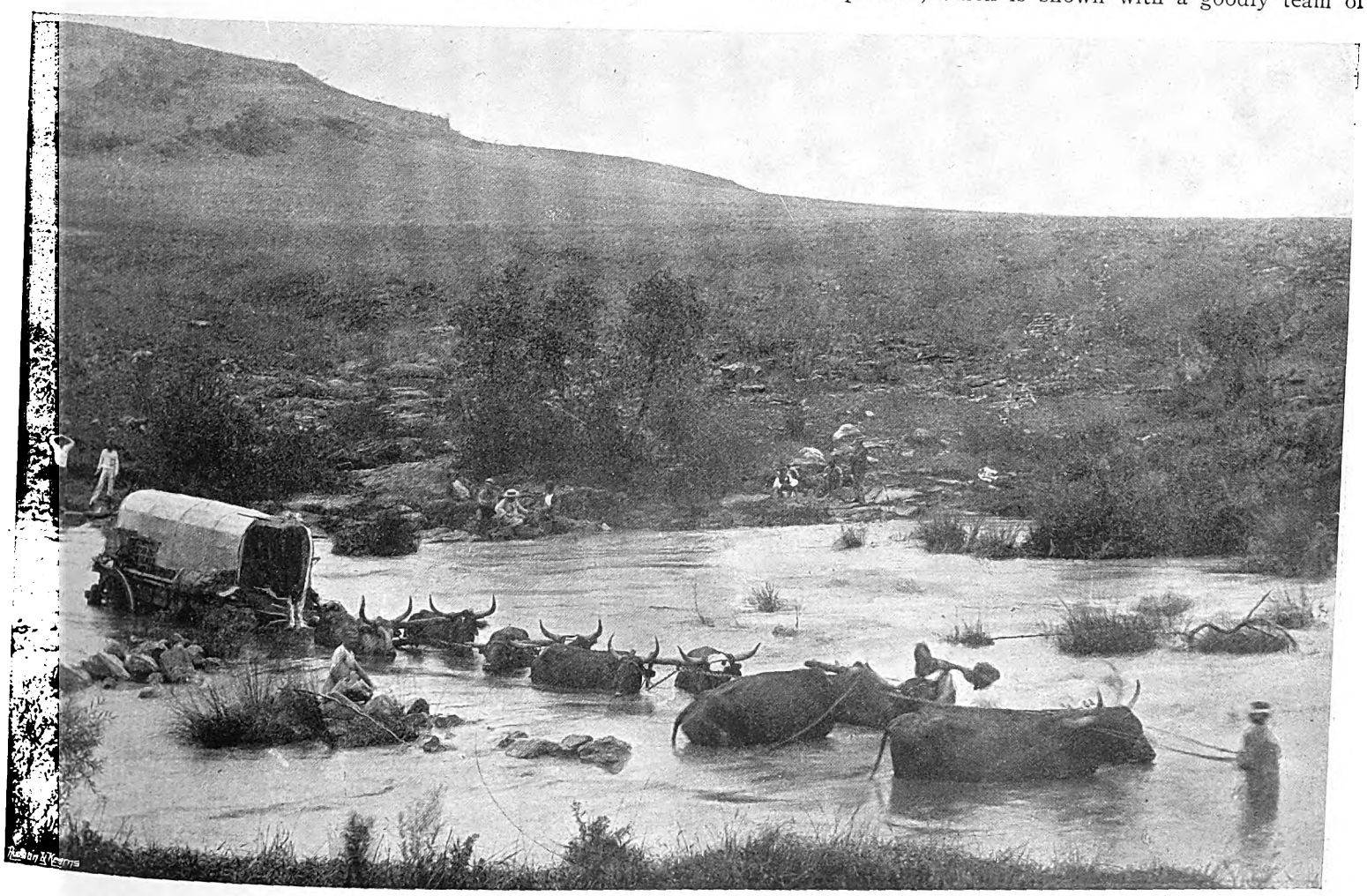


Photo. Copyright. *A REAL SLOW COACH.* *"Navy & Army.*
Waggon Crossing a South African Stream.

Doubtless this is to some extent due to the excellence of the South African climate, which has peculiar health-giving properties widely known to and appreciated by British invalids. But this does not altogether account for the nameless fascination which the veldt exercises over its true votaries, in many cases compelling them to return after they have left South Africa with the expressed intention of settling down for good in the "old country." Some of this fascination is indistinctly revealed in that strange book, "The Story of an African Farm," but it is not a thing to be put into words and certainly not to be adequately set forth by pictures.

For this reason, while it would be impossible to omit all reference to the veldt in a topical compilation of this sort, it has seemed preferable to illustrate veldt life rather by incidents than by meaningless landscapes, which to the average reader would convey little more than a sense of dreary boredom. Practically speaking, all the pictures given are self-explanatory, but they are essentially of the sort which lend themselves to descriptive gossip. Anything more South African than the two pictures showing waggons, one in the act of crossing a stream, the other hopelessly stuck fast, it would be difficult to conceive. In both cases there is an air of indifference which in real life would no doubt sorely exasperate a newly-landed person of energetic ideas. Yet the South African probably knows his own business best, and has reason to believe that on the veldt the more hurry generally means in the long run the less speed.

The Cape cart, which is shown with a goodly team of



A COMPLETE STANDSTILL—STUCK FAST IN THE CROCODILE RIVER.

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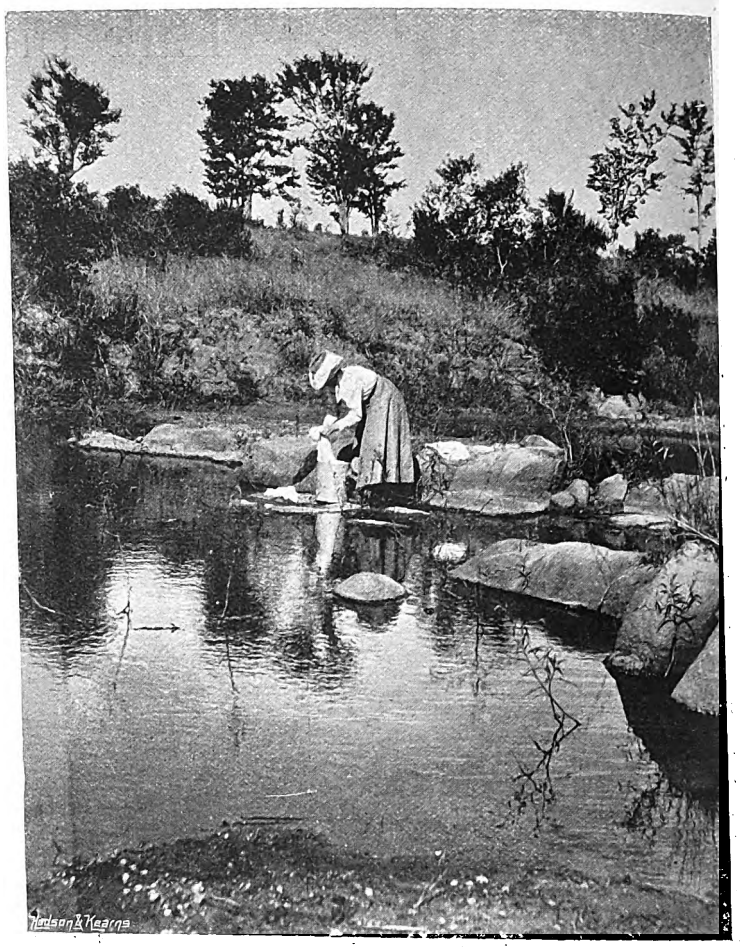
A CARRIAGE AND EIGHT.
Cape Cart Drawn by a Team of Mules.

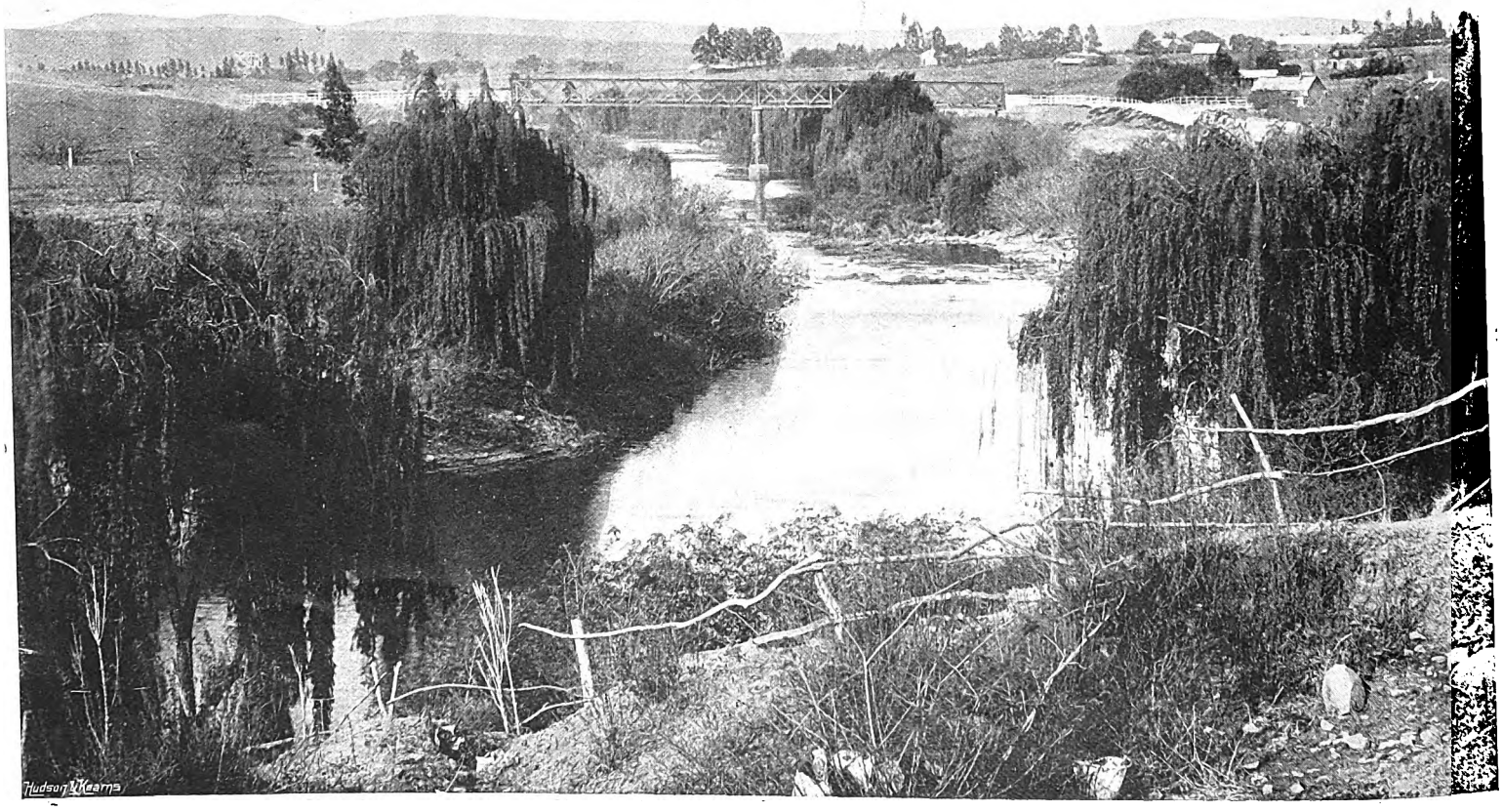


WASHING DAY ON THE VELDT.
Making Use of a Handy Stream.

mules, is a pleasanter and speedier vehicle than the lumbering waggon, and where adequate subsidiary arrangements can be made is a delightful means of veldt locomotion. But the waggon must not be despised, for it is essentially the typical carriage of the country.

"Washing Day on the Veldt" is a pleasing little picture, happily indicative of those colonial exigencies which folks at home are apt to sneer at as involving a "very rough life," but which in practice are not only endured very cheerfully, but accepted as part and parcel of the day's work.

The veldt has a marked military significance, more especially in connection with a Boer campaign. The Boers object strongly to taking the field until the grass has grown and they can let their ponies graze after a march. By some it is thought that the bareness of the veldt had much to do with Boer procrastination in the earlier stages of the Crisis.



A BREAK IN THE VELDT SCENERY—IRON BRIDGE AT UMTATA.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 141.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14th, 1899.

Photo, Copyright "Navy & Army."

CUPBOARD LOVE.

"Do you remember the old song: 'And the colonel's Mary Jane
Has got a bit of supper
Awaiting for her lover
In the Line, oh!'?" —*A Correspondent.*

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Briton and Boer.

THE MOVEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

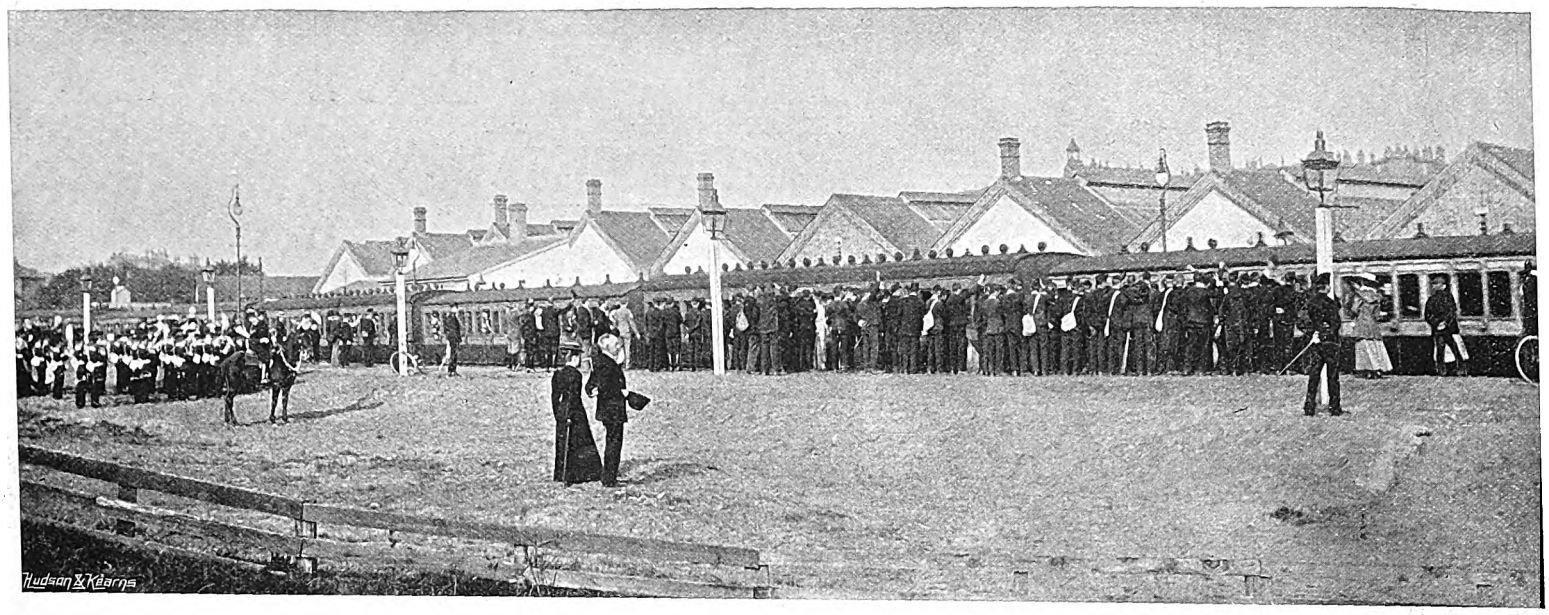

Photo. Copyright. *C. Knight.*

A SEND-OFF FROM ALDERSHOT—DEPARTURE OF ARMY SERVICE CORPS COMPANIES FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

OF all the war preparations set on foot since the Crisis in South Africa began, not one has been more genuinely significant and impressive than the despatch last week of a number of companies of the Army Service Corps to the Cape and Natal. The number alone of the companies of this smart and useful branch which have been warned for service was a clear indication that happenings of great moment were to be looked for in the immediate future. The Army Service Corps is a very special and select organisation, and the embarkation of anything more than one or two companies for foreign parts could not but portend an important movement of other arms, for the simple reason that the Army Service Corps is not a distinct fighting unit, but simply, as we shall see presently, exists for the good of others.

As a matter of fact, however, no mystery was made of last week's embarkation. It was, avowedly, the plain precursor of the despatch of an Army Corps to South Africa, and, as was indicated in the special article headed "War!" in the Double Number published last week, no more wise precaution could well be conceived. For when an Army Corps is carried over seas and "dumped down" on shores some thousands of miles from home, it has many of the troubles even of organisation before it, and unless some reasonable preparations have been made in anticipation of its arrival, it is quite possible that serious confusion if not disintegration will ensue. A local staff can be expected to provide for the wants of a single regiment, or even of a couple of regiments, but the disembarkation of 35,000 men and 10,000 horses is quite another matter. The supply of these when landed, and their transport shortly afterwards, are problems which no local staff can hope to tackle successfully. Accordingly it becomes necessary to send the Army Service Corps ahead, just as when a great household moves from London to the country, or *vice versâ*, certain members are sent on in advance to attend to requirements which cannot possibly be supplied from local resources.

Photo. Copyright. *Pittuck.*

OFF TO THE CAPE.
A.S.C. Companies Leaving Plymouth.

A simple and excellent definition of the purpose of the Army Service Corps is that it is instituted as a working corps to serve the Army and supply the needs of its daily life. Its two great functions are to hold and issue food rations for men and horses, and to provide the transport services required by the Army. It has other duties, but these are those which constitute its *raison d'être*, and for the purposes of a campaign they are all that need be taken into general account. It goes without saying that they are sufficiently serious and

Photos. Copyright.

AT THE DOCKS.
Inspection of A.S.C. Companies at Southampton.

ON THE LANDING-STAGE. *Russell & Sons.*
Telling Off for Messes prior to Embarkation.

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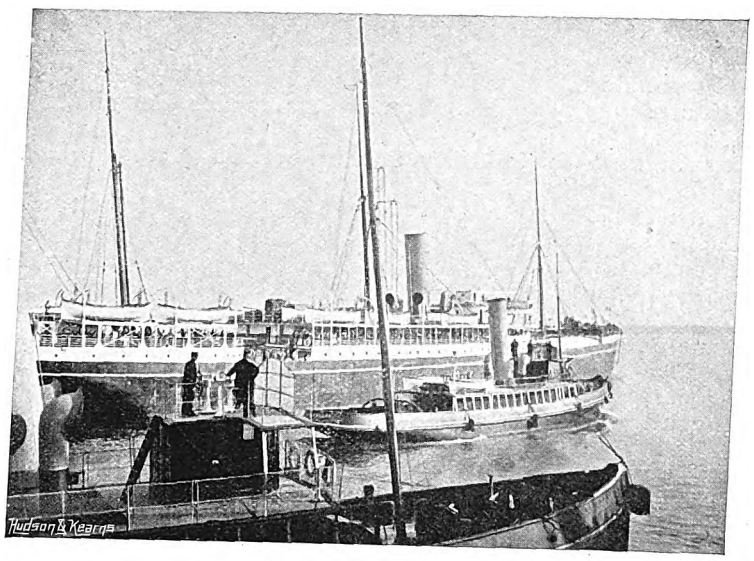
responsible, more especially when to the transport which is habitually maintained by the Army Service Corps for regimental requirements there has to be added that for field hospitals, and the mass of miscellaneous hired transport which is needed by a moving army. It is unnecessary here to enter into details of organisation, but it may be useful to note briefly that the Army Service Corps is organised in companies which in war are complete in themselves, and have an average strength of about 140 of all ranks, with the exception of field bakery companies, which are over 300 strong. In all twenty-two companies are required for a single Army Corps serving in a foreign country.

Photo. Copyright. THE AMMUNITION COLUMN. *C. Knight.*
Sergeant-Major, N.C.O., Gunner, Driver, and Trumpeter.

The accompanying pictures give an excellent idea of the embarkation of the Army Service Corps companies for South Africa. In the first we see depicted the departure from Aldershot, where the officers and men are getting a very hearty "send-off" from their comrades. The Army Service Corps, it may be noted, is not only a very useful corps, but also a very popular one, as indeed it ought to be. For not only does it do its special work thoroughly and well, but it fully maintains the credit of the Army at large by its smartness and its very high average of intelligence. Other pictures show men of the Army Service Corps leaving Plymouth—there are three companies ordinarily stationed at Devonport—and later on, at Southampton, being inspected and told off to their boardship messes prior to embarkation.

Photos. Copyright. "GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN."
On the Point of Starting.



"SHOVE OFF." *Lynch*
Say "Au Revoir," but not "Good-bye."

An interesting little snap-shot shows the moment of farewell—a moment most of the sadness of which, at any rate for those who are leaving, is apt to evaporate in the glorious anticipations of active service, which to the keen soldier will compensate worse hardships than having to change dry land for an outward-bound trooper. Last scene of all is the actual "shove off," when, to the accompaniment of waving hands and cheers, and the strains of the band, which most appropriately is playing "Say Au Revoir, but not Good-bye," the fine ship begins to move preparatory to wending her swift way to the port of disembarkation.

In connection with the despatch of the Army Service Corps, we must not forget that of the ammunition columns sent out by the Royal Artillery, which, it must be remembered, is in war-time charged with the transport and issue of ammunition of the rest of the army. The nuclei only of these columns, consisting of a warrant officer and six men, are maintained in time of peace, and on the outbreak of war are made up to a strength of from 170 to 200 by drafts of officers and men from existing units. The picture shows a sergeant-major, non-commissioned officer, gunner, driver, and trumpeter o an ammunition column in field-service kit, and a thoroughly

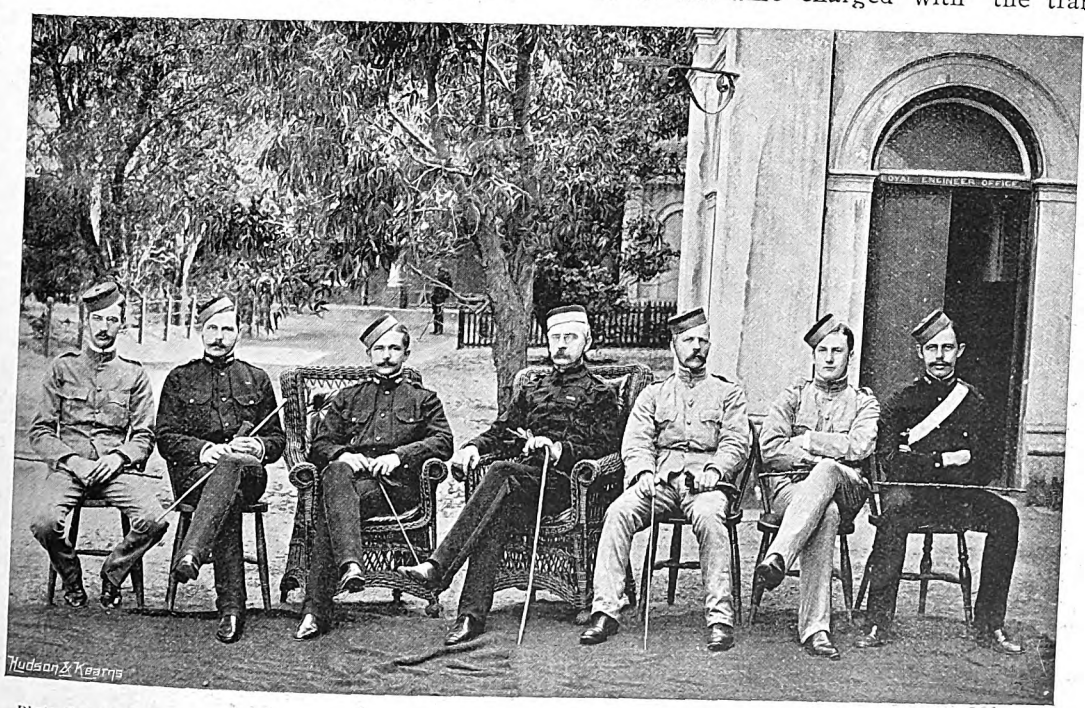


Photo. Copyright. A STAFF GROUP. *Jenks.*
Colonel Trotter, A.A.G., and Staff at Cape Town.

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workmanlike "little lot" they are.

The group of Colonel Trotter, A.A.G., and the staff at the Castle, Cape Town, is interesting as showing the officers upon whom the work of superintending the disembarkation of the Army Corps will mainly devolve. Colonel J. K. Trotter, R.A., C. M. G., has only recently taken up the duties of Assistant-Adjutant-General at the Cape. He is a Staff College man, and has been largely employed in the Intelligence Division. He served in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85, and as Commissioner in Stellaland, receiving an honourable mention in despatches.

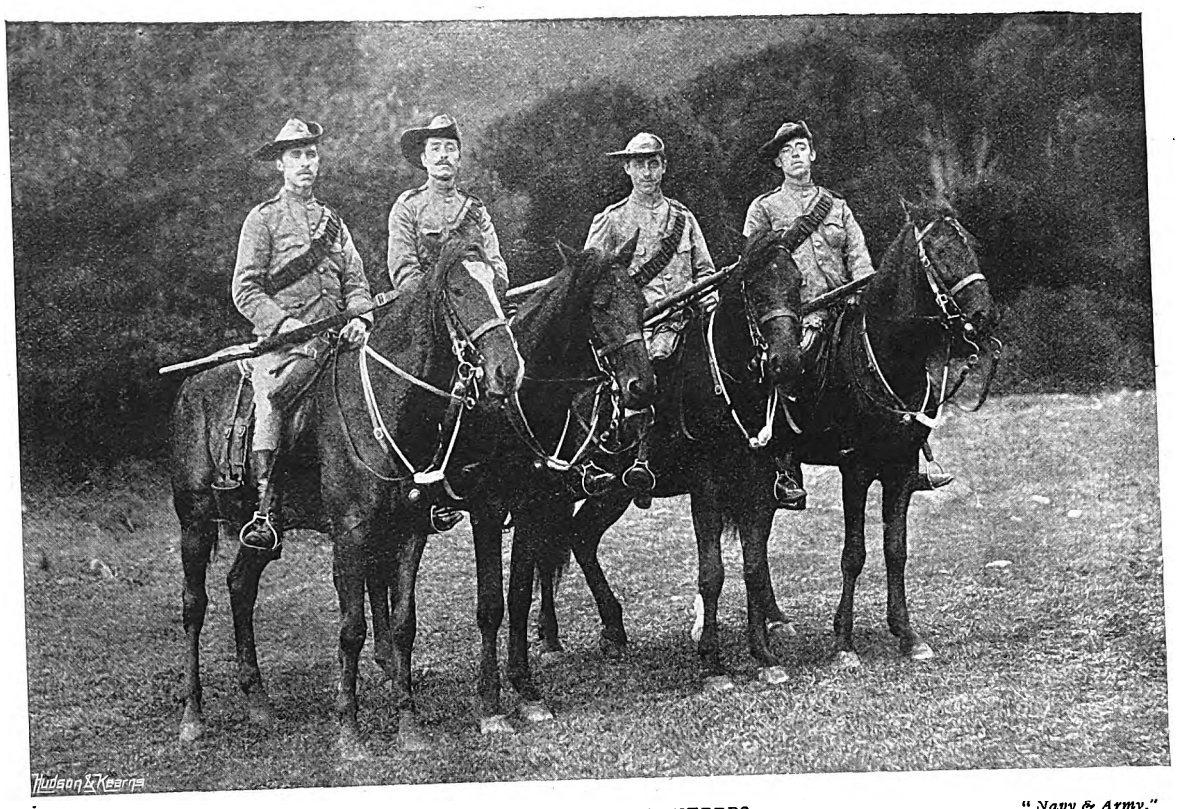

Photo. Copyright. MORE FIGHTING VOLUNTEERS. *"Navy & Army."*
Duke of Edinburgh's Own Rifles, Cape Town.

An interesting addition to the numerous pictures which we have already published of the local forces of Cape Colony and Natal is that of a mounted infantry section of the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles at Cape Town. This very popular and efficient corps has a strength of 600, and includes two mounted infantry companies. The corps saw service in the Basuto War and again in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1897. Several members of it, writes a South African correspondent, under date September 13, are "at the present moment engaged on the border in connection with the Transvaal Crisis." Probably by this time the whole battalion has been warned for service. If it has not, we may be quite sure that it is through no deficiency nor unreadiness on the part of the D.E.O.V.R.

Photo. Copyright. HOME, SWEET HOME, IN THE TRANSVAAL. *Nicholls.*
A Typical Boer Family.

The two pictures representing Boer types will be studied with interest, we are sure, by every one of our readers. The group showing a well-to-do Boer family is not, perhaps, to be regarded as a galaxy of human beauty, nor as conveying any special idea of intellectuality. But it has much to recommend it from the standpoint of homeliness and unaffected simplicity, which, although on lines a little different from those to which we are accustomed, constitute real virtues in a Boer household. The father, it will be noticed, is displaying the open pages of a book the possession of which he evidently regards as adding considerably to his social importance. This volume is the "History of the Voor-trekkers," the pioneers who left British territory in the Great Trek of 1836, which resulted in the formation of the Orange Free State and the South African Republic. This book, next to the Bible, occupies an honoured place in most Boer homes, every other form of literature being, as a rule, conspicuous by its absence. The picture of Boer camp life is a striking variant upon the foregoing, while at the same time no less typical. The father here is shown in proud and happy possession of a son who already has been taught to handle a rifle, and may hope some day to attain that proficiency in its use which twenty years ago was one of the Boer's leading characteristics. The Boer is not, they say, such a deadly marksman as he used to be, but when mere boys know how to use a Martini-Henry, and are encouraged to do so not only at targets but at big game, it may be taken for granted that there are still good shots in the Transvaal, as well as sturdy youngsters capable of taking their place in the ranks as fighters.

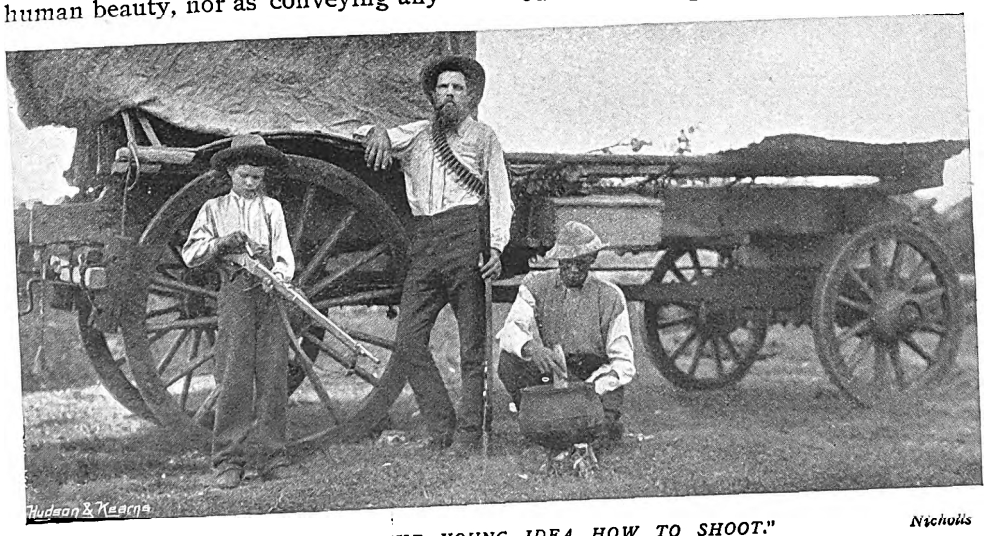

Photo. Copyright. "TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT." *Nicholls*
Boer Father and Son in Camp.

In connection with the development of the situation in South Africa, it is interesting to note that, as regards troops actually landed in Natal and at the Cape, we are now passing through what may be termed the second reinforcement of the local garrison, consisting of the Indian contingent, the Northumberland Fusiliers, three battalions from Malta, Cairo, and Crete respectively, and three batteries of Royal Field Artillery from Aldershot. The bulk of these have already been disembarked, thereby, of course, greatly strengthening our defensive position, but still not rendering us capable of anything like comprehensive measures of attack.

Sir George White has arrived at Durban in the "Tantallon Castle," and his advent has of itself created, to some extent, a new situation. With Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter as his chief of the staff, and some 15,000 fine regular troops under his control, he occupies a position of singular importance, to which, we may be very sure, he will do full justice.

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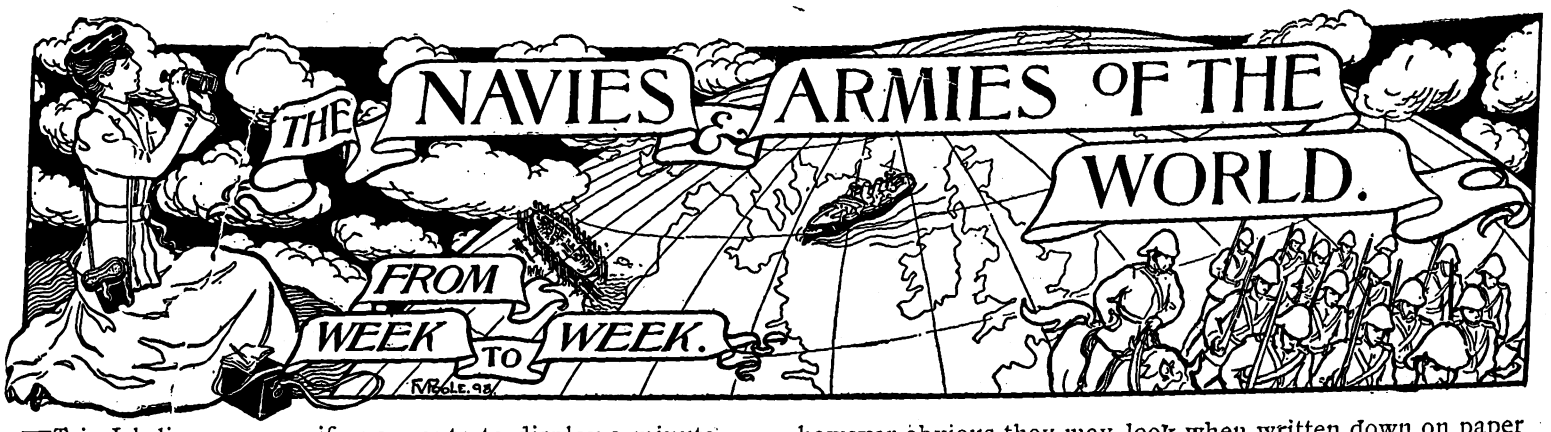

IT is, I believe, wrong, if one wants to display a minute accuracy, to say that we are at war with the Transvaal. You can only have war with another sovereign State. Against a dependent State you can only conduct military operations, which every sensible man must see are quite different. The Indian Mutiny, for instance, was not a war; neither was the last campaign on the North-West Frontier. The expedition of Sir Hope Grant against China was a war, because nobody denied that the Middle Kingdom was an independent State, and indeed still is, though in a depressed condition. There are many refinements connected with this business of war and no war. In fact it is a very tenable proposition that you are not "at war" till you say you are. Thus, for example, when Braddock marched against Fort Duquesne, and Boscawen sailed to intercept Dubois de Lamotte, England and France were still at peace. So they were when the French collected an army under pretence of invading this country at the end of 1756 and the beginning of 1757, and threw us into a wild panic. It was absurd enough to be frightened, considering that we had a large fleet in the Channel under the command of Sir Edward Hawke, and that the French could not have fitted out ten line-of-battle ships at Brest. On the other hand, the nation had good ground for terror when it reflected that it was governed by the "Noville of Newcastle," which of itself was enough to ruin any kingdom. Peace, in fact, continued to reign even when Richelieu landed in Minorca, and until we solemnly declared that war had begun. Yet the vulgar then said we were at war because we were fighting, and are of that opinion to this day.

* * * *

So we are at war with the Transvaal, and also with the Free State, for all practical purposes. To be candid, we have begun by showing how little we have learnt from our own experience or that of others. I am not presuming to speak of the officers on the spot, who must be understood to know their business till they give proof to the contrary, but of our comment here. It is astonishing—or perhaps it is not astonishing, but only rather discreditable—to see how completely many of us have taken it for granted that something decisive would happen in the first twenty-four hours. The same expectation existed at the start of the Spanish-American War, and was shown to be unfounded. Some of the comment made has been grossly unfair, and even dangerous. Thus there are some who have raised an outcry against General Symons for telling the people of Newcastle that they would have to allow their town to be occupied quietly if the Boers advanced. It seems to have been thought that we are disgraced if we allow any place—however unimportant—to be occupied by an enemy Yet it is a common incident of war. The real folly would have been to remain at Newcastle "in the air," and at a serious hazard, when no military advantage was to be got by staying, and a check might have been incurred.

* * * *

The foolishness of talk of this kind ought to be preached in season and out of season. It is precisely what we shall have to dread in case of a Naval war, and might do infinite mischief. The clamour to protect everything is very likely to arise unless we get to understand that stringing our forces out is, in the long run, the way to protect nothing. It is not enough that admirals and generals know this. The people they fight for and the Government they serve must know it. Unless that is the case they will be ordered here and there to quiet the public nerves, and will have to go whether they like it or not. Moreover, the history of war by no means proves that admirals and generals are always superior to this weakness. The business of war has been so much studied and expounded in the last two or three generations that the elementary truths may at last have become common-places which nobody disputes. But in the past it has most assuredly been the case that the right things, however obvious they may look when written down on paper (and the so-called principles of war are very like sheer platitudes when you read them in treatises), have seldom been practised except by great captains.

* * * *

Colonel H. C. Cholmondeley, of the London Rifle Brigade, has written to us to object to something said here as to the part the Volunteers ought to be allowed to take in the Transvaal War. Colonel Cholmondeley appears to have understood us to mean that no Volunteer ought to be allowed to go there at all. He says in answer to this, and with no small force: "You allow that the Volunteer is expected to take his part in resisting invasion—in other words, that at a few hours' or days' notice he is to be ready and fit if called upon by his country to meet the most highly-trained soldiers in the world; yet when occurs one of the rare but incalculably precious opportunities for perfecting himself in his *rôle* you deny it him." To this I can only reply that Colonel Cholmondeley is protesting against something not said on this page. The objection made was not against the presence of individual Volunteers in the ranks of regiments serving in the field. If the State wants more men, and will take them in that way, then by all means let the Volunteer who can afford so to do go, and return to his own corps, if he comes back, a much better trained man. The objection was against sending corps of Volunteers as corps. Nothing Colonel Cholmondeley says affects this in the least. It is the fact, as Lord Salisbury has just reminded a correspondent, that the Volunteers were raised, and do now exist, to serve as a home-staying force, to replace or to reinforce and assist the regular Army in case of need. It *is* contrary to the whole spirit of the institution that they should be called upon to go over seas. Moreover, any attempt to make them do this would almost certainly be fatal to their very existence. There are numbers of men in the Volunteers who have families dependent upon them, which they could not support on military pay *A la guerre comme à la guerre*, and in case of invasion we must lay the head of the sow to the tail of the grice, and do as we can. In peace or in small wars there is no such necessity If, then, we take to employing Volunteer corps, we make a call on them which they never undertook to meet, and a certain discredit would be cast on those who stood by their right to remain at home.

* * * *

When Colonel Cholmondeley says, as he implicitly does, that the Volunteers as at present trained are not fit to face regular soldiers, he starts a very large question—a much larger one than the prudence or the reverse of allowing them to take a hand in South Africa. I have only one remark to make on the subject at present. It is this, that if Volunteer corps are not fit now, no general would want to have them with him in the field. A force which is actually engaged in operations, even against an irregular enemy of uncertain value, cannot be used as a species of Dr. Blimber's Peripatetic Academy for young military gentlemen. The proper place for corps of this order is the camp of instruction, and that for a considerable time. And it is very doubtful whether more than about half a score of Volunteer regiments would be fit for the real business of war till they had had the better part of a year in such a camp. This is no discredit to them. It does not even show that they could not fight now successfully in favourable circumstances. The Volunteers who took part in the march past of a few months ago would, one may be sure, have held out behind the loopholed walls of Hougomont or La Haye Sainte as stoutly as the Guards themselves or Baring's Hanoverians. They might even have stood to it on the slope of Mount St. Jean if well mixed with Regulars and supported by artillery, and against front attacks only. But if called upon to manœuvre against an expert opponent, they would probably have come off as badly as the raw Spanish soldiers at the battle of Almonacid.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

OCTOBER 15, 1775.—Major-General Vaughan, with a British force embarked in bateaux, and escorted by a squadron of the Royal Navy, left New York, and proceeded to Kingston on October 14. Landing early on the 15th, he determined to at once assault the strongly-fortified position taken up by the American rebels. This he did, driving the enemy from their works and spiking their guns. After this success he advanced to the town, at the entrance of which he encountered a body of infantry and artillery drawn up to oppose him. These he soon routed, and then entered the town. The British force having been fired at from some of the houses, the town was set on fire, and with it a large amount of stores was consumed.

October 16, 1871.—Lord Cornwallis made a sortie from York Town, where he was besieged by a French and American force, capturing two batteries and some redoubts, and spiking eleven guns. About 100 of the French were killed, besides others wounded, while our own people suffered but little loss.

October 17, 1778.—Major-General Hector Munroe having laid siege to Pondicherry, held by M. de Bollecombe with a force of Frenchmen and Sepoys, the place capitulated on this day, the garrison marching out with the honours of war. 1803.—General Lake attacked and defeated seven of Scindiah's regular battalions encamped on the glacis of the Fort of Agra. The Mahrattas lost twenty-six guns. A few days afterwards the place capitulated, the treasury and the arsenal with 162 guns falling into our hands.

October 18-19, 1791.—Lord Cornwallis carried by assault the hill fort of Nundy Durgam, not far from Bangalore, in Southern India, held by 700 of Tippoo Sultan's troops.

October 20, 1794. — General Abercromby was attacked by the Rohillas, and after a hotly-contested action was successful in beating them off. Our loss was 20 officers and 64 European soldiers killed, and 12 officers and many non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

October 21, 1776.—General Vaughan, from his position near New York, marched towards White Plains, and after some sharp fighting defeated the Americans. 1897.—Major-General Yeatman Biggs stormed and captured Dargai, in the Tirah Campaign, the Gordon Highlanders (1st Battalion) particularly distinguishing themselves. Our loss was 194 of all ranks killed and wounded.

OCTOBER 15, 1795.—Capture of the French 18-gun brig "Eveillee," a consort of two French 32-gun frigates, the "Tortue" and "Néreide," near the entrance to Aix Roads, Bay of Biscay. The British frigates "Melampus" and "Latona" chased the French squadron, but the two frigates got into port safely. The "Eveillee" was following, when the "Thunderer," 74, on blockade duty, cut her off and snapped her up.

October 16, 1799.—Capture of the Spanish frigates "Thetis" and "Santa Brigeda," by the British frigates "Naiad," "Ethalion," "Triton," and "Alcenene," off the North Coast of Spain. The two Spaniards separated, but were cut off and taken. The point of the capture was that they were treasure-ships, and the prize-money from them, divided among the four captors, came to the following: Captains (each), £40,730 18s.; lieutenants (each), £5,091 7s. 3d.; warrant officers (each), £2,468 10s. 9d.; petty officers (each), £791 17s.; seamen and marines (each), £182 4s. 9d.

October 17, 1854.—Bombardment of Sebastopol, by the British Black Sea Fleet—the inshore squadron, under Sir Edmund Lyons, standing-in to within 800-yds. of Fort Constantine, till there was barely 2-ft. of water under their keels, and anchoring there.

October 18, 1798.—Capture of the French 40-gun frigate "Loire," partially dismasted by bad weather, by the British 44-gun frigate "Anson," with the 18-gun brig "Kangaroo." The "Loire" had been one of Humbert's expedition to Ireland, and was escaping after the defeat of the French squadron off the coast of Donegal when the "Anson" met her.

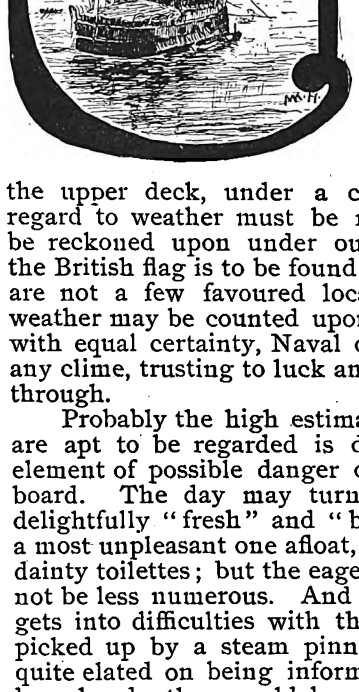
October 19, 1760.—Capture of the French "Sirène," 32, one of a squadron of five fallen in with and chased by the "Hampshire," 50, "Boreas," 28, and "Lively," 20, off Hayti. Two of the frigates ran ashore and blew up, one escaped into Port au Paix, the "Sirène" and another were brought to action, the "Sirène" by the "Boreas," who after a sharp fight made the Frenchman surrender.

October 20, 1827.—Battle of Navarino. The flag-ship on the occasion is still in existence, and doing duty, the old man-of-war "Asia," now on dockyard service in Portsmouth Harbour.

October 21, 1805.—Battle of Trafalgar, and death of Nelson, in the "Victory." "England expects that every man will do his duty."

Entertainments Afloat.

By COMMANDER E. P. STATHAM.



THERE are countless youths and maidens, to say nothing of more mature husbands and matrons, who will bear testimony to the fact that a ball or theatrical entertainment on board ship has exceptional attractions. It is not always easy to see wherein the advantage over shore-going functions exists; for, as a matter of fact, a ship's deck requires a considerable amount of manipulation to render it equal to a well-laid floor for dancing purposes; and as the ball-room is almost invariably on the upper deck, under a canvas roof, the conditions in regard to weather must be more perfect than can usually be reckoned upon under our capricious skies. However, the British flag is to be found flying in all climates, and there are not a few favoured localities where the most perfect weather may be counted upon with absolute certainty; and, with equal certainty, Naval officers will issue invitations in any clime, trusting to luck and a high barometer to see them through.

Probably the high estimation in which festivities afloat are apt to be regarded is due in a certain degree to an element of possible danger or inconvenience in getting on board. The day may turn out unexpectedly rough. A delightfully "fresh" and "bracing" day on shore is often a most unpleasant one afloat, and salt spray does not improve dainty toilettes; but the eager crowd at the landing-place will not be less numerous. And if a somewhat overloaded boat gets into difficulties with the wind and tide, and has to be picked up by a steam pinnace, the fair passengers will be quite elated on being informed that, if the steamer had not been handy, they would have been in danger of drifting out to sea. Not that any of their hosts would readily volunteer such a statement, but it might be dragged out of them by the irresistible power of feminine persistence. "No, but *do* tell me; shouldn't we have been shipwrecked?" And if they yearn for the excitement of deliverance from a fictitious danger, who is Lieutenant Casemate that he should refuse to gratify such an innocent desire?

Enthralling as these entertainments are, however, to hosts and guests alike, there is a practical aspect under which they have to be viewed by the former, which tends inevitably, in a certain degree, to remove some of the gilt from the ginger-bread; for it is an indisputable fact that you cannot entertain your friends, afloat or ashore, for nothing.

The proposal to give a dance, or some kind of "show," may emanate from the captain, who will point out, perhaps, that they have received a great deal of hospitality, for which it is meet that some return should be made; or it may have its birth in the fertile brain of a young lieutenant who fancies himself as a dancing man. Whatever may be the original source of the suggestion, it has to be submitted to the mess in order to ascertain whether it is generally acceptable. If there is a gun-room as well as a ward-room mess, as in all large vessels, the idea is passed on to the juniors for their approbation and co-operation.

Then a mess meeting is called, and, unless there is too large a proportion of dissentient voices, it is soon decided that the thing must come off, and, of course, a ball committee is appointed. Committees are usually cumbrous and unpractical to the last degree, but about a Naval ball committee there are no such characteristics. Lord Salisbury once said, *apropos* of the diplomatic doings of a British admiral, that he thought such an officer would be an admirable substitute for a Cabinet all the world over, and would get through a lot more profitable work; and a Naval ball committee has the same happy knack of coming to the point and getting things done. One will undertake the decorations, another the catering, a third will be responsible for the invitations, and so on. Before this stage is reached, however, the nature of the function must be decided upon.

The most common and easily-managed entertainment on board ship is an afternoon dance, or "bonnet-hop"; it can be done with but little expense, and, unless the ship happens to be alongside the dockyard, with far less trouble and inconvenience, in case of inclement weather, than an evening ball.

Reverting to the question of cost, our readers will not unnaturally be anxious to know how this is distributed, and whether anyone is exempt. The usual method of arranging matters is that a certain sum is fixed as a general subscription all round, and the remainder is made up by charging

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so much per guest, so that the more friends a man invites, the more he has to pay, which appears reasonable enough, though it involves a certain disparity; for it is obvious that the actual cost of entertaining five-and-twenty people is considerably less per head than in the case of two or three, so that the man of many friends, paying at the same rate, is more severely taxed in proportion.

Another plan, which is especially adapted for inexpensive "bonnet-hops," is to divide the expenses equally all round after the bills are paid; while a good many harbour ships have a regular "entertainment fund," which goes a long way towards defraying the whole expense, an afternoon dance being given perhaps twice or more every summer.

As to who pays, everyone who joins in has, as a rule, to pay his share; but the amount may be reduced in the case of the juniors, and sometimes the captain, if he be well off, will contribute very largely, thereby reducing the share of the other officers; but a Naval captain usually finds plenty of use for his money.

There is, of course, no rule which is absolutely binding on any officer as regards joining in an affair of this kind. He cannot be ordered to do so, and there are instances in which impecunious or morose individuals turn their backs upon it, and retire to the shore until the last petticoat has departed. But such a course is ill-advised unless there be very weighty reasons, such as a wife and children to be supported on Service pay. The gay and thoughtless bachelors, it is true, will remark that a man ought not to get married if it prevents him from taking his proper share in entertaining; but gay and thoughtless bachelors are apt, until their turn comes, to discount unduly the strongest power on earth. It must be acknowledged, however, that the position of a man who holds a certain rank, and fails to discharge the social duties which appertain to it, is somewhat illogical, to say the least of it, and he had better make some sacrifice rather than stand aside when the occasion arises.

In addition to dances and such-like functions, there are other occasions which are sure to necessitate a certain amount of expense. Foreign functionaries or Naval and Military officers have to be entertained at dinner, or some special circumstances may even involve the reception of Royalty. The expense of a dinner-party is always charged in equal shares to the whole mess; or, if the mess be rich, it may be paid for out of the funds in hand. But anyone inviting a friend to dine on an ordinary occasion has to pay for the privilege at a certain fixed rate, with wine in addition.

The flag-ship, of course, takes the lead in social functions as in all else, and this involves some additional outlay on the part of the officers; indeed, on some stations the advantage of belonging to the flag-ship is very heavily discounted in this regard. Much is necessarily expected of the admiral, who has to discharge many international amenities at his own cost, though the Admiralty may allow a certain amount on very special occasions. But the flag-ship is always expected to return shore hospitality, and the officers of the fleet are usually invited as guests.

In former years, well within the recollection of many still serving, there were always in a ward-room mess some officers who neither by birth nor breeding were on a par with the majority, and it was a recognised custom to excuse them from joining in any entertainment, unless they wished to do so. But this state of affairs is happily obsolete, and all are now on an equal footing so far as social standing is concerned.

The adaptation of a man-of-war for a dance or other function always causes some surprise and a great deal of admiration among the visitors; and, indeed, an enormous amount of work is frequently got through in the course of the preparations.

There is the upper deck to be covered in with canvas, every awning and spare sail being in request for the purpose. Sails are scarce nowadays, and the difficulty is proportionately increased; in a rigged ship one of the big topsails would go a very long way. Before the canvas is spread, it is usually lined completely with flags—a laborious undertaking, not at all beneficial to the flags. But the effect is very fine; indeed, no such ceiling could be found on shore.

Then the decorative member of the committee exercises his ingenuity in devising trophies of arms and other embellishments from the material available; and if it chance to be a regular evening dance, there is the supper-table to be attended to. A boatload of flowers is brought on board, and "all hands" are called to arrange them—all the officers, that is—and many and various are the ideas which prevail as to how flowers should be arranged.

A great deal can, of course, be done in a modern ship by means of the electric light. In former days the deck was lit by rather clumsy lanterns, while improvised chandeliers dressed with flags carried countless candles, which usually guttered considerably, and dropped grease on the ladies' dresses; but they did not find it out until next morning.

Then the deck has to be prepared with French chalk or some such substance, and late in the afternoon a close phalanx of bluejackets may be seen skating in systematic and purposeful fashion from end to end of the dancing space, a petty officer, with sedate and anxious air, powdering the deck in front of them.

A Pas de quatre on board ship.

It is not at all an uncommon thing, on an occasion of this kind, for the guests to number 300 or 400, and sometimes they greatly exceed this number.

One result of the popularity in which ship dances are held is the occasional intrusion of uninvited guests; and it is usually a stipulation that the card of invitation shall be produced at the gangway, more especially when the ship happens to be alongside the dockyard.

Upon one occasion, a good many years ago, a grand evening dance was given on board a ship at one of the great Naval ports, without any such precaution being taken, with the result that the officers found themselves entertaining about a couple of hundred more than had received invitations, and the supper ran short. Next day a lady wrote to the president of the ball committee, stating that she had lost a bracelet. He replied, regretting her loss, but expressing some doubt as to her having left it on board, as her name was not on the invitation list.

Probably social functions of this nature are on the increase in the Navy, and as long as they do not involve the officers in undue expense, they are sure to do good. There is a danger on certain stations of the thing being overdone in this respect, which may bear hardly on those who are not so well off in this world's goods as their more fortunate messmates.

When the charm of female society is not to be obtained—and, indeed, this is the normal condition of affairs afloat—both officers and bluejackets will sometimes keep their hands—or feet—in by indulging in a "bull-dance." Jack is as fond of dancing, in his own way, as his officers, and may often be seen, as in our illustration, clasping the generous waist of a messmate in a *pas de quatre*, to the strains of an accordion and a banjo.

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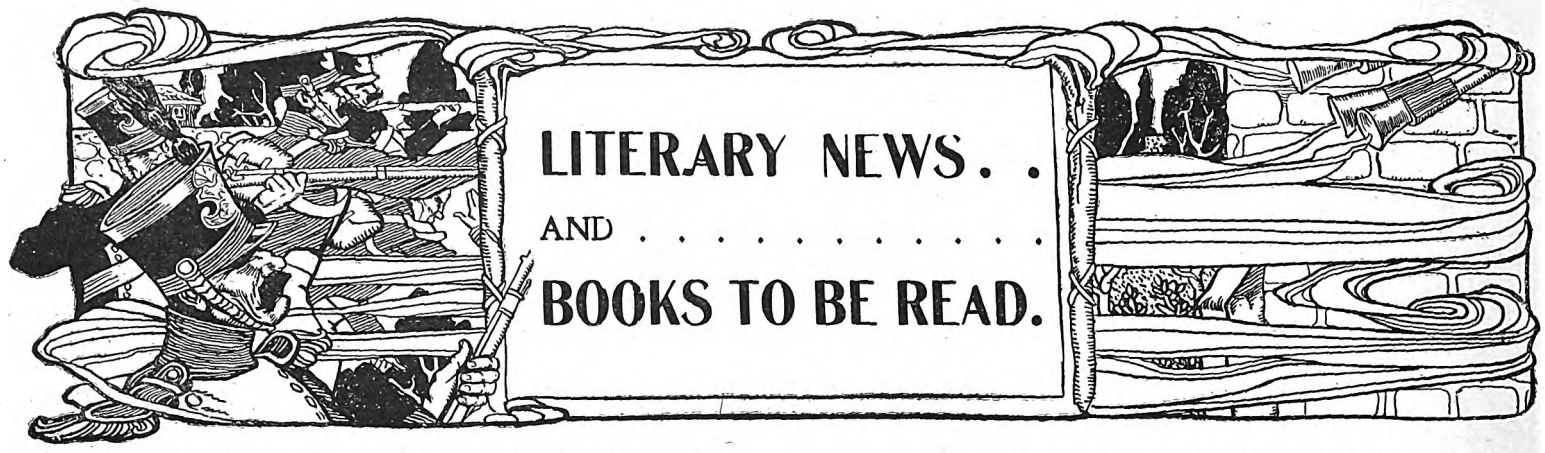

IT is pleasant to chronicle the appearance of the fourth volume of the new "Naval History," which Mr. William Laird Clowes is writing, assisted by many competent hands (Sampson Low). The book is one of great importance, and it is impossible not to admire the courage and zeal with which it is pursued. Substantial progress has now been made, and two other volumes will complete the whole. That which has just been published takes up some threads dropped in its predecessor, and brings us up to the Peace of Amiens. One of its great merits is that it keeps in view the whole of Naval history. It is not a mere record of events, and of actions great and small, and its chapters on administration illustrate the growth and internal condition of the Fleet, so that the reader is in a position to appreciate the relation between cause and effect. He knows both the material and personal sides of the Navy, and is well abreast of the changing conditions of the times. Another merit of the book is that it does not lose sight of the peaceful achievements of the Fleet—its share in exploration and discovery. This is a section in the very competent hands of Sir Clements Markham, who has done admirably, though I fancy he must often have regretted the necessary brevity of his contributions. Still another merit is the truly excellent style in which the book is produced, and the admirable index with which each volume is provided. As a mere matter of book production, in the important details of paper, print, and illustrations, the volume before me is a credit to the English Press, and reflects great honour upon its publishers. So much said in praise of the book—and it is a book not to be under-valued—there remains a regret. It is that the publication of so important and voluminous a work has not been made the occasion for a more serious investigation of original sources. Mr. Clowes, in a word, seems to have leaned rather heavily upon the stout staff of excellent James, whose volumes, whatever may be their merits, should be no more than as *memoires pour servir* to the modern writer of Naval history. It is excellent to be told that this volume of Mr. Clowes's history benefits by the inclusion of special information supplied by the Admiralty, but it is irritating not to be informed what that information is, and the student is distressed to find such a dearth of references to unpublished English sources of information. In writing this I do not desire in the least to depreciate the worth of the good work that has really been done, and I recognise that the regrettable feature I point out may be due in part to Mr. Clowes's residence in Switzerland, where ill-health compels him to live.

* * * *

His greatest helper in the present volume has been Mr. H. W. Wilson, who deals in two chapters with the minor operations of the Navy from 1763 to 1802. Here I must make an exception to the criticism I have offered above. Although Mr. Wilson's chapters are generally framed on Beatson, he has not been content with that, but has investigated, in many cases, the ships' logs, and drawn much valuable evidence from the unpublished records of courts-martial. Accordingly there is a good deal of life and vigour in what he has written; the narrative is simple and good; and he rises to enthusiasm on occasions. He also seeks from time to time to draw a lesson. Thus he speaks of the famous action between the "Serapis" and the "Bonhomme Richard" (1779). "This action has an interesting bearing upon a point which is much debated at the present day—whether the guns should attack the enemy's water-line or his men. It seems to show that the efforts of the gunners should be directed to the killing of their opponents rather than to the disabling of the hostile ship. Captain Jones had paid great attention to his top-fire, and his marksmen cleared the 'Serapis's' deck of all but Captain Pearson, whom they spared for his gallantry." Again Mr. Wilson is insistent upon the evil of the under-gunning of ships. Let it not be supposed, however, that his chapters are pamphlets used for the ventilation of opinion. They are substantially records of events, and give a broad view of an extraordinary number of minor operations, although I must observe that the drawing of a line between big and little has not always been easy. I should have supposed that the real advantage of the division into classes would have been to enable Mr. Clowes to deal philosophically with the general course and significance of the history of the time, after the manner of Captain Mahan. Mr. Wilson has apportioned his space well according to the importance of the operations he describes. He revels in such actions as that between the "Quebec" and the "Surveillante," commanded by those valiant men George Farmer and Du Couedic.

* * * *

It is, of course, impossible for me to do any real justice to Mr. Clowes's account of the major operations. He treats them in one portentous chapter, 1793-1802, covering about 280 pages—an arrangement which, I confess, leaves something to be desired. It is a great and glorious history that he surveys—the era of the French Revolution and the French and Spanish Wars, the actions of Howe, Hotham, Bridport, Jervis, Duncan, Nelson, Warren, Saumarez, and many more. One naturally turns to his treatment of Nelson. His account of the Nile is spirited and good. Perhaps wisely it has little to say about controverted points, yet I was surprised to find no thorough discussion of Nelson's general plan and of recent arguments concerning it. He has severe censure for the great captain "Sicilified," and he condemns him utterly for his conduct in regard to Caracciolo, taking thus a much stronger line than Captain Mahan. In writing of Copenhagen he exonerates Parker, who hoisted the signal to discontinue the action, "intending it not, however, as a positive order so much as an authority to Nelson to withdraw in case such a measure should appear to him to be advisable." Mr. Clowes's meaning is clear, though his wording is confused; the signal must have been either positive or permissive; it could not partake of the qualities of both. To hold it permissive seems reasonable, though it is a sound criticism that "it is difficult to avoid the reflection that the signal was even more dangerous than the situation which it was designed to relieve." I have dealt with this book at some length because of its interest and importance. An element of completeness that must not be overlooked is found in the appendices to the chapters, which contain most useful tables of the losses of the various Navies during the long war.

* * * *

Quite lately I noticed a little book entitled "The Story of Eclipses," published in an admirable series (Newnes, 1s.), and now I have to chronicle the addition to the series of "The Story of Ice in the Present and Past," by William A. Brend, B.A. It is a fascinating story, and those who wish to know all about the ice-caps and the glaciers, or of the force that was the great sculptor of this old world in its grandest scenery, will find Mr. Brend an excellent expositor and guide. From the same house there is commencing a serial issue in sixpenny parts of a finely-illustrated edition of Miss Isabella L. Bird's famous "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," a delightful story of travel.

* * * *

I have been a good deal interested in a little volume entitled "My Jubilee Visit to London," by Subadar Mahammad Beg, Sirdar Bahadur, 1st Madras Lancers, translated by a gentleman of the native bar, and edited by Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. M. Lawford. It is printed by Messrs. Thacker in Bombay, and I suppose can be procured from their house in London. The Subadar, who is a descendant of our old adversary Tippoo Sultan, killed at Seringapatam, was one of the native officers selected to represent the Indian Army on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. The impressions which he gives of his experiences are full of loyal and enthusiastic utterances, and he has written with the idea of arousing real friendship between the British and the native races. His little book is filled with something of child-like simplicity that is really delightful. The "Caledonia," in which he came to our shores, aroused him to enthusiasm. "Sea and steamer!" he exclaims, "you are the benefactors of the human race. You are great levellers, greater than any I know of! Englishmen! The core of generous brotherhood that is in you, but alas! so concealed on land, is bound to work as the most powerful lever in raising fallen nations and countries like mine!" Even sea-sickness did not damp the Subadar's ardour. "It is really Nature's Hakim, treating his visitors, in the manner of the ancients, with emetics which cleanse the system most effectively, and leave it immensely the better for it." Fish as big as donkeys, others as elephants, amazed him; everything aroused his curiosity or evoked his admiration, and in these days of jaded tastes it is refreshing to read his criticisms. Here is one very sensible remark, which some might lay to heart. "Work while you work, play while you play, is carried out by no nation on earth so completely and successfully." Arabs in the Red Sea gave him an account of the origin of Ismaila that will astonish those who think of Khedive Ismail. The most miserable beings he ever saw were at Brindisi; Gibraltar and Plymouth appealed to his imagination; London was a revelation; he wondered at the club life—"Is it that even such big people cannot afford, in costly London, to keep their own houses?—the Jubilee Procession aroused him to ecstasy; he was nervous lest the firing of salutes should precipitate the rain as dynamite does in his own Bellary. He is ungallant enough to censure our ladies for extravagance. "Men are reservoirs of wealth; women are the sluices emptying the reservoirs!" But, after all, in his own quaint way, he makes a remark that is fundamental: "Poor fellows, the husbands all bear it quietly, I believe, for Englishmen are *women-worshippers*, and they are not, on the whole, the worse for it; rather *immensely, immeasurably* better than the *women-rulers* of the East."

* * * *

The name of "Miles" is well known to those readers of the public prints who are interested in the defence of the Empire; and therefore I draw attention to his article in the October *Contemporary Review*. There are doubtless many who do not even understand the purport of the Militia Bill, which has been discussed in the Lords, and has yet to be brought before the Commons. Evidently "Miles" thinks it too academic. It is in the constitution of the Militia that there resides our nearest approach to conscription. The ballot will only be resorted to in times of emergency, when we have been involved in a long and severe struggle, when the larger portion of the regular forces is beyond the sea, and when counties fail to furnish by voluntary enlistment their proper proportion of men. The new Bill deals with the machinery of the ballot, and "Miles" wishes to see its operation more in the spirit of German than of French conscription—more related to the patriotic interests of national defence than used as an instrument of coercion. He discovers a flaw in the proposals. He wishes to see the actual localities that fail to produce their proportion of men subjected to the operation of the ballot, believing that sound local interest would then be aroused. As the proposal stands, the net will be cast too widely, with deterrent interest on regular enlistment in ordinary times.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—I.

Photo. *Foster.*
MAJOR F. L. NATHAN, R.A.,
Assistant Superintendent of Powder Factory.

A STRAGGLING dusty street, that seems miles long to the would-be sight-seer, stretches between Waltham Cross Station on the Great Eastern Railway and Her Majesty's Powder and Cordite Factory at Waltham Abbey. The mere mention of the word "factory" conjures up visions of ponderous machinery and of a quivering maze of leather bands; but how different is the reality. Instead, waving avenues of poplar trees, and the ever-graceful alder, grow luxuriously everywhere. Instead of vast buildings, tiny bungalows are dotted here and there by the side of cool-looking canals, which seem to invite the heated wayfarer to absolute idleness. So peaceful, in short, is the scene that it is impossible to prevent an impression stealing across the mind that a mistake has been made in the locality, and that the Cordite Factory is miles away. In spite of all this, 23 tons of our Service explosive are floated down these placid weed-grown canals each week, a mass of latent energy of which the mind has hardly any conception. Many a shattered wreck of what once was a human being has been borne through the unimposing gateway during the past twenty years, the grim royalty paid by man to the giant forces of Nature.

Year by year, as knowledge increases, these accidents become of rarer and rarer occurrence; but they cannot be banished altogether. In every manufactory of explosives the managers are always prepared for unavoidable catastrophes, which in most cases are due to the inherent "cussedness" of the material. To provide for the safety of the 870 men and boys employed in the works, the most stringent rules are laid down and enforced. The possession of matches or of a pipe is a criminal offence, and rightly so, for one maniac may in this way imperil the lives of hundreds of innocent men. On entering and on leaving every employé is searched, and compelled to change his home kit for a suit of sober black, which, together with a black cap, gives the men a decidedly criminal appearance. No pockets grace these suits, and hence the temptation inherited from boyhood to carry contraband is necessarily removed.

To avoid all risks, the various processes of manufacture are carried on in separate buildings, which are made as flimsy as possible, so as to offer practically no resistance to an explosion should one occur. Of these corrugated iron or wooden huts there are no less than 290, scattered over the 302 acres of the factory in such a way that a considerable distance intervenes between each. To serve these tiny manufactories there are four miles of navigable waterway, which enables the explosive to be transported with a minimum of danger.

Photo. *Hughes & Mull.*
LIEUTENANT W. B. ANLEY, R.A.,
Officer in Charge of Danger Buildings, Waltham.

The boats, of which a picture is given, are painted black, and when manned by their sombre crew appear strangely out of place in the sylvan picture. The chief of this all-important department of the I.G.O.F.'s command is Colonel John Beecher Ormsby, R.A., who has had a wide experience in the Ordnance Factories. He entered the Royal Artillery as lieutenant in 1860, became major February, 1881, lieut.-colonel in April, 1887, and colonel in September, 1891, retiring from the Army in January, 1896. His official connection with the Ordnance Department began in 1876, as Captain Instructor Royal Carriage Factory, where he remained until 1881. In 1885 he became an Inspector of Warlike Stores at Cork, a post he vacated on being appointed, in 1896, Assistant Superintendent Royal Carriage Factory, Woolwich.

In 1889 he served as Chief Assistant to the Director-General of Ordnance Factories, and in 1890 was appointed Superintendent of the Royal Carriage Factory. After four years

HEADQUARTERS OF THE STAFF, WALTHAM.

Photos. Copyright. *"ANY MATCHES OR KEYS?"* *"Navy & Army."*
Police Sergeant Searching a Man at Entrance.

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in this important post he was transferred to Waltham as Superintendent of Powder Factories.

Whilst the country can secure the services of officers with experience of this kind, it is not likely that any agitation will arise for undoing the present arrangements for the officering of these great factories on which so much depends. His staff consists of two officers — Major Frederick Lewis Nathan, R.A., and Lieutenant William Bower Anley, R.A. Major Nathan, who has just been appointed Assistant Superintendent at Waltham, was gazetted July, 1879. He obtained his company in October, 1887, and his majority June, 1897. In 1886 he became Captain Inspector Royal Laboratory, Woolwich, a post he held until 1888, when he was appointed Second Assistant to the D.G.O.F. He has acted since October, 1892, as Senior Officer in charge of Danger Buildings at Waltham. Lieutenant Anley entered the Royal Artillery July, 1891, and was appointed Officer in Charge of Danger Buildings November, 1897.

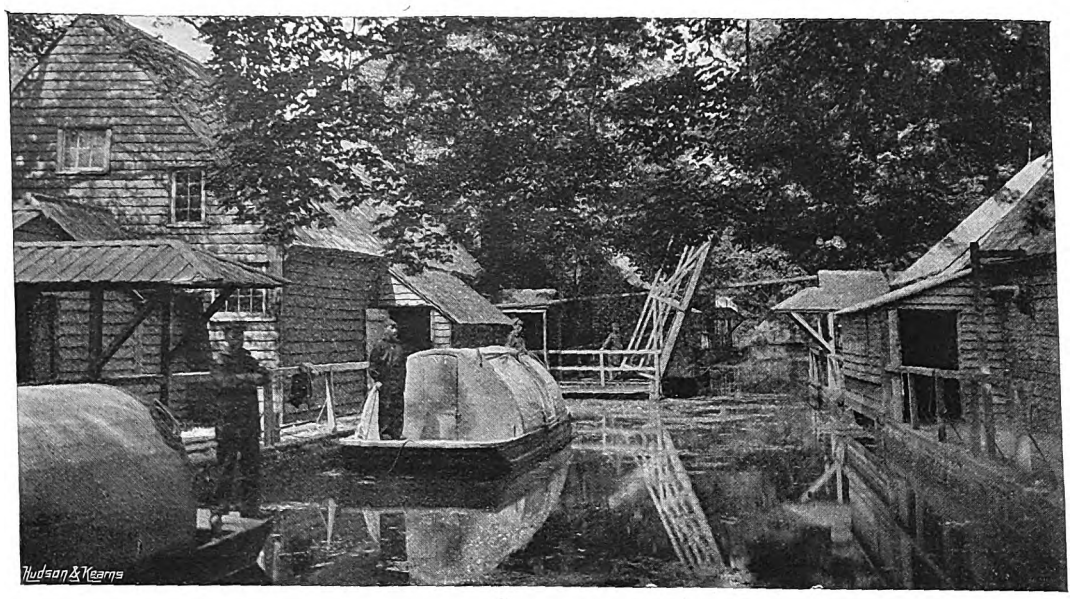


Photo. Copyright. A PLACID SCENE. *"Navy & Army."*
Waltham Lock—Loaded Boats Going Down Stream

Up to within the last few years gunpowder was the great staple product of Waltham, but now the manufacture of this explosive has been much reduced, for, save for some few guns, it is practically obsolete. It is a curious fact that the making of cordite involves far less danger than the manufacture of powder. The arch-enemy "grit," although still potent to wreck, through its agency, buildings and human beings, is not so dangerous as it used to be when charcoal and saltpetre entered into the composition of the finished article.

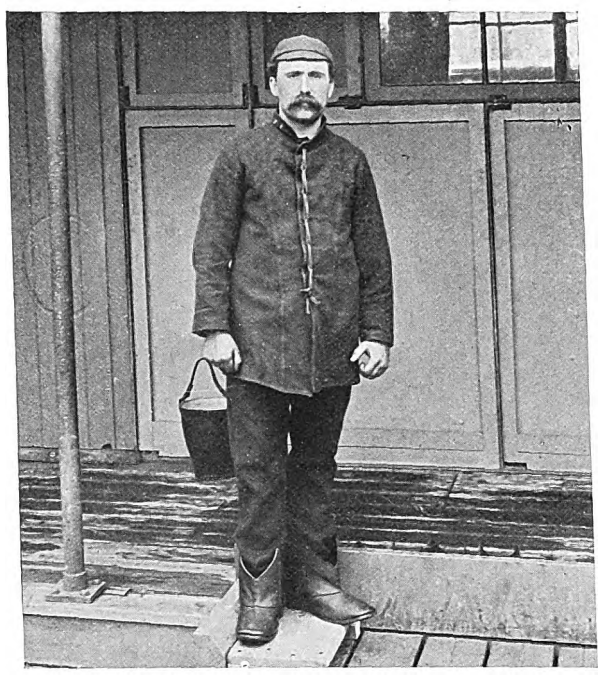
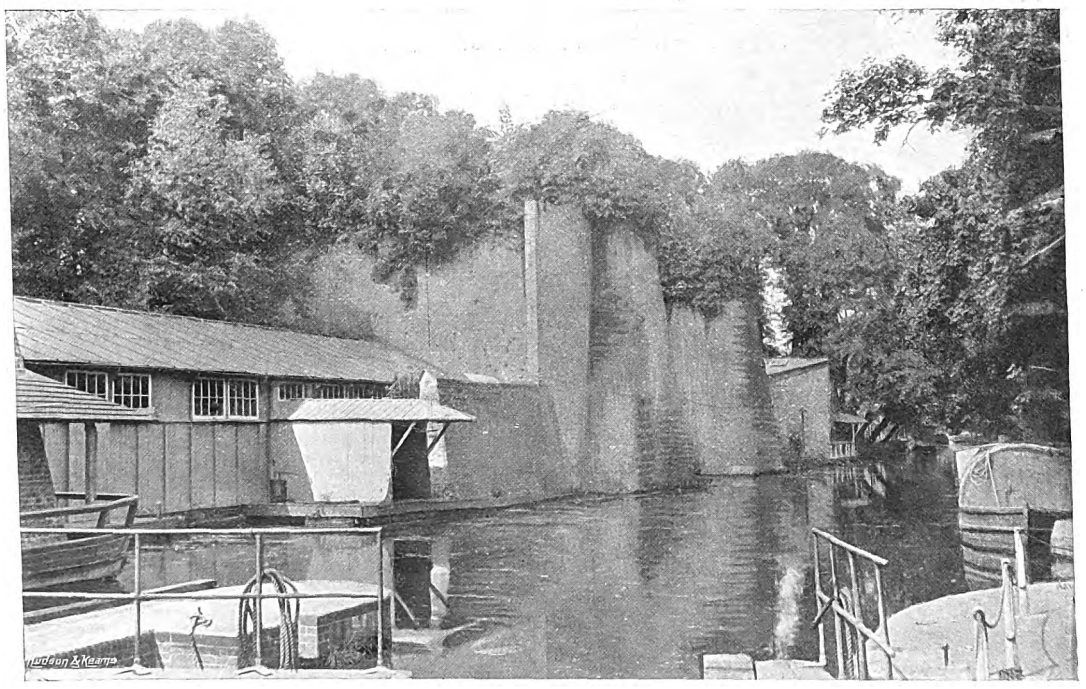


Photo. Copyright. THE WALTHAM UNIFORM. *"Navy & Army."*
Showing Boots Used in Buildings.

Although costing but a small sum compared with its sister factory at Woolwich, Waltham still figures very respectably on the Army Estimates. Its wage-bill amounted to £57,000 last year, whilst the ubiquitous policeman was responsible for another £2,617 per annum. In material alone, excluding new buildings, the factory cost £112,000, a fact which speaks well for the reserve of cordite now accumulating in our magazines. Now what is the material concerning which so much preamble is necessary? It is a brown cord-like substance, having as its base nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton, forced into a temporary union by means of a chemical substance, or rather fluid, known as acetone. The resulting compound from this amalgamation is of a brownish colour, and of a soft horn-like consistency. Under treatment (described later on) it becomes "string" of various sizes.

In the illustration on page 107 which shows cordite of all calibres, specimens are given which range from the pistol cordite measuring ·01 in diameter to the ·5 "rope" used for the charge of the 12-in. breech-loading wire gun. The larger sizes are for containing black powder primers in certain cartridges. As far as possible the factory is self-containing, but the acetone at present used comes from private manufactories. Arrangements will shortly be complete for remedying this, and then the establishment will be an ideal one, since every constituent of its product will be under official control. To the intelligent onlooker there are some quaint sights to be seen at Waltham. First the bicycle, which has been the greatest boon to some of the officials in charge. The paths are so good, and the distances so great, that much more work can be done now it is in use.

Another curious feature is the sight of yellow-haired men from the Picric Powder Works. Lyddite, of which picric acid is the chief constituent, stains everything a bright yellow, and hands and hair equally suffer. War abounds in incongruities, and hence picric acid, which on the one hand is a formidable explosive, also is of great value in the treatment of burns, a fact only now beginning to be appreciated. The ground on which the factory is laid out is marshy, and it is extraordinary what rapid growth the trees planted there have made in the course of the last twenty years. It is now generally understood that a wide belt of living trees forms a far better traverse than masses of brickwork. There used to be a theory that the effect of an explosion could be greatly minimised by placing solid traverses of varying shapes in the lines likely to be taken by explosions should they occur.



Photos. Copyright. A SELF-PLANTED SHRUBBERY. *"Navy & Army."*
Brick Traverse Separating Mixing House from other Buildings on Lower Island.

Time, however, soon removed this impression, for it was found that under the influence of the

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explosion masses of masonry were detached from the barrier and driven in every direction with a force and destructive effect hardly inferior to the original shock. On the other hand, the thick belt of trees presents an elastic resistance to the explosive energy, and hence, by bending to it, breaks its force whilst not sustaining severe damage itself.

On page 106 there is an excellent view of one of these fast disappearing heaps of brick and earth. This was placed between two powder houses, and its size enables the mind to realise the enormous energy that gunpowder on the least provocation was wont to exhibit. One very curious feature in the picture is the luxurious growth of wood and undergrowth

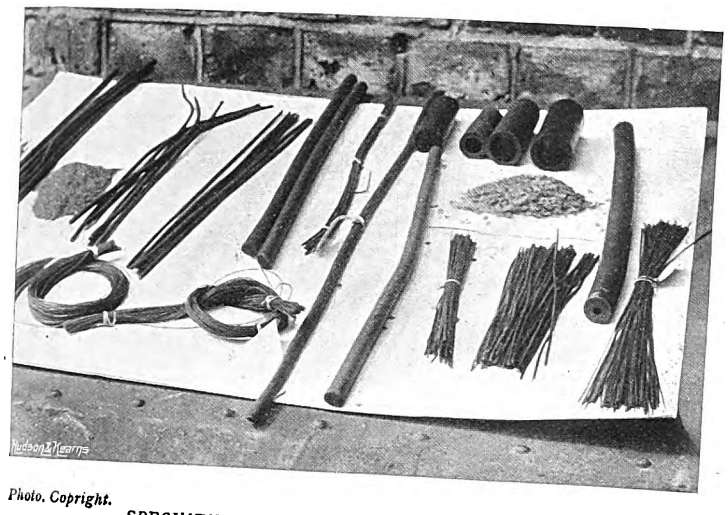

Photo. Copyright. SPECIMENS OF CORDITE AND PRIMERS. *"Navy & Army."*

Photo. Copyright. LANDING ACETONE ON ARRIVAL AT FACTORY. *"Navy & Army."*

on the top of the traverse. This certainly was not planted by any human agency, but has nevertheless resulted from perfectly natural causes. The top layer of brick became disintegrated, and the birds constantly roosting there have planted this unique shrubbery. Every small house in the factory, whether devoted to cordite or to powder manufacture, is kept during the winter at one even temperature. This necessary work is carried out by large steam pipes which circulate throughout the works. These are carried upon high uprights, and it requires a knowledge of their immense value to become reconciled to their exceeding ugliness.

(Previous articles of this series appeared on July 15 and July 29.)

Scenes of Naval and Military Life.

Photo. Copyright. THURSDAY ON BOARD SHIP. *R. Ellis.*

Thursday has been in the Navy, ever since King William IV., in the twenties of the present century, as Duke of Clarence and Lord High Admiral, first instituted the practice, regularly observed as "make and mend" day. Wherever, the wide world over, a British man-of-war may be, the usage is the same, and observed in the same way as our photograph shows.

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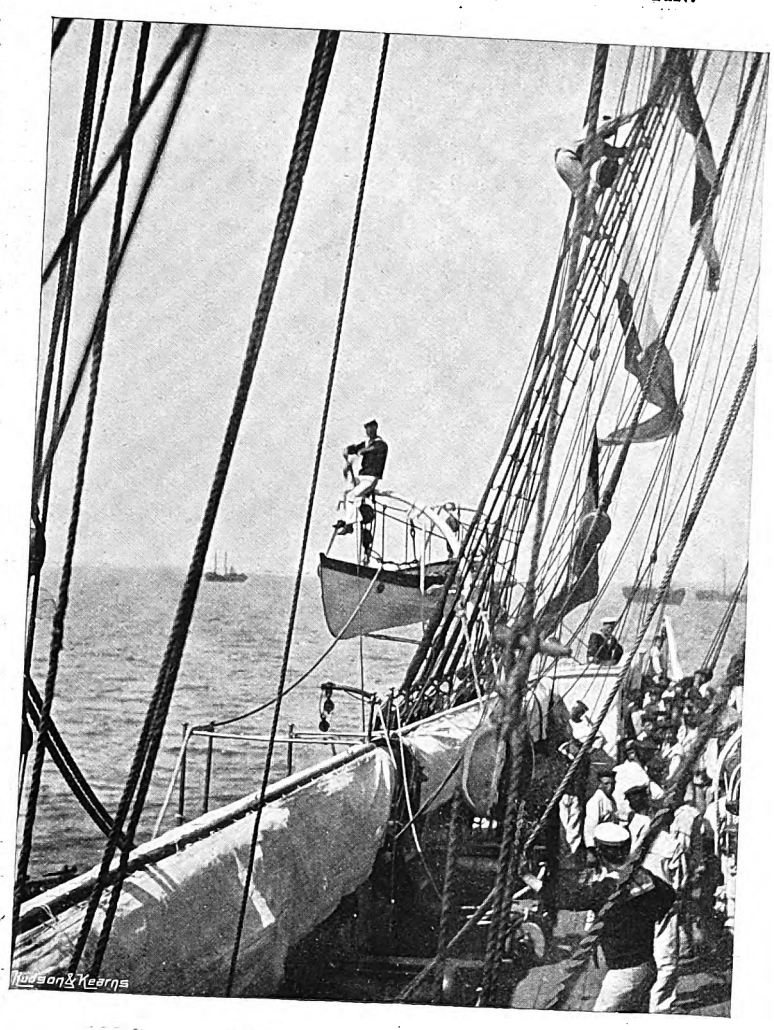
The Making of Seamen.

Sail Drill in the Training-ship "Martin."

THESE pictures were taken on board the "Martin," a sailing brig attached to the "St. Vincent" at Portsmouth, and used for the practical instruction of the boys in handling a vessel under sail. We gave an illustration of this little craft some time ago, as she appeared under full sail, and a very pretty picture she made, reminiscent of old times, when Britannia was entirely dependent upon the caprices of the winds in performing her onerous task of ruling the waves. The "Martin," though ancient enough in her design and equipment, is not really an old vessel, having been built as lately as 1890, and then named the "Mayflower." She is of 508 tons, which would have been large for a vessel of her class in the old days, when brigs were used as despatch vessels for carrying mails, etc., and their commanders carried sail in them to a dangerous, and sometimes fatal, extent.

The steering of our steamships nowadays is governed entirely by the compass, or by following in the wake of the next ship ahead; but in sailing ships it is obviously not always possible to steer directly for a given destination, as the wind may be dead ahead; and in this case the sails are trimmed so as to permit of the vessel lying as near the wind as possible, and the goal is approached on a zigzag route, by tacking at intervals. The compass is then of less use, except as a means of observing and recording the course made good on each tack. The duty of the helmsman is to sail the ship as near the wind as possible without allowing the sails to shake, and thus the quartermaster in our illustration has his eye on the main top-gallant sail instead of on the compass, keeping the sails full, but not falling off from the wind. Steering "full and by," as it is termed, requires some practice, and is a much more delicate operation than steering a course by compass.



"GYMNASTIC SIGNALLING."

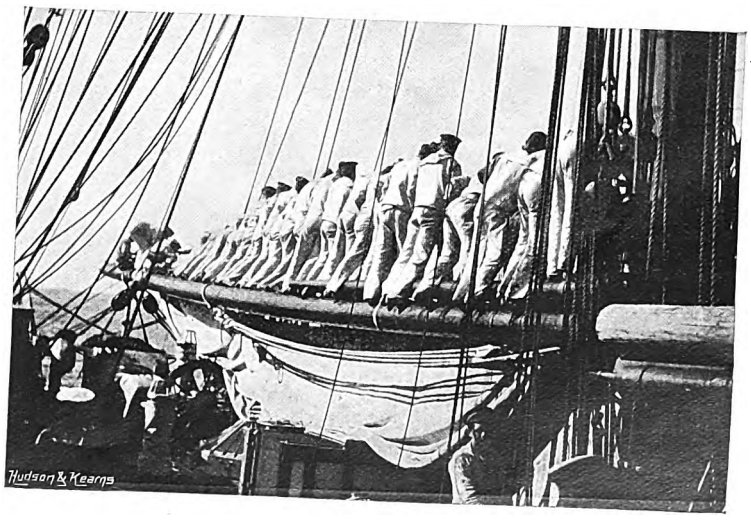
"LOOK ALOFT"—STEERING BY THE SAILS.

The boom mainsail is the large fore and aft sail abaft the mainmast, and is so called in order to distinguish it from the mainsail proper, which is a square sail set upon the main-yard. The corresponding fore and aft sail in three-masted sailing ships is termed the "spanker," or "driver," and is not a very important sail; in a brig, however, it is of much greater relative dimensions, and sometimes requires very skilful handling. When not in use it is invariably lowered, and if a brig is caught in a sudden squall with this sail set it is often very difficult to get it lowered and stowed. Two of our illustrations show respectively a back and front view of the boys in the act of furling the "Martin's" boom mainsail, and it will be seen at a glance that it is a large sail, the boom extending rather beyond the vessel's stern. It is not nearly so easy to reef or furl a sail of this kind as a topsail; indeed reefing, when really necessary through stress of weather, is rather a nice piece of seamanship. The short gaff, which may be seen in one picture secured on the boom, is used for setting a stormsail in place of the boom mainsail; this is termed a "trysail," and is not set on the boom, but hauled out with a "sheet" to the vessel's side, the short gaff being hoisted as high as the sail will permit.

The fourth picture shows the signalman engaged in making a semaphore signal with flags, in a somewhat precarious position. Signalmen, however, are frequently called upon to signal in some direction which necessitates such extreme measures, in order to be visible against a suitable background, when the recipient of the signal is at some distance. Obviously, the wooden semaphore cannot conveniently be dragged about, hence the use of the little flags, mounted on short sticks, as seen in the picture.

Photos. Copyright.

FURLING THE BOOM MAINSAIL—FRONT VIEW.



"Navy & Army"

FURLING THE BOOM MAINSAIL—BACK VIEW.

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For the China Station.

NEARLY five years ago the two giant cruisers which, even after their armoured brethren are launched, will remain the largest ships of their class in the British Navy and in the world were laid down. They may be said to have made their first bow to the British public at the great Jubilee Review of 1897, both being commissioned for the Naval Manœuvres that followed. After these manœuvres one of the sisters, the "Powerful," under the command of Captain the

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
ENGINE-ROOM ARTIFICERS OF THE "TERRIBLE."

Hon. Hedworth Lambton, was sent out to the China station. The other sister, the "Terrible," was commissioned by Captain C. G. Robinson, and has for the last eighteen months been

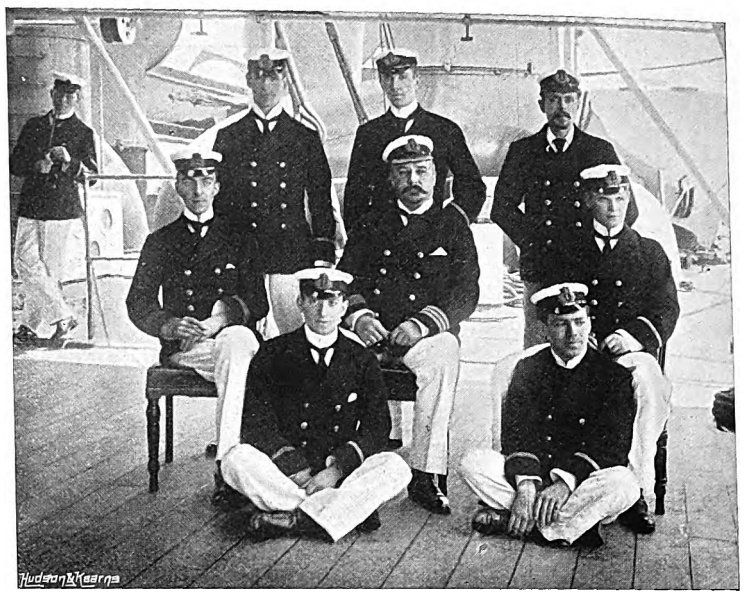

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
ENGINEER OFFICERS OF THE "TERRIBLE."

submitted to a series of exhaustive trials. She has now left this country to replace her sister ship, the "Powerful," on the China station. No new ships of the Navy have ever been more keenly watched and more unsparingly criticised than these two. And no small wonder, for in them for the first time and on a very huge scale was made the trial of the water-tube boiler, and on the whole both ships have been a success. One heard great stories of the hopeless failure of the "Powerful," but a ship that ran the other day from Hong Kong to Manila, a distance of 647 knots, in thirty-three hours, can't be a bad one. This gives an average of over 19 knots, but it includes the time both for going out of and coming into harbour, and, as a fact, for more than twenty-eight

Photo. Copyright. *"A JOB OF WORK"—THE BOATSWAIN SUPERINTENDS THE MAKING OF A SPLICE.* *Gregory.*

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hours continuously she steamed at over 20 knots, this, moreover, without picked coal; and not only that, but with coal that had been a long time in stock, and had probably somewhat deteriorated. The "Terrible," too, has made good trials, and though the fatal accident caused by the bursting of a boiler-tube did much to prejudice her in the eyes of the public, the fact that she and her sister have welded tubes instead of solid-drawn ones by no means proves their inefficiency. Nothing tests a ship and the value of her boilers and machinery more than a spell of foreign service, and we may be quite sure that the "Terrible" will come out of the ordeal as successfully as her sister ship the "Powerful" has done.

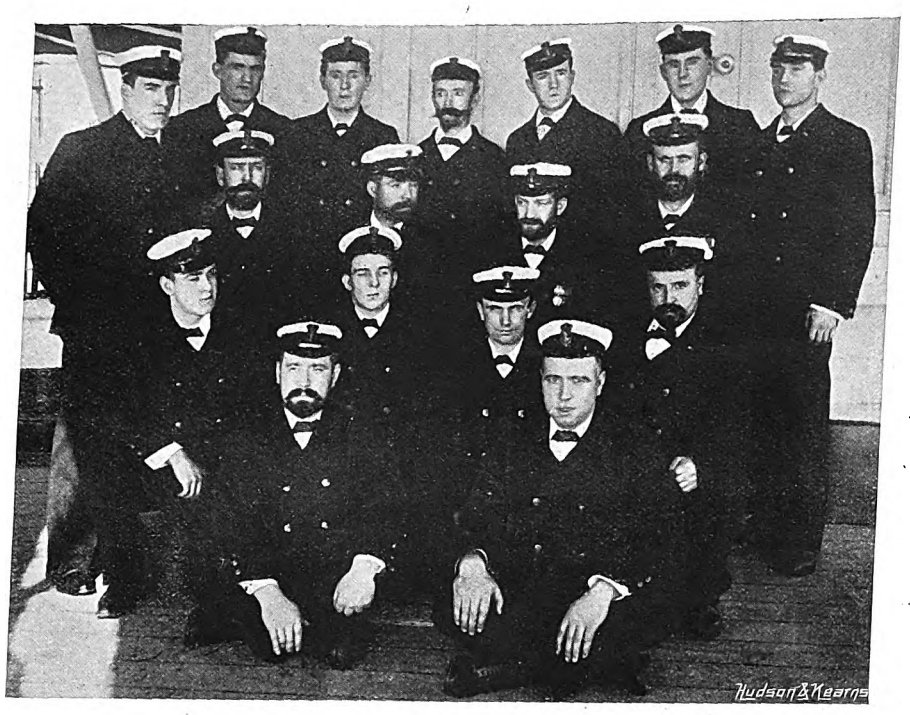


Photo. Copyright. CHIEF STOKERS OF THE "TERRIBLE." *"Navy & Army."*

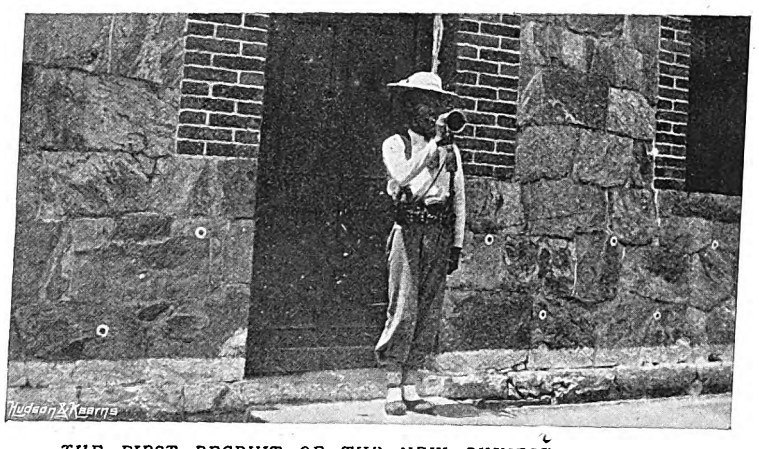
When we have a monster vessel of 14,200 tons driven through the water by engines of 25,000 horse-power, for which steam is generated by forty-eight boilers, and which can propel the mass at a speed of 22 knots, using only natural draught, it goes without saying that the engine-room staff forms a big factor. One of our illustrations shows the fleet-engineer in charge of the machinery, surrounded by his subordinate officers of commissioned rank, engineers, and assistant-engineers; another shows the ship's staff of that most useful class of chief petty officers, the engine-room artificers; and there is also the group of first-class petty officers that belong to the regions below, the chief stokers of the ship.

The First Chinese Regiment at Wei-hai-Wei.

THE MANUFACTURE OF SOLDIERS.

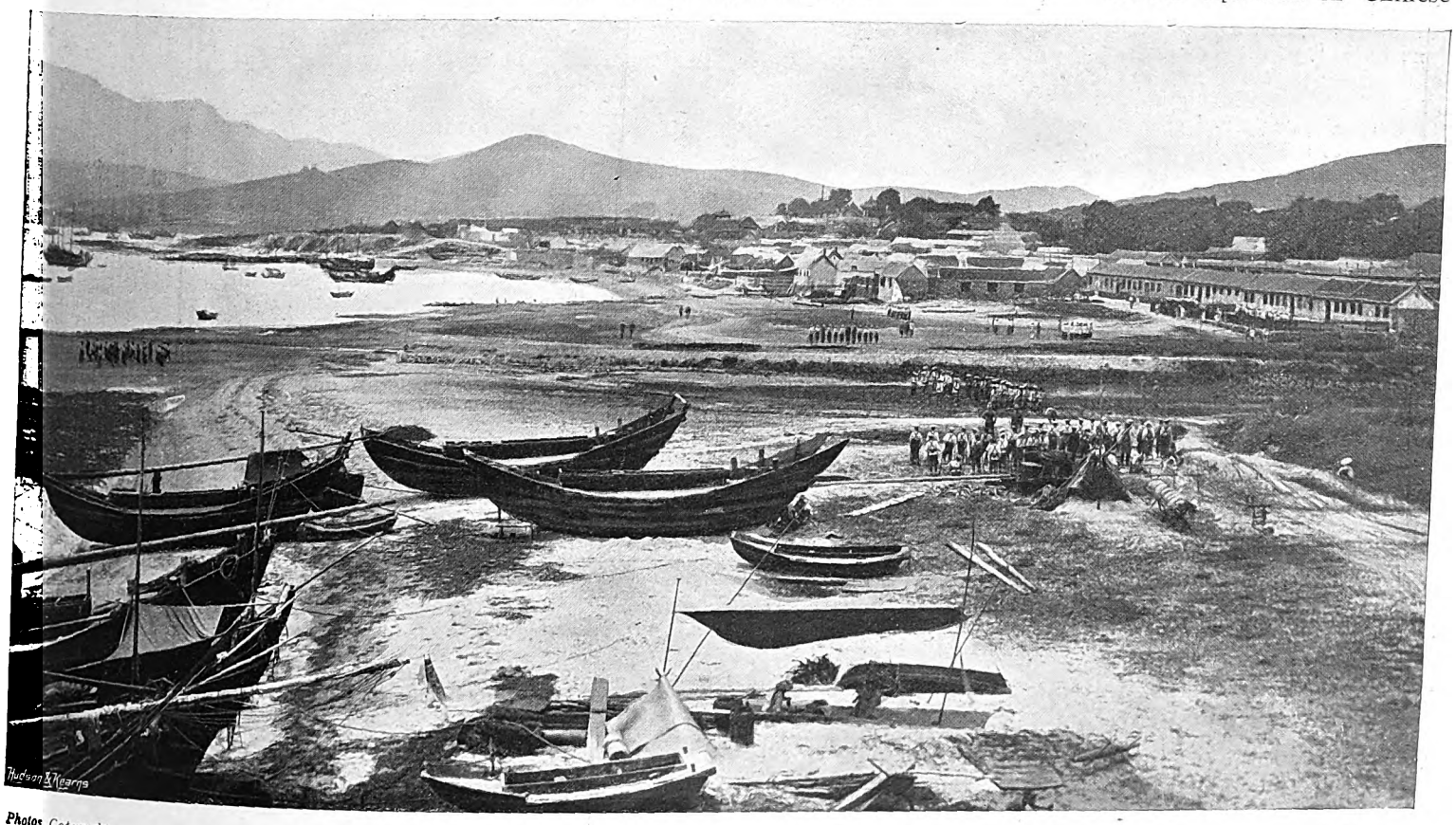
THE 1st Chinese Regiment of Infantry is now in process of being raised and trained at Wei-hai-Wei, our latest acquisition in China. The occupation of Wei-hai-Wei by the British of necessity brought into consideration the advisability of arranging a garrison for its defence and for police duties in newly-acquired territory, and it was therefore resolved to try what could be done with the local Chinamen.

The place itself was taken over by the British on May 24, 1898, shortly after its evacuation by the Japanese, the "Narcissus," commanded by Captain King Hall, together with one or two smaller vessels, having been sent from Cheefoo for the purpose; at noon on that day the British flag was hoisted alongside the Chinese on the island of Liu Kung Tau, and on the mainland also, and saluted by the representative ships of the British and Chinese Governments. For about a month the two flags were kept flying side by side, after which the Chinese ensign was finally hauled down.



THE FIRST RECRUIT OF THE NEW CHINESE REGIMENT.
Now Promoted to Corporal and Bugler.

A few days after the occupation by the "Narcissus," Admiral Sir E. H. Seymour, with the larger portion of the British squadron in Chinese



Photos. Copyright. *H. Sharpe.*
THE 1st CHINESE REGIMENT OF INFANTRY—GENERAL VIEW OF MATO AND PARADE GROUND.

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waters, proceeded to Wei-hai-Wei and installed a temporary garrison on the island and on the mainland by sending ashore seamen and marines from the fleet, and the administration of the new territory was entrusted to Commander (then Lieutenant) Gaunt, of the "Narcissus," who was first of all appointed as town major at Liu Kung Tau and subsequently as the British Commissioner.

THE CONVERSION OF THE RAW MATERIAL.
Squads of Recruits at Drill on the Parade Ground.

The seamen and marines landed from the fleet have since been relieved by a detachment of marines sent out from England. These will probably be superseded by a British regiment of infantry, when suitable barracks are constructed. The garrison of British soldiers is to be supplemented by raising a regiment of Chinese with British officers, the Chinamen to be recruited from the natives of Wei-hai-Wai and surrounding districts.

RETURNING TO BARRACKS AFTER DRILL.

The British officers who were originally selected to proceed to Wei-hai-Wei for this purpose were drawn from various branches of the regular Army, and received their commissions at the latter end of last year, the commandant of the new regiment being Major H. Bower of the Indian Staff Corps, and the second in command being Captain C. D. Bruce of the West Riding Regiment. These officers rank as colonel and major respectively in the Chinese regiment. At the end of 1898 there were altogether seven officers appointed, and a number of non-commissioned officers were also sent out to form the nucleus of the new regiment and to assist in recruiting and training its men. At the present time there are twelve commissioned officers in the regiment, and others will be added as necessary.

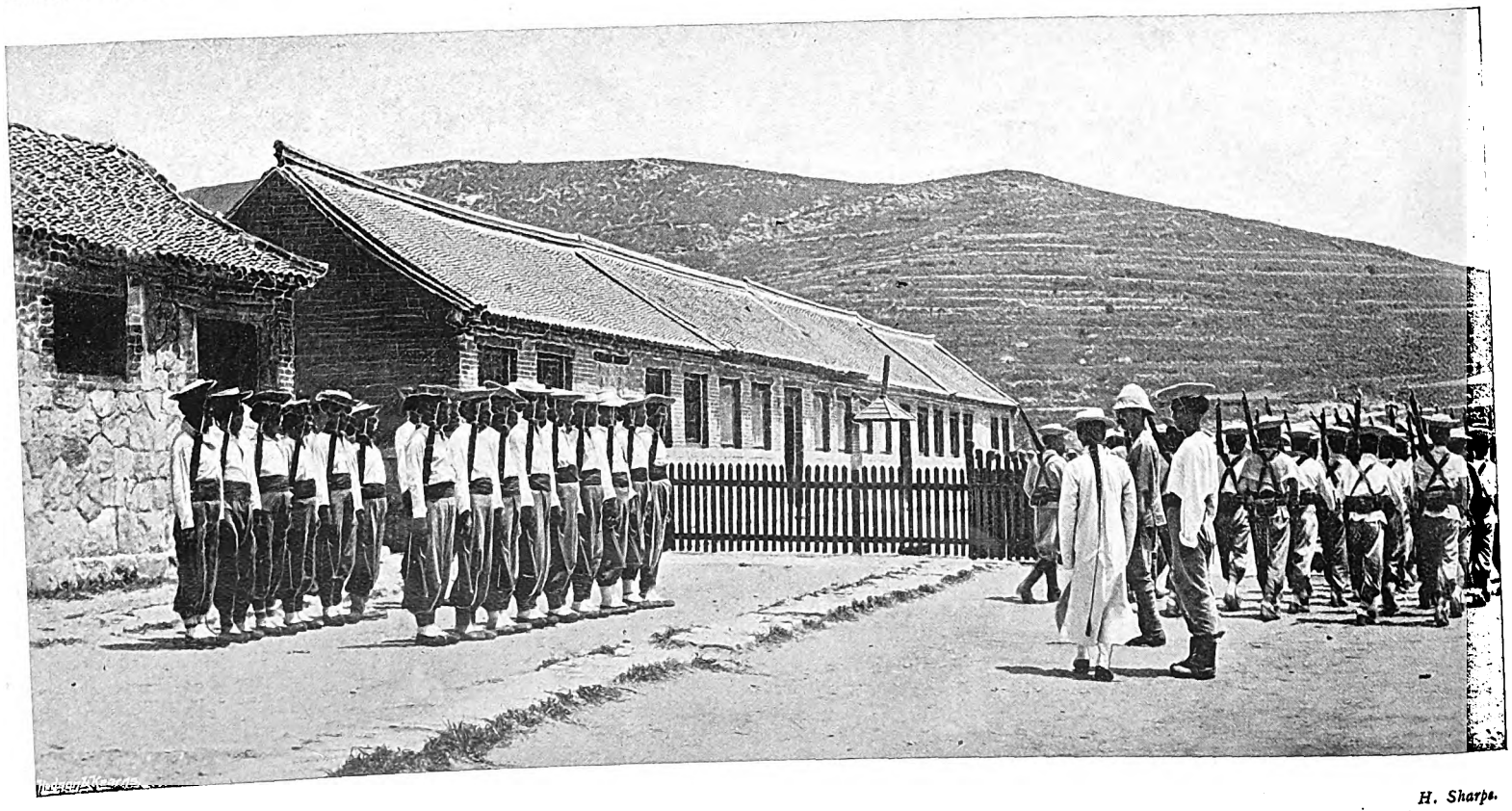
The authorised strength of the regiment is 1,000 men, of whom about 300 are already enlisted. The headquarters of the regiment are in fairly good stone buildings in the village of Mato, situated on the northern shore of the mainland, about a mile or so from the walled city of Wei-hai-Wei. Some difficulty was naturally experienced at first in obtaining recruits, but as soon as the terms of service became understood the numbers of applicants increased, as many as a dozen men presenting themselves daily, thus affording a good selection.

The natives of the province of Shantung and of North China generally are far superior in physique to those of the more southern parts, and appear to have the "makings" of good soldiers in them. They are docile and tractable also, and up to the present have given little or no trouble as regards their discipline.

Certainly, with the experience we have had in converting the Egyptian fellaheen into the splendid fighting material which so recently helped the Sirdar to win his victory at Omdurman, there is every reason to hope that the efforts of the British military officers who are now attempting a similar thing with the Chinese may meet with as much success as those of their brothers-in-arms in Egypt.

The initial difficulty of language has been surmounted for the present by the employment of an interpreter, and in the meantime the British officers are applying themselves to the study of colloquial Chinese.

There is little doubt, if the present experiment is successful, that the raising of additional regiments of Chinamen will in time be carried out.



Photos. Copyright. THE TROOPS FALLING IN FOR DRILL—THE INTERPRETER ASSISTING INSTRUCTORS. *H. Sharpe.*

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SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., who is in love with a publican's daughter, Nelly Pratten, is baulked in his matrimonial aims by the girl's social ambition. By a series of strange chances, detailed in the early chapters, Bunter contrives to impersonate his own captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale, and persists in the perilous fraud in order to convince Miss Pratten that she ought not to despise a "common sailor." The real captain, who is a stranger to the crew of the "Grunter," is universally mistaken for Bunter, whose clothes he has been obliged to assume. He is brought on board by the police and kept in arrest as a deserter. Next morning the "Grunter" sails for Gibraltar, not a soul on board being aware of Bunter's fraud. Captain Laxdale tells his story, and is regarded by the officers as being deranged in mind. Bunter releases his victim from arrest and permits him to work as a seaman. Laxdale consents to this, in the hope of being able to expose the fraud and turn the tables. Bunter believes himself to be unknown to all the crew, but he is recognised by a seaman named Squib. Of this man Laxdale makes a confidant, offering him a large reward to expose the fraud. Squib, however, hopes to gain more by blackmailing Bunter, and plays a double game. The men of the "Grunter," with the single exception of Squib, regard Captain Laxdale as an impudent impostor who is assuming insanity in order to get out of the Navy. Bunter hopes to escape before the fraud can be discovered, and means to desert at Gibraltar. On the second day of the voyage Captain Laxdale falls overboard in a heavy sea and is gallantly rescued by Bunter. Laxdale's desire to secure the punishment of Bunter is somewhat abated by this incident, though he is very eager to regain his rightful position. During the evening Squib makes himself known to Bunter, affects a desire to screen him, and demands blackmail. Bunter temporises with him. Squib gives Captain Laxdale a garbled account of the interview, and proposes that Laxdale shall escape from the ship at Gibraltar and endeavour to get Bunter arrested. Squib promises to aid in this scheme. Sunday passes without any striking incident, and next morning the ship anchors off Gibraltar. Bunter dines with the Governor. His rough manners excite much amusement, but one of the Governor's daughters is attracted by his disregard of the conventions. Laxdale, aided by Squib, makes his attempt to escape from the ship.

CHAPTER XVII. *(continued.)*

"'ALF'LL be quite enough for Jim Thomson," Squib remarked, as he raised the bottle to his mouth.

"Don't drink much," said Laxdale. "You must keep your head."

They fell into silence, listening to the gurgle and splash of the water against the ship's side.

At last they heard the heavy tread of the sentry descending the forecastle ladder, on his way to strike six bells. "Now," said Squib, and he advanced towards the marine, bottle in hand. Laxdale saw them whispering together and the bottle handed to the unfaithful sentry.

Squib beckoned to him, and Laxdale joined him.

"We must be smart," said Squib. "He gives us five minutes, and no more than that." Having said this, he crawled swiftly up the forecastle ladder and crossed to the port side of the forecastle on all fours. Laxdale followed his example, striking his shins against a ring-bolt in the process.

The clumsy punt in which they were to escape was hanging by a tackle from a curved iron davit, also used for "fishing" the anchor. In shape it somewhat resembled a rude cart, minus the wheels, though more oblong than the body of a cart. It was used, when the ship lay in port, for cleaning the lower portions of the hull; and, as Laxdale knew, it was very difficult to propel through the water. But it was the only apology for a boat to be had; for the dinghy hung at the stern, and all the other boats were too large, even if they could have lowered one unnoticed by the quartermaster.

"Smart now; get in," said Squib.

Laxdale scrambled into the punt, and his weight set it swaying so violently that he nearly fell overboard.

He was now a few feet below the forecastle, and could see nothing but the troubled water into which the punt was to be lowered and the black hull of the ship.

Squib poked his head over the rail. "Hang on," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "I'm going to lower away."

A moment later the blocks of the tackle creaked and the punt slowly descended. Squib was careful, and the clumsy boat made little splash as it entered the water. As the tackle slackened, the punt began to rock violently in the swell, and Laxdale had much difficulty in keeping his feet.

'Be quick," he said; "I can't manage her alone."

"Oh, you can't, can't you?" said a strange voice, and glancing upwards he saw the gleam of a lantern and recognised the sneering face of his enemy, Corporal Angel.

He knew, on the instant, that they were discovered, and resigned himself to the inevitable. He might, even then, have pushed off, but felt that he could not reach the shore unaided. He saved his enemies the trouble of sending a boat in pursuit.

After the lapse of some minutes, during which Laxdale had to exert all his skill to prevent the punt from swamping in the swell, he felt the tackle tauten, and the punt steadied itself. It was hoisted up again in a succession of jerks, and Laxdale clambered out on to the forecastle. His first thought was of Squib, but he was nowhere to be seen. The dim light of Angel's lantern enabled him to distinguish the faces of the sentry and quartermaster of the watch, and there was another man on the forecastle, whom he presently recognised as Kipps.

"We've brought you up with a round turn, my fine fellow," said Angel, maliciously. "Thought you'd like a little stroll ashore, I suppose?"

At this Kipps guffawed coarsely. "The blooming lubber would never have fetched there," he remarked.

"Nor he would," said Angel. "He'd have been drifting about the broad Atlantic afore morning. You can thank me for saving your life, Plain Hood."

"I am vastly indebted to you," said Laxdale, bitterly.

"Don't mention it," said Angel, sourly. "If you don't get ninety days' chokey for this little lark, call me a liar."

"And sarve the lubber right, too," said Kipps. "You can thank me for spoiling your game, Mr. blooming 'Ood; can't he, corporal?"

"That'll do," said Angel. "We don't want no barging up here. You can turn in, Kipps."

Still there was no mention of Squib, and Laxdale concluded that his fellow-conspirator had evaded detection by concealing himself before Angel's arrival on the scene. This pleased him; but he could not understand how Kipps had come to suspect their design.

"I've a strong notion you wasn't alone in this job," said Angel, blandly, "but we'll see about that to-morrow."

"Your penetration is surprising," said Laxdale, quietly.

"D'you mean to tell me you was going to pull that punt ashore by yourself?"

"I have no desire to hold any conversation with you on any subject under heaven," returned Laxdale, stiffly.

"You get below to your 'ammick," said Angel, severely.

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The sentry, who had taken no part in the conversation, brought his rifle to the slope, preparatory to resuming his beat. "It's the likes of 'im as gets the likes of us into trouble," he observed, philosophically.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bunter Receives Visitors.

Corporal Angel and Bully Kipps suffered severe disappointment next day in connection with Hood's escapade.

Duly reported to Filmore, the unfortunate gentleman, who indeed was indifferent to the outcome, escaped with a stern reprimand. Filmore strongly urged the impostor to send the culprit to prison; but Bunter insisted upon treating him as a lunatic, and directed that he should be carefully watched, pending the arrival of the ship at Malta. Filmore was justly indignant over the captain's weakness, and expressed himself very forcibly in the ward-room.

"That scoundrel is no more mad than I am," he declared, with great emphasis.

"You fancy the 'antic disposition' to be assumed?" asked Lyle.

"I'm jolly well certain of it," growled Filmore.

"There does seem to be method in it," said Lyle, thoughtfully.

"The captain's methods will breed a mutiny in the ship before long," added Filmore. "I shall offer a hundred pounds for an exchange into some other ship."

"And perhaps the captain will double the reward," said the doctor. "He doesn't love you, Filmore."

The sagacious Squib, meanwhile, hastened to congratulate Hood upon his evasion of punishment. "Angel's just mad about it," he said, "and as for that swine Kipps, damned if I have any more truck with him, after this."

"How was it they didn't see you?" asked Laxdale.

"I saw them sneaking up the fore ladder," said Squib, "and just had time to do a bunk. Sorry I had to leave you in the dirt-tub, but there wasn't no help for it, you see."

"You were right to screen yourself," said Laxdale, magnanimously. "I don't blame you at all."

"Well, I should jolly well think not," said Squib, feigning surprise. "Didn't I plan the whole blamed show for yer?"

"Yes, but it didn't come off," objected Laxdale. "You ought to have seen that Kipps was watching you, though I can't understand how he knew about it."

"No more can I," said Squib, gravely.

They were silent for a while, and then Squib, who was cleaning some brass work on the fife-rail, said carelessly:

"I take it you'll give me that twenty quid, all the same?"

"I think not, Squib," was the reply.

Squib swore, and spat into the water-way. "Well, ten, any way," he suggested.

"You can't justly claim a penny," said Laxdale. "You contracted to put me ashore, you see."

"'Ood," said Squib, "you're coming it very low down on a ragie, and I'm ashamed of you. Make it five quid, or you and me'll have to split brass rags."

"It's a high price for failing," said Laxdale; "but we'll say five pounds."

"And don't you go back on it, neither," said Squib.

"My friend," said Laxdale, haughtily, "a gentleman's word is the cad's best bond."

"Sooner 'ave the rhino," grumbled Squib.

On the day following, which was Wednesday, Bunter was pleasurably excited by the prospect of entertaining Miss Eurydice Tipping and her family. He invited Lyle, Parr, and the doctor to meet his guests at tea, and ordered the steward to prepare a sumptuous meal, including sweet cakes and fruit for the ladies, and drinks in great variety for the men. "And a few plates o' shrimps might go down well," he added, thoughtfully.

"Can't get any shrimps here, sir," objected the steward.

"How about sausages or fresh herrings, then?"

The steward doubted if the ladies would care for either, and said so.

"May be you're right," said Bunter, loftily. "A square meal would only spoil their dinners. We'll give them light, fancy grub instead."

Towards four in the afternoon the general's official boat was seen approaching. Bunter, who had made a splendid toilette in his victim's best uniform, dabbed a final chunk of grease upon his hair, and went to the side to receive his guests. The ship had been carefully scrubbed fore and aft; the ropes were neatly flemished down; the brass work on the quarter-deck and poop flashed like gold in the sunshine. Every ladder that the ladies were likely to honour had been screened with flags, so that no bashful sailor beneath should be put to the blush by dazzling glimpses of feminine underclothing. Filmore had seen to that, for it was one of the chivalrous "customs of the Service."

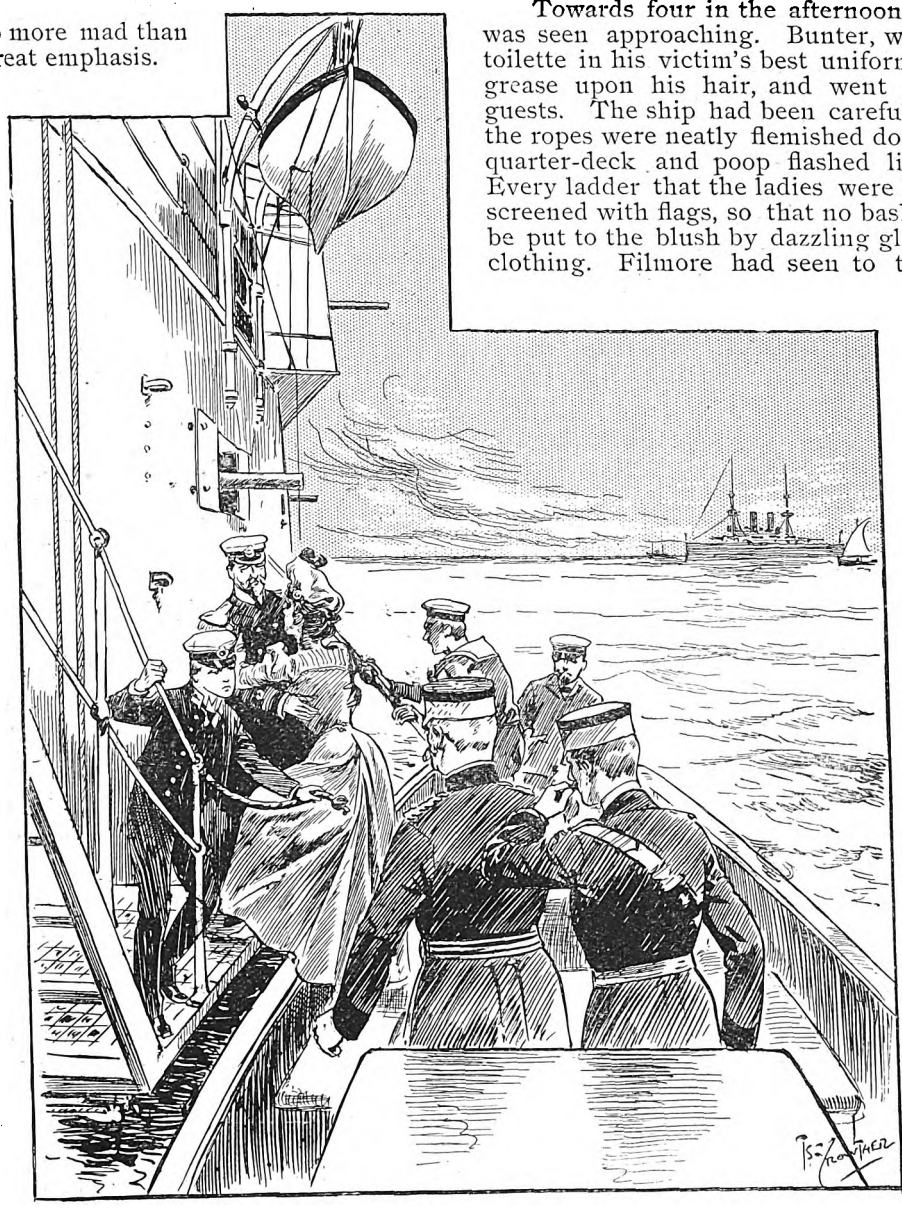
The mature Claudia was the first of the visitors to mount the companion ladder. It trembled as she stepped heavily out of the boat, for Claudia was no light weight.

"Is it quite safe?" she asked, nervously.

"Lord love you, it would bear a brace of elephants," said Bunter.

The lady reddened, and waddled up the steps to the quarter-deck. The slender Ophelia came next; and then plump little Eurydice, of the merry eye, rewarded the chivalry of Bunter by slipping (or affecting to slip) as she stepped off the boat. She gave a little cry as he dexterously caught her by the waist, and lifted her on to the ladder. "Thank you, Captain Laxdale," she said, with a faint blush. "You can let me go now, please."

Slowly and reluctantly Bunter complied. He gave her his arm, and left the Governor to mount the ladder unaided.



"Dexterously caught her by the waist."

"It's awful good of you to come," he said, tenderly. "I've got a first-class tea for you; but there's no shrimps."

"No what?"

"Shrimps," repeated Bunter, regretfully.

Eurydice checked a smile. "Then I'm very angry with you," she said, coquettishly. "Tea without shrimps is like going to heaven without a halo."

"You could afford to do without one," said Bunter, amorously.

"Thank you, sir, but you flatter. No woman can afford to ignore the fashion; and I expect the angels alter their halos as often as we change our hats." The girl arranged hers as she spoke, as though to draw attention to its variegated attractions.

"Yours is a ripper, anyway," said Bunter, admiringly.

"It is the envy of the colony, Captain Laxdale."

"But it's the face underneath that sets it off."

"Oh! you naughty sailors," said Eurydice, laughing.

His open admiration amused her, and she resolved to annoy Claudia and the A.D.C. by flirting with him.

The Governor came puffing over the gangway, followed by his aide-de-camp. "Now, Laxdale," he said, briskly,

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"we want to have a good look at your ship. I'll show you how an old hulk can scale ladders. What guns are those yonder?"

"Five inch, sir," replied Bunter. "Perhaps the ladies would like to see them worked?"

Claudia assumed maidenly timidity. "Pray don't let them go off," she pleaded. "The noise would kill me."

"They're not loaded, silly," said Eurydice, and Claudia was abashed. "And what is this gun, like a sausage machine?" continued Eurydice. "I suppose you know everything about them?"

"I know as much about guns as most captains," said Bunter. "That's a Hotchkiss; and it spits out little shells at the rate of knots. See here," he added, as he handled the weapon. "You put the ammunition here, and then heave round the handle, like this, same as if you were grinding a barrel organ."

"How dreadful!" cried the ladies in chorus.

"And is that what you shoot at other ships with?" asked Claudia.

"It's meant for firing at boats mostly," said Bunter. "These little shells won't go through armour plates."

"But wouldn't it be cowardly to sink a poor little boat?" suggested Eurydice, slyly.

"Not if the poor little boat was trying to rip you open with a tawpeda," said Bunter.

"War is indeed horrible," said Claudia, assuming the womanly pose.

"Bosh, my dear, bosh!" growled the general. "It's the best remedy for over-population."

"Perhaps the ladies would like to see the sick-boy?" suggested the doctor.

"What is the matter with the poor little fellow?" asked Claudia.

"Bay, my dear, bay—not boy," corrected the general. "The place where they nurse the wounded."

Headed by Bunter, the whole party made the tour of the decks, foolish questions showering from the lips of the women. They examined all the guns; tried to understand the torpedoes; wisely refused to soil their toilettes in the engine-room. The crew were at tea when they passed through the mess-deck, and the men all rose from the benches and stood to attention.

"It's a shame to disturb them," said Eurydice. "I'd much rather see them eating their teas."

"Sit down, my lads, and get on eating," bawled Bunter.

The men resumed their seats, but still suspended their meal.

"May I taste the tea?" asked Ophelia, who affected philanthropy.

"You can taste anything you have a fancy for," said Bunter, gallantly.

They were standing, at the moment, close to Laxdale's mess, and Bunter caught sight of his victim and turned very red. There he was, seated at the bare mess-table with a bowl of dark-coloured tea before him.

The observant Eurydice noticed him. "What a gentlemanly-looking sailor there is at that table," she whispered to Bunter. "He looks so sad, too, poor fellow; and he has such a lovely yellow beard."

"Oh, that one," said Bunter, carelessly. "He's rather mad, and he's given a lot of trouble since we left England. Better not notice him."

"I can't help it," said Eurydice. "I adore yellow beards."

She glanced admiringly at the mad sailor and then at the shaven face of the A.D.C. The young soldier felt slighted, but Bunter stroked his own beard complacently, and looked so boldly at Eurydice that her eyes dropped in confusion. "I'm glad you like beards," he whispered.

"Yellow ones, I said," she retorted.

"And mine's got a shade of carrots in it, too," said Bunter, pointedly.

"The tea is horrible," said Ophelia. "I never tasted worse at any railway station."

"So it is," said Bunter. "It's like birch-broom and gunpowder, with a dash of chicory. Try it, sir?"

The Governor smelt the steaming basin and shook his head.

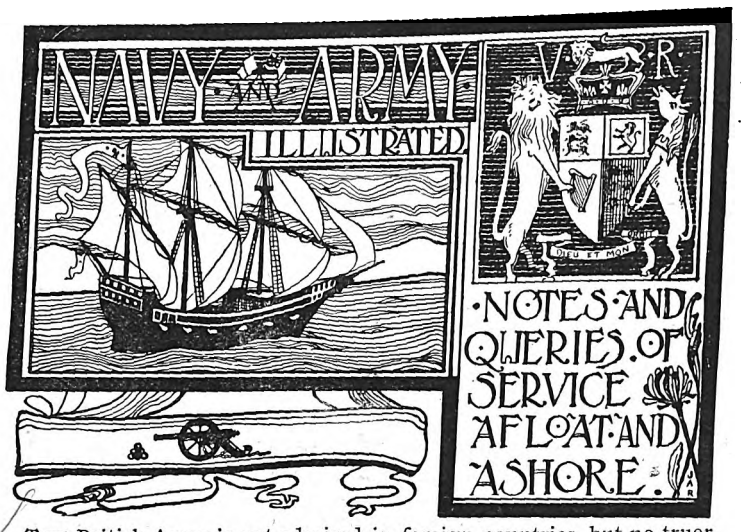
At this moment Laxdale, who had been listening eagerly to all that was said, suddenly rose from the table, and advanced towards the Governor. Moved by a sudden impulse, he had swiftly resolved to denounce Bunter to his guests. He knew, from the gossip of his messmates, that the old gentleman in mufti was Sir Thomas Tipping.

Bunter noted his movement and guessed his intention.

"Come, ladies," he said, masterfully. "We're keeping the men from their victuals. I want to show you the cabins."

Simultaneously he threw a menacing glance at Laxdale.

(To be continued.)



THE British Army is not admired in foreign countries, but no truer explanation of our military successes can be imagined than the following criticism by a distinguished Frenchman: "The British soldier is no better than any other, but he has won many battles by virtue of his insufferable conceit. Even when he has been handsomely beaten, this same has prevented him from acknowledging it and retiring from the field, as he ought to have done if he had played the game fairly. But what can you do with men who are so infatuated with conceit that every private soldier says to himself, 'The British Army is the finest in the world, my regiment is the finest in the British Army, and I am the finest soldier in my regiment'? Clearly all argument, mental or physical, is lost on such people."

* * * *

THE "Asama," elsewhere illustrated, is one of a brace of powerful armoured cruisers of the first class that have been built in this country for the Japanese Government. Both she and her sister, the "Tokiwa," were turned out by the renowned firm at Elswick. With a length of 408-ft., and a beam of 67-ft., they displace 9,750 tons, and have a draught of 24-ft. 3-in. They are well protected, for they have a 7-in. belt, in combination with an armoured turtle-back 2-in. in thickness, and their main armament is protected by 6-in. armour. This latter comprises four 8-in. quick-firers mounted in pairs in armoured turrets fore and aft, and fourteen 6-in. quick-firers, ten of which are mounted in casemates, and four with shield protection. Besides these there are twelve 12-pounders and seven 2½-pounders, and five torpedo-tubes for 18-in. torpedoes, four of which are submerged. They will also be fast ships, for they can do 20 knots under natural, and 21½ knots under forced draught. On her preliminary trials the "Asama" steamed 22·07 knots. Moreover, they have large coal capacity, for though the normal is only 700 tons, they can, if required, stow double that quantity. *(See page 108).*

* * * *

"W. K. C."—Ladysmith, which has been called the Aldershot of South Africa, is now the third largest town in Natal. It is situated on the line of railway that runs from Durban to Johannesburg, and another line leads from it to the Orange Free State border, which is only thirty-six miles off. Ladysmith was only a small village until during the Boer War of 1881 it became a base for supplies. Then, too, the railway brought it prosperity, and it has now a population of 5,000, besides the military. In 1897 the Imperial authorities selected a site outside the town for garrison purposes, and the ground was laid out for the accommodation of troops. At first the camp was only temporary, and consisted of tents, but these subsequently gave place to substantial buildings. There is usually a force of about 2,000 men quartered here. Lately, of course, these numbers have been enormously increased, and there has been quite a city of tents outside the town.

* * * *

"F. R. S."—As a rule a Naval officer cannot reckon upon having a cabin until he reaches the rank of lieutenant, though there are exceptions in small vessels where a sub-lieutenant is practically doing a lieutenant's work, and a cabin may be provided for him. The midshipmen sleep in hammocks, usually in a "flat" or compartment below the main deck; but the place varies in modern ships according to their internal arrangements. Formerly the midshipmen slept in line-of-battle ships on the orlop deck, or "cockpit," as it was called, and in frigates, etc., in what was called the steerage; but there are no modern equivalents of these localities. The sub-lieutenants mess with the midshipmen, and are responsible to the captain for the proper conduct of the mess. When there is no gun-room mess, as in harbour ships, small cruisers, etc., they mess in the ward-room.

* * * *

THE Double Number which was issued last week in connection with the Crisis in South Africa, has had a success almost equalling that which attended our initial number at the time of the commissioning of the Flying Squadron. The moment of its publication was opportune, but I think it may be said also that its literary, artistic, and other merits have had quite as much to do with a result so satisfactory to all concerned in its production. Our contemporaries in the Press have, without exception, been most kind in their comments. From the *Times* in one direction to *Tit-Bits* in another we have had nothing but praise. Stimulated in our efforts by so signal a success, we intend to make the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED a most complete and comprehensive pictorial record of our difficulty with the South African Republics. Fortunately I have been furnished with a number of photographs of the Transvaal troops, both Regulars and Volunteers, with which I am able to supplement our pictures of the burgher forces which have already appeared. Some of these photographs will be reproduced next week. Arrangements have also been made with no less than sixteen correspondents who have gone to the front with cameras, and from whom we expect to receive ample material to illustrate whatever may occur. As in the case of previous campaigns, in India, Egypt, and elsewhere, we shall also welcome work from amateurs if they will send it in. From week to week the history of what happens in South Africa will appear in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and what I think cannot fail to be of service to all who have friends at the front, a full list of the British regiments and their whereabouts. THE EDITOR.

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A War Diary.

IN dealing with the progress of events in South Africa we shall necessarily be hampered by some limitations which it will be well to admit and describe at the outset, in order to prevent misapprehension.

In the first place, the fact that the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is in the hands of the public some little time before the advertised Saturday of issue makes it impossible for us to include the news of the entire week. A further restriction is imposed by the circumstance that this journal requires such care in preparation and printing that its production cannot be accelerated without detriment to the beauty of the pictures and the general appearance of the paper. Accordingly, no attempt will be made to render this diary a day-to-day summary of the "up-to-time-of-going-to-press" description which one has a right to expect to find in a morning daily.

A more appropriate, and in some ways an even more satisfactory, method will be to lay special stress on the salient points of the week's happenings, with the idea of telling the story of this momentous struggle, not in a confusing record of movements, many of them of minor, or, at any rate, temporary importance, but in a series of progressive sketches dealing with broad effects rather than with matters of detail. At the same time every effort will be made to preserve a sequence of narrative, and to make the latter as up-to-date as possible. In this connection it is convenient to remind our readers that an excellent map of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, together with portions of Natal, Cape Colony, and Rhodesia, was published in the Transvaal Crisis Double Number of last week.

On Saturday last an event took place which not only constituted an important landmark in the history of the Crisis, but also a genuine epoch-making incident in our military annals. For a long time past it was known that a large force was in preparation for immediate despatch, if necessary, to South Africa, and to some extent its composition and the names of the leading staff officers had been anticipated. On Friday, the 6th inst., a score of Army Service Corps companies had been sent on in advance, a significant preparatory measure to which we have given pictorial prominence elsewhere. But it was not until last Saturday that the final step was taken of issuing, first, two Royal Proclamations authorising the retention in the Service of time-expired men, and the calling up of the Reserves, and, secondly, Army Orders embodying the necessary instructions both for calling up such Reservists as may be required, and for mobilising a field force. On Saturday evening a list was issued from the War Office of the officers appointed to the staff, from which it was apparent that the exact constitution of the British forces in South Africa was to be (1) an Army Corps; (2) Line of Communication Troops; (3) a Cavalry Division; (4) a Natal Field Force, consisting of a division of infantry and a cavalry brigade.

With regard to the calling up of the Reserves, it should be understood that in this case the War Office had no need to exercise the full powers which are given it by the Proclamation. Only three sections of the Reserve have been notified, and this has only been done in the case of regiments warned for service. The Reservists of these regiments number altogether some 63,000 out of a total Reserve of about 80,000, and of these only some 25,000 have been warned to rejoin their corps. The procedure, by the way, which is adopted in the mobilisation of Regular troops for service is a simple and interesting one. The Reservist receives a notice to join at a certain place on or by a certain day, a railway warrant covering the journey, and a postal order for three shillings. In this case the date of joining is "on or by the 17th October."

After mobilisation comes embarkation, to which we shall devote due attention when the time comes for this vast and comprehensive movement. At present it is sufficient to say that to send to South Africa a force such as has been warned for service a fleet of over 300 big transports will be required. Many of these have already been placed under orders, and for weeks, perhaps months to come, the Naval Transport Department of the Admiralty, which is responsible for the conveyance of troops from water's edge to water's edge at the ports of embarkation and disembarkation respectively, will be very fully occupied.

The cavalry and infantry corps affected by the War Office order as to Reservists are the Carabiniers, 1st Royals, Royal Scots Greys, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, 10th Hussars, 12th Lancers, and 13th and 14th Hussars, Grenadier, Coldstream, and Scots Guards, Royal Scots, 2nd Queen's, Northumberland Fusiliers, Royal Fusiliers, Devonshire, Somersetshire Light Infantry, West Yorkshire, Royal Scots Fusiliers, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Scottish Rifles, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, East Surrey, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, Welsh Regiment, Black Watch, Northamptonshire, Shropshire Light Infantry, Durham Light Infantry, Highland Light Infantry, Seaforths, Gordons, Royal Irish Rifles, Royal Irish Fusiliers, Connaught Rangers, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, King's Royal Rifles, and Rifle Brigade.

The list of staff officers would take up too much space if given in detail. It is sufficient to say here that, as has been anticipated long since, the chief command will be held by General Sir Redvers Buller, with Sir A. Hunter as chief of the staff. Divisional commands are given to Lieutenant-Generals Lord Methuen, Sir C. F. Clery, and Sir W. F. Gatacre. The lines of communication are to be commanded by Lieutenant-General Sir F. Forestier-Walker, and the cavalry division by Major-General J. D. P. French. The Natal field force is formally placed in charge of Sir George White, with Sir W. P. Symons in charge of one infantry brigade, Major-General F. Howard in charge of the other, and Major-General Brocklehurst in command of the cavalry brigade.

Meanwhile the concentration of the Boer forces has been proceeding steadily, and commando after commando of the burghers has been formed and sent to the frontiers. On the west Commandant Cronje, with a force estimated at 3,000, has been threatening Mafeking; on the extreme east a commando has been pushed forward to Komati Poort, with a view to holding the railway leading to Delagoa Bay. But it is on the Natal border that the concentration has been most marked, and here it has assumed positively menacing proportions. It has further been accompanied by a quantity of objectionable bluster as to an invasion of Natal, and vainglorious promises to sweep the English into the sea at Durban. Rumours of a Boer occupation of Laing's Nek have been "frequent and free," but up to the time of writing none have been substantiated.

As a matter of fact, any chance of a successful assumption of the offensive by the Boers is now past. The position of our local garrison is secure, thanks to the admirable promptitude with which the Indian contingent was despatched, and the absence of any hitch either *en route* or at the port of disembarkation. By this time practically the whole of the contingent has arrived, and Sir George White, who is also at the front, has under him a magnificent force of some 14,000 regulars, which it would take a much larger army than the Boers could muster to "sweep into the sea." By next week the situation will probably have developed sufficiently to permit a more extended and comprehensive review.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards (I)	Natal
5th Lancers	Ladysmith, Natal
9th ,, (I)	Natal
18th Hussars	Camp near Dundee, Natal
19th ,, (I)	Ladysmith, Natal

ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

10th Mount'n Bat'ry	Camp near Dundee, Natal
14th Company Western Division	Cape Town
23rd ,, ,, ,,	Kimberley

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

13th Battery	Camp near Dundee, Natal
18th ,, (H)	En Route
21st ,, (I)	Natal
42nd ,, (I)	Natal
53rd ,, (I)	Ladysmith, Natal
62nd ,, (H)	En Route
67th Battery	Camp near Dundee, Natal
69th ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
75th ,, (H)	En Route

INFANTRY.

*1st Northumberland Fusiliers	En Route
1st Liverpool	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Devonshire (I)	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Leicestershire	Camp near Dundee, Natal
1st Gloucestershire (I)	Natal
1st Border (M)	En Route
1st North Lancashire	Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	Nauwpoort, Cape Colony
2nd York. L.I. (½ Batt.),	De Aar, Cape Colony
1st King's Royal Rifles	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd ,, ,, ,, (I)	Natal
1st Manchester	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders (I)	Natal
*1st Royal Irish Fusiliers (E)	En Route
1st Munster Fus.	Stellenbosch, Cape Colony
2nd Dublin Fus.	Camp near Dundee, Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade (C)	En Route

NOTE.—The units *en route* marked with an asterisk go direct to Durban, the others to Cape Town. De Aar and Nauwpoort are the stations at the western and eastern ends respectively of the junction line that joins the two railways Cape Town *via* Kimberley to Bulawayo and Port Elizabeth *via* Bloemfontein to Pretoria.

The reinforcements recently sent to South Africa are (H) from Home, (I) from India, (E) from Egypt, (C) from Crete, (M) from Malta, and their exact stations are not yet known, but they will be used to strengthen the positions at Ladysmith and Dundee, with some at Pieter Maritzburg.

The position of the troops and the strength at the various strategic points can be seen at a glance by a reference to the map on page 59 of the Double Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of October 7.

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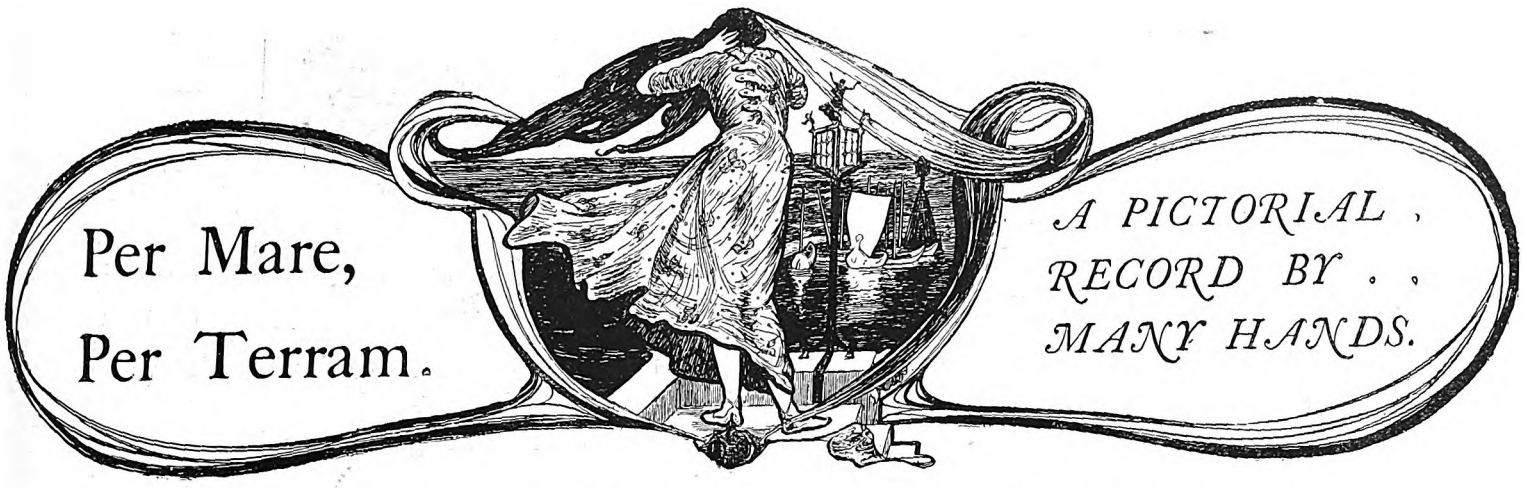

Photo. *Russell & Sons.*
MAJOR-GEN. F. H. POORE, R.M.A.
Late Colonel-Commandant Royal Marine Artillery.

THE important position of colonel-commandant of the Royal Marine Artillery, whose headquarters are at Eastney, has for the last three years been held by the officer whose portrait is here given, and he now vacates it on his promotion to the rank of major-general. And his appointment as general officer has not come to him very quickly, for it is just over forty years ago that Major-General Poore, then a lad of eighteen, joined the Royal Marine Artillery as a second lieutenant. He was for eleven years a lieutenant, the same length of time a captain, six years a major, and six years a lieutenant-colonel. He became colonel and second in command at Eastney in 1893. He was appointed equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh in 1881, and ten years later, on his resignation of that position, was appointed extra-equerry, an honour he still holds. For his services he received the decoration of the Saxe-Ernestine Order, and he is also one of the officers on whom the Jubilee medal was conferred.

ONE of the most stirring episodes of the Kaffir War is recalled by the rock here represented, for it was inscribed to commemorate the making of the Boma Pass road, and is on the scene of the disastrous ambush into which our troops fell in crossing that pass before the road was made. Colonel Mackinnon's force of 850 men, which was in pursuit of Sandilli, the outlawed Kaffir chief, had to cross this pass, and so dense was the bush that the troops had to march in single file. The column was headed by the Kaffir Police and Cape Rifles, and these were allowed to pass without molestation, but as soon as the troops appeared a devastating fire was opened on them at almost point blank range, and in forcing their way through our men lost twenty-three killed and the same number wounded. There can be little or no doubt but that our troops were purposely led into this ambuscade by the Kaffir Police, for this force, to the number of nearly 400 men, deserted on the following day.

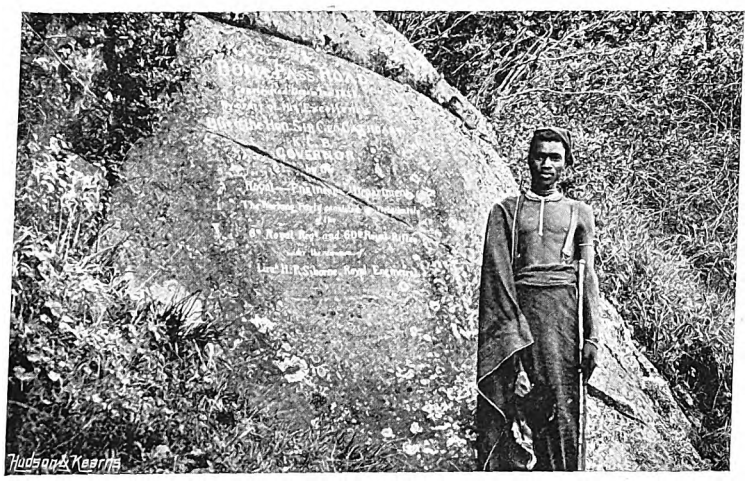

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
A MEMORIAL OF THE KAFFIR WAR OF 1852-53.
Stone Commemorating the Making of the Boma Pass Road.

Copyright. *"N. & A."*
CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT, R.N.
The New Captain of the "Terrible."

CAPTAIN PERCY SCOTT is the captain of the "Terrible," which ship has just arrived at the Cape, where she meets her sister ship, the "Powerful," which vessel the "Terrible" replaces on the China Station. Captain Scott first made his mark as a sub-lieutenant, for, in addition to serving through the Ashanti War of 1873-74, he was commended in despatches and promoted to lieutenant for services in an expedition up the Congo against pirates in the following year. As gunnery lieutenant of the "Inconstant," he landed with the Naval Brigade in Egypt in 1882, was specially mentioned in despatches, and received, besides the medal and star, the Order of the Medjidie. He is a renowned gunnery expert, and was specially promoted commander out of the "Excellent" in 1886, and in the following year won the £100 prize at the Royal Naval College. He is also the inventor of the night-signalling apparatus now in use in the Navy. His last command was the "Scylla," which he made the smartest ship in the Mediterranean at target practice. He is only just forty-six.

NOT the least important part of the multifarious duties of the Navy is that carried out by

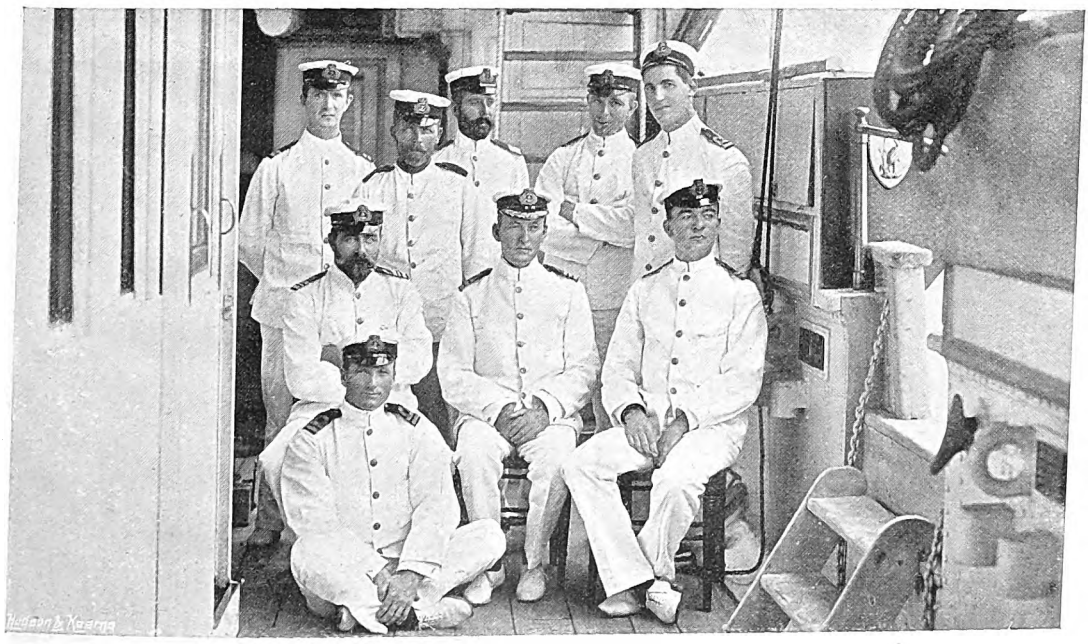

Photo. Copyright. *OFFICERS OF THE "STORK"* *R. Ellis.*
Surveying Ship in the Mediterranean.

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Her Majesty's surveying vessels. In the Mediterranean this task devolves on the "Stork," and the officers of this sloop are here depicted. The "Stork" has a reputation as a ship, for she is the sixth of her name since the first "Stork" came into the Navy in 1652, in the shape of the captured Dutch "Oie Vaar" (Stork). She is commanded by Commander H. J. Gedge.

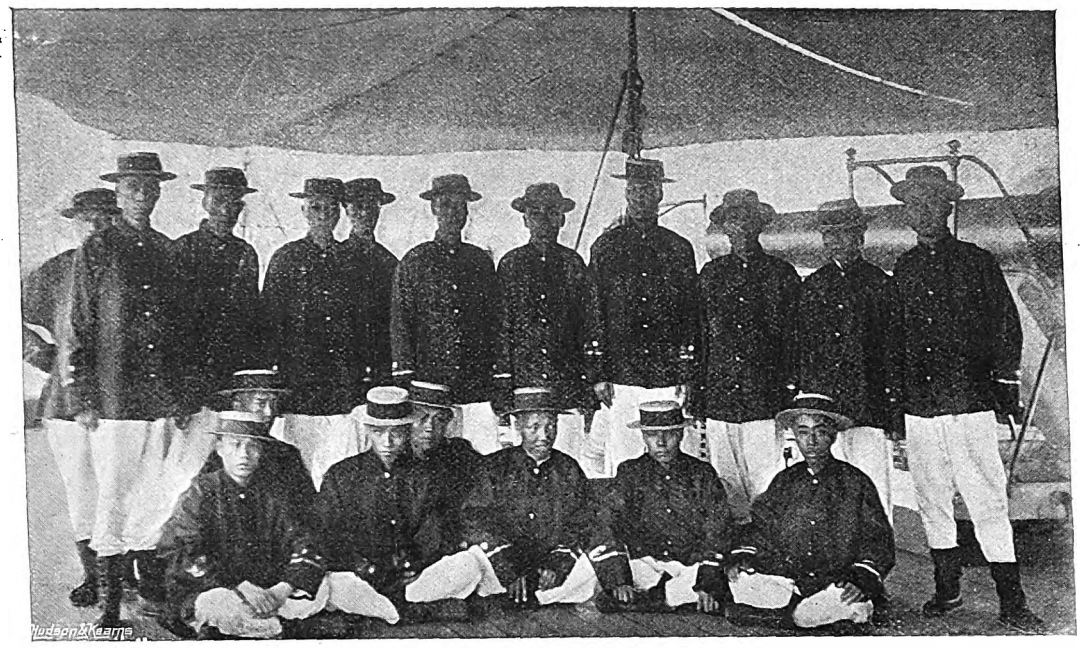
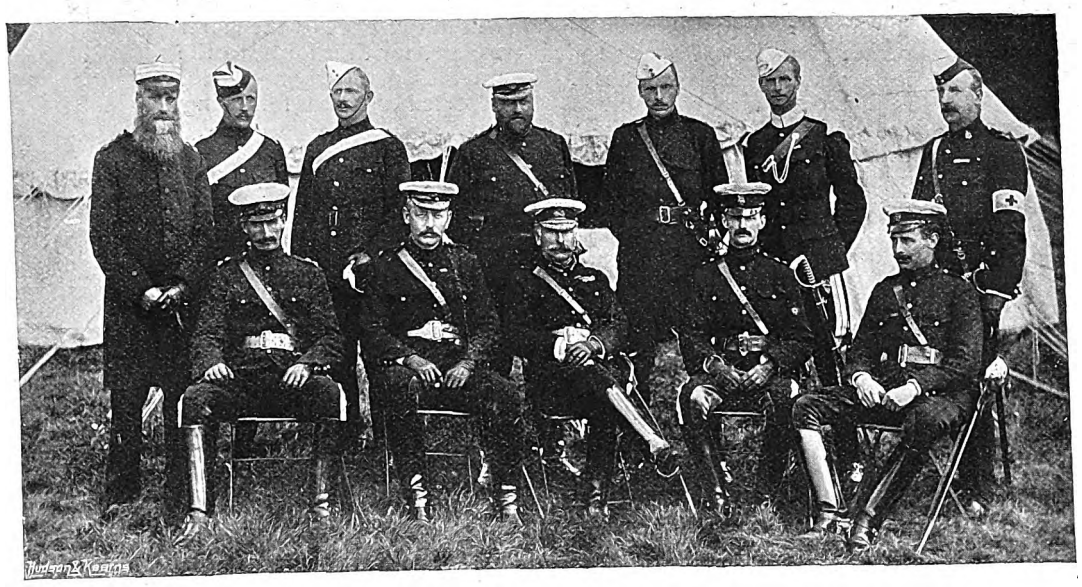


Photo. Copyright. A NOVEL GROUP OF MIDSHIPMEN. *H. Sharpe.*
From the Chinese Imperial Training-ship "Fu-chi."

Captain Taylor, A.S.C. Lieut.-Col. H. McCalmont, M.P. Lieutenant Carden, 17th Lancers.
Rev. E. J. Hardy, Chaplain. Vet.-Capt. Short, A.V.D. Lieut. D. Blundell, Div. Sig. Officer. Lt.-Col. Peyton. R.A.M.C.



From a Photo. MAJOR-GENERAL McCALMONT, C.B., AND STAFF, *By a Military Officer.*
Who Commanded the "Blue" Force at the Recent Irish Manœuvres.

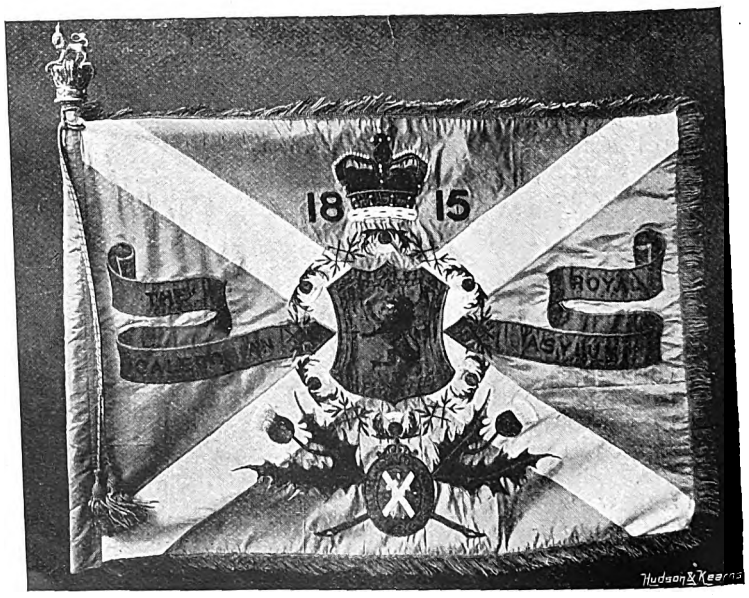
Captain Portal, A.D.C. Major Haking. Major-General Hugh McCalmont. Captain Boyce. Lieutenant J. Fryer, A.D.C.

MOST of the cruisers recently ordered by the Chinese have now been delivered, and very fine specimens of naval architecture they undoubtedly are. With a reconstructed Navy arises the necessity of providing and training the officers who will command and serve in its ships. The Chinese Government has for some years established Naval schools and training establishments in the arsenals at Tientsin and Foochow, where officers of the two important sections of a Navy, *i.e.*, the executive and the engineer branches, receive the earlier portion of their education. The aspirants for Naval service in China are obtained by competitive examination, and after entry are kept for two or three years at Tientsin or Foochow studying their profession, after which they are taken to sea in a training vessel, where they not only continue their theoretical instruction under a British Naval instructor, but also learn the practical duties of sailors or engineers. Hitherto, the greater portion of the training of Chinese Naval officers has been carried out under the supervision of specially-selected officers from the British Navy, who have been lent to the Chinese Government for a term of years for this purpose. The illustration shows a group of midshipmen from the Chinese Imperial training-ship "Fu-chi."

WE have dealt fully in previous issues with the recent Irish manœuvres, and here give in our centre illustration portraits of Major-General McCalmont and the headquarters staff who controlled the operations of the "Blue" force. Major-General McCalmont is a cavalry officer of much experience who has seen regimental service with Lancers, Hussars, and Dragoons, and commanded the cavalry brigade in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882.

SITUATED in the wilds of Holloway, and unknown probably to many Londoners, is a charity which has been in existence since the Peninsular War, and whose main function is the maintenance and education of the children of

Photos. Copyright. THE QUEEN'S COLOUR.



THE SCHOOL COLOUR. *"Navy & Army."*

Flags Recently Presented to the Royal Caledonian Asylum.

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Scottish soldiers, sailors, and marines, though other classes are not debarred from its generosity. At the recent Invercharron Gathering of Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness Highlanders, the superb colours here illustrated were, with Her Majesty's approval, presented to the school by Miss Littlejohn, daughter of Mr. Littlejohn, the laird of Invercharron, and chief of the Gathering. The Queen's colour is, of course, the Great Union, while the school colour is the white saltire of St. Andrew on a blue ground, the national flag of Scotland. The device is the Lion of Scotland, encircled by the collar of the Order of St. Andrew, to which the badge is pendant, and the whole is, as usual, surmounted by the Imperial Crown.

Photo. H. Van der Weyde.

A SERVICE SONGSTER.
Mr. John Farmer, Organist of Baliol College, Oxford.

MR. JOHN FARMER, in producing "Songs for Soldiers and Sailors," has utilised his superb musical talent in a way that is of the most distinct benefit to the Services. Mr. Farmer, who was for over thirty years music master and organist at Harrow, is now the organist at Baliol, and, amongst many other publications, has gladdened the heart of the youth of this country with "Harrow School Songs," and "Gaudeamus," a book of songs for schools and colleges. We are glad that he has turned his attention to the children of an older growth who serve their Queen and country.

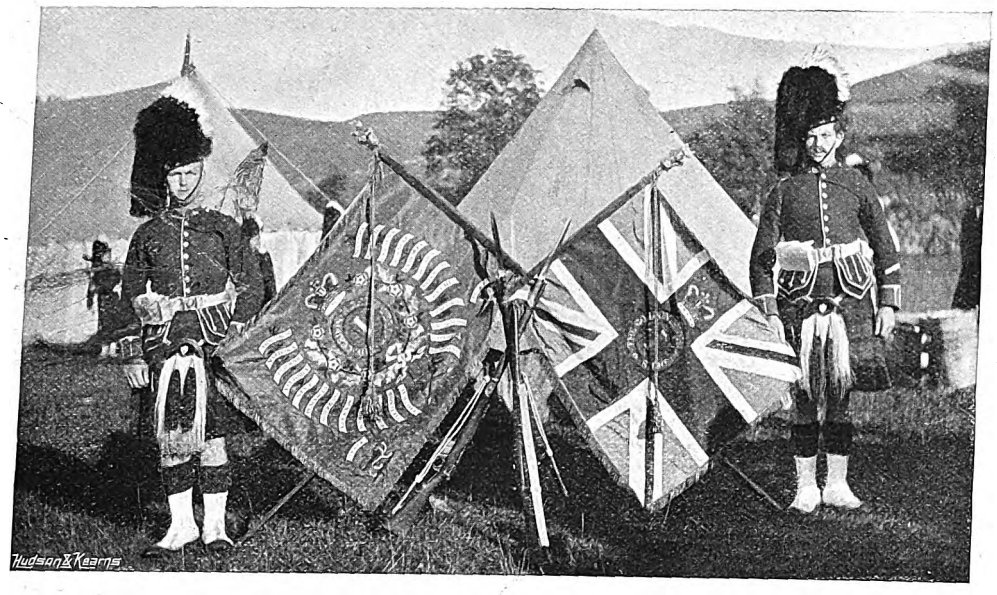

Photo. Copyright. *THE PRIDE OF THE GORDONS.* "Navy & Army."
New Colours Presented to the Heroes o. Dargai.

PROBABLY no military function in his career has given more sincere satisfaction to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales than when he the other day, in his capacity as colonel-in-chief of "the Gay Gordons," presented the 1st Battalion of that historic regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, with new colours. Look at the long roll of battle honours on the regimental colour, and think what they mean. And the old 75th, now the 1st Gordon Highlanders, has contributed its share to the battle honours of the corps, for it brings to the flag the records of Mysore, Seringapatam, India, and the badge of the Tiger, South Africa, 1853, Delhi, and Lucknow. And to these of late years it has added Egypt, 1882-84, Tel-el-Kebir, Nile, 1884-85, Chitral, and lastly Tirah, which commemorates the gallant storming of Dargai. As is customary, the colours were entrusted to the two most junior officers, the senior, Second Lieutenant Maclaren, receiving the "Queen's," and the junior, Second Lieutenant Macgill-Crichton-Maitland, the "regimental." Before becoming the 1st Gordon Highlanders, the old 75th, originally raised as the 75th Highland Regiment of Foot, was the Stirlingshire, and the only old colours pertaining to the regiment, other than those now relegated to an honourable retirement, are those which were carried throughout the Indian Mutiny, and which were in 1863 deposited in the Town Hall of Stirling.

Under these glorious and tattered folds fell ten officers, thirteen sergeants, nine corporals, three drummers, and 216 privates. The colours now out of use go to Aberdeen. Of the officers present all except the two junior were at Dargai, and the vast majority were also Dargai heroes. Colonel Downman was second in command to Colonel Mathias.

The preponderance of Indian honours in the record of the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders is in keeping with the traditions of the corps, for it was one of the four extra regiments of the Line that were raised in 1787 at the cost of the East India Company.

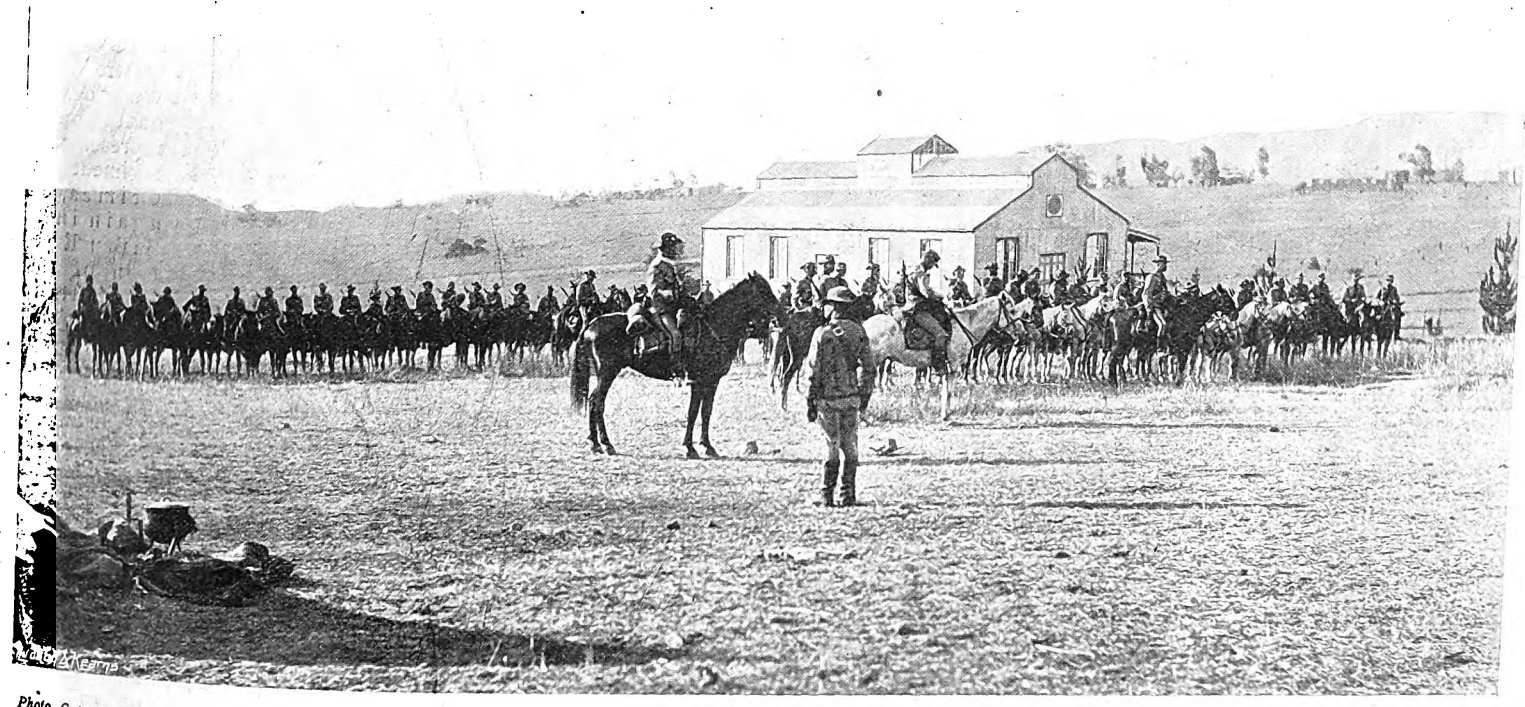

Photo. Copyright. *THE TRANSVAAL TROOPS.* "Navy & Army."

A patrol of the Johannesburg Cavalry (Volunteers), during the Swaziland Expedition of last year, leaving Barberton Headquarters for the Sheba Mine.
This Force has now been Ordered to the Front.

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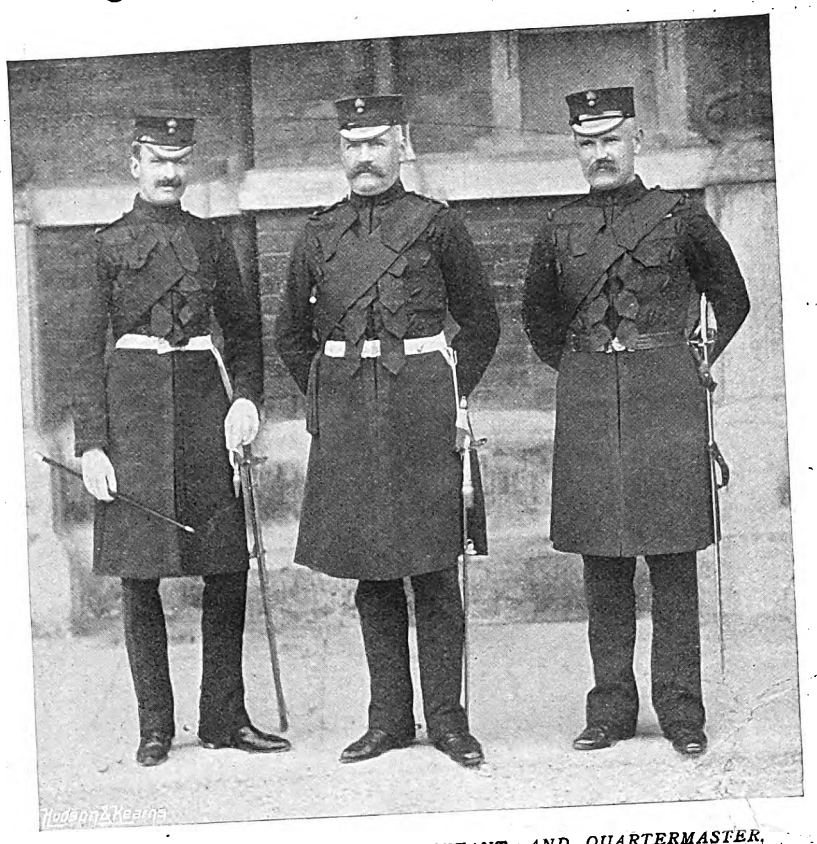
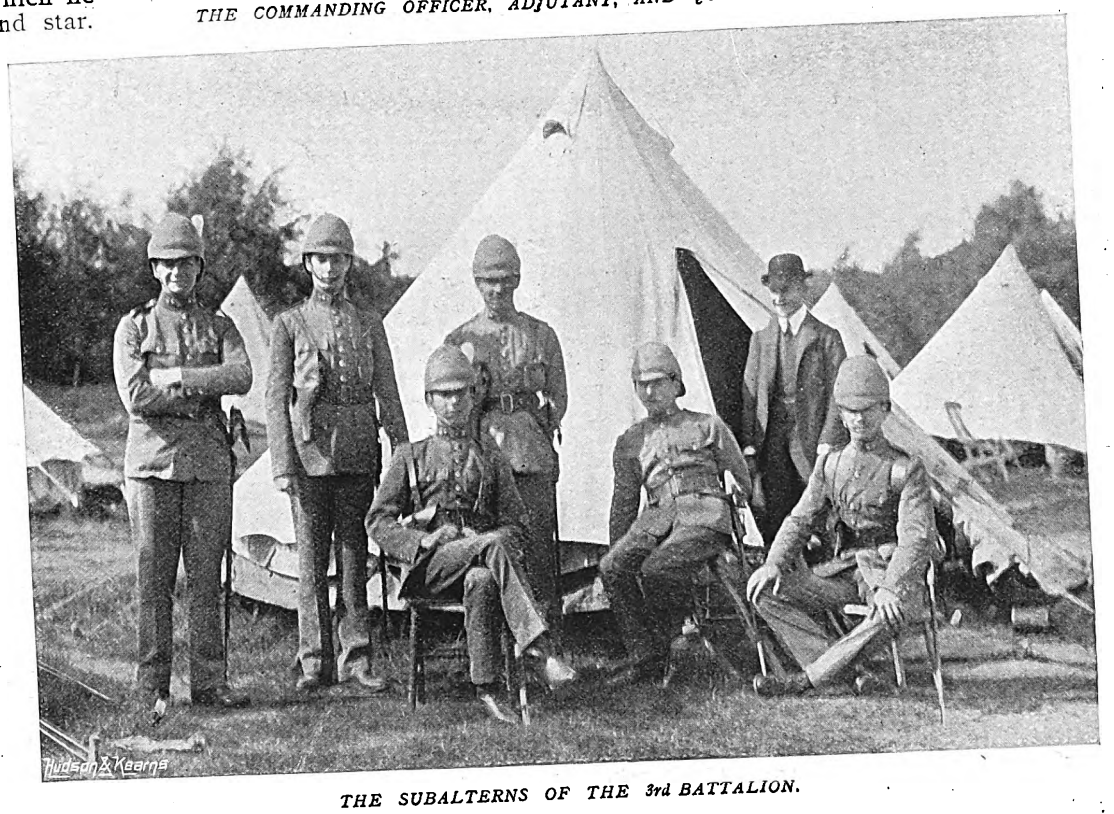
The 3rd Grenadier Guards.

THE 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, which has recently left to relieve its 2nd Battalion in garrison at Gibraltar, is the subject of the illustrations on this page. The three officers whose portraits appear at the top are the triumvirate on whom the efficiency and well-being of the whole organism depends, for they are those three most important officers of the battalion, the commanding officer, the adjutant, and the quartermaster. The officer in the centre of the group is the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. S. Crabbe. This officer has had an exceptionally long regimental experience, for he joined the Service no less than twenty-eight years ago, and only obtained the command of his regiment a little more than a year since. He served as a transport officer during the Egyptian War of 1882, for which he wears the medal and star. Again, in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 Captain Crabbe, as he then was, took his share, and acted as quartermaster to the Guards' Camel Corps, and was with it through the hard fighting at Abu Klea and El Gubat. For his services in that campaign he earned mention in despatches, his brevet of major, and added two clasps to his Egyptian medal. On his right is the adjutant of the battalion, Captain G. C. W. Heneage, who has nearly completed eleven years' service. The officer on the commanding officer's left is Lieutenant James May, the quartermaster of the battalion. Lieutenant May served in the ranks of his regiment through the Soudan Campaign of 1885, and ten years later was promoted to a commission and appointed quartermaster of his battalion. In the centre picture are shown some of the younger officers of the battalion in a camp of the regiment, and wearing the smart and essentially soldierly-looking khaki kit worn on field service. Finally, the last picture shows the whole battalion on parade at Chelsea Barracks. At the time of their departure the men had just completed their musketry training at the Guards' Camp at Pirbright. After an early breakfast, the battalion paraded in its khaki kit and left at six in the morning by rail for the Royal Albert Docks, where it embarked on board the s.s. "Nubia." The arrangements for getting the men on board had all been made by Major Hobbs, A.S.C., the D.A.A.G. at Woolwich, and the work of embarkation was most smartly conducted. The Grenadier Guards is one of the oldest and most renowned corps in the Service, and the 3rd Battalion has had no small share in adding to the long roll of honour that attaches to the regiment. A 3rd Battalion of the 1st Guards, as the regiment was then termed, was with the Duke of York in North Holland in 1799, took part in the defence of Sicily in 1806-7, was in the glorious Corunna retreat, and shared in the trials of the deadly Walcheren Expedition. Again, it took its part in the Peninsula fighting and formed part of the 1st Brigade of Guards at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. This battalion also represented the regiment in the Crimea, and again in the Suakin Expedition of 1885. The battalion now at Gibraltar has, therefore, a great reputation to maintain, and that the stalwart lads here depicted will not only do so, but will add to it if they get the opportunity, we may be certain.

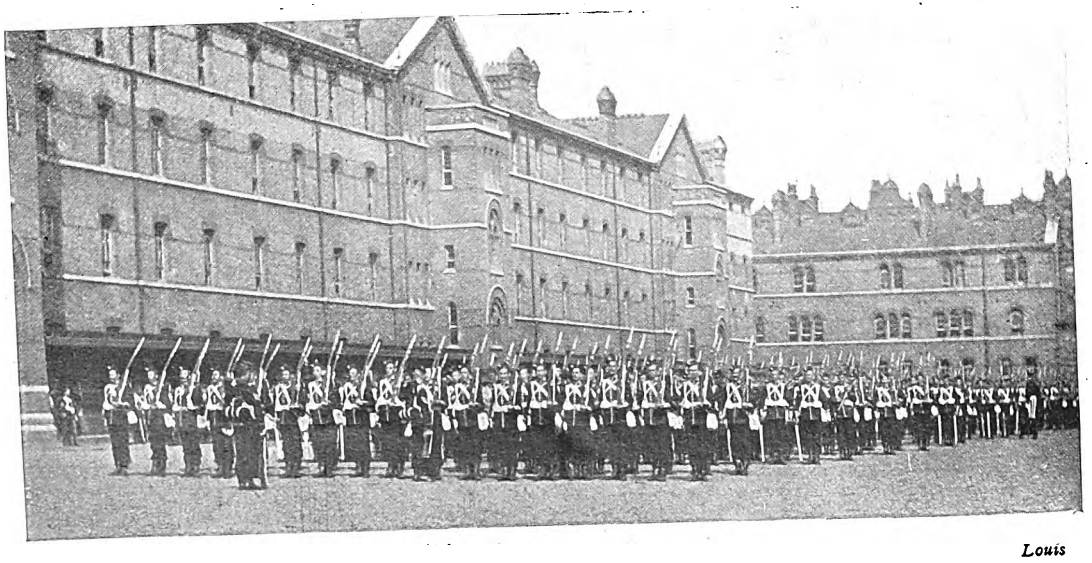
That they may have the opportunity is the hope of every one of them.



THE COMMANDING OFFICER, ADJUTANT, AND QUARTERMASTER.



THE SUBALTERNS OF THE 3rd BATTALION.



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THE BATTALION ON PARADE.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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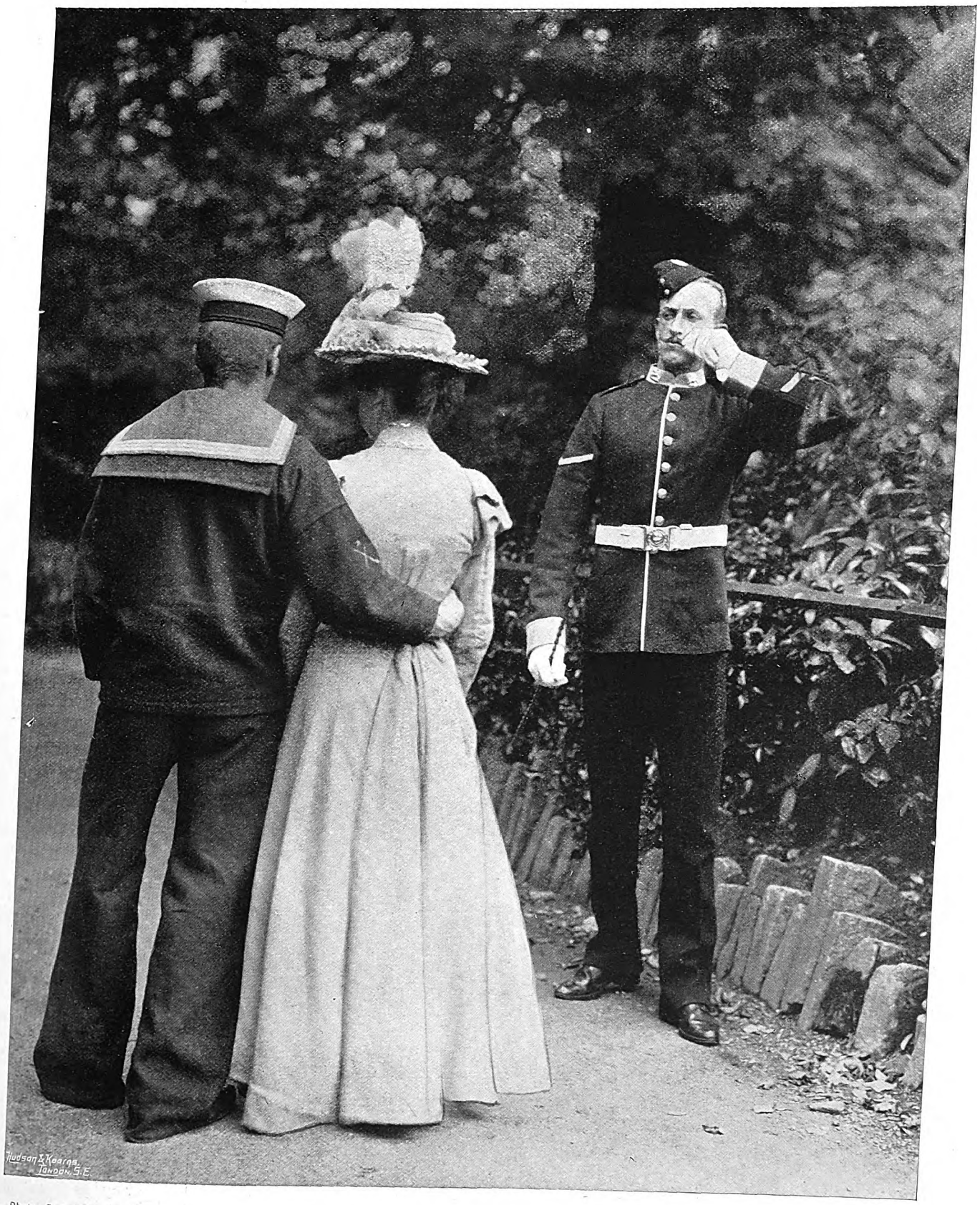

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JACK'S EXCLUSIVE PRIVILEGE.

"Some little commotion was recently caused in military and 'other' circles by the publication of a 'Press' Order, claiming War Office authority, to the effect that no soldier when walking with his sweetheart in the public thoroughfares would be permitted to encircle her waist with his arm if it were clothed in Her Majesty's uniform. No such law exists in regard to the Navy, and my snap-shot illustrates the chagrin of Mr. Atkins on meeting Jack, enjoying a privilege which to him is forbidden."—*A Correspondent.*

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The "Powerful."

FROM CHINA FOR THE CAPE.

ONE thing is very clearly demonstrated by the arrival of the "Powerful" and "Terrible" at Cape Town, and that is that whenever we are engaged in hostilities the Navy plays its part, not only by that indirect pressure of sea power which is ceaseless, but by contributing material and, by their superb training, specially useful units to the land fighting forces. The two great cruisers are not only a vast increase to the Naval strength on the station, but transports carrying to the scene of hostilities valuable reinforcements. These ships each have a complement of 900 men, more than 100 in excess of the company carried by the largest and most powerful battle-ship. They are therefore always in a position to be able to land a large number of men to augment a Naval brigade. Moreover, as it fortunately happened, the two ships that have now reached the Cape, the one across the Indian Ocean and the other from the old country, had on board a large number of supernumeraries. The "Powerful" was bringing home time-expired men, and men who had completed a commission on the China station, while the "Terrible" had taken out relief crews for certain smaller craft that were to recommission at Hong Kong. And so from the two ships could be spared for land service a battalion or more to augment the military forces that "Oom Paul's" shuffling, faithlessness, ignorance, and obstinacy may compel us to bring into play. The old "Powerful" got a grand send-off from the rest of the fleet at Hong Kong, and our first picture illustrates the initial episode of her voyage.

"Rolling home, rolling home,
rolling home, dear land, to thee,
Rolling home to dear old England, to our home across the sea."

That is the chorus of the song of the homeward-bound, and as the bands of the fleet take it up, so the men crowd forward in each ship, swarming on the masts, and filling the fighting-tops, and cheer most heartily over and over again their lucky comrades who are leaving the station. The picture was taken at the moment that the "Powerful" was getting under way, and graphically depicts the scene. Our next two illustrations show the "Powerful" clearing for action. One is that of the flying deck, where the light quick-firers are mounted and on which boats are carried, and shows the starboard side as it is seen looking aft from the fore bridge. The other shows the forecastle being cleared to make room for the firing of the 9·2-in. bow chaser there carried.

Clearing ship for action is one of the most important evolutions that can take place on board a man-of-war, and by the way it is performed a fair estimate of the efficiency of the ship can be obtained.

Under ordinary circumstances, a vast number of articles, such as stanchions, rails, planks, spars, fenders, small ventilating cowls, hen-coops, splinter-screens, not to mention the ship's boats and their outfit, are stowed about the upper and boat decks, or kept hanging at the davits. It generally happens that these articles are also in the line of fire from the ship's own armament, and if kept in place would not only obstruct the view of the gunners, but would also be a considerable source of danger to them. The ship herself, too, either by splinters and *débris* scattered around by the enemy's shell, or by ignition from shell fire, would also be liable to some injury. The recent experience in the Spanish-American War has forcibly shown the folly and danger of keeping too much woodwork on

CHEERING THE HOMEWARD-BOUND.
The "Powerful" Leaving Hong Kong.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."
Hoisting the Ensign.

Photos. Copyright. *"CLEAR FOR ACTION."* *H. Sharpe.*
Crew at Work on the Forecastle

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or about any portion of a war vessel. Before his ship goes into action, any prudent captain would order that all gear of an inflammable or dangerous nature be got rid of, either by stowing it below or throwing it overboard; and it is possible that ship's boats would be lowered and sent away to a conveniently safe distance from the scene of conflict. The stanchions and rails which are fitted all round the upper bulwarks of the ship, as a means of preventing the men falling overboard during their ordinary avocations on deck in peace-time, are usually so arranged that by casting off certain fastenings the whole concern will hinge outwards, and turn down outside the upper portions of the bulwarks, out of the line of view or fire, to be replaced again when the evolution or action is finished; and to avoid the danger of killing men stationed at the upper deck quarters during action, steel splinter-screens, or nets, made of links of strong steel wire, with a fairly fine mesh, are now provided, these splinter-screens being spread overhead on the upper deck, and so arranged that fragments of iron or wood from funnels, cowls, masts, and spars can be intercepted, and prevented from falling upon the heads of the men below.

Photo. Copyright. "CLEAR FOR ACTION." *Crew at Work on Flying Deck.* *H. Sharpe.*

We also illustrate that picturesque ceremony, the hoisting of the colours. The "colours" refer not only to the White Ensign, which is flown from the ensign staff, or peak, at the stern of the ship, but also to the Union Jack, which is hoisted on the jack-staff at the bow or bowsprit of the vessel. As the hour for hoisting the flags approaches the band is ready on deck, and at the first stroke of the bell announcing either 8 a.m. or 9 a.m., according to the time of year, the flags are slowly pulled up by the signalmen, the band at the same time playing the National Anthem, while all on deck face aft towards the White Ensign, and show their respect for the flag by standing at the "salute" until the Anthem is finished.

Haulbowline.

Our Only Irish Dockyard.

THE dockyard in Queenstown Harbour is built upon an island bearing the somewhat remarkable name of Haulbowline, probably a reminiscence of the days when our sailing-ships used to be compelled sometimes to enter or leave the fine harbour against an adverse wind, the final operation in tacking a square-rigged vessel being to "haul the bowlines." A convict prison was established on Spike Island while the dockyard was in progress, the convicts performing all the heavy work, on the completion of which the prison was abolished, and Spike Island is now an artillery station.

The rear-admiral in command at Queenstown—officially known as the Senior Officer on the Coast of Ireland—has the dockyard under his charge, and flies his flag in the port guard-ship. The appointment is held just now by Rear-Admiral Atwell P. M. Lake, whose flag-ship is the "Howe," a first-class battle-ship.

There have occasionally been complaints that the only

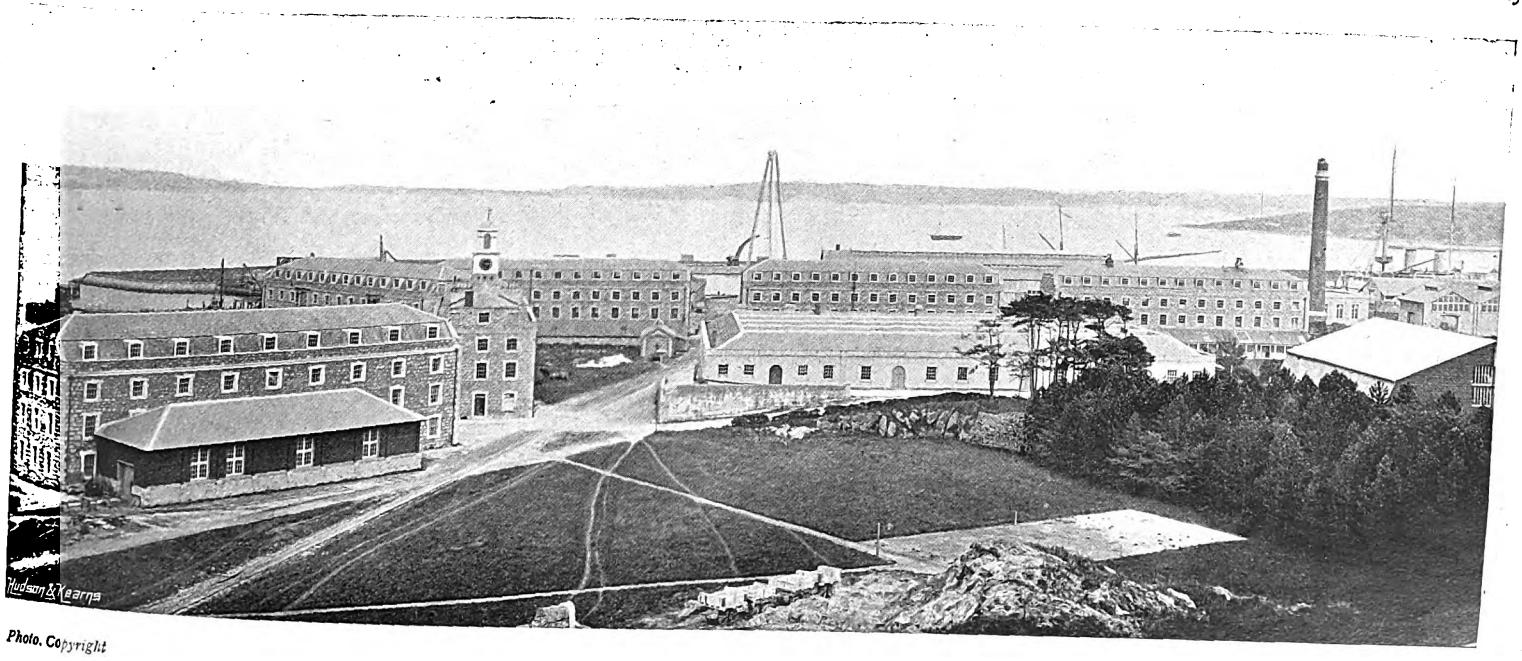

Photo. Copyright *BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DOCKYARD.* *K. Horne*

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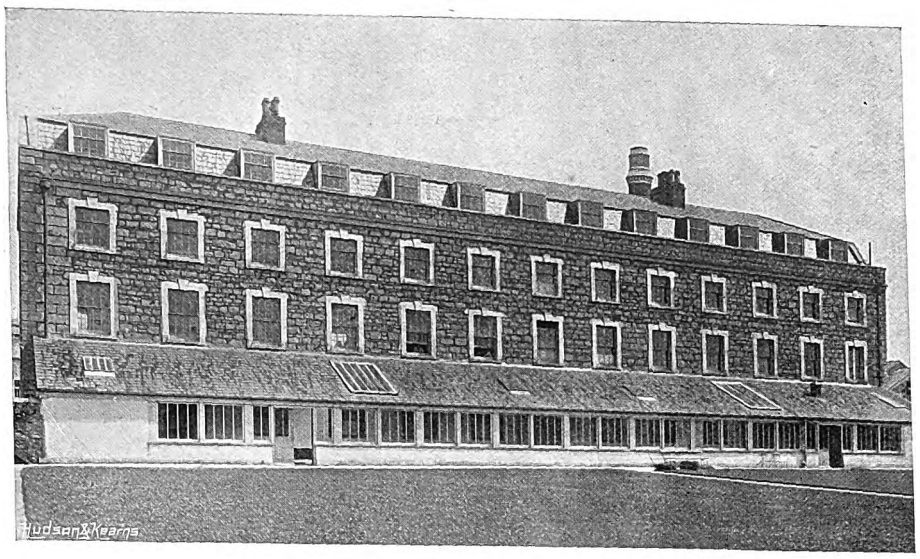
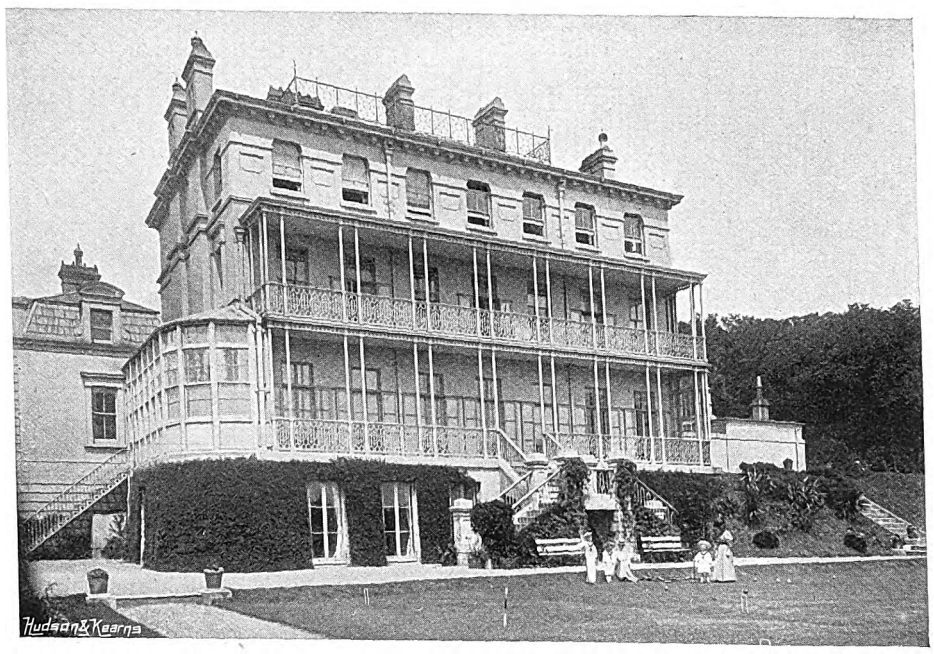
Irish dockyard has not received sufficient attention nor been credited with capabilities which have been claimed for it; but Admiral Lake appears to have taken this matter in hand, and made use of the large dock for the first time to dock a battle-ship, which it is well able to do. There are good buildings and stores, a sufficient plant for extensive repairs, etc., and a fine pair of shears, capable of lifting 100 tons.



THE HOSPITAL.

Our first picture gives a sort of bird's-eye view of the dockyard buildings; the tall shears may be seen in the centre, and on the right the spars and funnels of the "Howe" rise above the roofs. There is, besides the large dock, a basin of nine acres in area, and a slip for hauling up gun-boats, etc., for repairs. Fleet-Engineer James H. Gilbert is in charge of the plant, and police duties are performed by fourteen men of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

There is also a Naval Hospital at Haulbowline, of which we give an illustration. It is not an ornamental building, certainly, but its utilitarian exterior is in keeping with the excellent practical equipment within.

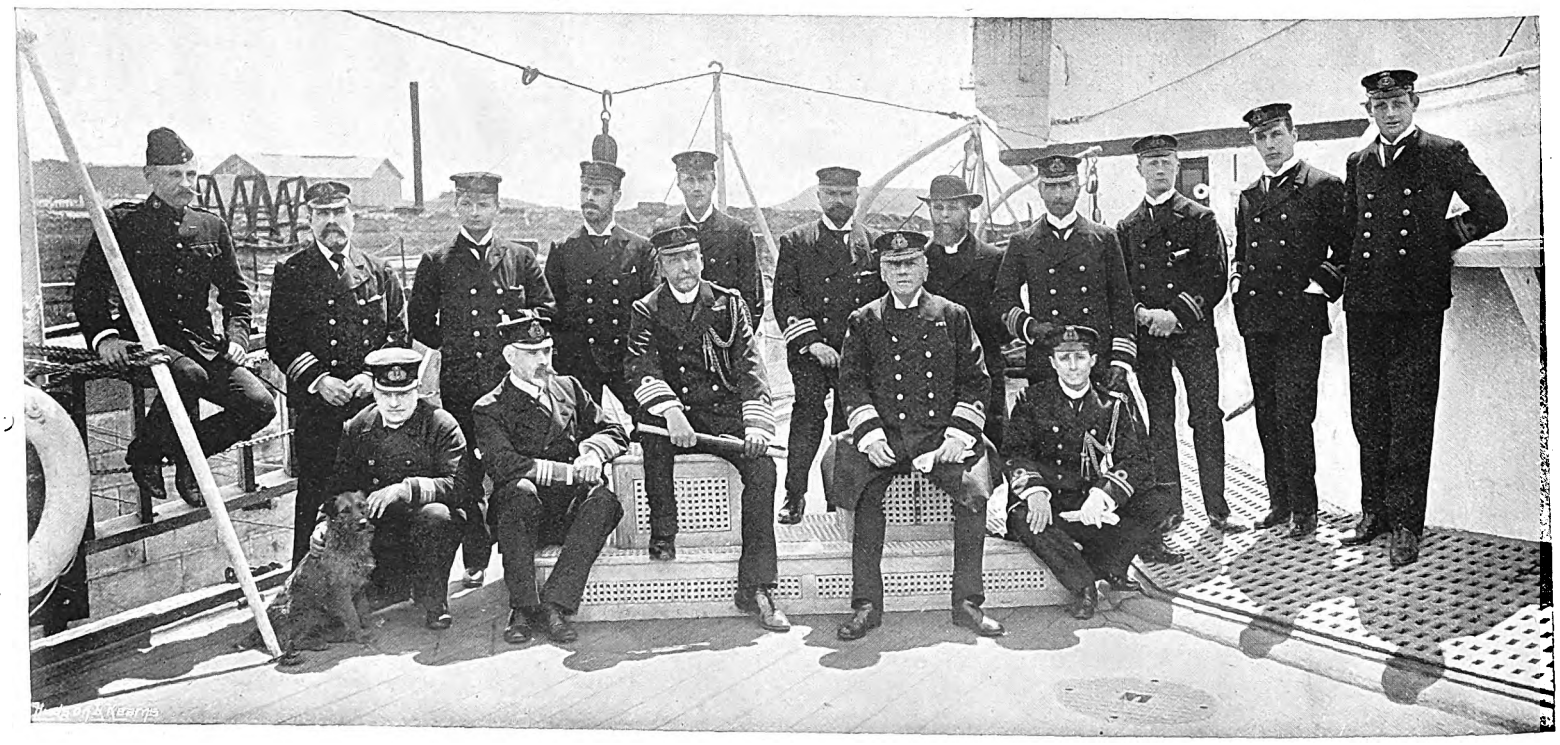


THE ADMIRAL'S HOUSE.

A far more pleasing edifice is the admiral's house, pleasantly situated on rising ground overlooking the beautiful harbour, and there are not many more beautiful harbours than Queenstown. Croquet appears to be the favourite pastime at Admiralty House, and there is so little of the "Service" about its surroundings that one cannot but congratulate the admiral on having such an agreeable retreat available, instead of the close cabins of the "Howe."

Our last picture shows Rear-Admiral Lake, Flag-Captain E. H. M. Davis, and other officers. The admiral saw service in China as a midshipman more than forty years ago, and Captain Davis, who sits on his right, wearing the aiguillettes of a staff officer, was specially promoted to commander for his services with the Naval Brigade in South Africa during the Kaffir War in 1877. He was also made C.M.G. for services in connection with the annexation of some islands in the Pacific in 1892-94. The group of officers is not a numerous one for so large a ship; but a port guard-ship does not carry her full complement, and, out of a tolerably long list appearing under her name, a good many are really carried for service in the dockyard.

Probably most of our readers may not have been aware of the existence of a Naval dockyard at Queenstown, for, indeed, it is but seldom heard of; but it might become of considerable strategical importance in time of war; and the harbour has a comparatively narrow entrance, which could be very effectually defended by land and sea. It is also a recruiting depôt for the Navy, the "Black Prince" serving as a training-ship for the lads, of which we get a good many from Ireland.



Photos. Copyright. K. Horne.

THE ADMIRAL AND THE OFFICERS OF THE "HOWE."

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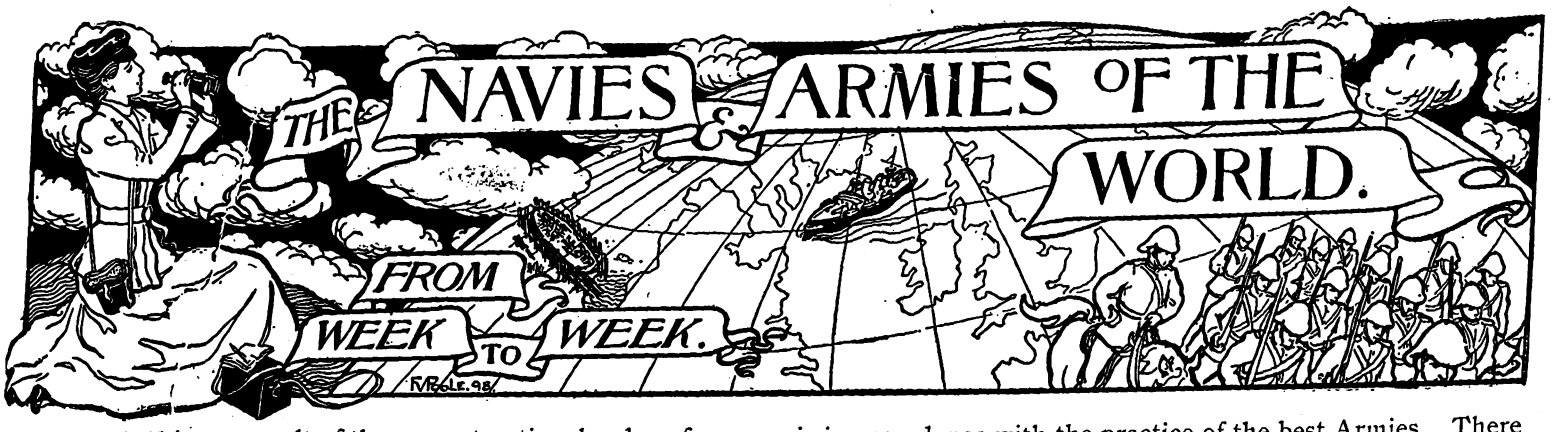

THERE is one result of the present national ardour for war in South Africa which is eminently satisfactory. It is the patriotic generosity shown by great employers towards the Reserve men who have been working for them and are now called away. They are not the less to be thanked even if their motives are not purely virtuous. The motives of men are generally rather mixed, as anybody can discover if he will candidly consider his own. A great employer may be a Member of Parliament, or wish to become one, or to have influence at elections, or even to get an advertisement. Yet the thing is good in itself, and therefore to be applauded. If a man's enlightened selfishness leads him always to behave handsomely to other people, it will do neither himself nor the rest of us any harm. It would be a better world if everybody acted up to that standard. Meanwhile the generous treatment of the Reserve men will work well in two ways. In the first place it will encourage men to join the Army, by showing that even if they pass to the Reserve, and are called out, they will not leave their families destitute, or incur the risk of finding themselves without work when war is over. Then it establishes a precedent. All the employers who have done this once will be expected to do it again, and those who do not will be thought shabby. Lord Burleigh translated the words *bis dat qui cito dat*, by "he who gives quickly will soon be called upon to give again." For the small employers who cannot easily afford to be generous the case is harder, but they will do their best.

* * * *

Meanwhile it is very unfair to complain if our mobilisation and arrangements for sending the army to South Africa do not seem to work so neatly as the process of putting great foreign Armies on a war footing. Their case and ours are different. The question is whether any one of them could provide so large a force for service on the other side of the world. To judge by the trouble it caused the French to send a far smaller expedition to Madagascar, and the time it took Germany to despatch a comparative handful of soldiers to China, we may be very well satisfied with our system so far. It would be better, no doubt, if Lord Cardwell's promise had been fulfilled, and the 1st Army Corps had always been kept ready for immediate service, but it is very well as it is. Indeed, the wonder is that we do so well, considering we took a system which was exclusively framed for stay-at-home Armies, and applied it to one of which at least half is always over sea. We have had to make many modifications in that famous system which was to give us a final settlement, but on the whole it appears as if we had worked a modification of the German model tolerably well adapted to our needs. At any rate, and after all our traditional grumbling at the War Office, we have achieved this much, that we can send out a larger force at shorter notice than ever was the case with us before. Moreover, the army we shall have in South Africa does not exhaust our resources. Even when allowance is made for the increase in the sizes of nations and armies, we are better off than we were in 1808, when war had raged for sixteen years, and we had been steadily increasing the Army from the mere handful it was in 1792 up to a very considerable host. Along with this we have gained an understanding of what conducting war means, which will keep us from repeating such follies as the Walcheren Expedition.

* * * *

General de Galliffet's general order that French officers are always to wear their uniforms is, of course, really politics. It is meant to stop them when on active service taking part in meetings and demonstrations, and from going about in false beards and green spectacles, by compelling them always to wear a dress which will mark them out. Naturally the French Minister could not give that reason, so he had to fall back on others, and very bad ones—that the wearing of the uniform makes officers more respected, that the licence to wear private clothes causes rivalry between rich and poor, and that the constant use of the professional dress is in accordance with the practice of the best Armies. There is this amount of force in the second reason, that in France the infantry officer commonly cannot, and the cavalry officer usually can, afford to dress himself *en bourgeois*, or, as we say, in mufti, in clothes made by a good tailor. Therefore the infantry men do feel rather sore over the greater fashion of the cavalry men. To us it sounds odd to hear of uniforms being worn for economy, but ours are far more costly than those of continental armies. Perhaps General de Galliffet does not include ours among the best Armies. Our custom, as everybody knows, is to use uniform as little as possible. Formerly, when military dress did not differ so greatly from the civil as it does now, men wore it almost always, but did not use their titles. Even in official papers "Mr." was occasionally used of an admiral or general. The East India Company's officers, for instance, when writing to Admiral Pocock, speak of his second in command in one of the actions with D'Aché as "Mr. Stevens."

* * * *

Colonel Paez Zaramillo and General Aldave have given their country a pretty example of military discipline by fighting a duel on a question arising out of the Service. Duelling is an absurd practice at the best, but it is outrageous when the encounter takes place between a superior officer and a subordinate who feels aggrieved because he has been rebuked on service. Lord St. Vincent was challenged to fight Sir John Orde in those very circumstances. The duel was forbidden by the King. He said that it would be ruinous to discipline if a subordinate, of whatever rank, was entitled to demand the satisfaction of a gentleman for every wigging. And this was generally acknowledged to be sound doctrine. Of course when a private quarrel arose between two Naval or Military gentlemen it would have been counted mean in the superior to hide himself behind his rank. Some half century or so ago there was a post-captain on the Mediterranean station who was known for the vigour of his language. When he had blown somebody up in a more than usually picturesque style, he took an early opportunity to explain that his adjectives and substantives were to be understood as purely used for the Service and not in a personal sense, and he never failed to end, "If you are not satisfied with that, sir, I have a plain coat in my cabin."

* * * *

The death of Admiral Colomb is a great loss to all who are interested in reading of Naval matters. His professional merits will be more adequately dealt with by others. Here I only wish to refer to him as a writer, arguer, and expounder. In those respects his capacity when he was at his best was very considerable. He knew what he meant, and could explain it to others—generally. When he had a case to state he could drive his point well home. His great defect was that being a born disputant he had a leaning—of which he would sometimes confess himself conscious—for stating his doctrine in the most extreme form, and thereby committing himself to more than he really meant. "The Fleet in Being" is an example of a case in which Admiral Colomb pushed a perfectly sound doctrine till he got over the bounds of reason. When he was there he had to explain while trying not to retract, and it sometimes happened to him to appear to become confused. Yet these exaggerations of a natural quality do not materially diminish the value of the good work he did in explaining to his countrymen the real use of a fleet. It may appear an extraordinary thing that Englishmen should have had to be taught that the one effectual way of protecting this country from invasion was to maintain a sufficient fleet, but so it was. The real explanation is that Naval officers had never taken the trouble to expound their case. They were too exclusively men of action, and perhaps too conscious of the difficulty of making things clear to the landsman. Admiral Colomb was not frightened by the task, and he achieved it.

DAVID HANNAY.

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Cavalry Raids.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.

OUR ancestors living on the Northern borders were familiar enough with the meaning of the word "Raid," as applied to the forays constantly being made by the unruly borderers into the fat villages of England.

Of late years the newspapers, by their constant reference to the unfortunate expedition led by Dr. Jameson, have brought the word prominently before everyone.

A raid, then, is an armed expedition into an enemy's country with the avowed object of, in the briefest possible time, doing as much damage as possible. To cut through lines of communication, to destroy railways, aqueducts, and stores, is the end and aim of a successful raid.

Our military history, save only for the above unsuccessful attempt, contains no good illustration of this method of warfare, which, properly used, is productive of the wildest confusion and loss of morale to the enemy. An army fights in comfort and with some hope of success if its enemy lies in front in a position to be hit when desirable, but the circumstances are quite altered when all ranks know that raiding is going on behind them. Then men think of their defenceless towns and villages, and half the "kick" is taken out of the fighting. In these days of pseudo-humanitarianism men are apt to lose sight of the great end of all warfare, which may cause so much destruction and annoyance to the enemy as to render his defeat a certainty. Where, then, can we find precedents for this form of fighting, which promises so much for the future? The American War of Secession abounds in instances of daring forays, the mere mention of which is enough to fire the blood of every cavalry leader. It is well to realise the conditions under which these raids took place to account in some measure for their extraordinary success. The country was eminently adapted for cavalry warfare to begin with; then the inhabitants were divided in opinion, so that secret help could be relied on in almost every village, and the leaders were hampered by no rules of warfare, and in many cases by no rules of drill. Their men were trained horsemen, expert rifle and revolver shots, and were untrammelled by heavy kits. Recruits, so long as they could ride and shoot, could in a day or so be as efficient as the rest of the raiders, and no attempt was made to engraft military discipline. Each man carried his life in his hand, in itself a potent steadying factor.

Then the work of destruction commenced.

On June 13, 1862, General McClellan with 50,000 Yankee troops lay in front of General Johnston and an army of 40,000 Confederates. After urgent persuasion, General Stuart obtained permission from the Confederate chief to operate in the rear of the enemy. Word was given out three days prior to the start that hot work was to be expected, and as a result every man and horse was perfectly fit. On June 12 Stuart rode out of camp with 1,200 men, two Horse Artillery guns, three days' rations, and sixty rounds of ammunition per man. The movement had been kept a profound secret, and by moving along to the right, and parallel with the enemy's position, no alarm was given to the Federal troops. Without exchanging a shot the column bivouacked for the night, and in the dawn struck across at right angles to the enemy's front. Small bodies of Federal cavalry were met and charged during the course of the day, to their intense astonishment, for they were far in McClellan's rear. At one station a company of infantry were captured without a shot being fired, although an effort was made to warn them. A mounted messenger was despatched to apprise them of their danger, but the man, completely demoralised, simply galloped through the place shouting "Hell's to pay!"

Then the work of destruction commenced. The raiders cut the telegraph wire, and began to destroy the railway, when a train was seen coming up. General Stuart, dismounting his men, poured in a fearful volley, killing and wounding many of the troopers in the cars. From the horses and mules captured the column substituted many of those done up by the expedition, and once more the men were ready to resume their deadly work. Having started northward and ranged eastward, Stuart now marched in a southerly direction, in order to get back to his own lines. The second night the weary men bivouacked close beside the Chickahominy river, which was so swollen as to be unfordable. But to scouts such as these troops were this was no obstacle, for a broken-down bridge was quickly discovered some distance away and at once repaired. All the next day and night the column pressed on, until by daylight on the fourth day the men were back in their own camp again.

In this raid 165 prisoners and 260 horses and mules were captured, the railway, telegraph, and a large amount of stores destroyed, with the loss of one man killed and twenty wounded. The distance covered was 100 miles in seventy-two hours, a marvellous test of endurance and courage. The information gained was invaluable to the Confederate general, and led to the subsequent crushing defeat of the Federals by Stonewall Jackson.

The raid was too successful not to be repeated, and the exploits of General Stuart read like a romance. In one of his most celebrated expeditions his cavalry rode ninety miles in forty hours.

It may be said that the success of such feats depends entirely upon the supreme leader, who must be a man of transcendent resource and courage. He must be able to deceive the enemy as to the direction of his own march, to prevent all information reaching him by cutting the telegraph wires everywhere, whilst at the same time the leader has accurate information on all matters relating to the puzzled enemy.

General Morgan, one of the Confederates' most enterprising cavalry leaders, made great use of an expert telegraph operator on his raids. This man, a Canadian, used to send false messages to the various Federal stations, and in this way he interfered to an incredible extent with the enemy's arrangements.

But the following summary gives the best idea of the far-reaching character of these forays. On July 4 General Morgan left Knoxville with about 900 men, and returned to Lexington on the 28th with 1,200, having been absent twenty-four days. During this time his command travelled over 1,000 miles, captured seventeen towns, destroyed all the Government supplies and arms in them, dispersed 1,500 Home Guards, and paroled nearly 1,200 regular troops. His losses in killed, wounded, and missing were about ninety, and he recruited several hundred men on the march.

Our own authorities have been slow to take advantage of the moral effect of these expeditions in our small wars for several reasons. The chief of these is the risk of losing large bodies of men by any untoward accident. The able leader who performed the marvellous exploits given above was captured like a rat in a trap by a big force coming upon him when he was faced by an impassable river. As a great authority has stated, if a hastily raised body of horsemen is destroyed or dispersed, no great moral effect is produced;

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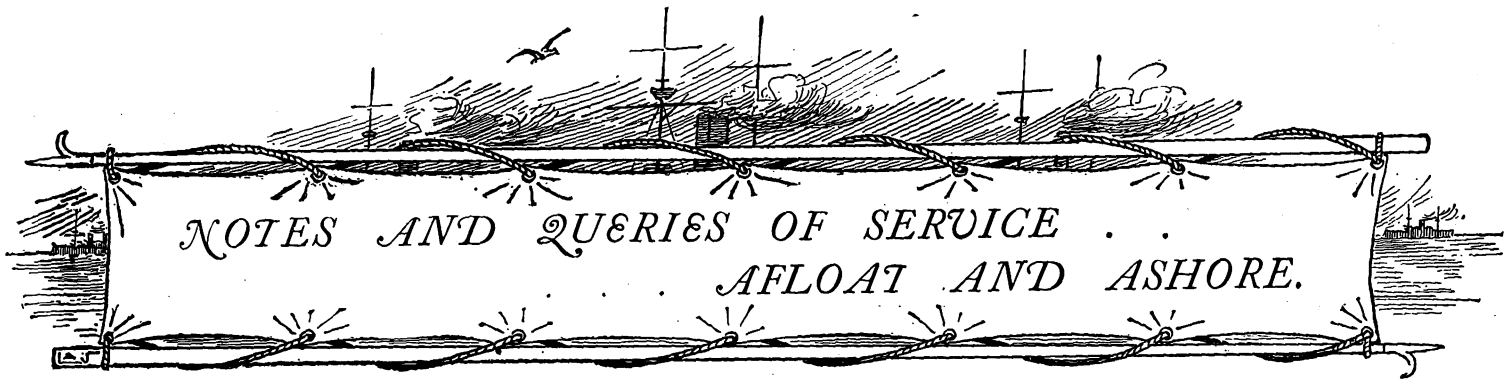
but were a regular regiment of cavalry, with all its traditions, suddenly wiped out the effect would be felt throughout the whole army. Still, it is certain that now war has unhappily broken out in South Africa extensive use will be made of the cavalry arm. The Boers are used to a particular method of warfare, and, like all untrained men, are peculiarly liable to panic when their flanks are turned. If the news spreads through the commandoes that British cavalry is behind them, and that their farms and villages are being harried, the war may be very rapidly over.

In the first Matabele War, and in the recent Soudan Campaign, our enemies played the game as we hoped they would do, and we beat them easily. In the last Boer War we did the same for the burghers, by making our columns knock their heads against expert riflemen strongly posted. The results were lamentable; but we shall not repeat that mistake! Instead, we may hope to see the Transvaal penetrated in every direction by flying columns accompanied by Royal Horse Artillery guns. These expeditions will convert the Boer Army into a disjointed mass of units, each one fighting, as it were, with a careful eye to its own rear.

After all, cavalry exists for other purposes than convoy-guarding and foraging, and, given half a chance, our young cavalry leaders will show the same enterprise and dash that their comrades of the sister Service do when in command of torpedo-craft. Our cavalry may be few compared with other nations', but it may be safely declared that in every cavalry mess throughout the Service but one desire animates each officer, viz., that he may have a chance to show what he can do at the head of an expedition "on his own."



"VOLUNTEER" asks whether we have ever come into collision with the Orange Free State? Yes, we have. The first Boer settlement on the north of the Orange River took place about 1828. That was followed by the "Great Trek" of 1835, when some 10,000 Boers, determined to free themselves from British rule, crossed the Orange River and settled in the countries afterwards known as the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. A few years later the Boers quarrelled with the Griquas, who were under the protection of the British Government, with the result that Sir Harry Smith annexed the whole country south of the Vaal in 1848. The Boers immediately took up arms under their old leader Pretorius, and were defeated at Boomplaats in August, 1848, and driven north of the Vaal. It was, however, found that so large a British force would be required to hold the country that it was abandoned, and its independence solemnly confirmed at Bloemfontein in 1854. Since then our relations have for the most part been friendly with the Orange Free State, the only exceptions being slight disputes, which have been settled amicably.

* * * *

"L. G."—You ask me to tell you "What is the most historic name borne by one of Her Majesty's war-ships?" This is rather an invidious question to answer. So many have great records that it would be difficult to make comparison between them. Many of the names come down to us from the sixteenth century, and some of them have glorious records. To name a few: "Victory," "Lion," "Dreadnought," "Swiftsure," "Triumph," and "Royal Sovereign." Others again that came into the Navy in the seventeenth century have equally glorious records, such as "Royal Oak," "St. George," "Edgar," "Eagle," "Centurion," and "Britannia." Then in the eighteenth century other names gained great honour; to mention only a few: "Monarch," "Arethusa," "Mars," and "Orion." But I think on the whole I would give the palm to the "Revenge," which has a record that commences with the Spanish Armada, where a "Revenge" was Drake's flag-ship, and finishes with the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, in 1840. A worthy ship to bear the flag of the Rear-Admiral in the Mediterranean, Sir Gerard Noel, who has quite recently shown himself one of the ablest of those seamen-diplomats of whom the Royal Navy is so prolific.

* * * *

"C. S." wonders how the heavily armed knight of old days put on his kit, and asks if there is any authentic account of how this feat was performed. It appears from an old-time work that there were sixteen stages, to wit: 1. The knight began by putting on his steel clogs; 2. The greaves or shin pieces; 3. The thigh pieces; 4. The breech of mail; 5. Overlapping pieces below the waist; 6. The breast-plate; 7. The vaubrace, or cover for the arms; 8. The rerebrace, the covering for the upper arm and shoulder; 9. The gauntlets; 10. The dagger was hung; 11. The short sword was added; 12. The surcoat was put on; 13. The helmet; 14. The two-handed sword; 15. The mace was taken in the left hand; and 16, the shield was hung round the man-at-arm's neck. "C. S." may take comfort; war was in those days an occupation for gentlemen, and there was, as a rule, no undignified hurry, which perhaps was as well!

* * * *

"KATHLEEN."—Pray don't apologise. I am always glad to hear from ladies who are interested in the Navy. You can tell a man's branch of the Service by his badges. The gun and torpedo are the badges of all trained seamen-gunners and torpedo-men. The gun denotes seaman-gunner, with star when he becomes first-class. If he is seaman-gunner and torpedo-man he has gun crossed over the torpedo with star above, to which a crown is added when he becomes gunnery-instructor. If he devotes himself to the torpedo branch, and becomes leading torpedo-man, and then torpedo-instructor, he wears the same badges as "seaman-gunner torpedo-man," or gunnery-instructor, but with the torpedo crossed over the gun. Signalmen have crossed flags, a star added for qualified man, two stars and crown for instructor. A three-bladed propeller is the badge for stoker ratings. Axe and mallet crossed denote artificer ratings, on which a gun is superimposed for armourers and armourers' crew. N.P. and a crown denote Naval Police, and the red cross is sick berth staff. All these are worn on the right sleeve. Good conduct badges and badges of rank are worn on the left sleeve. The former are an anchor for leading seamen and shipwright, to which is added a crown for petty officers second-class. First-class petty officers wear crossed anchors and crown.

"DE LACEY."—A "foot-second" is the unit of measurement of velocity, and simply means 1-ft. in 1-sec. If a moving body travels 10-ft. in a second, it is said to have a velocity of 10 foot-seconds, and so on, to any number. In the practical application of the term it is obviously impossible to say that any body, such as a shell from a gun, has an uniform velocity during its flight of so many foot-seconds, as the resistance of the air and the constant force of gravity are causing the speed to change momentarily. It is quite possible, however, to calculate the velocity of a shell at various points of its flight, provided the "muzzle velocity" is known, that is the speed in foot-seconds with which it leaves the gun, with the full impact of the expanding gases behind it. This can be ascertained by means of very ingenious and scientific apparatus, which cannot be described here, and every new sort of gun is subjected to exhaustive experiments, enabling the artillerists to find out all about the flight of the shell, as regards velocity, height, etc., at every portion of its flight.

* * * *

"H. G. T."—A torpedo-boat destroyer carries a commander, or sometimes a lieutenant, in command, a sub-lieutenant, an engineer, and a gunner. The total complement of such a vessel would vary from forty-five to sixty, according to her size and fittings. As to the duties of the officers, a great deal of discretion would be allowed to the officer in command. The sub-lieutenant would probably attend to the general preparations for action and the navigation of the vessel; the gunner—who would probably be "torpedo" gunner—would see to all details with regard to the torpedoes and small guns; the engineer would, of course, be looking after his "clockwork," which occupies so large a space in a destroyer, and requires very careful handling to get the 30 knots out of her with safety. A number of very important duties would, however, devolve upon chief and other petty officers specially trained in the management of torpedoes, etc. The captain alone would give directions as to attack, and watch his opportunity, and it is quite possible that in many instances he would take the helm himself at a critical moment, so as to make his ship act on the instant, instead of communicating orders to another man—who may make a mistake. As to war correspondents afloat, there is not much to go upon, but they were present at the bombardment of Alexandria, and during the Spanish-American War, following the men-of-war in special vessels. Probably this will be the case with our Navy in any future war, the Pressmen and their craft taking their chance of hard knocks. It is not likely that any correspondent would be allowed on board a fighting ship in action.

* * * *

"AZIMGHUR" writes: "Having seen in your issue of September 30 the reply to 'Civilian' on the subject of the Indian Mutiny Medal, I send the following information, thinking it may be of interest. Two or three Artillerymen are known to have received the medal with four clasps; one of them was Gunner Dundas—Tancred, 'Historical Record of Medals,' etc., page 289. The medal of Lieutenant W. Gully, now in Colonel Murray's collection, has four clasps—Delhi, Relief of Lucknow, Lucknow, and Central India; the recipient belonged to the Peshawur Mt. Train Batt. I."

* * * *

"ARTIST" wants to know if there are any pictures or prints in existence showing the baptismal ceremony at the launching of men-of-war previous to the year 1800. He suggests that there must be some in official quarters at the dockyards, and would be glad to hear of any. He has asked at the British Museum Print Room, but can hear of none there. Can any of my readers help?

* * * *

"C. D."—The mail shoulder-straps that you admire so much on our cavalry undress are borrowed from the land where soldiering is learnt, viz., India. For many years the native cavalry have had this admirable protection, and it is only lately that the British cavalry while stationed there have had them issued. Then the cavalry in Egypt got them, and from the land of the Pharaohs the strap has come to England. The theory is that it will stop a sword cut on the most accessible portion of the body, but that must depend on the swordsman who is cutting at it. In any case, it lends an air of smartness to our undress, which was certainly lacking without it, and, kept brightly polished, makes the cavalryman the admired of the passers-by.

THE EDITOR.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

OCTOBER 22, 1794.—Action between the "Agamemnon," 64, Captain Horatio Nelson, and a French squadron of five large frigates, off Corsica. The "Agamemnon" chased and attacked, but it fell calm, after which, on the wind coming again, the frigates made off, leaving the "Agamemnon" too much cut up aloft to follow.

October 23, 1813.—Capture of the French 40-gun frigate "Trave," by the British 38-gun frigate "Andromache," after a quarter of an hour's action.

October 24, 1798.—Capture of the Dutch 36-gun frigate "Furie" and Dutch 24-gun corvette "Waakzaamheid" by the British 38-gun frigate "Sirius." The "Sirius" outmanœuvred the "Furie," and settled the corvette with one broadside, then she went after the "Furie," who made off, caught her up, and after an hour's fight made her surrender.

October 25, 1799.—Recapture of the "Hermione," an ex-British frigate delivered into the hands of the Spaniards by mutineers, in Puerto Cabello, Spanish Main, by the boats of the British frigate "Surprise," in one of the most brilliant cutting-out affairs on record.

October 26, 1809.—Destruction of a French 80-gun ship, and a 74-gun ship from Toulon driven ashore in the Gulf of Lyons, by a squadron of six of the line detailed from the British fleet blockading Toulon. The French ships were run ashore and destroyed by their own crews.

October 27, 1810.—Taking of the French brig privateer "Loup-Garou," 16 guns, by the British 16-gun brig "Orestes," after half-an-hour's action.

October 28, 1801.—Taking of the Spanish polacre "Rosario," 20 guns, by the "Pasley," 14-gun brig. The two ships fought for an hour at close quarters, when the Spaniard boarded, but the British drove the boarders back, followed them, and took the polacre in less than fifteen minutes.

OCTOBER 22, 1452.—The Earl of Shrewsbury surprised the garrison of Castillon, and took the greater part prisoners. A few days later he reduced Frontal and Castillon. 1764.—Battle of Buxar. Sir Hector Munroe completely routed the army of the Nabob of Oude. 1777.—Attack on Fort Island. Colonel Donop, with three battalions of Hessian Grenadiers, the Regiment of Mirbach, and the Infantry Chasseurs, made an unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the Americans. Colonel Donop was mortally wounded.

October 23, 1642.—Battle of Edgehill. Indecisive battle between Charles I. and the Roundheads. Five thousand killed, amongst them the Earl of Lindsay, Sir William Verney, and Lord Aubigney. 1708.—Reduction of Lille by the Prince Eugene, after sixty days' siege. 1709.—Reduction of Mons, as one of the results of Marlborough's victory at Malplaquet.

October 24, 1812.—Affair at Muriel. Slight reverse inflicted on the allies by the French. 1893.—Battle of the Shangani. Six thousand Matabele defeated by the troops of the British South Africa Company.

October 25, 1415.—Battle of Agincourt. Henry V. defeated the French, who lost 100,000 killed and wounded, and 14,000 prisoners, while the English loss did not exceed 400. 1854.—Battle of Balaclava. Famous for two magnificent charges by cavalry. General Scarlett, with the Scots Greys and Enniskillens, charged and routed a Russian column superior in numbers. The Light Brigade, consisting of the 4th and 13th Light Dragoons, 8th and 11th Hussars, and the 17th Lancers—in all about 700 sabres—charged the Russian batteries, and when mustered some hours later numbered only 185 sabres.

October 26, 1812.—Passage of the Carion. After the slight reverse at Muriel, Wellington came up, and the enemy was driven over the river Carion. The village was reoccupied, and on this day Wellington marched to Cabezon, whence passing to the left of the Pisuerga, he mined the bridge, and secured the bridges of Valladolid, Simancas, and Tordesillas, and so assured his retreat behind the Douro. 1854.—Sortie from Sebastopol repulsed. The Russians came out with a force of 6,000 to 7,000. They lost in all about 600, while our losses amounted to 12 killed and 75 wounded. The 30th, 49th, and 95th Regiments did especially good service.

October 27, 1644.—Battle of Newbury. Indecisive action between Charles I. and the Earl of Essex. 1771.—Reduction of Tanjore. After being invested by Colonel Smith for about a month the place surrendered.

October 28, 1776.—Battle of White Plains. Americans driven back by General Howe. The 28th and 35th did splendid work in this engagement. 1811.—French surprised at Aroyo Molino. General Hill routed the French division under Girard, who lost heavily. The trophies of the victory were 1,300 prisoners. The loss of the allies was about 70 killed and wounded.

The Treachery at Bronkhorst Spruit.

THE Transvaal was annexed, rightly or wrongly it matters not now, in 1877. Of its surrender in 1881, after we had suffered reverses, there can be only one opinion: *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* Let us turn to the beginning of the events that led Mr. Gladstone to take the backward step. After successfully breaking the power of the Basuto chief Sekukuni, Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley left the Transvaal with a small garrison, and, as he thought, at peace.

But there was much friction between the British and Dutch settlers, the latter protesting against the loss of their freedom. Meeting succeeded meeting and petition petition, and at length the Boers issued a proclamation declaring their independence.

The 94th Regiment, which had been stationed at Leydenberg, left that town on December 5, 1880, to reinforce the garrison at Pretoria. The force was composed as follows: 246 officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, three women and two children of the 94th; two officers and five non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Service Corps; three non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Hospital Corps, and one surgeon, making a total of nine officers and 248 men, with thirty-four waggons. The little force was under command of Colonel Anstruther. Before their departure they had heard rumours of the Boers fighting, but they did not believe them. Indeed, Colonel Anstruther says in his despatch that the field cornet had told him that though emissaries had been through the country endeavouring to rouse the people to stop the British force, the appeal had met with no response. In spite of this voluntary assurance, the little force, it was subsequently ascertained, was followed all the way from Middleburg by a large mounted force of Boers, who kept well out of sight. The country near Prinsloo's Farm, on the Bronkhorst Spruit, is well, but not thickly, wooded, and favoured the advance of cavalry. On nearing this place two or three Boer scouts were noticed, and Colonel Anstruther immediately halted his force. Hardly was that done when the enemy appeared in skirmishing order on the rise of a slightly wooded hill on our left. In addition, there were large numbers in the rear and on our right flank. Colonel Anstruther had been treacherously trapped. The number of Boers altogether was estimated by Colonel Anstruther at 1,200 to 1,500. The Boers sent forward a flag of truce halfway between the line, and Colonel Anstruther went out to meet it. The bearer handed him a letter signed "P. Joubert," and countersigned by other Boers, requesting him to wait where he was until a reply had been received to an ultimatum that had been sent to Sir Owen Lanyon, Administrator of the Transvaal. Colonel Anstruther replied that he could not wait, as he had orders to proceed with all haste to Pretoria. "I have my orders for Pretoria, and to Pretoria I'll go," he said. The bearer of the flag of truce said he would take the message to his commandant-general, and when asked by the colonel to let him know the result, nodded assent.

Almost immediately, however, the enemy's line advanced. Colonel Anstruther ran back to his men and ordered the leading company to skirmish, but before they could open out to more than loose files a murderous fire was opened on them. A hot fire was returned; but the contest was too unequal, and lasted only twenty minutes. By that time all the officers, and two out of three of the non-commissioned officers and men, were either killed or wounded, and Colonel Anstruther ordered the cease fire to be sounded, and hoisted a flag of truce. Two officers were killed, and Colonel Anstruther himself was dangerously wounded. The Boers took possession of all arms and ammunition and surrounded the remnant of the little force. The colours of the 94th were with the detachment, but they were saved from falling into the hands of the Boers. Conductor Egerton, of the Army Service Corps, though himself wounded, obtained permission from the Boer commandant, Franz Joubert, to go into Pretoria for doctors and ambulances. He was not allowed a horse or arms of any kind, but a sergeant was permitted to accompany him. Some of the men of the 94th had torn the colours of the regiment off the poles, and Conductor Ralph Egerton took charge of them on his journey, holding them round his waist. Joubert had previously asked for the guns and colours. Egerton had replied that there were no guns, and as to the colours, he did not belong to the 94th, and did not know where they were. At that time the colours were secreted under the wife of Sergeant-Major Fox, who was wounded, and Egerton spoke truthfully when he denied knowledge of them. His gallant action in carrying the colours to Pretoria was subsequently rewarded by a commission in the regiment.

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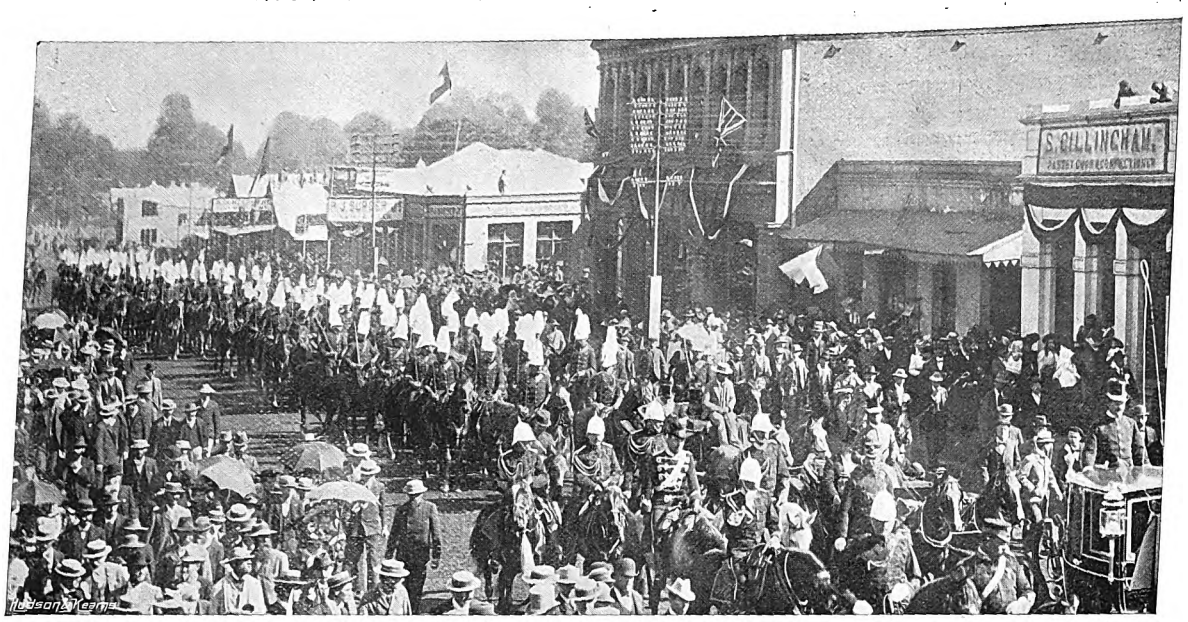
Types of the Transvaal Forces.

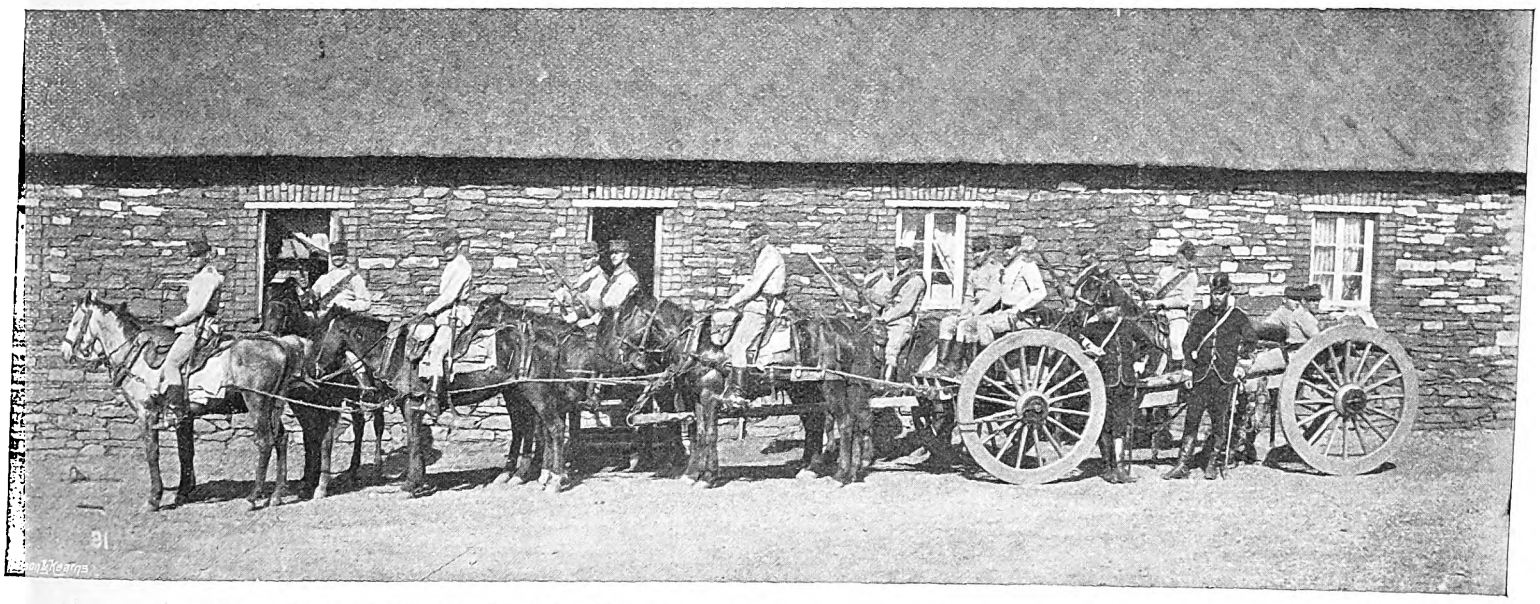
REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS.

THE accompanying series of pictures is of quite extraordinary interest and value. It is believed to be the first attempt hitherto made to illustrate the forces of the Transvaal in a thoroughly comprehensive manner from really up-to-date and life-like photographs. The extreme difficulty of procuring the latter has until now necessitated frequent recourse, on the part of illustrated journals, to ordinary draughtsmanship, which, however pleasing from an artistic standpoint, is in such matters as military dress and equipment apt to be misleading. The Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is, accordingly, much gratified to be able to offer his readers such a bright and instructive series as that here presented.

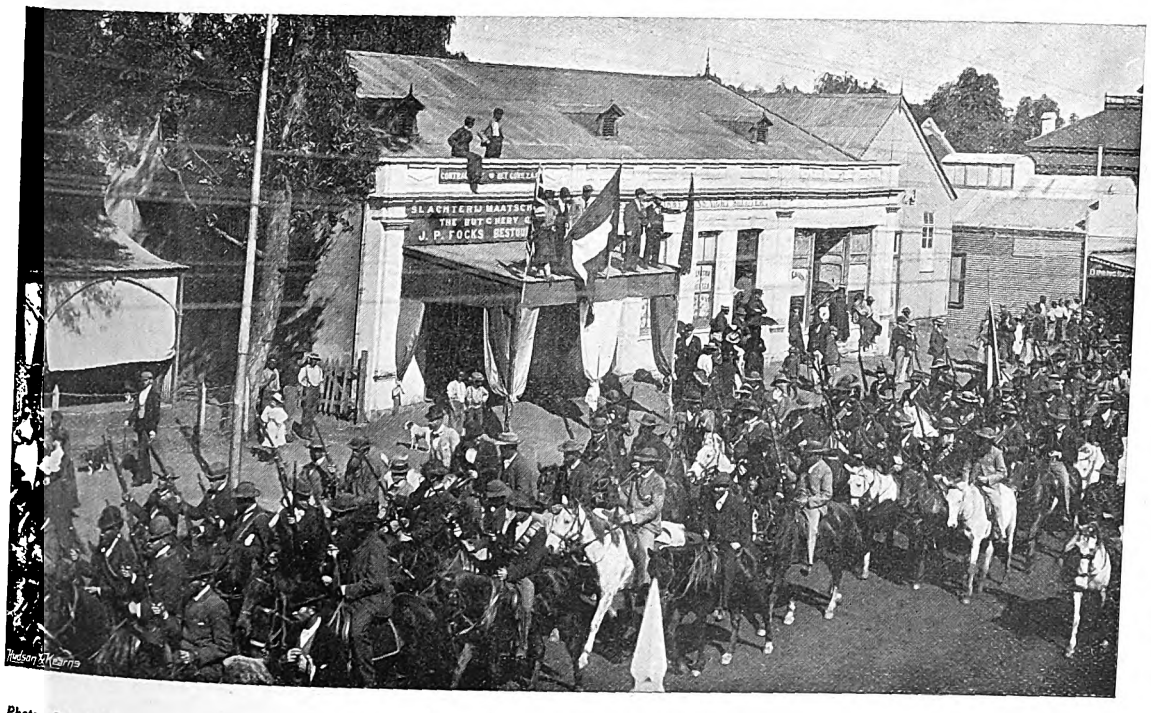


THE STAATS ARTILLERIE.
Marching through Pretoria in Full Dress.

The first picture was taken at the swearing-in of President Kruger after his last election, and shows the Staats Artillerie marching through Pretoria, headed by the President's four adjutants—Commandant Schutte, Inspector-General of Police, Commandant Van Dam, Commanding the Johannesburg Police, Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Van Diggelen, Commandant of the Johannesburg Volunteer Forces, and Commandant Ben Viljoen, Commanding the Krugersdorp Volunteers. The names of the first two and the last of this quartette will be familiar to most students of the history of the Crisis.



BOER ARTILLERY IN FIELD KIT—GUN TEAM (OLD TYPE). STAATS ARTILLERIE.



Photos. Copyright. *SOLDIER BURGHERS—THE BOER MILITIA.* *"Navy & Army."*
A Boer Commando in Pretoria.

The Staats Artillerie is here represented in full dress, which is similar to that of a Black Hussar, with very wide Russian trousers and a white helmet with a drooping plume. The corps is divided into horse, field, and garrison artillery, and is capitally mounted and armed with up-to-date guns. The men are well drilled, but the officers, more especially the seniors, are said to be utterly deficient in scientific training.

The second picture shows the Staats Artillerie in field service kit, consisting of a khaki cords and cap, which has since

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been discarded for a large slouch hat with a blue puggaree. The gun shown is one of the old pattern, now discarded for quick-firers of a modern type.

From the Staats Artillerie, the only permanent embodied force in the Transvaal, let us turn to the backbone of the Boer military system, the burgher commando, of which we have here an excellent sample. The occasion on which this picture was taken is the same as that on which the first of the series was secured, the burghers having come into Pretoria under their field-cornets, to witness the ceremony of the President's installation. A careful scrutiny will reveal details of the usual "get-up" of a commandeered Boer.

We now come to a force which has hitherto received very little attention in the illustrated papers, namely, the Transvaal Volunteers, who came into existence, mainly through the support of President Kruger, some five or six years ago. There were originally separate corps for Johannesburg, Pretoria, Krugersdorp, and Ermelo. Of these the most important was the Johannesburg corps, which was disbanded, but has since been reformed. It consisted, and is said to still consist, of about 200 cavalry, 800 infantry, an ambulance, and telegraph and signalling sections, with a reserve of 1,600. It is an essential qualification for membership that each applicant should be a naturalised Transvaaler, and the cavalry, by the latest accounts, are mostly Africanders.

A VOLUNTEER COLONEL.
Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Van Diggelen, late Johannesburg Volunteers.

THE OFFICERS.
Johannesburg Volunteer Corps.

The infantry, on the other hand, are of very varied nationality. Prior to the disbandment, there were Hollander, German, Latin, and "mixed" companies, the Latin company including Frenchmen, Italians, and Spaniards, and the "mixed" company an assortment of English—only a few—Africanders, Russians, and Scandinavians.

The Johannesburg Volunteer Corps was until quite recently under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel S. H. Van Diggelen, the cavalry under that of Major B. A. Hall, an English Africander formerly an inspector in the Bechuanaland Police. The infantry companies as a whole were under the command of Major L. E. Van Diggelen, at one time an officer of the Dutch Navy. The two German companies were in charge of Major Kropp, an old Hanoverian officer, and an ex-captain of the German Legion which was sent out to the Crimea.

The three concluding

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—CAVALRY, INFANTRY, AND AMBULANCE, JOHANNESBURG VOLUNTEERS.

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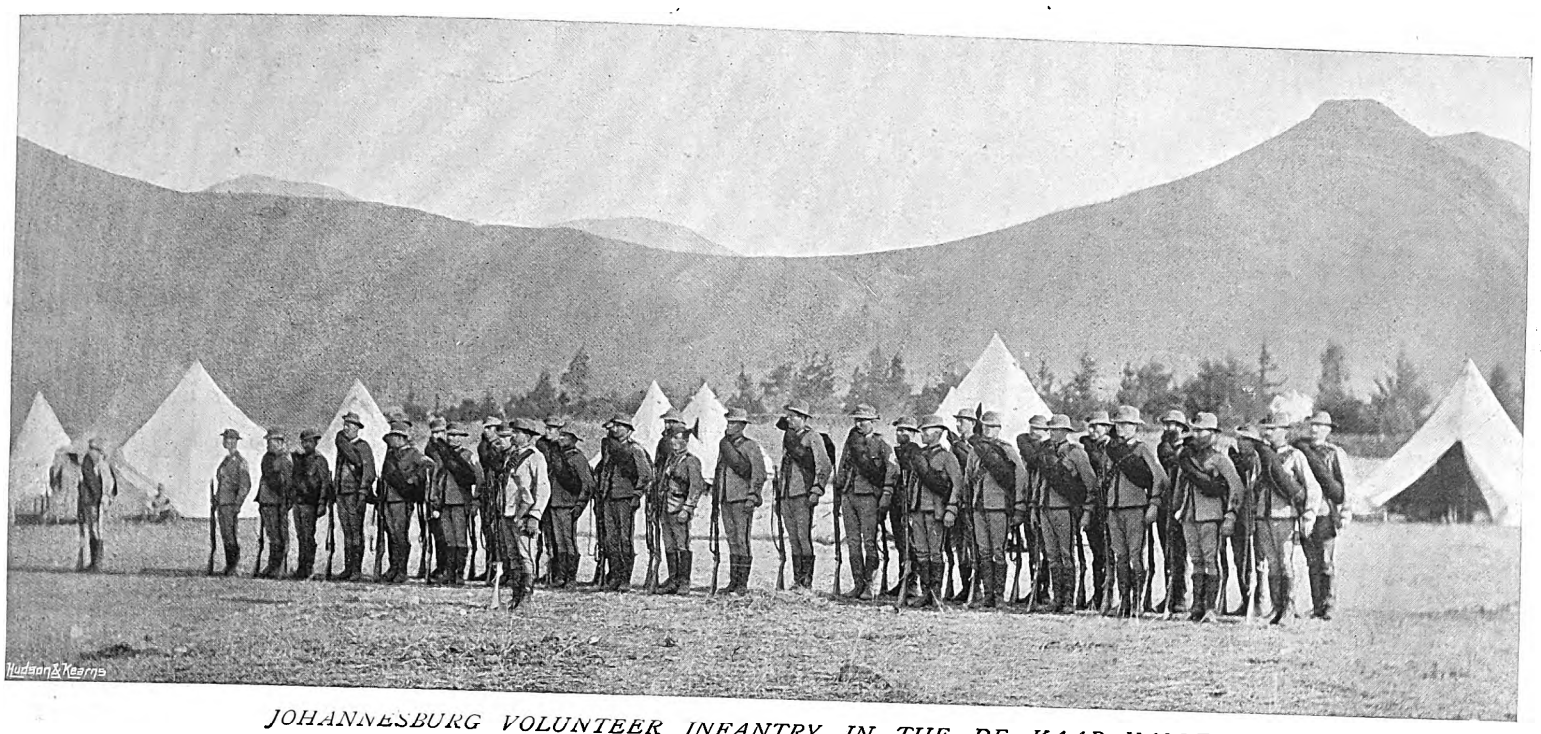

JOHANNESBURG VOLUNTEER INFANTRY—IN THE DE KAAP VALLEY.
LATELY ON THE NATAL FRONTIER.

pictures illustrate both the cavalry and infantry branches of the corps on service against the Swazis last year, in which they were commanded by the Colonel Van Diggelen already mentioned. In the camp scene on the Swazi frontier there are two interesting figures, one occupying a prominent standing position, with his legs apart, the other engaged in the homely but useful occupation of peeling potatoes in the foreground.

TYPICAL CAMP SCENE.
On Service on the Frontier

The former is Lieutenant Rossiger, who served in Egypt with the ill-fated Hicks Pasha, and was one of the very, very few survivors of his army. The other is Dr. Liebart, formerly of the Belgian Army, who has been serving as medical attendant to "Savage South Africa" at Earl's Court.

Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A CAVALRY PATROL—LEAVING BARBERTON FOR THE SWAZI FRONTIER.
A SIMILAR SCENE MIGHT HAVE BEEN WITNESSED RECENTLY ANY EVENING AT SANDSPRUIT.

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Photo. *Johnston & Hoffman.*
LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. P. SYMONS, K.C.B.
Commanding 4th Division Natal Field Force.

BEFORE war was upon us and Natal had become the centre of importance that it to-day is, the command of the troops in that country was held by Sir W. P. Symons, who now commands the troops of the 4th Division under Sir George White.

Sir William Symons was schooled in a corps that has seen much service in South Africa, the old 24th—the men of Isandhlwana—now the South Wales Borderers, and got his company while his corps was fighting in that country. Since then, however, his war service has been mainly in India. From 1885 for three or four years he was fighting in Burmah, where he organised and commanded the mounted infantry. When the Chin-Lushai Campaign opened, Symons was appointed to command the brigade that operated from the Burman frontier, and he next held a brigade command during the Waziristan Expedition. When the latest trouble on the North-West Frontier took place, Symons was in command first of a brigade of the Tochi Hill Force and afterwards of the 1st Division. He has, indeed, what is not far from an unique record of Indian war service, for he holds the second India General Service medal with four clasps, and the present—the third issue—with two.

FORMING part of the Army Corps that goes to South Africa is a battalion of that fine old corps the 13th, or Somersetshire Light Infantry. The corps has a peculiar right in that its non-commissioned officers tie their sashes on the right side instead of on the left, as is done by non-commissioned officers in all other corps. They wear them, in fact, the same as commissioned officers, an honour they owe—as regimental tradition alleges—to the fact that on one occasion all the officers were killed or wounded, and the regiment was brought out of action by its non-commissioned officers.

LOOKING at our centre picture, the reader must not imagine he is at Earl's Court, for he is gazing at a portrait of Lerotori, the chief of the Basutos, taken at his

Photo. Copyright. *THE KING OF THE BASUTOS.* *"Navy & Army."*
A Snap-shot in an African Kraal.

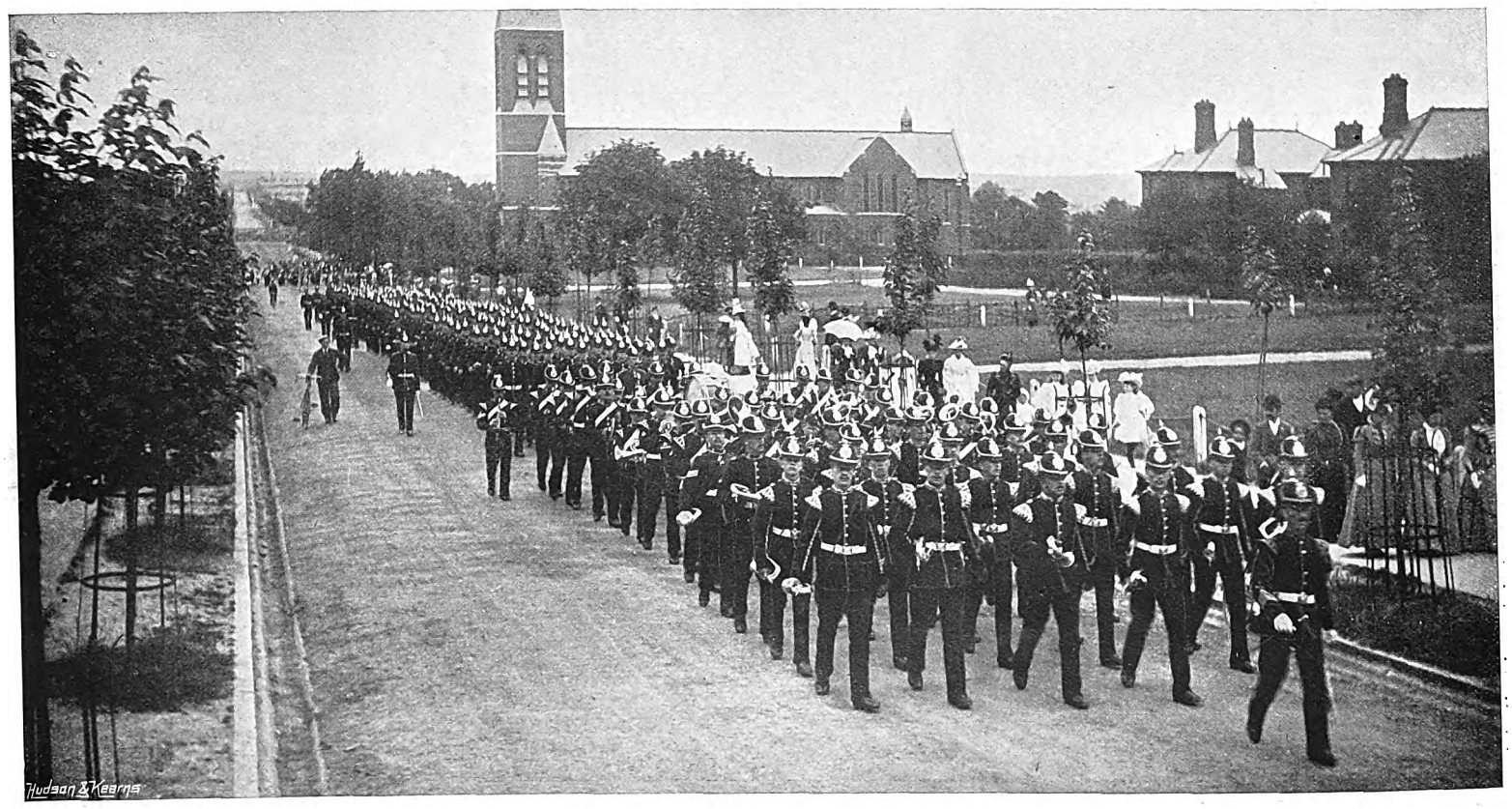

Photo. Copyright. *Cummings.*
ON THE WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA—(THE PRINCE ALBERT'S) SOMERSETSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

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Photo. *Elliott & Fry.*
Major-Gen. J. F. BROCKLEHURST, M.V.O.,
Commanding the Cavalry Brigade of the Natal Field Force.

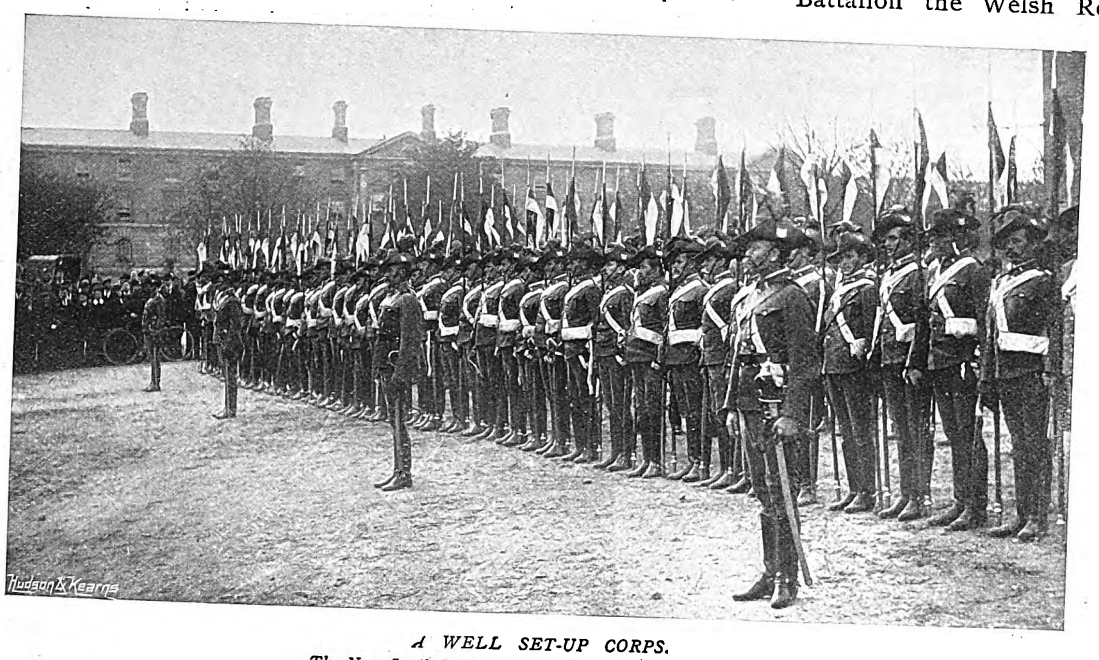
Kraal in Basutoland. The Basutos are as fine fighters as are to be found in South Africa. Born horsemen, with their wiry little ponies they form a mounted infantry that would be hard to beat. Moreover, they can put into the field some 20,000 armed men, and they hate the Boer of the Orange Free State like a certain old party is proverbially supposed to detest holy water; and so the Orange Free State cannot send all her burghers to aid the Transvaal, but must keep on the eastern frontier sufficient commandos to see that the wily Basutos do not break loose on her.

THE three officers whose portraits head this page have all left England to assume important posts in South Africa. Major-General Brocklehurst—for he has local rank while holding a command in South Africa—is to command the cavalry brigade of the Natal Field Force. He was till he left England the other day the officer in command of "the Blues," and with that regiment saw service in Egypt and the Soudan. Opposite the portrait of this officer is that of Colonel Mainwaring, C.M.G., who will be assistant-adjutant-general to the 1st Division of Buller's Army Corps. Colonel Mainwaring is an old Welsh Fusilier, and has seen service with his regiment in many campaigns. He was a subaltern in the glorious old corps during the first Ashanti War, and served more recently through campaigns in Burmah and on the North-West Frontier of India. The third of our portraits is that of a Naval officer, Captain Van Koughnet, who has been sent out by the Admiralty as transport officer. As a lieutenant Van Koughnet served with distinction in the Naval Brigade landed for service in the Soudan with the Nile Expedition for the relief of Khartoum, 1884-85. He was in the steamer "Sofia" with Lord Charles Beresford when the latter relieved Sir Charles Wilson, and succeeded in earning a severe wound and a mention in despatches.

Photo. *Elliott & Fry*
CAPTAIN VAN KOUGHNET, R.N.,
Admiralty Transport Officer at Cape Town.

Photo. *Russell & Sons.*
Colonel R. B. MAINWARING, C.M.G.,
A.A.G. of the 1st Division South African Army Corps.

THE enthusiastic send-off that the squadron of the New South Wales Lancers who have left for South Africa received, shows more than anything how knit together is our great Empire. "Soldiers of the Queen" are they as much as any unit in our forces, and their departure gave us an opportunity of showing the love and admiration we have for our brethren over seas. Our centre illustration shows this splendid body of men on parade prior to their departure.



A WELL SET-UP CORPS.
The New South Wales Lancers Ordered to South Africa.

NOT the least historic of the regiments which go to make up Buller's Army Corps is the old 41st, now the 1st Battalion the Welsh Regiment, which is illustrated below. In our picture the regiment is seen on the march headed by the regimental goat, which will accompany the men on the campaign. Curiously enough the corps will now see service for the first time since we were last at war with a Christian foe, for its previous war service dates from the Crimea.

HERE is also presented a picture of Lady Buller and her daughters. Lady Buller is the wife of the celebrated officer who goes out to take the supreme command in South Africa, and is a sister of the present Marquess of Townshend. She was before her marriage with Sir Redvers Buller the widow of the Hon. G. T. Howard.

Photos. Copyright.
1st BATTALION THE WELSH REGIMENT.
Now on Their Way to South Africa.

Cummings.
A FAMILIAR SCENE AT ALDERSHOT.
Lady Buller and Her Daughters.

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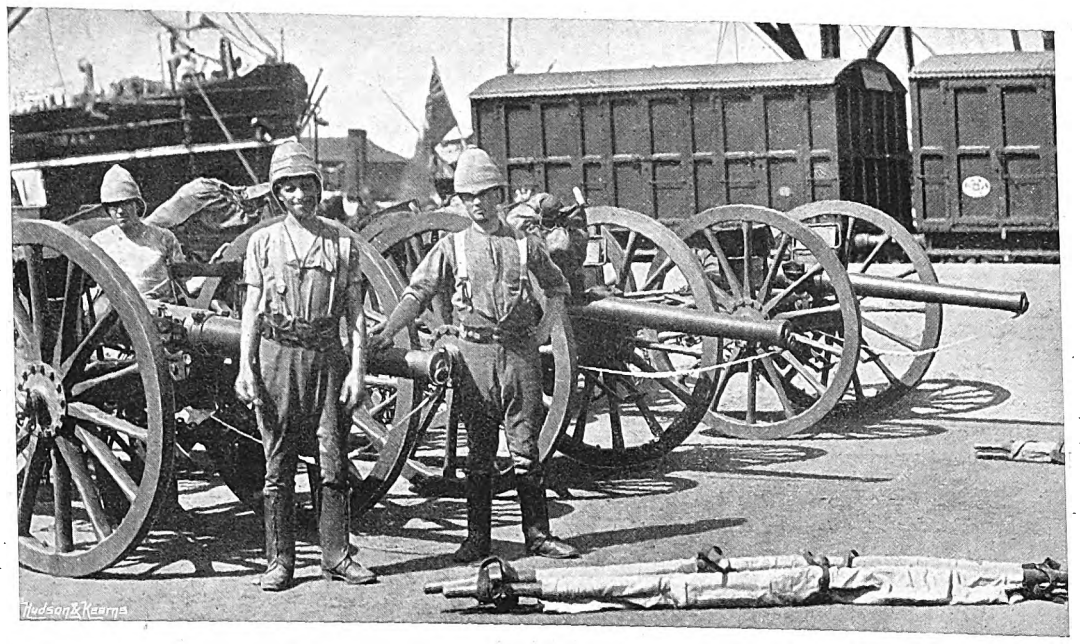
The Indian Contingent Leaving Bombay.



THE 42nd BATTERY ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.
Preparing to Embark.

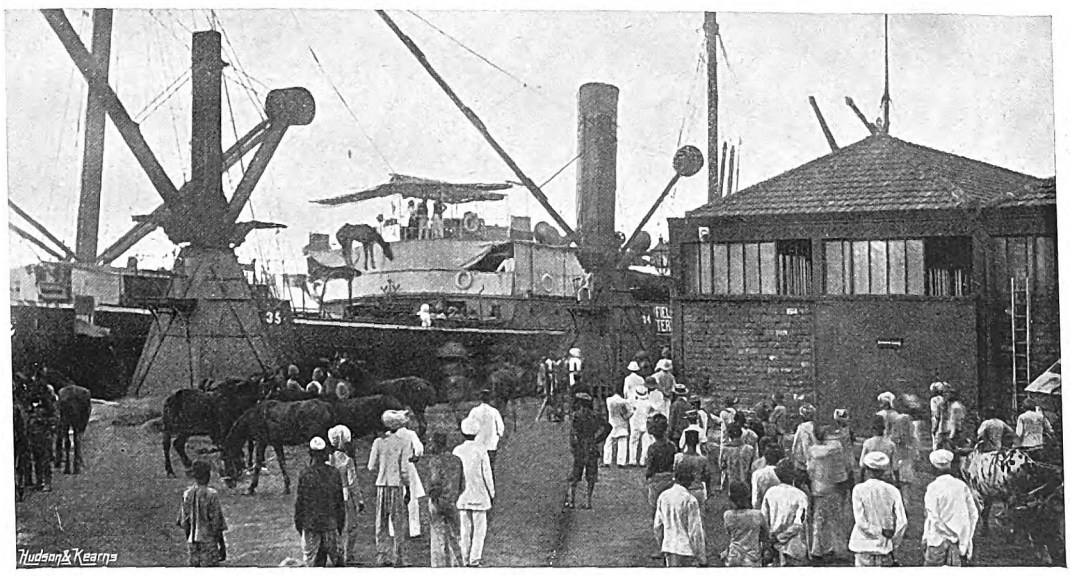
THE despatch of the Indian contingent to South Africa will long rank as one of the most successful operations of the kind ever carried out. The beautiful smoothness with which all the arrangements worked was something of which the Indian military authorities, more particularly those at the ports of embarkation, have reason to be proud, and the result has been all that could be desired. Just in the very nick of time, when a Boer invasion of Natal seemed imminent, the transports bringing the Indian contingent began to drop in at Durban, and in the course of a week troops had been landed to render the risk of a successful irruption from the Transvaal altogether remote. In fine, the contingent was a brilliant idea brilliantly put into execution, and it is quite possible that it may, to some extent, prove one of the most important factors in the suppression of the South African trouble.

A feature of the arrangements in connection with the despatch of the contingent was that the whole plan was ready several weeks before the details were disclosed, and that, consequently, when the orders for embarkation and despatch were given everyone knew what to do, and there was no sort of flurry or confusion.

Our illustrations concern the embarkation of the 42nd Field Battery at Bombay, and may be taken as typical of the arrangements carried out in regard to the contingent generally. In this case of artillery, however, special arrangements had to be made for detraining the guns and ammunition waggons, as well as for getting them on board. The embarkation of such of the horses as were stabled 'tween-decks was very neatly effected, the animals being brought separately alongside, and, with the aid of a broad strip of canvas passed round their bodies, slung on broad by a crane. An idea of the perfection of the arrangements may be gathered from the fact that three vessels were loaded and despatched in six hours.

This speaks highly for the efficiency of the battery, and for the transport authorities at Bombay.

DETRAINING HORSES—THE PRINCE'S DOCK, BOMBAY.



Photos. Copyright. OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA. Bourne and Shephard.
Loading Up the Transport "Secundra."

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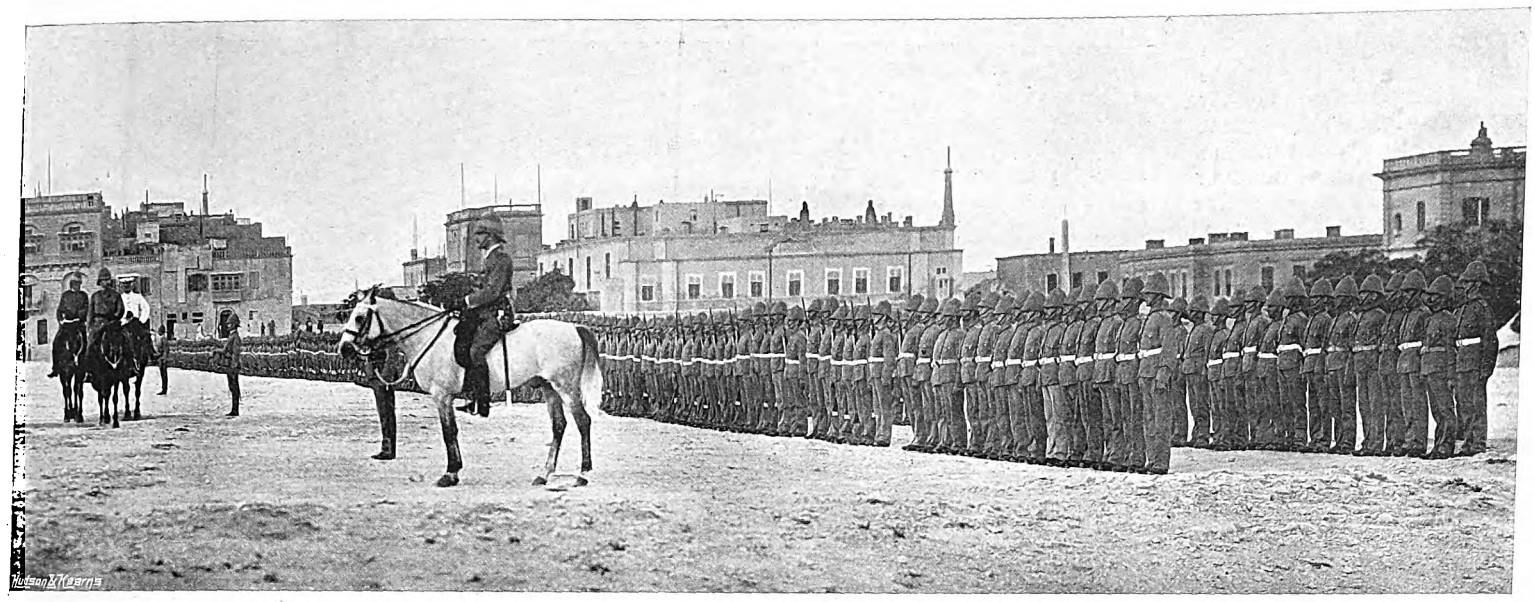
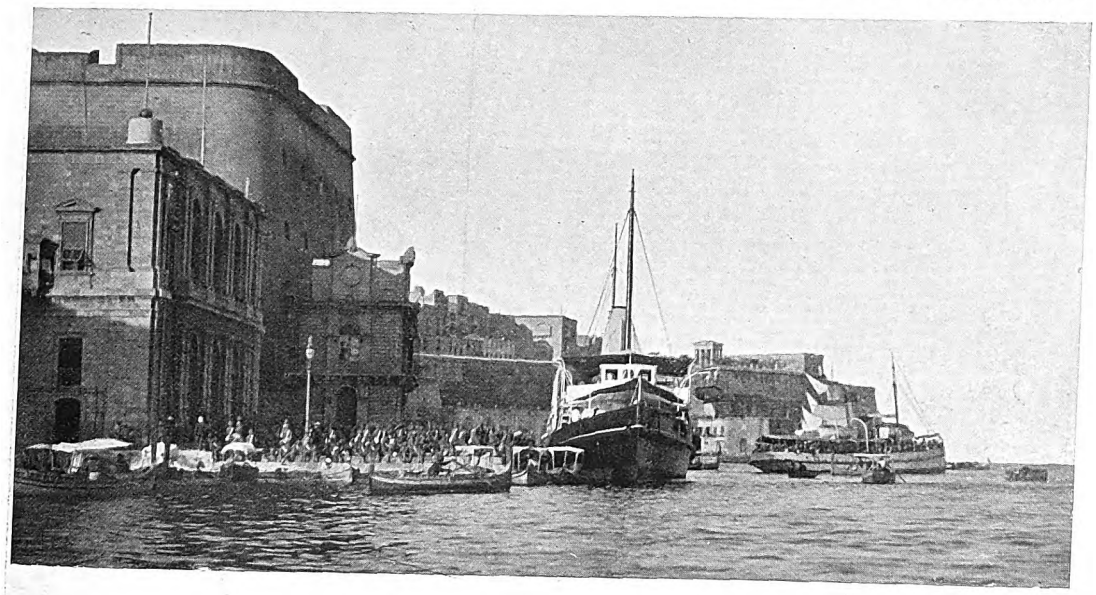
From Malta to South Africa.



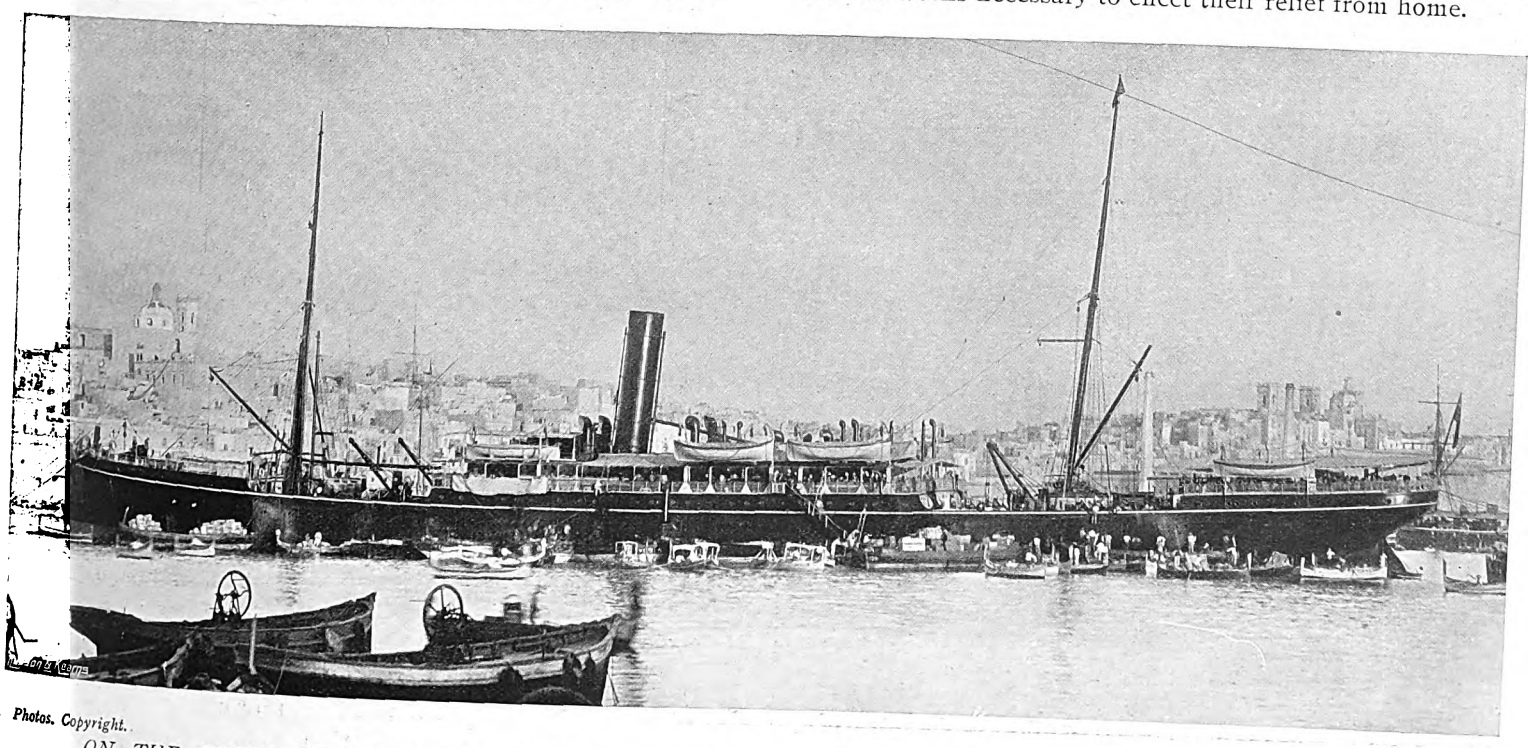
THE 1st BORDER REGIMENT AT MALTA.
INSPECTION BY GENERAL LORD CONGLETON PRIOR TO EMBARKATION.

IT will be remembered that, at the same time that orders were given for the despatch of the Indian contingent, four battalions were named to be sent out from home and from three stations in the Mediterranean. These were the Northumberland Fusiliers from Aldershot, the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers from Cairo, the 2nd Rifle Brigade from Crete, and the 1st Border Regiment from Malta. The embarkation of the last-named in the "Sumatra" is illustrated in the three accompanying pictures. The regiment is timed to disembark in South Africa this week, and if it does so in as fit a condition as it was in when it went on board at the end of last month it will be by no means the least important unit in the fine force at the disposal of Sir Redvers Buller.



EMBARKATION BY TENDER.
The Tug "Stormcock" Taking Off Troops at the Custom House Quay.

The significance of this particular embarkation lies to a great extent in the example it affords of the value of our Mediterranean military stations in a situation where reinforcement of a British garrison in Africa or Asia needs to be speedy to be of any real use. At these stations there are always corps ready for service at almost a moment's notice, and it seldom happens that they cannot be spared for the few weeks necessary to effect their relief from home.



Photos. Copyright. R. Ellis.

ON THE POINT OF STARTING—THE "SUMATRA" CARRYING THE 1st BORDERS TO THE CAPE.

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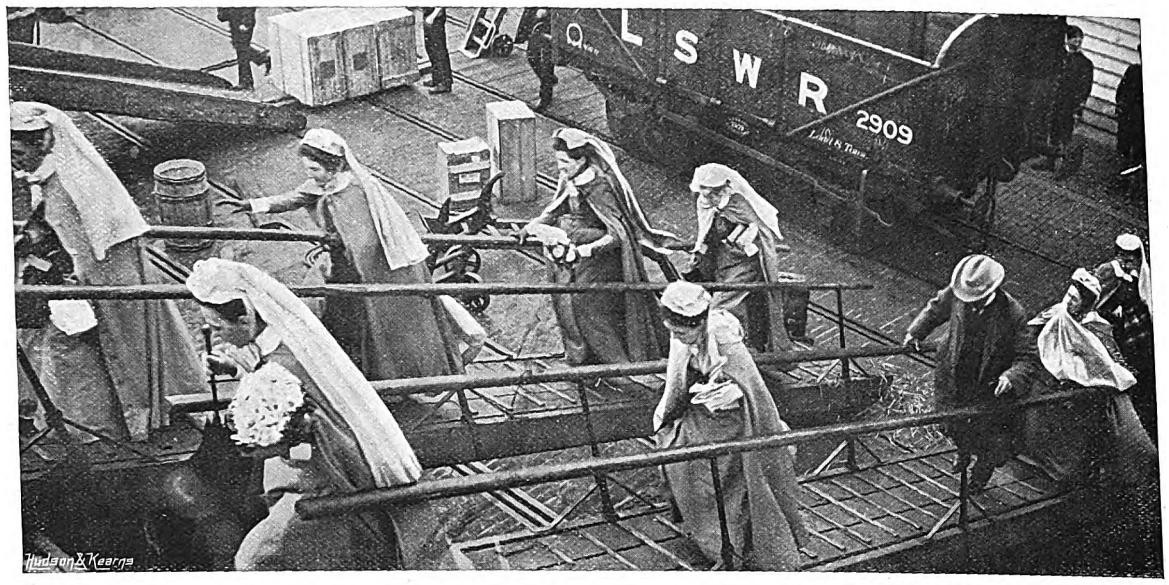
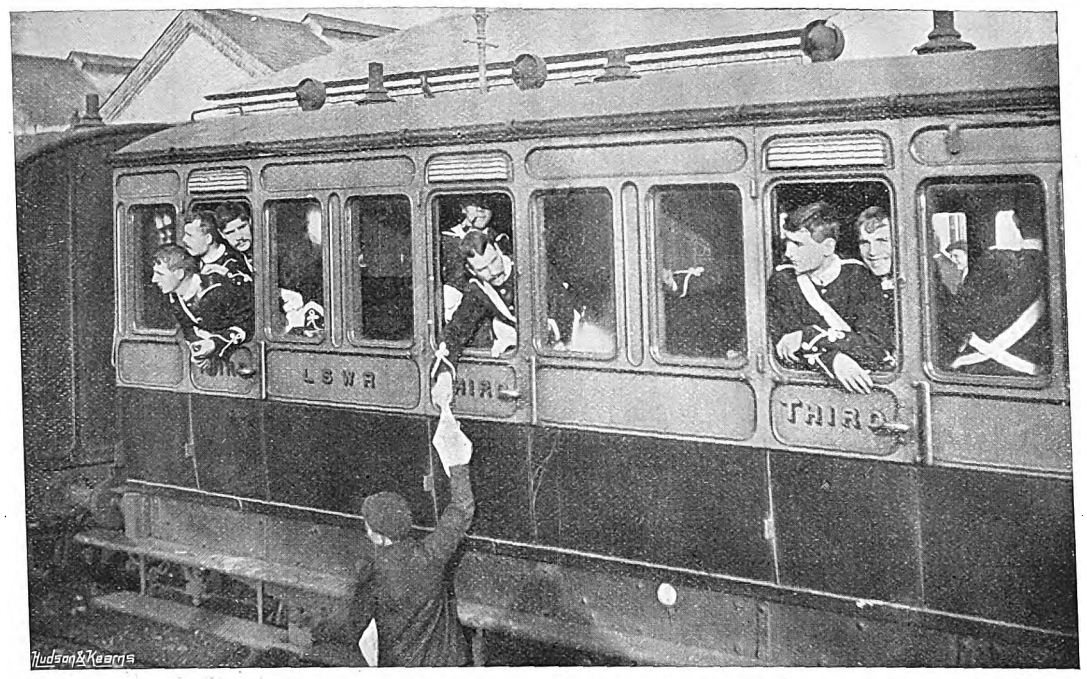
Ordered on Service.



"ANGELS OF MERCY."
Army Nursing Sisters Embarking On Board the "Braemar Castle."

THE three pictures which illustrate this page bring home vividly to one's mind the close attention to detail that has to be exercised whenever troops are sent on active service. Even when it is only a single unit, such as a battery and regiment, the task is a laborious one and requires much forethought and organisation. What must it be then when an Army Corps has to be not only moved but transported across thousands of miles of ocean? The mere clerical work involved is in itself a task that tries the capabilities of the Government offices concerned to the utmost.

Perhaps the most important of all the details that have to be considered are the arrangements for the due care of the sick and wounded. The organisation of a big hospital is more than the work of a day. Daily invalids and wounded will pour in to the base hospitals, and this is where the work of those "angels of mercy," the Army Nursing Sisters, will come in. Our first illustration shows the group of nurses that accompanied the trooper that carried out the first detachment of Buller's Army Corps to South Africa.

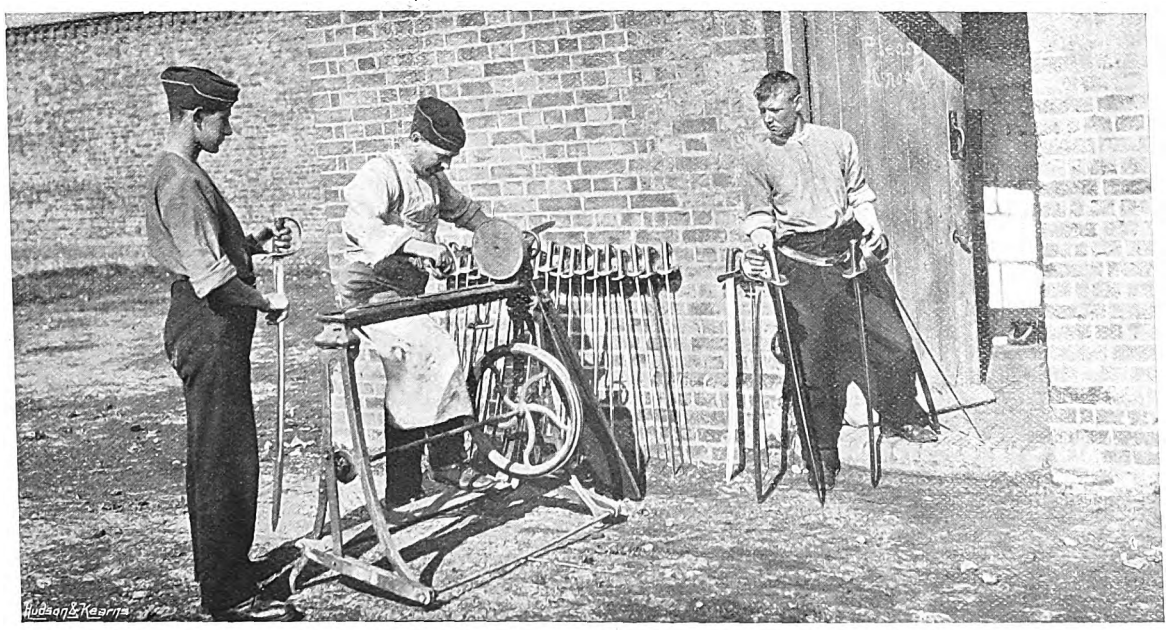


SO LONG, SONNY"—OFF TO THE CAPE.
To Spend Christmas in South Africa.

The "Braemar Castle" embarked the contingent of the Army Service Corps that will control and organise the supply and transport for the whole army. The nurses were snap-shotted as they were crossing he gangway from the quay to the ship, and it was touching to notice the intense enthusiasm with which they were received, and the kindly little attentions paid to them, by officers and men alike.

The party, which comprised eight sisters, was in charge of Miss A. Garriock, the most recently promoted Superintendent in the Army Nursing Service. None of these nurses have as yet seen war service, but nearly all have had extensive experience on foreign stations.

Then we illustrate the departure of a troop train from Waterloo, and it will be noticed that one of the soldiers is purchasing the Transvaal Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. "Tommy," naturally enough, is keen and anxious to know all about the country he is going to, therefore pictorial illustrations of his future surroundings were in much demand.



Photos. Copyright. *SHARPENING SWORDS FOR THE TRANSVAAL.* *C. Knight.*
The Armourer-Sergeant of the 13th Hussars Preparing for Hot Work

The last picture is in strong contrast to the first, for it shows the armourers of a cavalry regiment sharpening and making ready the bright blades that will be used on service.

It was thought to be a little far-fetched when the commander-in-chief of a force once said, "Sharpen your swords, boys, and the day is yours."

But there was a good deal of common-sense in the remark, considering that it was very necessary that the first part of the command should be thoroughly carried out if the latter part was to be fulfilled.

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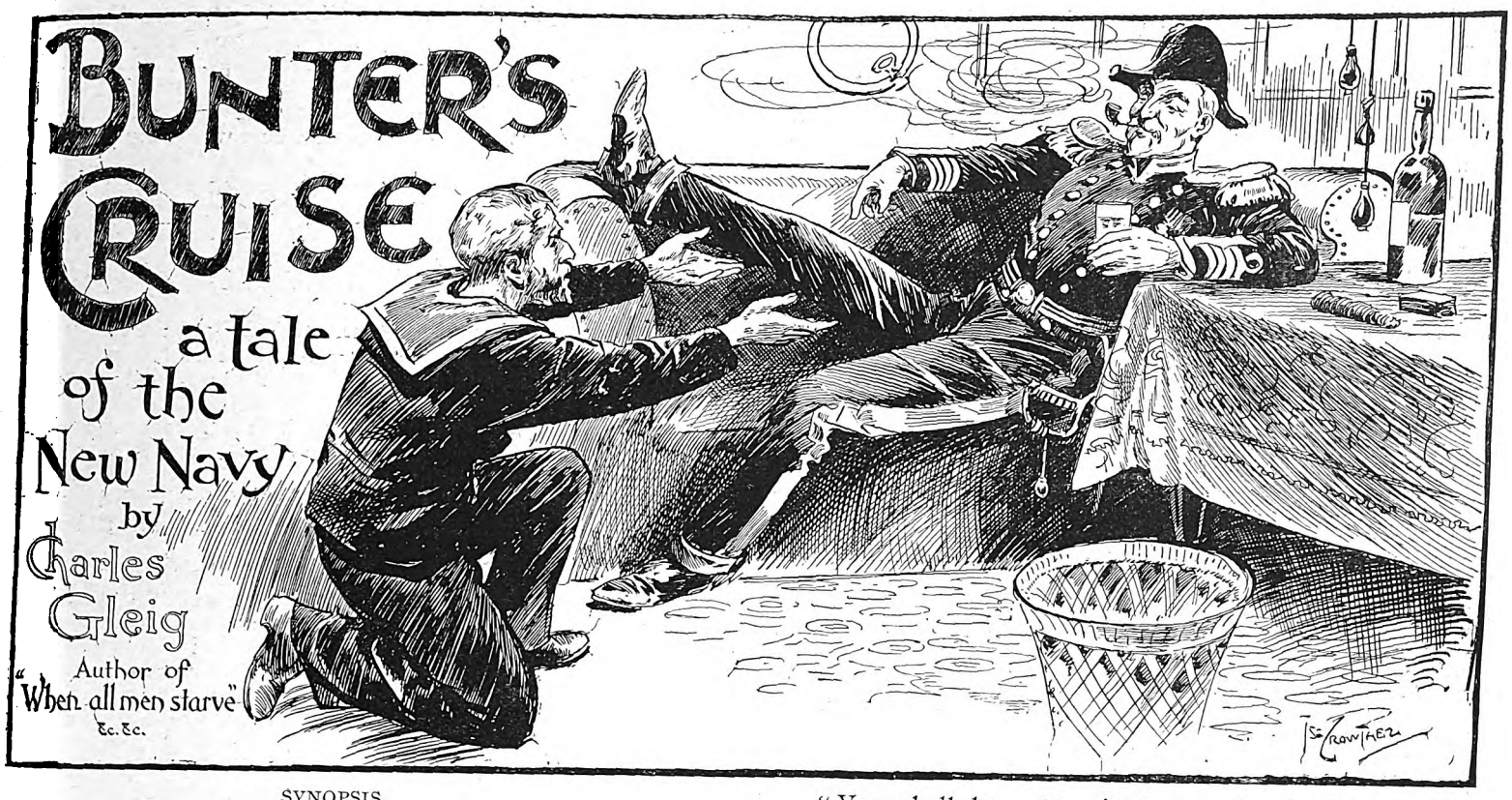

SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., who is in love with a publican's daughter, Nelly Pratten, is baulked in his matrimonial aims by the girl's social ambition. By a series of strange chances, detailed in the early chapters, Bunter contrives to impersonate his own captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale, and persists in the perilous fraud in order to convince Miss Pratten that she ought not to despise a "common sailor." The real captain, who is a stranger to the crew of the "Grunter," is universally mistaken for Bunter, whose clothes he has been obliged to assume. He is brought on board by the police and kept in arrest as a deserter. Next morning the "Grunter" sails for Gibraltar. Captain Laxdale tells his story, and is regarded by the officers as being deranged in mind. Bunter believes himself to be unknown to all the crew, but he is recognised by a seaman named Squib. Of this man Laxdale makes a confidant, offering him a large reward to expose the fraud. Squib, however, hopes to gain more by blackmailing Bunter, and plays a double game. The men of the "Grunter," with the single exception of Squib, regard Captain Laxdale as a skulk who is assuming insanity in order to get out of the Navy. Bunter hopes to escape before the fraud can be discovered, and means to desert at Gibraltar. On the second day of the voyage Captain Laxdale falls overboard in a heavy sea, and is gallantly rescued by Bunter. During the evening Squib makes himself known to Bunter and demands blackmail. Bunter temporises with him. Squib gives Captain Laxdale a garbled account of the interview, and proposes that Laxdale shall escape from the ship at Gibraltar and endeavour to get Bunter arrested. Squib promises to aid in this scheme. On arrival at Gibraltar the Governor invites the captain of the "Grunter" to dinner, and Bunter, seeing no way of refusing the invitation, puts a bold face on the matter and goes into high society. Claudia, the Governor's eldest daughter, is strongly attracted by Bunter's unconventional manners, but he is smitten by the youngest daughter, Eurydice. Bunter's rough manners are attributed to eccentricity, and he is not suspected. The same night Captain Laxdale, relying upon the help of Squib, tries to get ashore in the copper-punt. The plan fails, owing to Squib's duplicity. Next day the Governor and his daughters visit the ship, being invited to tea by Bunter. In making a tour of the decks the visitors pause near Laxdale's mess, and he tries to make himself known to the Governor.

CHAPTER XVIII. *(continued.)*

THE ladies began to move away, and the Governor turned to follow them. "Sir," cried Laxdale, laying a hand upon his arm—"Sir, I must speak to you."

Sir Thomas paused in doubt; but Bunter was equal to the emergency. "Sit down," he roared. "How dare you annoy my guests, you crack-brained idiot! Catch hold of him, some of you men, and keep him quiet!"

The order was promptly obeyed, for Laxdale had no friend but Squib, and he was passive. Three or four of the seamen seized him, hurled him to the deck, and sat upon his chest. When they released him, the impostor and his guests were gone.

As they walked aft to inspect the officers' quarters Bunter apologised for his demented subordinate. "The poor beggar's got his head chock-a-block with mad fancies," he explained. "He'll have to go to hospital at Malta."

"How sad," said Claudia, indifferently.

"I hope they won't shave off his beautiful beard," said Eurydice. "That would be an act of Vandalism."

"But if they do," said Bunter, "I'll ask him to post it to you. There's as good beards on sane chins as ever came off lunatics'."

Eurydice felt the rebuke, though she still pitied the handsome sailor. "I'm hungry now," she said, wistfully.

"It must be the sea air."

"Or the sea hair," suggested Ophelia, cuttingly.

"You shall have tea right away," said Bunter, with renewed good-humour.

"No birch-broom or chicory? I hope," said Ophelia.

"You shall have as good a pot of tea as the Lord Mayor of London," said Bunter, reassuringly.

He led the way to his own cabins.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN OBITUARY NOTICE.

BUNTER was justified in considering his first tea-party in high life a success. Claudia presided at the tray, by right of seniority, and the three ladies did very well indeed with the "fancy grub" provided. Indeed, Bunter scarcely exaggerated when he remarked to Lyle, in a whisper, that "Ophelia lowered sweet cakes like a shark."

"Come, ladies, you're eating next to nothing," he would say, encouragingly. "Try a bit of this potted stuff, Miss Eurydice. It goes down well with bread and butter, and it won't blow you out half as much as that sweet truck."

At this Eurydice blushed and tittered, Ophelia looked as if her cake had turned sour, and even Claudia raised an eyebrow.

"One would think I was a pneumatic tyre," said Eurydice, recovering her gravity.

"Rheumatic what?" asked Bunter, puzzled.

"Rheumatic nothing," said Eurydice. "I am glad to say I'm quite healthy."

"You look so, anyway," said Bunter, admiringly. "Your eyes are as bright as a quarter-deck ring-bolt."

"A poetic simile, indeed," sneered the A.D.C.

"Well, say a lobster's sword scabbard," conceded Bunter.

"I object to both comparisons," said Eurydice, mischievously. "Try again, Captain Laxdale."

"Your tongue's as sharp as a new marline-spike," said Bunter, sniggering. "You're right on the target every time."

"What an eccentric vocabulary you have," said the Governor, glancing round the cabin. "These sea terms are Greek to my poor girls."

"Their novelty is their greatest charm," said Claudia.

"Well, of course, if you like it——" said the Governor. He stopped short, and helped himself liberally to potted truffles.

After tea, the general was lured to the ward-room by Lyle, and Eurydice was able to play with a cigarette. She smoked it with an air of great audacity and of conscious impropriety. "I suppose you'll think me awfully fast?" she said, coquettishly.

"Fast?" echoed Bunter, uncertain of her meaning.

"Lady Boldrewood would be horrified if your sisters smoked, wouldn't she?"

"Would she?" said Bunter, absently. He was so absorbed with the girl's pretty face that he did not heed her foolish words.

"You mean that she wouldn't," said Claudia. "No doubt your sisters smoke as much as most women of fashion."

"I expect so," said Bunter, uneasily.

"And do you like it?" persisted Claudia.

"What, smoking?"

"Yes."

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"Of course I do," said Bunter, with conviction; "but I don't hold with gals smoking, if you mean that."

"Not when I do it?" asked Eurydice, imploringly.

"Well, I meant gals in general," he conceded.

The A.D.C., who was annoyed by Eurydice's flirtation, had moved away to the outer cabin. Presently the girl joined him, and Bunter was left alone with Claudia. "My little sister is a foolish chatter-box," said Claudia, spitefully. "You must excuse her brainlessness, for she is, indeed, a mere butterfly."

"He'll be a lucky chap that nets her," said Bunter.

"Would you break a pretty butterfly on the wheel of marriage?"

"I wasn't thinking of it," stammered Bunter.

Claudia drew her chair closer to Bunter and adopted the sentimental tone that he had already learned to dread.

"A butterfly is no mate for the lion," she said, darkly.

"It would be a rum start, I allow."

"The lion needs a mate with a soul," continued Claudia, meaningly.

"There was a mate of a merchant ship eat by a lion on the West Coast," said Bunter; "but the brute only chewed up his body."

Claudia frowned. "That little fool has infected you with her folly," she said. "Let us turn our attention to higher things."

"Religion, d'you mean?"

"The religion of the soul," said Claudia, ecstatically.

"I'm listening to you, Miss Claudia," he responded, wearily.

"I am going to tell you the tragedy of my life," continued Claudia.

Bunter nodded. He felt no curiosity.

"Three years ago *I* met a lion."

"Where?" cried Bunter, forgetting the metaphor.

"At our own house," said Claudia. "I took him for a lion, but it was only the skin."

"Those rugs do look a bit fierce sometimes," said Bunter, humouring her; but Claudia found deep meaning in his words.

"Ah yes, I was deceived," she groaned—"bitterly deceived."

"Sheered off, did he?" asked Bunter, philosophically.

"Worse than that."

Bunter coughed, warningly. "Perhaps you'd better not tell me about it," he suggested.

"*You* have a soul," murmured Claudia.

"I suppose so," said Bunter, doubtfully.

"And you will sympathise with my broken life," added Claudia.

Bunter resigned himself to the inevitable, and got it in sentimental detail.

"The swab oughter have been kicked," he remarked, when she had ended her tale of woe.

"I knew that you would sympathise with me," sighed Claudia.

"Any decent man would," said Bunter, evasively.

"Ah! no," said Claudia; "many would scorn me for my folly. I lavished the wealth of my heart upon a coxcomb, and he trampled the priceless treasure in the mire."

"Buck up!" said Bunter, soothingly. "You'll get another chance yet." But in this he was insincere, for he thought her too old.

Claudia sank back in her chair and wasted a tender glance. "What do you mean?" she faltered. "Do you mean that you—that I—that—that—that——"

Fortunately for Bunter, the cabin door was here pushed open and the Governor interrupted the tender scene.

"The mails have just come on board," he said. "I hope you'll have news of your father."

"Perhaps you'd like to see them sorted?" suggested Bunter.

The Governor assented, and they proceeded to the quarter-deck, followed by Claudia and her sisters.

The mail bags lay in a brown heap upon the snowy planking; and the men, eager for news from home, had already clustered in the waist, eyeing them wistfully, or with assumed indifference, according to temperament. They were not allowed to come aft, without permission; but the petty officers of the messes were waiting to receive the letters for distribution. The paymaster, fussy and ceremonious as a village post-mistress, superintended the opening of the bags; and the master-at-arms, assisted by Angel, began to sort the letters. The officers stood round, smoking and chatting, and, as their letters were handed to them, broke them open and walked off to read them in some quieter spot.

There were three bags in all, and the letters were so plentiful that every man on board the vessel hoped to receive one from his wife, mother, or sweetheart. Judged from the handwriting, there was a very marked preponderance of feminine letters. Some men received as many as two or three; others none at all. These latter affected an unnatural interest in the newspaper bag; but it was plain from their faces that they were bitterly disappointed. They felt, no doubt, that woman was false and fickle; and, if they did not express the old thought with poetic refinement, they suffered quite as deeply as the finest word-painter that ever wore long hair and a velvet collar.

Ah! ladies, if you but knew the eagerness with which the sailor regards those mail bags from old England! Are not letters the strongest links forged in the furnace of love?

"Two for you, sir," said Angel, touching his cap to the impostor.

Bunter took them and looked doubtfully at the caligraphy of his correspondents. On one envelope he recognised the hand of Lady Sybil; the writing on the second was new to him.

"Pray open your letters," said the Governor. "We'll spare you ten minutes. Perhaps you'll let me glance at some of your newspapers?" he added.

"Here are some," said Bunter, and he handed two or three to the Governor, who retreated to the cabin to skim them.

"You don't seem satisfied with your letters," said Eurydice, slyly. "Hasn't the fair lady caught the post?"

"That's not exactly the trouble," returned Bunter.

Still keeping the unopened letters in his hand, he watched the movements of the sorters. He wondered if Nelly had written to him; and if, by any safe plan, he could secure her letter. The expectation that she had done so was soon confirmed, for he heard Angel read out:

"Edward Bunter," and caught a glimpse of the letter as it was tossed into one of the little heaps.

He turned away, to conceal his vexation, and returned to the cabin. The Governor looked up over the top of the *Daily Coronet* and eyed him curiously. "Have you read your letters?" he asked, gravely.

"No," said Bunter

The Governor rose, and laid his hand upon the impostor's shoulder. "There is bad news for you here," he said, kindly. "Prepare yourself for it, my boy."

"Why, what's wrong?" asked Bunter, indifferently.

"Your elder brother has been thrown from his horse," said the Governor, guardedly. He stopped to observe the effect of this partial disclosure.

"Well?" said Bunter, lightly. "I've been capsized off a horse myself, lots of times."

"But this was a very bad fall," said the Governor, significantly.

"Has he parted his shin-bone, or something?"

Sir Thomas was considerably shocked by the coldness and indifference of the impostor's manner. "Worse than that," he said, sharply. "Poor Lord Winnstay has broken his neck."

Bunter understood then that he would be expected to display some emotion. He was but a poor actor, and he rather overdid his part.

"Oh! my God, how awful!" he exclaimed, dramatically. "Poor old chap! Poor old brother." He sank on to a chair and hid his face in his arms. The absurdity of the situation struck him, and he shook with suppressed laughter.

"I did him injustice," thought the Governor. "He is most deeply and sincerely affected."

"Come, come," he said, sympathetically; "don't give way, my boy. All men must die, you know, and poor Lord Winnstay's end was swift and painless."

"Was it?" gurgled Bunter, without daring to raise his head.

"Quite painless," said the Governor, reassuringly. "Shall I read the account? Can you bear it?"

"Yes, I think I can," said Bunter, doubtfully. "What do they say?"

Very solemnly the Governor addressed himself to his task. He still took death seriously, though he had assisted cheerfully in the butchery of some thousands of national foes. To men of a certain stamp the decease of any member of the peerage is always a matter of moment, and many of our newspapers reflect this point of view.

The report in the *Daily Coronet* was headed "Fatal Accident to a Peer," though it transpired from the context that Viscount Winnstay was not, in fact, a peer, except by courtesy. The Society editor had sacrificed accuracy to sensation; but the account of the accident was tolerably free from gruesome details. These were left to the evening papers, as their lawful prey.

Bunter listened attentively to the report, for he was anxious to learn the christian name of the deceased. He was not insensible to the impropriety of referring to a newly-fledged angel as "poor old chap."

(To be continued.)

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The Soldiers' Battle.

THE battle of Inkerman, the "Soldiers' Battle," as it has very justly been called, was one of the most curious battles ever fought. It is the story of what can be done by mere handfuls of brave men. After their repulse at Balaclava on October 26, 1854, and their unsuccessful sortie from Sebastopol, the Russians may be described as having their backs to the wall. They had been strongly reinforced, and the army which the allies found opposed to them on November 5 numbered 35,000 men. Against this formidable array we had some 8,000 men, who were ultimately reinforced by 6,000 French.

About five o'clock in the morning on that memorable Sunday, November 5, 1854, the men in our camps were endeavouring to light their fires for breakfast, when the alarm was given that the Russians were advancing in force. The pickets of the 2nd Division fell back before the enemy, and the pickets of the Light Division were also compelled to retire. A demonstration was made by the enemy's cavalry and artillery and a small body of infantry against Balaclava, to divert the attention of the French on the heights above and to occupy the Highland Brigade and the Marines. But the principal assault was made on our right. The 2nd Division, under Major-General Pennefather, was, with its field-guns, placed in position. General Adams's Brigade (41st, 47th, and 49th) was pushed forward to check the enemy's advance, while the other brigade (30th, 55th, and 95th) operated on their flanks. They were at once met with a tremendous fire of shot and shell. Sir George Cathcart led the portions of the 20th, 21st, 46th, 57th, 63rd, and 68th Regiments not employed in the trenches against the enemy to the left of the 2nd Division, while Sir George Brown rushed up to the fort with the remnant of the Light Division, consisting of the 7th, 19th, 23rd, and 88th. While the whole army was thus in motion, the Duke of Cambridge led up the Brigade of Guards under Brigadier Bentinck, and these splendid troops, rushing to the front on the right of the 2nd Division, gained the summit of the hills towards which two columns of Russians were struggling.

Two facts must be borne in mind when we read of the terrible conflict that ensued. In the first place, Mentschikoff had got his 35,000 men crammed into too narrow a space to develop his strength properly, and, secondly, the morning was, fortunately for us, foggy, and the Russians could not tell that behind the little force that charged so gallantly there was not a big army in support. The struggle in the gap between the Careerage Ravine and the Tchernaya was one of the most desperate ever witnessed. It is not possible in a short space to include every incident of this extraordinary battle, and we must content ourselves with a few of the most conspicuous actions. No account of the first stage of the fight would be complete that did not record how the 49th defeated a strong column, and drove it to Shell Hill (on the left front of the 2nd Division); how half a battalion of the 77th charged two Russian battalions, and routed them; how 200 men of the 30th charged another two battalions, and drove them and two more back; how the 41st, numbering 525, fought with five battalions, and drove them into the valley of Tchernaya; and how in the end 15,000 Russians were repulsed by a force numbering fewer than 4,000. But there was even stiffer fighting yet to come. Against our weary troops some 19,000 fresh troops were brought into action. The sandbag battery, which had been erected to prevent the Russians from occupying Shell Hill, now became the centre of the fighting. Some 4,000 Russians attacked the battery, which was held by about 700 of our men, who kept them in check until reinforced by the Guards. The battle became more and more desperate, and the fierce onslaught and stubborn defence have been well described as "the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. Back to back on that bloody ground, soddened into a hideous quagmire, the gallant Coldstreams fought against an infuriated multitude till their ammunition was expended; and then, clubbing their muskets, by dint of blows from stock and stone they drove the Russians back far enough to obtain room to form in line, and with levelled bayonets charged the retreating masses, and again joined their comrades." Meanwhile, Sir George Cathcart, while leading up his men under a murderous fire, was shot. In the Light Division, the 88th had advanced so far that they became nearly surrounded, when four companies of the 77th charged the Russians and relieved their comrades. Help was at hand, as the French were hastening to the aid of our wearied troops, and an English 18-pounder battery and some French guns at length silenced the Russian artillery on Shell Hill, and at eleven o'clock the enemy began to waver, and then to retreat. Such are a few incidents of this remarkable battle in which there was no pursuit, for there were no troops fit for the work—a battle in which the victory was due rather to individual effort than to generalship.

Literary News.

GEOGRAPHY is truly one of the most interesting fields of study, when it is properly approached, because it includes all that relates to the material conditions of the world, and of man in relation to it. And yet how badly is geography taught! In Mr. Baring-Gould's new book on the West Country he relates how the children in a Devonshire national school could describe an isosceles triangle and a duodecahedron, and knew the highest peak in Africa and the rivers that drain Siberia, yet could not recognise a bunch of speedwell, nor tell the name of the river flowing through their valley, nor of the highest tor on Dartmoor, which was well within view. There has just been published a volume that is certainly the finest ever written upon geography in the English tongue, "The International Geography," edited by Hugh Robert Mill, D.Sc. (Newnes, 15s.). Already the book has been acclaimed as masterful, and it is nothing else, for its seventy authors are drawn from the ranks of the best geographers in the world, and they have worked on a system that is admirable. I take particular occasion to say here that it is a book of reference that will be found invaluable by Naval and Military officers. Within its thousand pages the character of the whole world is embodied, and there are 488 sketch maps and diagrams. The volume is divided into two unequal parts. The first deals with the principles of geography, Dr. Mill himself treating the general subject. Dr. Downing treats of mathematical geography, measurement, the whole question of geodesy and surveying, and of map-projection and map-making; and map-reading falls to the excellent hands of Mr. Ravenstein. Dr. J. W. Gregory writes upon the plan of the earth, and Dr. Mill upon the origin and nature of land-forms, and, in conjunction with Sir John Murray, upon the oceans. Then Mr. H. N. Dickson deals with atmosphere and climate, Professor J. A. Thomson with the distribution of living creatures, Mr. A. H. Keane with the distribution of man, and Dr. J. Scott Keltie with political and applied geography. Such is the thoroughness of the book, and such the men who write in it. The part I have described covers only 121 pages. Then comes the account of continents and countries. Very often it happens that the descriptions are by eminent native geographers. Thus Professor Yugvar Nielsen and Dr. Thoroddsen deal with the Scandinavian kingdoms, Professors de Lapparent and Raveneau with France, and Professor Kirchoff with Germany. Nothing could be sounder than the treatment. The names of Sir C. W. Wilson (Asiatic Turkey and Arabia), Sir F. J. Goldsmid (Persia), and Sir G. S. Robertson (Afghanistan)—to mention no others—are a guarantee of excellent work. Finally, I may say, as a little further explanation—though the book is inexhaustible—that the structure of the region and its action on race is the leading motive in the description of old countries, while the reaction of race on the region takes the first place in the case of new and developing lands; but always the true groundwork is a description of the country as it is to-day. The index is absolutely perfect, and covers thirty-six pages of close printing.

* * * *

Written, perhaps, *currente calamo*, but coming, in any case, aptly, like hot rolls for breakfast, there appears "Under the Sjambok: A Tale of the Transvaal," by George Hansby Russell (Murray, 6s.). Now the sjambok, as all the world knows by this time, is that villainous leathern thong with which "brother Boer" is apt to visit fraternal tenderness. It falls, indeed, more often upon black shoulders than upon white, as in Mr. Russell's story, though the villainy is all to the narrator and his beauteous ward. Left to his charge by a dying friend, he has to discover her in the Transvaal, and he becomes the victim of plots at the hands of a coarse Boer villain and a couple of Landdrosts. The most remarkable thing about this hero—for he really is the hero, though there is a gallant lover for the lady—is that, though the story is autobiographical, his hearing is so abnormally acute that he overhears conversations of his enemies in a way very helpful to the development of the story. Thus Mr. Russell escapes the disadvantages of the method he has chosen. The villain murders Field-cornet Viljoen, and attempts to convict the hero of the deed, at the very moment when he is engaged in protecting the hero from worse than death. It is a bustling story, very full of incident, with an element of mystery, in the action of a kid-gloved villain, not the Boer, and an excellent description of native life and scenery. Altogether a very readable story of adventure, well written, and just the thing for the time. Of course the Boer brutality may be overdrawn, but there is a basis of fact for all that is said. This is how Mr. Russell describes certain choice examples: "I could make out that they were three Boers—dirty, ugly specimens of a dirty race. Their unkempt hair hung down on their shoulders, for they were what colonials call 'taak haarers' or 'doppers.' They were dressed in corduroys, the trousers being very short and baggy, exposing their dirty unstockinged ankles, while their jackets only reached down to about their waists. Their faces were covered by rough, bushy beards, and looked as if they had not been washed for a year—very likely true, as your Boer hates water." An unpleasant picture of the men who use the sjambok!

* * * *

Another book to which attention may be directed at the present time is "Raiders and Rebels in South Africa," by Elsa Goodwin Green (Newnes, 5s.). Mrs. Green went as a trained hospital nurse to Pretoria and Johannesburg at the time of the crisis of 1895, and was for some time at the Krugersdorp hospital, engaged in nursing the wounded from Doornkop. Her experiences were exceedingly interesting, and she gives an excellent account of the conditions that prevailed in Johannesburg after the Jameson raid. Then upon the Mashona rising she went to Rhodesia, travelling by way of Durban, Beira, and the Pungwé, and was long at the military hospital at Umtali. She gives an account of the execution of Makoni, and describes the danger that surrounded white people in those parts in most thrilling manner. Then she carries us by waggon to Fort Salisbury, and relates many of the terrible scenes that occurred during the Mashona revolt. Much has been written about those events, but never quite from Mrs. Green's point of view, and I promise readers that, especially at this time, her little volume will prove exceedingly interesting. It is prettily illustrated by her own hand, and is itself an excellent illustration of South African life.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Story of the War.

SINCE the issue of the last number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED there have been stirring events to prove that at last we have emerged from the stage of what may be fitly called armed negotiation, and have entered upon that of open war. The guns have spoken, and nothing now remains but a series of stern engagements between ourselves and the two South African Republics—for the Orange Free State is now as irretrievably involved in the hostilities as is the Transvaal—to determine, once and for all, the paramountcy of this country in South Africa, and, incidentally, Great Britain's ability to secure by force of arms what she claims in the name of justice and international right.

The Transvaal was not long in following up its preposterous "ultimatum" to the British Government. On the evening of the 12th inst., as an armoured train was coming up from Vryburg to Mafeking, in charge of Lieutenant Nesbitt and some fifteen colonial troops, an incident took place at Kraaipan, forty miles south of Mafeking, which rapidly developed into the first fight of the Second Boer War. Briefly, the Boers had crossed the border at this point, and, having torn up the rails, had retired to some distance and placed their artillery so as to command the gap in the line. The train came along, was derailed, and immediately pounded by the Boers with artillery fire. Lieutenant Nesbitt's little band took up a defensive position, and returned the fire to the best of their ability. But, of course, such a conflict could have but one ending, and after a gallant resistance the defenders were overpowered and taken prisoners. The engagement, insignificant as it was, was highly typical of Boer military methods, but, though regrettable, is, as an incident of the war, of the very smallest importance.

The wrecking of the railway line at this point is another matter, and one which may have grave consequences, although it had been fully anticipated. It means the complete isolation for the moment of British Bechuanaland and Rhodesia; and as Mafeking, the capital of the former, is known to be a principal Boer objective, the situation is not without anxiety. At the same time, Mafeking is strongly garrisoned by an efficient force under Colonel Baden-Powell, and may be expected to give an excellent account of itself against Commandant Cronje's commando, which is threatening it with, it is said, greatly superior artillery. An attack is said to have taken place, and to have been repulsed; but until communications have been properly re-established, all reports from this quarter must be received with caution.

An attempt has been made by the Free State Boers to isolate Kimberley, and, so far as the temporary rupture of communications is concerned, this may cause some inconvenience but very little anxiety. As a matter of fact, the Boer strategy in regard to these isolations is defective because it is incomplete. An isolation is a very sound measure, if it can be followed by a successful attack; but here the Boers are lacking, as instanced by the siege of Potchefstroom in 1881, when it took nearly 2,000 Boers three months to reduce a little fort manned by 200 men and two guns. Isolations, too, require a large number of troops to give them any but fleeting importance, and the 6,000 or 7,000 Boers who are now supposed to be watching Kimberley and Mafeking must form no inconsiderable portion of the total forces of the two Republics.

As regards reinforcements, the troops in Cape Colony have received welcome additions, by the arrival of the headquarters and four companies of the Yorkshire Light Infantry from Mauritius, and of the 9th Lancers, who have come in from India *viâ* Durban. On or about the 22nd inst. the "Sumatra" is expected at Cape Town with the 1st Border Regiment from Malta. Towards the end of last week the "Avoca" arrived at Durban with the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers from Cairo, and in a few days the Natal garrison may be expected to be further stiffened by the three batteries of Field Artillery which are on their way from home in the "Zibenghla" and "Zayothla."

On Saturday last General Sir Redvers Buller, General and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in South Africa, left Southampton in the "Dunottar Castle" amid scenes of great enthusiasm. Meanwhile the mobilisation of his Army Corps had been proceeding most satisfactorily, the period during which Reservists were notified to rejoin having finally expired on Tuesday last. The next development in this direction will be the embarkation of an entire brigade on this Saturday, the 21st, to which we shall give full attention both pictorially and in a literary sense next week.

We have purposely left the narrative of events in Natal to the last, as here, if anywhere, the situation may develop on really broad lines, of which already we have had some indication. At the end of last week both the Orange Free State and Transvaal Boers were crossing the borders with long trains of waggons, indicating either a comprehensive advance, or, more probably, the establishment of large camps in the frontier districts. On the 12th a great movement of Free State Boers was reported *viâ* the Tintwa Pass, and on the morning of the 14th Sir George White moved out of Ladysmith with a strong reconnoitring force, possibly with the idea of inflicting a smart blow should a favourable opportunity offer. But the Boers appear to have retired through the Pass, and, notwithstanding a series of wild rumours of a "Great British Victory," no collision whatever took place, and the force returned to Ladysmith in the afternoon.

Since then there have been, to the time of writing, no serious developments, but of course a collision may take place at any moment, and meanwhile a pretty continuous string of minor incidents may be expected. The Boers have occupied Newcastle, but General Joubert is said to be fortifying Laing's Nek, which does not look as if any further advance were at present contemplated. The truth probably is that not only is the enemy greatly disappointed at our not pushing forward to meet him on Laing's Nek, where he would be, strategically speaking, very much at home, but that he is also surprised and pained to find us in such strength and so extremely well prepared both at Ladysmith and Glencoe.

A few days ago the Boers were full of warlike bluster, and of the vigour with which they would sweep back the "rooineks" to the sea, but to-day the spirit of caution seems to be asserting itself, fostered perhaps by a weak commissariat and a very doubtful transport system. Here and there shots are being exchanged between patrols, and early in the week half-a-dozen Natal Police fell into a trap and were captured, but there has not been, and for some time there hardly seems likely to be, any "Great Victory" either way. At the same time the passes leading into Natal are crowded with men and waggons, and there seems no question that the total Boer forces are larger than they were at first thought to be. It is satisfactory, therefore, to learn that fresh local Volunteers are being raised—2,000 for Cape Colony, and 1,000 for Natal.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards (I)	Ladysmith, Natal
5th Lancers	Ladysmith, Natal
9th ,, (I)	Cape Frontier
18th Hussars	Camp near Dundee, Natal
19th ,, (I)	Ladysmith, Natal

ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

10th Mount'n Bat'ry	Camp near Dundee, Natal
14th Company Western Division	Cape Town
23rd ,, ,, ,,	Kimberley

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

13th Battery	Camp near Dundee, Natal
18th ,, (H)	En Route
21st ,, (I)	Ladysmith, Natal
42nd ,, (I)	Ladysmith, Natal
53rd ,, (I)	Ladysmith, Natal
62nd ,, (H)	En Route
67th ,,	Camp near Dundee, Natal
69th ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
75th ,, (H)	En Route

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Devonshire (I)	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Leicestershire	Camp near Dundee, Natal
1st Gloucestershire (I)	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Border (M)	Cape Frontier
1st North Lancashire	½ Battalion Mafeking, ½ Battalion Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	Nauwpoort, Cape Colony
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	De Aar, Cape Colony
1st King's Royal Rifles	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd ,, ,, ,, (I)	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Manchester	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders (I)	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers (E)	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	Cape Frontier
2nd Dublin Fus.	Camp near Dundee, Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade (C)	Cape Frontier

NOTE.—De Aar and Nauwpoort are the stations at the western and eastern ends respectively of the junction line that joins the two railways Cape Town *via* Kimberley to Bulawayo and Port Elizabeth *via* Bloemfontein to Pretoria. The regiments whose station is given as "Cape Frontier" are those which have been sent forward to De Aar Junction, and are guarding the line of the Rhodesian railway that runs northward through Kimberley, Vryburg, and Mafeking to Bulawayo. These troops are also available for the defence of Aliwal North and the line which runs from East London through Stormberg and Burghersdorp and connects, by a junction line from Stormberg to Nauwpoort, and directly at Springfontein, just inside the Orange Free State border, with the Port Elizabeth line to Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

The reinforcements recently sent to South Africa are (H) from Home, (I) from India, (E) from Egypt, (C) from Crete, (M) from Malta.

The position of the troops and the strength at the various strategic points can be seen at a glance by a reference to the map on page 59 of the Double Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of October 7. The regiments of Buller's Army Corps that have left or are immediately about to leave by this date are as follows: 3rd Grenadier Guards (from Gibraltar), 1st Coldstream Guards (from Gibraltar), 2nd Coldstream Guards, 1st Scots Guards, 2nd Devonshire, 2nd West Yorkshire, 2nd West Surrey, and 2nd East Surrey.

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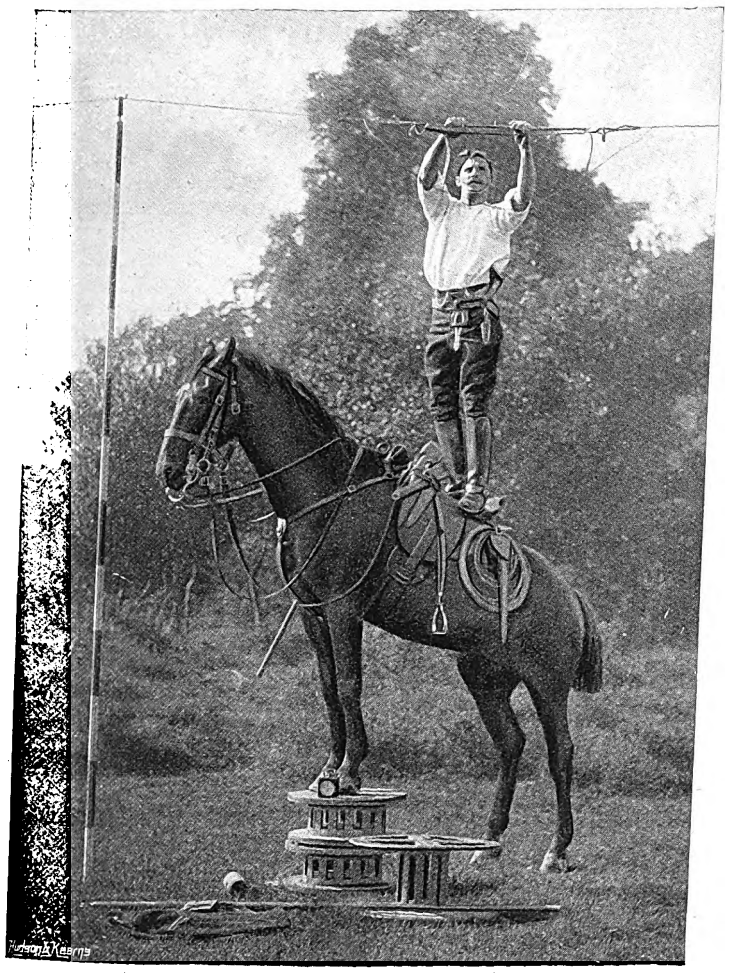
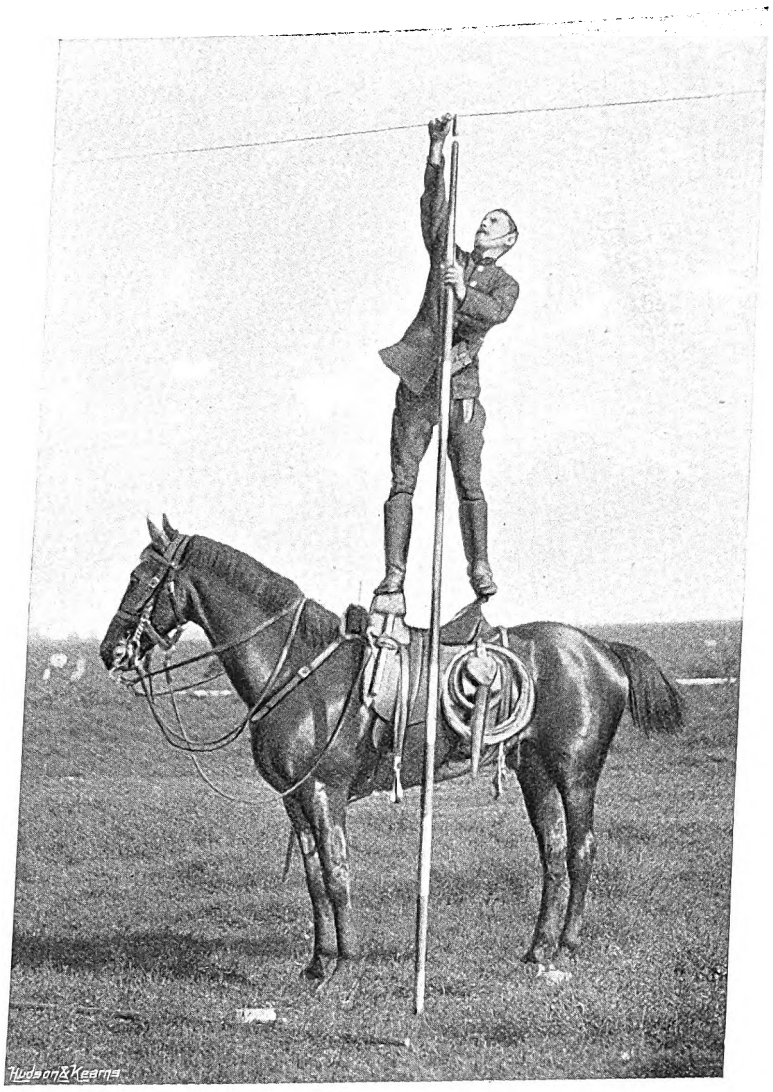
The Telegraph Battalion.

THE duties of the Royal Engineers are manifold. To them are assigned, in the first place, the charge and conservation of lands, stores, and unoccupied buildings belonging to the War Department, and the duty of designing, constructing, and maintaining all War Department works, buildings, and machinery. They are also responsible for the water supply, electric light and gas systems, and drains in barracks. They also construct parades, roads, military railways, canals, bridges, fortifications, and land and submarine mines, and supply the necessary men for the making and working of military balloons. Besides performing these and other similar duties, the Royal Engineers construct and work the military telegraphs.



A JOIN FOUND NECESSARY.

This duty falls to the Telegraph Battalion, which is divided into two divisions. In peace-time the first of these divisions is stationed at Aldershot, and is employed for purely military telegraph work. It is provided with portable telegraph *matériel*, and is constantly exercised in field telegraphic operations. The 2nd Division, while also an entirely military body, is attached to the postal telegraph service, and has charge of a large district in the South of England. By this means the officers and men become thoroughly acquainted with the details of telegraph work on a large scale. The Telegraph Battalion, whose uniform, by the way, is the same as that of the other battalions of the Royal Engineers, namely, scarlet with blue velvet facings, contains a certain proportion of mounted men. These are armed with cavalry carbines while

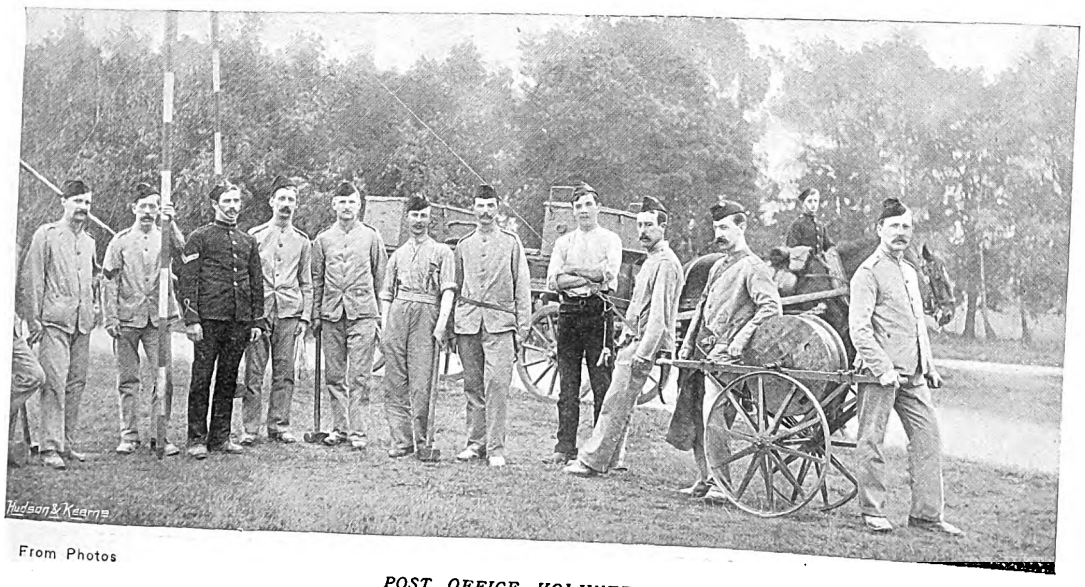


PUTTING UP A WIRE.

the dismounted men have Artillery carbines and sword bayonets. Two of our illustrations show how useful the mounted men are in laying the field telegraph. One picture is also interesting as showing that the horse, as well as his rider, seems to know his duty.

All men who enlist for dismounted units of the Royal Engineers must have a trade, and the terms of enlistment vary. Men for the telegraph reserve enlist for three years with the colours and three years' reserve service. These are all men who are employed in the Post-Office telegraph service, and who are classed as efficient volunteers. They are usually transferred to the reserve immediately on enlistment. Telegraph reservists are discharged on ceasing to serve the Post-Office, or on ceasing to count as official volunteers.

Two of our illustrations depict groups of the 24th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, which is entirely composed of employés of the General Post-Office. The men are telegraph reservists, and are doing their annual training at Aldershot. The regiment, which musters some 1,100 men, has an interesting history. Towards the end of 1867 the Fenians attempted to blow up Clerkenwell Prison. The Government thereupon invited citizens of London to enrol themselves for the preservation of order, and thousands of special constables were sworn in. One thousand five hundred men in



From Photos

POST OFFICE VOLUNTEERS

By a Military Officer.

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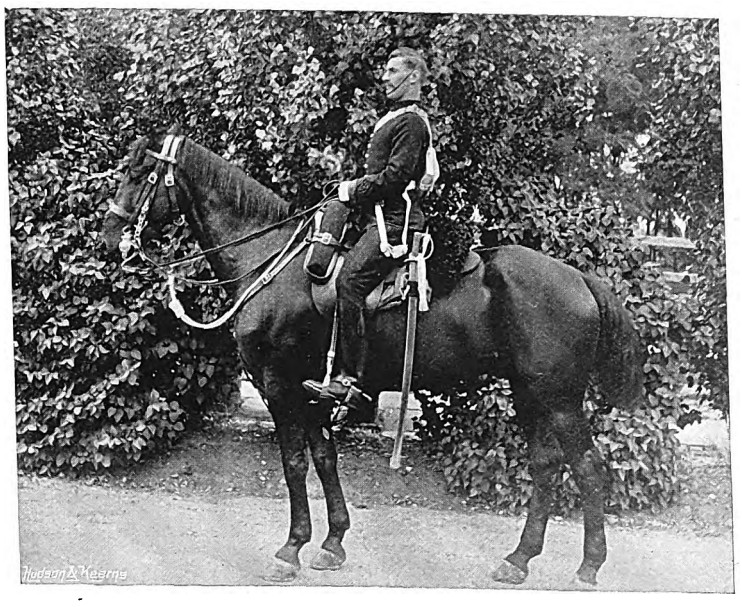
the service of the General Post-Office were enrolled. The period of danger passed by, but the Post-Office men, having once been organised, soon evinced a creditable degree of military efficiency, and when the special constables were disbanded they obtained the requisite authority to form a volunteer corps. In 1868 the Post-Office men were officially gazetted as the 49th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.

VOLUNTEER TELEGRAPHISTS, WITH "TACKLE."

They rapidly became a soldierly body, and they can now boast of being the only volunteer regiment that has seen active service. When the campaign in Egypt in 1882 was planned, the British postal and telegraph arrangements were placed in charge of the "Army Postal Corps," composed entirely of men of the 49th Middlesex, which soon afterwards became the 24th Middlesex, and was attached to the Rifle Brigade. The services of the Post-Office men in Egypt were highly appreciated, and Lord Wolseley in his despatches made special mention of "the admirable manner in which the Post-Office Corps discharged all their duties." The colonel-in-chief of the corps is the Duke of Teck, while Colonel S. R. Thompson is commanding officer.



A SERGEANT OF THE TELEGRAPH BATTALION.

It would be impossible to notice all the occasions on which our military telegraph service has proved its efficiency, and we can only glance at a few cases in which special commendation has been given to the Telegraph Battalion. During the first Ashanti War, at forty-eight hours' warning, a complete force trained in the postal telegraph service was sent out with stores, etc., drawn from the Post-Office, and were eminently successful in their work. During the Zulu War some of the colonial lines were taken over and worked by military telegraphists. In 1882 the existing telegraph lines were similarly worked up to the time of the capture of Cairo.

During the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 the telegraph service was of the utmost importance. The following facts, gathered from that admirable work, "The Army Book for the British Empire," will give some idea of the work done by the telegraph section on that occasion. A line already existed from Cairo nearly to Korti, and this was continued for eighty-nine miles to Hamdab, the whole length of the wire from Cairo to Hamdab being 1,169 miles. For more than half this distance, that is to say, from Cairo up to Wady Halfa, the line was worked by the Egyptian telegraph department, and along this stretch interruptions frequently occurred. The rest of the line was worked partly by military and partly by Egyptian operators, but was entirely under the Director of Telegraphs. Beyond Wady Halfa there was but a single wire, and as an example of the strain thrown upon the telegraph service it was stated that on one night 17,000 words were by this one wire signalled from Korti. No fewer than 188 miles of new line were laid down, and forty miles of the existing line were renewed.

In the Dongola Expedition of 1896 the laying of the telegraph was under the direction of Lieutenant Manifold, R.E. Throughout the campaign he generally managed to have his line laid to a place by the time the troops had established themselves in it. The wire in lengths of a mile was coiled on revolving wheels and carried on camels. As the camels moved forward the wire was unwound and trailed on the ground. The work of stretching and poling was, of course, attended to at a later date. At the end of the campaign a cable was laid across the river at Kerma, and Dongola was thus put in telegraphic communication with the outer world. On September 7 last year (in the subsequent campaign) the telegraph was brought to Omdurman. The date is memorable as being also the day on which the news was received that the French had occupied Fashoda. The Indian Frontier Campaigns furnish other examples, but enough has been said to show that the battalion is efficient.

From Photos. RECEIVING A MESSAGE. By a Military Officer.

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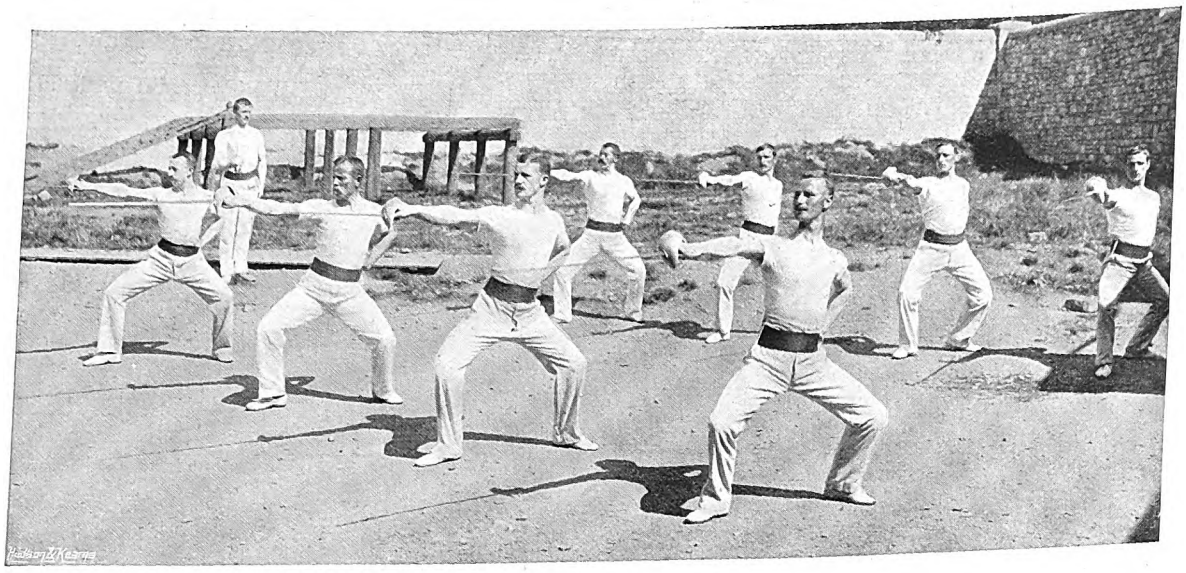
The Art and Mystery of Swordsmanship.

How Soldiers are Trained.



A POSTURE OF DEFENCE.

IN many things that tend to make soldiers fit for war, the rank and file of the British Army have improved greatly in standards that were once thought sufficient; but in nothing is this improvement more marked than in the use of weapons for fighting at close quarters. To this result military tournaments have undoubtedly contributed much, but they would never have gained their present popularity without the encouragement that is given by commanding officers and the facilities afforded for practice in the regimental or district gymnasium. In old days battles were won by the bayonet, not because our men individually were taught the best methods of using that weapon, but simply because of the indomitable resolution that made a British line so steady in its advance at the charge with bristling bayonets, so firm against the firmest onset of its foes.

It is, perhaps, too generally assumed that the days of hand-to-hand combats between the soldiers of European armies have gone, and that battles henceforth must be decided by deadly fire from maxims and magazine rifles at comparatively long range. Fortunately, however, that opinion does not commend itself to British soldiers, who know, no matter what improvement may be made in weapons of precision, that the final issue must always be fought out at close quarters.

The bayonet will still tell at the finish, and it is well, therefore, that our men should be trained to wield their arms with all possible effect. Skill and discipline combined are better than either without the other, and, so long as nothing more important is sacrificed thereby, a soldier cannot make himself master of too many weapons. Every exercise to this end trains the body for action, quicker than thought in a moment of emergency, and an infantryman who has learned to fence with foil or sabre will find that knowledge a great aid to the effective use of his bayonet when pitted against a swordsman. It can never be possible to train a large number of the rank and file to much proficiency in this respect, but the more men-at-arms we have in every battalion the better.

STAFF-DRILL-SERGEANT RADCLIFFE.

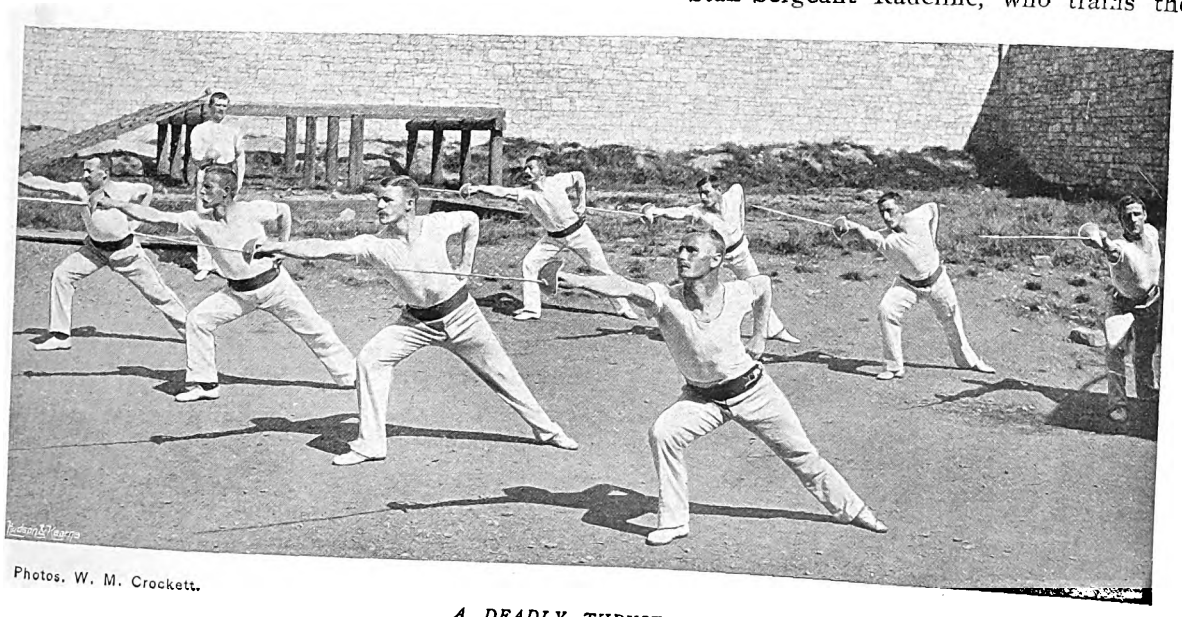
This is the principle on which sergeant-instructors in gymnastics are encouraged to acquire dexterity in the use of several weapons, so that they may impart something of that knowledge to others. Mere ability to execute, with some precision, a series of cuts and guards, thrusts and parries, is not considered sufficient in these days.

Swordsmanship must be learnt according to the most approved methods, and these are altogether distinct from the style that found favour ten or fifteen years ago. For lessons either in sabre play or fencing, we go now not to French masters but to the Florentine School, where modern professsors cultivate with success the art that made their predecessors famous in mediæval times. A straight arm, held so that the fullest force of shoulder muscles and triceps can be thrown into every movement, is characteristic of Italian sabre exercise which in some points may be likened to the old single-stick play.

A glance at the illustrations in which the postures of attack and defence are clearly depicted, will enable a novice to see how a sword should be held, so that every fibre of the arm gives strength to a parry and vigour to a cut. In the mere turn of every man's wrist one can see what strength is behind their weapons, and how ready they are to return cut for cut. As they lunge, arm and sword are in one line with all the weight of the body behind them, and in recovering to guard the outstretched arm enables a man to parry, thrust, or cut with the least waste of energy.

In the style of foil-fencing we see practically similar methods illustrated, and the bent blade is hardly needed to make us feel how much force is in a home thrust so delivered.

Staff-Sergeant Radcliffe, who trains the non-commissioned officers in swordsmanship at Devonport gymnasium, looks the picture of an agile fencer, and his skill as a teacher is proved by the number of accomplished swordsmen who have successfully graduated in that school.



Photos. W. M. Crockett.

A DEADLY THRUST.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 143.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28th, 1899.

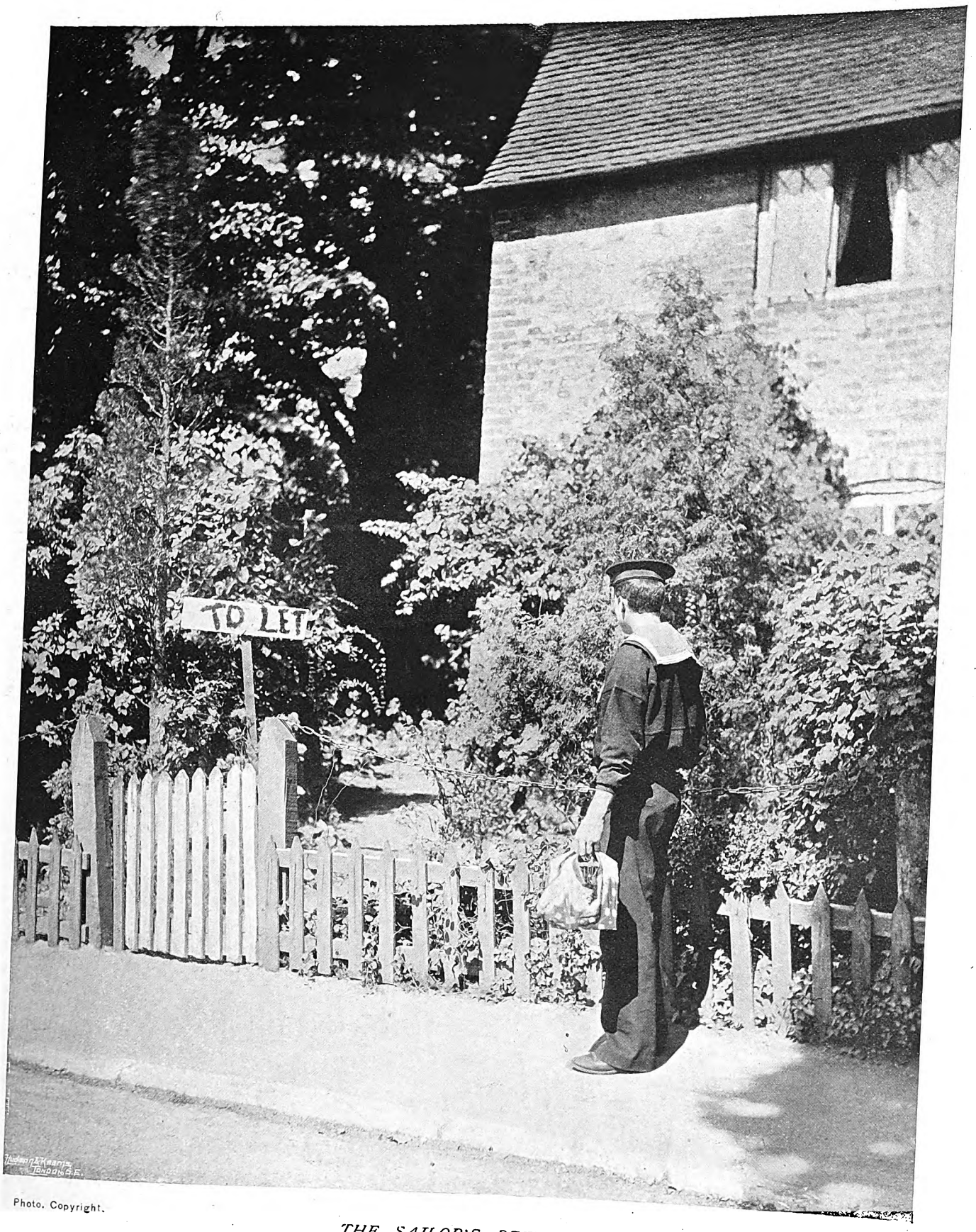

Photo. Copyright.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

"Navy & Army."

"It may have been only idle curiosity which made that lad stop and gaze at the empty cottage, but his white drawn face belied him if there was not a tragedy in his young life connected with it. It was cruel to snap him, but——"—*A Correspondent.*

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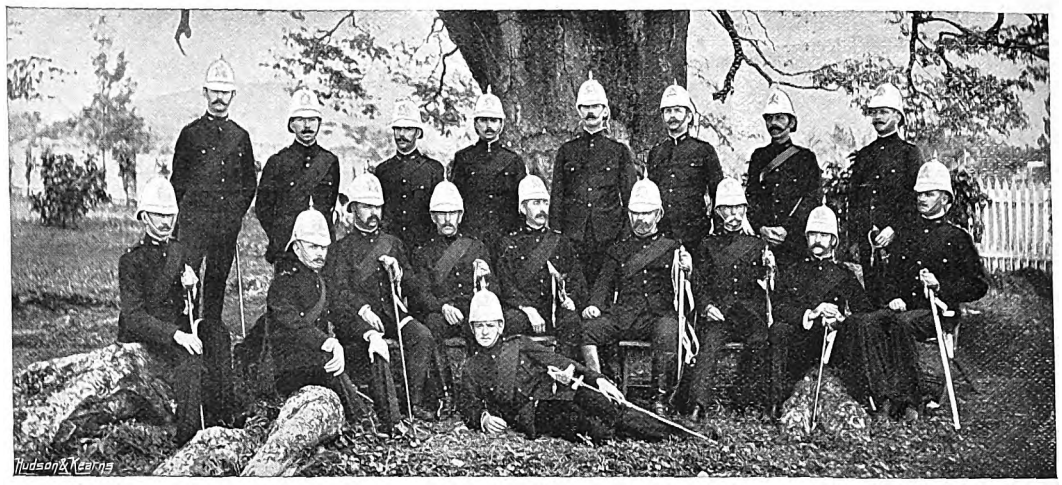
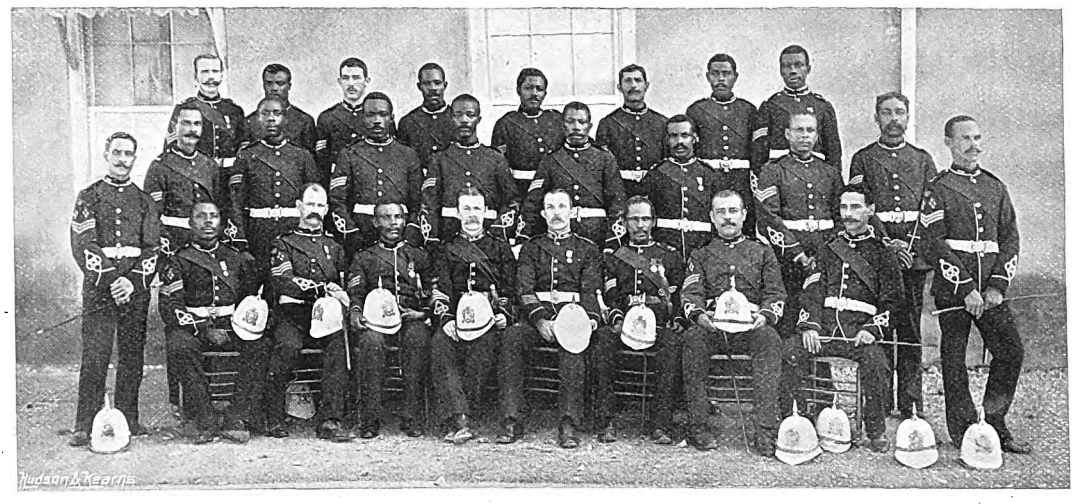
The Jamaica Militia.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

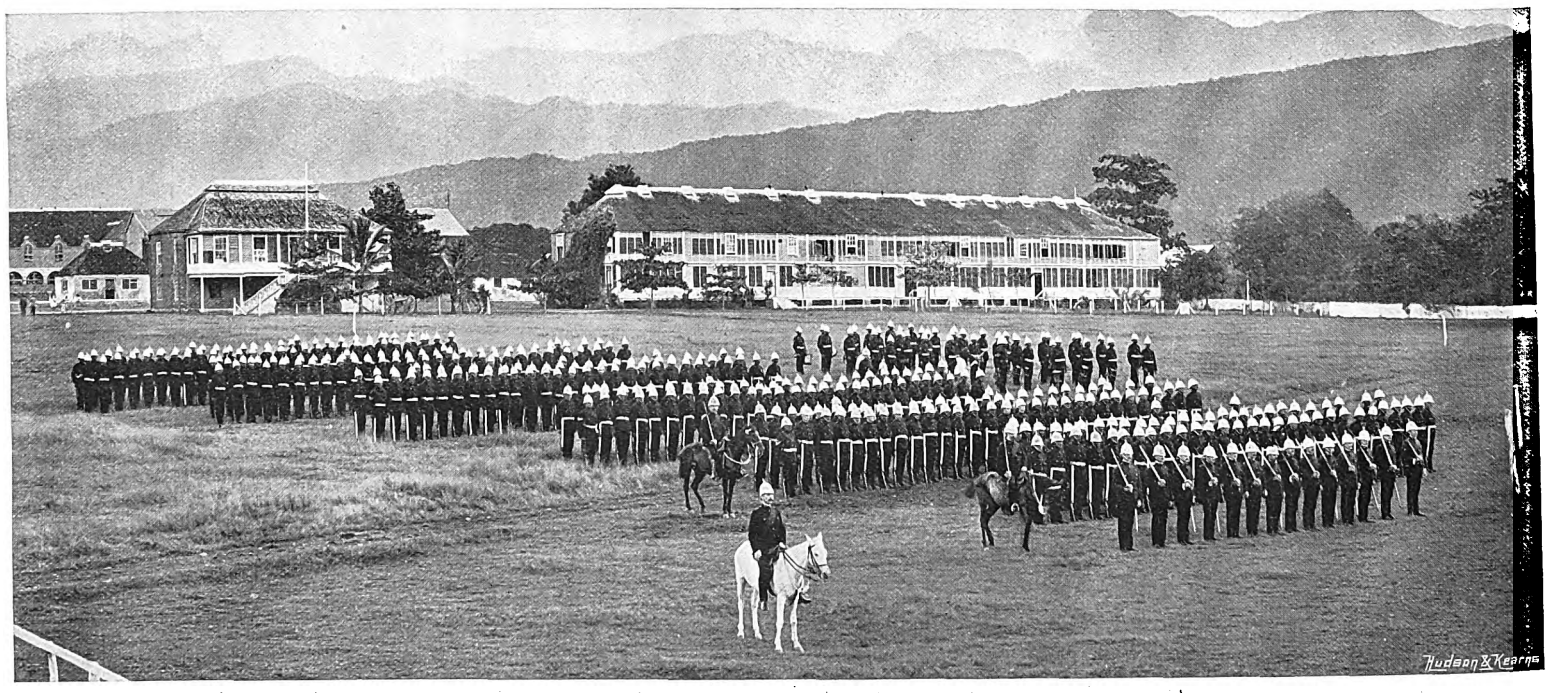
THE earliest record of a Militia in Jamaica dates back as far as the year 1661, six years only after the acquisition of the island by the British. There is in the Record Office in London a manuscript "Account of the Militia and Inhabitants" of that year in a journal kept by Colonel (afterwards Sir William) Beeston. In 1662 it is stated that Lord Windsor, on his arrival as Governor, "established the Militia," the strength then being 2,500; in 1680 the number had risen to 5,000; and in the year 1825 the strength of the force in the island numbered no less than 8,827. From the year 1680 the Militia constantly occupied the attention of the House of Assembly, and it was often employed against rebellious negroes in various parts of the island. In 1694 it successfully resisted an attack on the island by the French fleet commanded by Admiral Ducasse, and for this service the royal blue facings were granted to the Militia. The following is an account: "On June 18, 1694, Mons. Ducasse, Governor of Hispaniola, with three ships of war, twenty-three transports, and 1,500 men, anchored in Carlisle Bay, and the next day proceeded to the attack of a breastwork which Sir William Beeston, the Governor of the island, had caused to be thrown up hastily near the shore. Two hundred Militia defended the post gallantly for a considerable time, killing several of the enemy, and eventually retreating in good order, though with a loss of some of their own officers. At this time Militia reinforcements arrived from Spanish Town, consisting of two troops of horse and two regiments of foot, and, though fatigued by their long march, immediately charged the enemy with such fury as obliged him to retreat. Some skirmishes happened the three following days, but at length the French army was driven back to its ships, with a loss of 700 men, and sailed for Hispaniola on the 24th. On the part of the brave Militia 100 were killed and wounded." In the Maroon War of 1795, the disturbances of 1831, and again in the troubles of 1865, the Militia took an honourable part, and stood shoulder to shoulder with the British regiments. The present force was organised in 1885 under the auspices of General Sir H. W. Norman, then Governor. Two companies of Garrison Artillery and a battalion of infantry, the total strength being 800 of all ranks, compose the present establishment of the Jamaica Militia. They are stationed at Kingston, and for discipline and training are under Major-General Hallowes. Every officer and man of this battalion has volunteered for service in the Transvaal.



THE OFFICERS OF THE JAMAICA MILITIA.



THE STAFF-SERGEANTS AND SERGEANTS.



Photos. Copyright. Cleary, Jamaica.

THE INFANTRY BATTALION ON PARADE—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PINNOCK IN COMMAND.

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A Fine Old "European" Regiment.

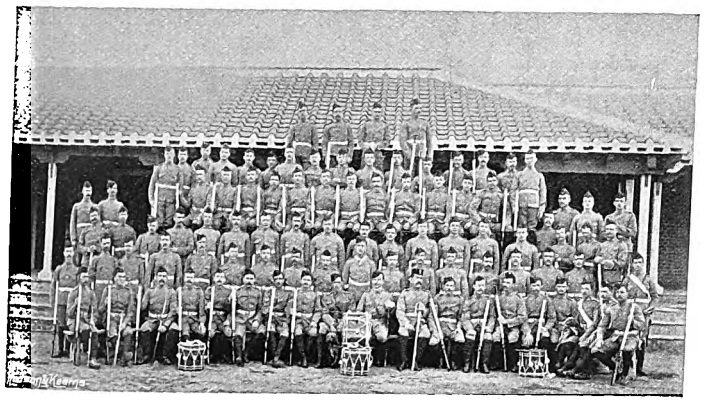
THE 2nd BATTALION ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS.

THE OFFICERS.
2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers

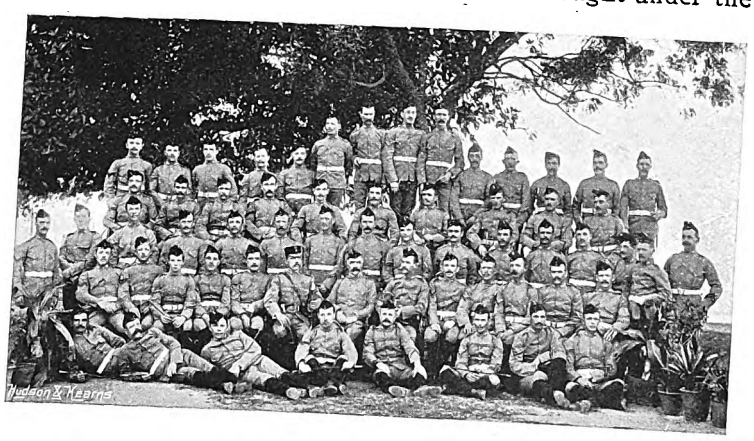
THE 1st Battalion of this fine old European regiment, whose history is so gloriously linked with that of the British Indian Empire, is included amongst the reinforcements that have already been sent to Natal—where it has just arrived. Immediately before their departure the officers of the battalion were photographed on the steps of the mess-house at Fermoy; and this group, with a brief reference to the regiment, was reproduced in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for September 16 The present series of illustrations, showing the 2nd Battalion at Dinapore, has an especial interest at the present time when the sister corps has just "gone to the front."

The 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers was formed by Clive in 1756 out of a number of independent European companies, and became known as the Bengal European Regiment. Later on it was incorporated with the British Regular Army as the 101st Royal Bengal Fusiliers, on the demise of the East India Company, when the entire Indian Army was transferred to the Queen's service. Subsequently, on the territorial reorganisation of the infantry, the 2nd Bengal European Regiment (which had become the 104th Bengal Fusiliers) was united with the 101st, and the two combined to form the regiment now known as the Royal Munster Fusiliers. The 2nd Battalion is junior to the 1st Battalion by more than three-quarters of a century, having been raised in 1839 from volunteers supplied by the 1st Bengal European Regiment. Thus, on the territorial reorganisation, this battalion was simply regrafted on to the parent stock from which it had originally sprung.

The history of these two battalions recalls memories of nearly all the great battles, sieges, and commanders that have made famous the rise of British power in India. Under Clive, perhaps the most remarkable self-taught soldier who ever lived, the 1st Battalion took part in the memorable battle of Plassey, wherein Clive, with only 1,000 British and 2,000 native soldiers, signally defeated Surajah Dowlah with his 68,000 men, and thereby planted the firm root from which the British Indian Empire was destined to arise. At Condore, Masulipatam, Badara Buxar, Rohilcund, the operations in the Carnatic, Sholingur, Goojerat, Deig, and Bhurtpore, further laurels were won under Eyre Coote, Lake, Hector Munroe, and David Baird, whilst the number of lesser actions fought under the command of less famous leaders would suffice to furnish matter for an entire volume.

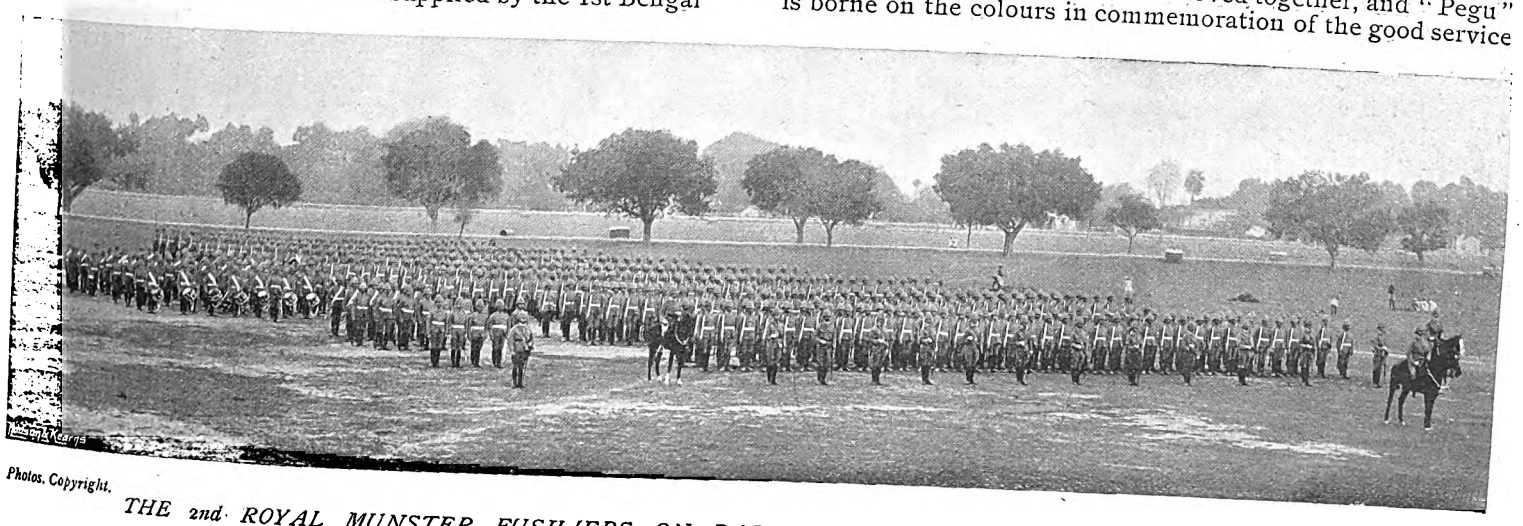


CAPTAIN CORYDON'S COMPANY.
Private Phillis Absent.



THE CORPORALS.
2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Passing to more modern times, we find the 1st Bengal Europeans fighting in the first Afghan War, including the siege and capture of Ghuznee; whilst in the desperate campaign against the gallant Sikhs the regiment displayed all its ancient prowess in the bloody contests at Ferozeshuhur, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat. In the campaign in Burmah, 1851-53, both battalions served together, and "Pegu" is borne on the colours in commemoration of the good service



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THE 2nd ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS ON PARADE—SOMETHING LIKE A BATTALION.

Dagg.

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done. At Delhi the two were again side by side; whilst the 1st Battalion has also Lucknow to its credit. There is a romance about Lucknow that can never fade so long as arms are borne by men; and the unselfishness of the gallant Outram vies with the heroic perseverance of Havelock for the first place amongst the memories of that wonderful episode.

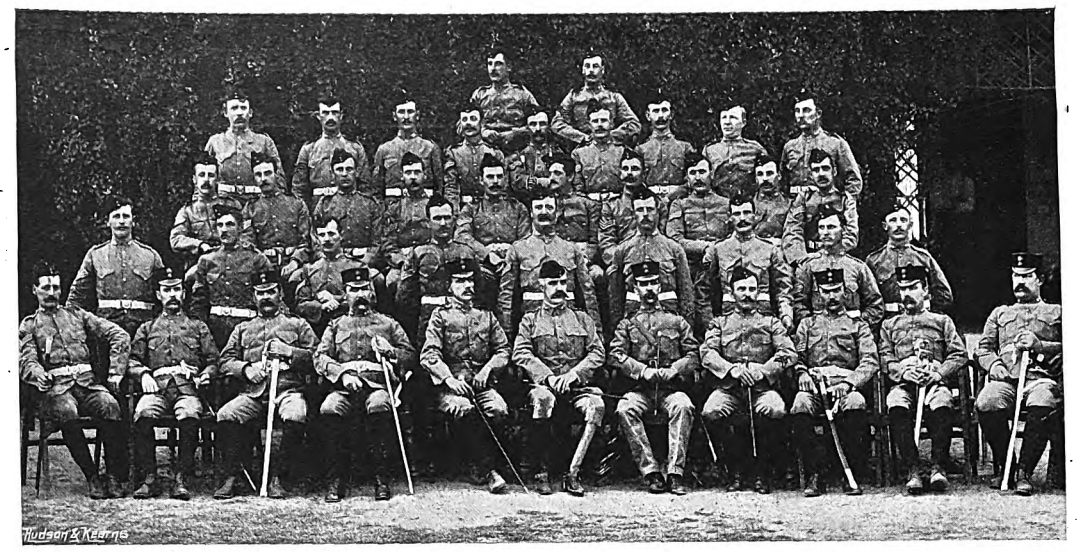

Photo. Copyright. THE WARRANT OFFICERS, STAFF-SERGEANTS, AND SERGEANTS. *Dagg.*
2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.

The 2nd Battalion of the Munster Fusiliers served in Burmah in 1885-87, where it took a full share in all the hardships endured by our troops in that pestilential climate. Guerilla warfare in an unhealthy country is the most trying that any soldiers can be called upon to undertake, and the Munsters have good reason to be proud of the manner in which they acquitted themselves against diseases as well as against Dacoits. The battalion is under orders to return home during the current "trooping season," having passed creditably through a long spell of foreign service, amounting to no less than seventeen and a-half years.

The first illustration of the series published to-day reproduces a photograph of the officers taken outside the mess bungalow, and the tiger and leopard skins in the foreground give evidence that there are not only some good sportsmen amongst the Munsters, but that they have had, and have taken advantage of, their opportunities. Lieutenant-Colonel Percy S. Druitt, who is in command, has held his present position since July, 1897, and as he is only forty-three years of age, he may be regarded as a fairly fortunate officer. He is seated in the centre of the group, with the second-in-command and the adjutant on his right. The officers are all dressed in khaki uniform, and with the exception of the mounted officers are wearing putties. Their "Sam Browne" belts are of the old pattern.

Photos. Copyright. THE FOOTBALL TEAM. *Lenz.*
A Company, 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM.
D Company, 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.

In the fifth illustration we have the warrant officers, staff-sergeants, and sergeants. Lieut.-Colonel Druitt has the sergeant-major on his right and the bandmaster on his left. The quartermaster-sergeant, a most important official, is on the right of the sergeant-major.

The warrant officers and staff-sergeants can be recognised by their forage caps; most of them, moreover, are wearing their swords. The colour-sergeant on the right of the front rank is evidently proud of his "guns," as the marksman's badge is familiarly termed, and is taking considerable pains to ensure that they are duly included in the picture. It is almost needless to say that the large man on the left is the sergeant-drummer, or, as he is still known in the Service, the "drum-major."

The corporals who form the subject of the third group have also been honoured by the presence of the commanding officer, and with him, it will also be observed, is the sergeant-major. The corporal who sits on the colonel's left is doubtless the *doyen* of his grade.

Promotion in the non-commissioned ranks of the 2nd Munsters is evidently slow, since there are several lance-corporals with two badges, a fact which at once shows that they must have six or more years' service. The Munsters on parade, as shown in the fourth illustration, give some idea of what a British battalion in India is like. The strength is not what it might be, and yet it is about double what we are accustomed to see at home. Roughly speaking, there are about 700 of all ranks on parade, and these, be it remembered, are *men*—not boys. The average height is over 5-ft. 7-in. A British battalion in India that has been some years abroad is the finest-looking fighting machine in all the world. No other army can show anything like it. The battalion tug-of-war team in the last illustration may be pardoned for so prominently advertising its successes in the present and in the past year.

The second illustration gives H, or Captain Corydon's, Company. This company owns the battalion "big drummer," who stands prominently behind the company officers. Yet there seem to be other big men in the company, and the stature of this big drummer does not, by comparison, render him especially remarkable. The football teams of A and D Companies bring the series to a close.

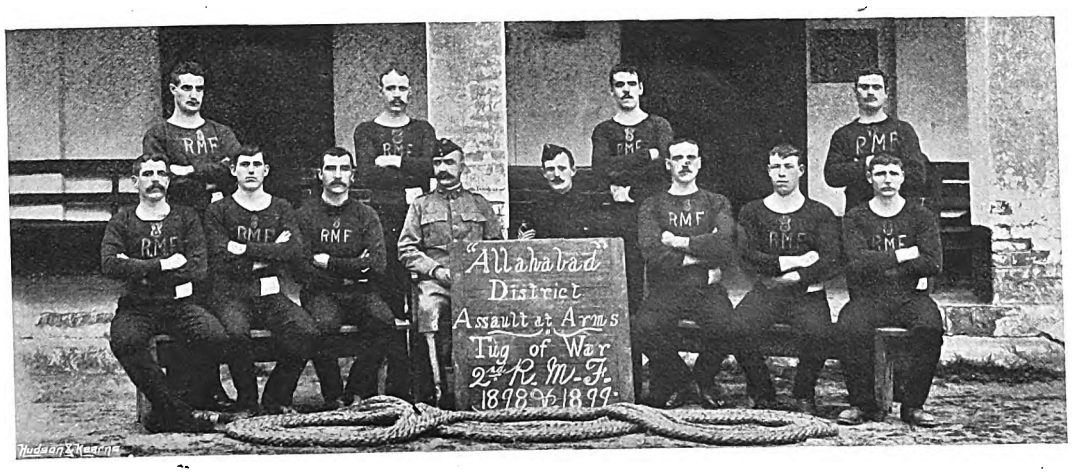

Photo. Copyright A SUCCESSFUL TUG-OF-WAR TEAM *Dagg.*

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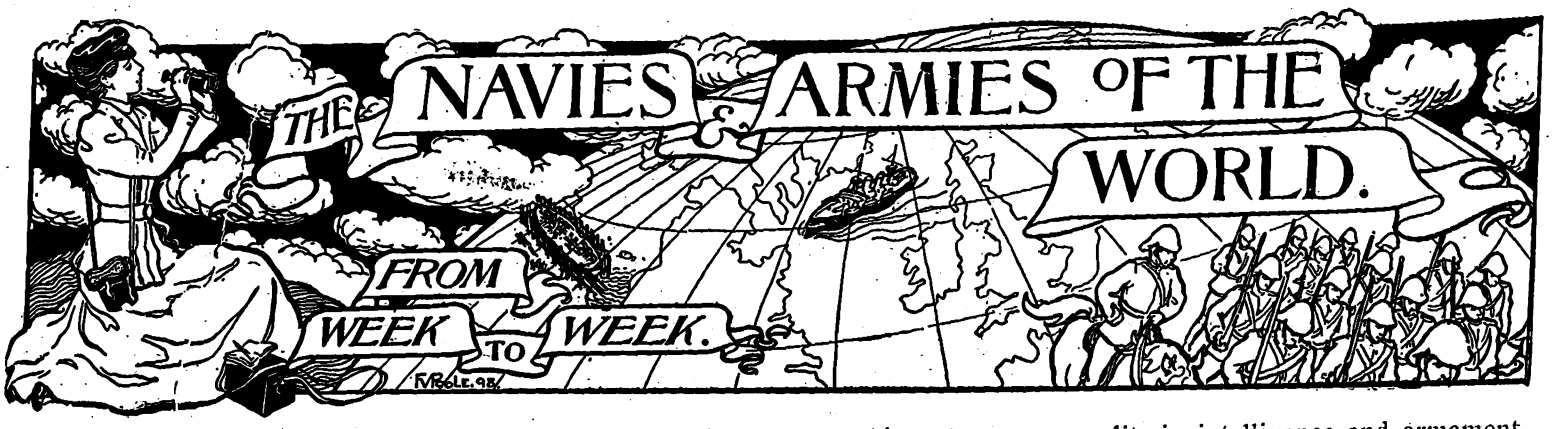

AT this time it is not easy for one of us to take much interest in any Army except our own, which is very busy, and has begun well. The fight at Glencoe must be held to prove conclusively that the Boers of to-day are not much, if any, better when fighting in large numbers than other insufficiently-drilled men of a European race. Even their famous shooting has not been worthy of their reputation. In regard to this one is inclined to ask whether the kind of shooting for which they were famous ever was or could be of much value on a field of battle. They were once excellent marksmen as hunters. Whether they are now seems to be a very disputed point. But even if they are, why should they shine particularly on a field of battle? When volleys are being fired, and properly directed, and when you are being pounded by artillery fire, there cannot be much opening for what the Count of Paris, in his history of the Civil War in America, calls "the cold patience of the huntsman," who waits for his chance coolly. That cannot be done in a general engagement. You can pick off sentries in that fashion, but can hardly do more. In 1881 the Boers had every chance in their favour. The actions were with small bodies, they were not exposed to artillery fire, and the fights resolved themselves mostly into shooting matches. Now the chances are the other way; with plenty of guns and cavalry we are not situated as we were in 1881. Moreover, at Glencoe the Boers have been met by men carefully trained on the spot to meet them. The badness of their artillery seems to prove that they have been very ill-trained in that arm during the peace, and leaves the impression that they have been so pig-headed and pleased with themselves as to think that they had nothing to learn.

* * * *

The comments of our good friends the French on our war must not be taken too seriously. It is rather bad form in professional papers to scold as some of the French military journals have done, but there are two explanations, though there may be no excuse for their heated language. The first is that the tone of journalism has been totally debauched in France of late years by a general habit of blackguardism, and the worst offenders have been the nationalist papers, which profess to be in particular sympathy with the Army. It seems to be the sad fact that military persons—one cannot really say officers and gentlemen—have taken to modelling their style upon that of M. Rochefort or M. Drumont. That is another matter in which reform seems to be badly wanted in the French Army. Then it is also the case that military men over there have a return match to play us for various comments on a recent notorious "affair." As for the fine morality they display, it is highly touching. Nothing is more satisfying than to notice how virtuous all nations are for one another, and with what heartfelt indignation they reprobate one another's greed. It is pretty, for instance, to hear the Russians, who have the massacre of the Yomud Turcomans to their credit, condemning our cruelty—quite as pretty, in fact, as it is to see how the right-minded Briton veils his eyes with sorrowful horror at the unscrupulous conquerors who took the Khanates. On the whole, it seems impossible for mere man to take Johnson's advice and clear their minds of cant. Still, we have improved a little, for we certainly never scolded the French for Madagascar as they rate us—and yet we have a better right in the Transvaal than they had in that island.

* * * *

The question of what is meant by a heavy loss is one which may perhaps be some day settled. For the present the term seems to be used somewhat laxly. The loss in the two actions which took place at Glencoe or Dundee and at Elands Laagte is described by that term. Yet it cannot be more than—perhaps it is not so much as—one in ten of those who actually went under fire. Now though this shows that the fighting was serious, it cannot fairly be called heavy when judged by the standard of actions between men who are even approximately on an equality in intelligence and armament. It certainly falls below the figure which has been reached in former battles between troops armed with a muzzle-loading musket which could not be trusted to do execution at more than 200-yds. at the outside. At Blenheim and at Malplaquet it was a fifth of the victorious armies, and it was more than that at Borodino, if we put aside the Imperial Guard, which was never allowed to engage, and ought not, therefore, to be taken in when estimating the proportion of loss. I am under the impression, too, that the loss suffered by our soldiers at Bunker's Hill, which is a pretty fair equivalent for Glencoe or Elands Laagte, was heavier than in either of these engagements. The use of artillery to prepare the infantry attack, the employment of cover, and the preference for flank attacks, seem to have more than counterbalanced the increased efficiency of the rifles.

* * * *

The proportion of officers killed at Glencoe is indeed frightful, and there is one feature of it which is particularly impressive. Whereas with the men 30 were killed to 156 wounded, with the officers there were 10 killed to 22 wounded. From this, and on any ordinary calculation of chances, we must conclude that the officers who lost their lives were hit more than once, and went on after their first wound. Looking at the proportion of officers to men killed, we see that of every four who fell in our army one was an officer. Now this is portentous. In the old days it was calculated that there were in an army one officer to 25 men. It was thought that the officers had done their duty and had set a gallant example if they were slain in the proportion of one to 10 or even 15 men. But here it is a case of one to three. This might be a thoroughly bad sign, but in all probability it is not.

* * * *

The explanation given by authorities is probably the correct one, namely, that our officers do not take cover. The German Emperor remarked lately that the British officer exposes himself too much, and that it is an error on his part. As a matter of business no doubt he would seem to be right, but perhaps the question is not so simple after all. The trouble is that a tradition has established itself in the British Army that the officers do not lie down or take cover. Now it is always a risky thing to break with an old tradition in armies as in other institutions. If the men are accustomed to this kind of example, and if the officers expect it in one another, there is always a risk of misunderstanding if another course is followed. Perhaps a remedy will arise of itself. However brave officers may be, they will learn that there must be some moderation in making targets of themselves. The old saying that whereas the French officer will lead wherever his men will follow, the British soldier will follow wherever his officer will lead, probably arose from the observation that the British soldier does require leading; but there is a middle path between extremes in all things.

* * * *

One of the incidents of these fights shows how, in military matters as in all other human work, things turn in circles. We hear that the Boers, who had dismounted to fight on foot, were cut off from their horses and much perturbed. It is an accident which has always been counted likely to happen to mounted infantry. But the point is that it happened not seldom to the knights in the Middle Ages. They frequently dismounted and fought on foot. When things seemed to be going badly, the pages, to whom the horses were left to be taken care of, used to mount and scamper off, leaving their masters in the lurch. Being weighted with a suit of armour they had no chance of escaping. Froissart tells a story of certain French knights who had overcome a body of English and received them to ransom. At this moment up came another English party, and the French pages went off with the horses. The poor Frenchmen had nothing for it but to surrender to their late prisoners and make the best terms they could.

DAVID HANNAY.

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British and Transvaal Artillery Compared.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

THE fact of the Transvaal Republic being a vassal State has naturally rendered it unnecessary for the suzerain power to employ the Intelligence Department of its War Office in compiling a technical handbook of the "armed strength" type, as is the case where all other civilised nations are concerned. Consequently, now that the burghers are fully mobilised, their numbers, together with their armament and equipment, are being very divergently estimated and described. There is, though, an unanimous impression prevalent that the South African Republic has contrived to equip its artillery arm with a formidable field gun of the latest quick-firing pattern. The idea is a correct one, for as far back as March, 1897, the *Revue d'Artillerie*, the artillerist's journal for all Europe, was able to furnish a detailed account of the new quick-firing field gun known as the Schneider-Creusot, model 1895, which had found in Pretoria one of its earliest customers. Indeed, before the "Raid" had yet come to pass, a battery of these guns had been shipped to South Africa; and although there exists no trustworthy information as to the number the Republic now possesses, it is an open fact that since then the French firm in question has executed several more orders destined for the same quarter. Thanks, therefore, to the exhaustive particulars published by the above-named technical journal, it is possible to arrange a table comparative of the qualities of the Boer Field Artillery as opposed to the guns with which our Horse and Field Batteries are equipped.

		Weight of Gun.	Length of Gun.	Calibre.	Weight of Shrapnel Shell.	Number of bullets in Shrapnel.	Muzzle velocity. Feet per second.	Maximum range with Shrapnel.	Rapidity of Fire with quick-firing Apparatus attached.
		cwt.	ft. in.	in.	lb.			yards.	
BRITISH.	Horse Artillery 12-Pounder B.L.	7	7 6½	3	1½	177	1,761	4,000	———
BRITISH.	Field Artillery 15-Pounder B.L.	7	7 6½	3	14	235	1,559	4,000	6 to 8 rounds per min
BOER.	Schneider Field Gun, 14-Pounder B.L.*	6	8 2	2·96	14½	234	1,837	4,500	8 to 10 rounds per min.

* The Boers have no field guns proper. All the men in a Battery ride or drive.

The Boer weapon, on paper at least, presents some striking points of superiority to our own, notably in rapidity of fire, high muzzle velocity, and effective range with shrapnel. It is a quick-firing gun proper, the gun being attached to a cradle sliding on the lower carriage, the recoil of which is absorbed by a hydraulic buffer. The gun is fired in the unlimbered position, and a spade, equipped with springs, is attached to the end of the trail to further check the recoil of the lower carriage. The gun is provided with traversing gear, which enables the layer to train it through an angle of 3-deg. on each side independently of the trail, while with the maximum angle of elevation, 20-deg, it is claimed that it can throw a projectile 8,744-yds. The great length of the gun and the narrowness of the track of the wheels—only 3·56-ft.—are considered very objectionable by our own artillery experts. In the British Army the width apart of the wheels for all ordinary field carriages has been fixed at 5-ft. 2-in., which is considered the minimum for rendering the carriage sufficiently stable for all practical purposes. The limber carries an ammunition chest containing thirty-six cartridges, which are packed horizontally in three rows of sockets. Four gunners ride on the limber. The waggon-limber carries two or more ammunition chests, each containing the same number of cartridges as above. The service of the gun is as follows: A layer on the right, a man working the breech mechanism on the left, a man at the trail with traversing handspike, two ammunition carriers, and the artificer employed in setting the shell fuses in rear. It should be added that the maximum fire rapidity, eight to ten rounds per minute, has been achieved only in exceptionally favourable circumstances, that is, on soft ground, and with the piece ready loaded to commence with.

Accurately speaking, the application of quick-firing apparatus to British field guns must still be considered to be in the experimental stage. The batteries already stationed in South Africa certainly possess no such apparatus, but those which have been recently despatched from home are equipped with one of Sir George Clarke's systems, having for its fundamental feature a spade under the axletree acting as an elastic cushion. The gun is fired limbered up, the horses having been previously removed, and a spade is hung from the axletree of the gun by means of a hollow pillar which contains a spiral spring, and telescopes on itself in a manner that completely controls the "jump." It is claimed for this system that it contains fewer complications of mechanism than those which rely on sliding cradles or upper carriages. On hard ground, however, the spade is liable either not to catch or to break, while the method of firing in the limbered-up position places the ammunition perilously close to the gun. The gun can be fired unlimbered, but the "jump" is much increased thereby.

THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

OCTOBER 29, 1710.—Reduction of St. Venant. After being invested for twenty-three days by the Prince of Orange, the town was reduced to extremities and capitulated. 1781.—Siege of Negapatam. Sir Hector Munroe laid siege to this place for eight days, and stormed it on this date.

October 30, 1812.—Engagement at the Puente Larga (Peninsula). Soult repulsed by General Cole. The 47th, under Colonel Skerrit, did splendid work in this engagement.

October 31, 1752.—Capture of Covelong and Chinglepat. Clive effected the capture of these two places with a handful of recruits and a few undisciplined Sepoys, and thus completed the reduction of all the country between Sadras and Arcot, north of the river Paliar. 1791.—Reduction of Pinagra. Our flags of truce having been fired on, the walls of the town were escaladed and afterwards breached.

November 1, 1803.—Battle of Laswaree. General Lake defeated the Mahrattas. Our losses were over 800 killed and wounded, but Scindiah's power in Northern India was completely broken. 1893.—Battle on Imbembezi river. Defeat of the Matabele. Attack by Lobengula's picked regiments repulsed with heavy loss.

November 2, 1893.—Battle on the Inguesi river. Colonel Goold Adams defeated the Matabele.

November 3, 1894.—Battle at Wano. Attack by 2,000 Mahsud Waziris on Colonel A. H. Turner's delimitation party (Afghan frontier) repulsed. Three hundred and fifty Waziris were killed, our loss being 44, and Lieutenant P. J. F. Macaulay.

November 4, 1794.—Siege of Nimeguen. Sortie by the 8th, 27th, 28th, 55th, 63rd, and 78th, under Major-General De Burgh, with two battalions of Dutch, the 7th and 15th Dragoons, and three foreign squadrons. The enemy lost 500 men, almost entirely by the bayonet. 1893.—Bulawayo occupied by our troops, under Major Forbes and Dr. Jameson, Lobengula having deserted the place.

OCTOBER 29, 1704.—Surprise and capture of a French squadron in Gibraltar Bay, by a British squadron, under Sir John Leake, defeating a plan for the recovery of Gibraltar, concerted between France and Spain. News of the project reached Leake at Lisbon, and his arrival, besides resulting in the capture of three French men-of-war, a frigate, and a store-ship, prevented a scheme to storm the fortress that very night.

October 30, 1809.—Capture of the French corvette "Milan," 18 guns, off Ushant, by the British "Surveillante," frigate, 38 guns.

October 31, 1809.—Dashing cutting-out affair in Rosas Bay, coast of Spain, by the boats of the "Tigre" and "Cumberland," 74's, "Volontaire," "Apollo," and "Topaze," frigates, "Scout" and "Tuscan," brigs. Four French armed ships, with seven merchantmen with stores, were boarded and carried off, though moored close under an extremely strong range of forts and batteries with heavy guns, all on the alert and awaiting the attack.

November 1, 1808.—Action between the 18-gun brig "Cruiser," off Gottenburg, and twenty Dutch armed vessels. The enemy were severely handled and put to flight, leaving their biggest vessel, a 10-gun schuyt, a prize to the "Cruiser." Naval medal action.

November 2, 1757.—Capture of the French 12-pounder 38-gun frigate "Hermione," in the Channel, by the British 9-pounder 28-gun frigate "Unicorn," after a four hours' fight.

November 3, 1840.—Bombardment of Acre by the British Mediterranean Fleet. The fighting lasted for nearly four hours, at about 700-yds. range, resulting in the blowing up of the magazine with a thousand barrels of powder, and the almost complete destruction of the fortifications.

November 4, 1805.—Sir Richard Strachan's action off Cape Finisterre. The British squadron, one 80 and three 74's, with three frigates, was cruising in the Bay when a French 80 and three 74's, the escaped van ships of the French fleet from Trafalgar, were sighted. They were chased, and after a running fight all taken. One of the prizes is the old Hamoaze training-ship "Implacable," attached to the "Lion," still in existence.

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Mr. Atkins, Tragedian.

By Lieutenant D. Dallas.

At home stations football and cricket claim so many votaries, and in most garrison towns so many places of amusement exist, that the histrionic abilities of the soldier have few or no opportunities of developing themselves. In foreign stations, although athletic sports are pursued with British pertinacity, the necessity for some form of evening amusement asserts itself, and the Christy Minstrel or amateur dramatic club is the result. Of course, at home we have the Guards' burlesque and the Woolwich pantomime; but assisted as these are, at least to some extent, by professional talent, they can hardly be considered as coming under the category of soldiers' theatricals, by which I mean dramatic performances carried out entirely, or almost entirely, by non-commissioned officers and men. In colonial stations there is usually one such club in a regiment, and out of a thousand men, or thereabouts, it is possible to get together twenty or thirty, each of whom, so far as his own personal opinions go, only wants the opportunity to develop into an Irving or a Toole. The chief difficulty is the female characters, for although now and again one finds a soldier's wife who is capable of sustaining the *rôle* of leading lady to the satisfaction of a not too exigent audience, family considerations so frequently intervene that these ladies can never be depended upon. For this reason female parts are almost always taken by drummer-boys, who, as a class, are not afflicted with any feelings of false modesty.

When a theatrical building exists in the station, this is hired for the performance. When no theatre is available, the gymnasium, reading-room, or even a barrack-room is pressed into service. The play having been decided upon, the next business is the casting of the characters, no easy matter, for it is impossible to make Colour-Sergeant Smith believe that, excellent exponent of the drill-book as he may be, he is not so well suited for juvenile lead as young Private Jones, recently joined from the depôt. But by the aid of cajolery, entreaty, and unblushing promises for the next play, the cast is at length decided upon, and the rehearsals commence. Now comes the time when the stage-manager begins to wish that he had never been born, or at least that he had never taken the responsibilities of management on his shoulders. The front of the stage and the entrances are chalked out on the floor of the room used for practice. He takes his place, book in hand, at what are supposed to be the wings, and with a stamp of the foot the supposititious curtain is rung up and the first rehearsal commences.

"Enter Rudolph Montjoy first upper entrance," quotes the stage-manager from the book.

Rudolph Montjoy, who is supposed to be torn with remorse and despair, slouches in, his hands in his pockets and a broad grin on his face.

"At last, after all these years, to come to such a fate as this," he exclaims casually to the floor.

"Look here, that won't do. Out you go again, and I'll show you how it should be done. I knew what it would be when they gave you the best character in the play."

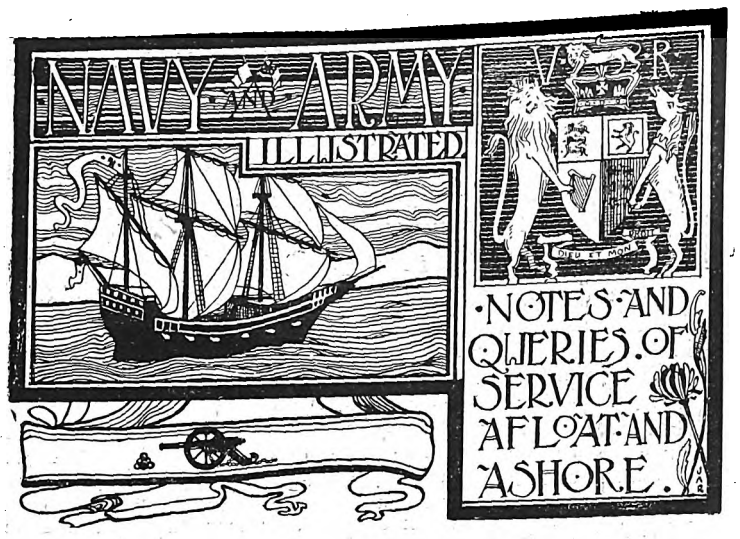
"D'ye mean to say you want me to do it just the same as if the audience were there? Go and boil your head, man! No actor ever goes for the high-falutin' style at rehearsals. Wait till the dress rehearsal, and I'll show you something."

"How the dickens are the others going to act up to you if they don't know what you're going to do? If you don't want to play the character we'll give it to someone else."

Should the play be of the weeping-victim-and-virtue-rewarded-in-the-last-act style, it is a work of no small difficulty to eradicate the idea from the mind of the sheepskin-pounding heroine that to wink broadly in the middle of the most affecting passage is not in accordance with the fitness of things.

By dint of hard work and persistent repetition, with the aid of a good deal of language of a fluent and pungently pointed nature, the time at last arrives for the great night of the dress rehearsal. Then are the souls of the management greatly vexed within them. Each actor and actress is, as a rule, required to provide his or her own wardrobe, and the result, as might be expected, is somewhat incongruous. Whatever the period and character of the play, the dresses must be gorgeous. As regards feminine garments, the compressing of waists and padding of busts necessary to bring the "actresses" into something like the female form divine is a thing to be remembered.

At last everything is ready; a certain number of the regimental band are engaged as orchestra; bills are printed—two copies in gold letters on white silk, one for the general and one for the colonel; the eventful evening has arrived. The stage-manager, with beating heart and perspiring brow, gives a final look round, the orchestra strikes up the overture, and the curtain rises on what is invariably "the best play that has ever been produced in *this* garrison."



"Davy Jones."—French and German soldiers do not wear socks or stockings of any sort. The French soldier who wears socks is always a recruit, for after his first march he soon discovers that even the best made socks will ruck up and cause blisters. The trained soldier who has a long march before him first dips his feet in warm water if he can get it, and if not in cold water. During the Franco-German War snow was often used by the Army of the Loire. This done, the feet are dried and then greased over thoroughly with any grease that may be handy, and as candle-ends are not very scarce, and are, moreover, easily carried about, they are very much prized, and answer the purpose admirably. The boots worn by French soldiers are well made, and of a single stout piece of leather with no lining whatever. Over these boots gaiters are worn; leather ones in winter, and linen ones in summer. These gaiters are laced up round the leg. I know of nothing better for a long march. Such is the great secret of French socks. The German sock is practically the same, but the German soldier wears a short Wellington boot. He also uses grease, but it is a specially prepared grease, composed of vaseline, with the addition of some carbolic acid. I do not know that it is any better than candle-ends, which never cause the slightest inconvenience, and at any rate German soldiers are not better *marcheurs* than French soldiers, but decidedly the reverse. It may be that the shape of the foot has something to do with it, and that the high instep and flexible ankles of the French make the task of marching an easier one than in the case of people with low insteps.

* * * *

"P. B. N."—The examination papers for entrance into the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, are published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, E.C., John Menzies and Co., 12, Hanover Street, Edinburgh, and 90, West Nile Street, Glasgow, and Hodges, Figgis, and Co., 104, Grafton Street, Dublin. The papers can be obtained directly from these publishers, or any bookseller will procure them for you if you give him the above particulars. The price of each set is 1s.

* * * *

"Anxious One."—In the storm and stress of war preparations, which are naturally reflected to some extent in the office of this journal, a slight delay has taken place in replying to your query as to when the Royal Scots Greys are open for recruiting. In the meantime the regiment has been placed under orders for South Africa, which is partly an answer to your question. But I believe that the regiment has been "full up" for some time past, and that at the best of times exceptional physical qualifications and unquestioned Scottish nationality are almost indispensable. If you were accepted now, you would have no chance of serving in the campaign in South Africa, as, of course, only trained soldiers will be sent out.

* * * *

"I. C. D." (Hampstead).—If you are not already in the Service you cannot in any way become, as you term it, "a navigating lieutenant in the Royal Navy." Officers of the Royal Navy who wish to specialise in the navigating branch of the executive do so in exactly the same way as their comrades who specialise in gunnery or torpedo work. They pass from the "Britannia" into the Service, go through the mill as midshipmen, and pass for sub-lieutenant. Immediately after having passed for this commission, they can, if they wish to specialise themselves for the navigating branch, apply for leave to enter it, and this leave will be readily accorded them, provided that in their examination for the rank of sub-lieutenant they have creditably acquitted themselves in those special subjects of the examination that relate to the executive work of an officer in the branch in which they wish to become specialists, viz., navigation and pilotage. Then as a sub-lieutenant the young officer will be appointed as navigator to small ships, such as gun-boats, and eventually pass a further examination, and become enrolled as an executive officer who has passed for navigating duties and is qualified to take charge of first-class ships.

* * * *

"W. Leigh."—On December 30, 1884, Sir Herbert Stewart started from Korti with a force composed of a large contingent of Camel Corps and Mounted Infantry, the 19th Hussars, and the 35th Royal Sussex Regiment, and made across the desert for Metemmeh—a distance of 185 miles. He met with no resistance until about halfway, when on January 17, 1885, at the wells of Abu Klea, he met the enemy, 10,000 strong, whilst his own troops numbered barely 1,500, and were worn out with the privations they had undergone. The British formed a large square with the camels in the centre, and advanced slowly over the broken ground to where the enemy were drawn up, barring the passage to the wells. The Dervishes charged with a fury begotten of fanaticism. A large number made a rush on the left-hand corner of the square, and a fierce hand-to-hand conflict took place. The camels inside the square stopped the rush of the enemy, the British rallied, and the square reformed. We lost nine officers and sixty-five men killed, and eighty-five wounded. Among the killed was Colonel Fred Burnaby, who died fighting gallantly, sword in hand.

The Editor.

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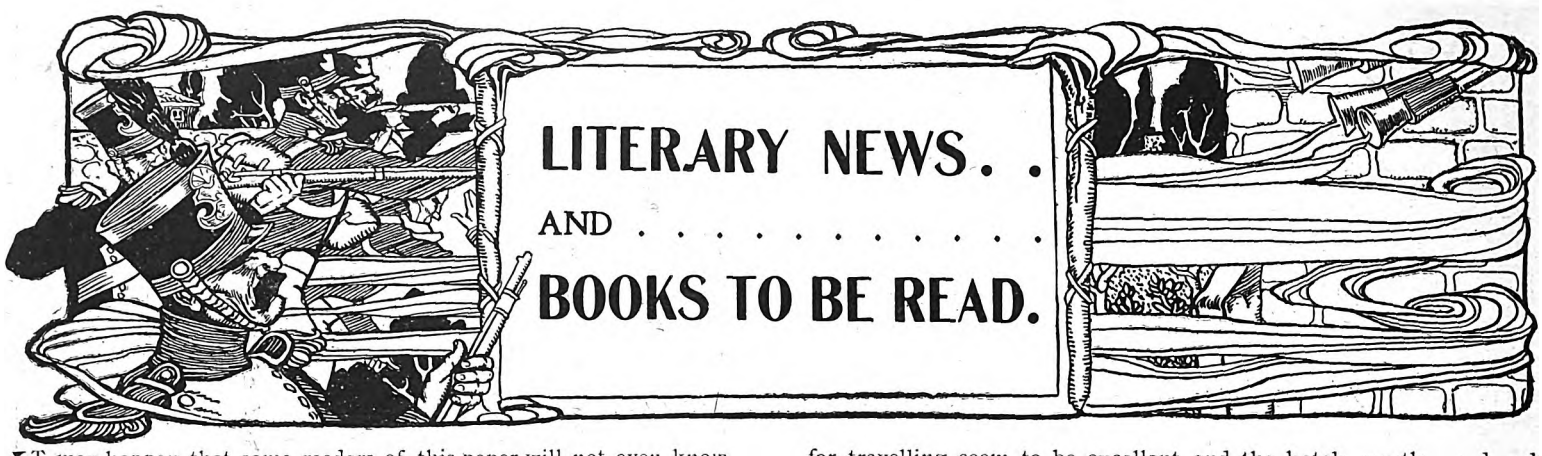

IT may happen that some readers of this paper will not even know the name of Richard Badiley. They may have met him, perhaps, in some sketch of Naval history disguised as "Bodley," but the man deserves to be known intimately well, for he was a notable seaman in the great days of Blake, though obscurity has descended upon him. Yet, even in the pages of fiction, some who have a tender regard for his good service have made his deeds shine, and now Mr. Thomas Alfred Spalding has given us "A Life of Richard Badiley, Vice-Admiral of the Fleet" (Constable, 15s.), which is a wholly sound, sagacious, and ably written account of the man, and of the important work in which he was engaged, based upon original authorities, and upon a large pamphlet literature which grew up about a controversy in which the honour of Badiley was embroiled. The excellent officer entered the Navy when he was no longer young, shortly after the execution of Charles I., and remained in the Service until a few months before his death in 1657. He showed his good qualities during the revolt of the Royalist ships, and in the chase of Rupert, and was sent into the Mediterranean with a small force to protect the homeward-bound trade from the Levant, then seriously menaced by the Dutch. He was outmatched from the beginning, but fought a gallant action off Monte Cristo, where he lost the "Phœnix," which was carried in triumph to Leghorn, where some of our ships took shelter, while Badiley himself was blockaded at Porto Longone. The neutral Grand Duke, at Leghorn, was waiting to see which way the wind might blow, and when he saw that it favoured the Dutch, he ordered the English ships to leave the port. Badiley did all he could to help them, but Appleton, who was in command of the force, mismanaged the whole business, and several ships were lost, whence grew a violent quarrel, Badiley being completely justified in the end.

* * * *

But the book does not end with Badiley. It gives us also Captain Owen Cox of the "Constant Warwick," a gallant officer whose name deserves a high place in our Naval annals. When the "Phœnix" was captured, he determined either to destroy her or cut her out from Leghorn Harbour, in defiance of the Dutch and of the Grand Duke; and he accomplished the latter task. It raised the gorge of the English to see the good ship, with her heavy English build, and the "George" flying at her masthead, taken out to the mouth of the harbour as a decoy for our merchantmen, which, being captured through the stratagem, were brought in with their national colours dragging through the water at the stern. The insult was too much, and Cox resolved on revenge. On a dark night, when some of the Dutchmen of the "Phœnix" were feasting St. Andrew ashore, and the rest, no doubt, lustily on board—Cornelius Tromp, son of old Martin, among them—the English boats swept down upon the ship. The dawn, indeed, was breaking before they reached her; and the event was perilous as the Englishmen scrambled on board. But I shall let Mr. Spalding tell the story. "Then followed the cry of alarm, the flash of swords, and the hasty rush of the surprised watch, against a foe whose numbers they were not able to estimate. These were soon overpowered, and young Van Tromp, hearing the alarm, hurried on deck with one other officer to ascertain the cause of it. He found the ship swarming with the enemy. Many of them were already aloft, unfurling the sails, which began to catch the freshening breeze. A few minutes later the water was hissing about the prow of the 'Phœnix,' as she felt the wind. Resistance was useless; capture was disgrace. Van Tromp and his companion sprang upon the bulwarks, and then plunged, but not before the cutlass of an English sailor had slashed Van Tromp where a brave man is never proud of a scar. 'Take that,' cried the fellow, 'for dragging our "George" astern of your ships!'" The "Phœnix" was pursued, but escaped to Naples, while a furious conflict went on aboard; but the Dutch were defeated, and a hundred of them were carried as prisoners to the port. All honour to Captain Owen Cox, and much credit to Mr. Spalding, who tells the stirring story.

* * * *

Mr. Kipling's new book, "Stalky and Co." (Macmillan), is not exactly literature in the same sense as some of his writings, but it is excellent, because it illustrates the making of men and the influence of public school life in the formation of character. We must not look upon these escapades of Stalky, Beetle, and their friends at the United Services College at Westward Ho as all springing from the perverse ingenuity of schoolboys; they are the elements of character forming themselves in the excellent *milieu* of school life. Stalky is the ringleader, and the achievements are wonderful in their ingenuity. Mr. Kipling, of course, remembers all these things himself, and we discern his own personality in at least one of the characters. Boys and old boys will enjoy the book, and thinking readers will recognise its significance. Beetle puts it plainly: "India's full of Stalkies—Cheltenham and Haileybury and Marlborough chaps—that we don't know anything about, and the surprises will begin when there is really a big row on." Dick Four demands who will be surprised: "The other side. The gentlemen who go to the front in first-class carriages. Just imagine Stalky let loose on the south side of Europe with a sufficiency of Sikhs and a reasonable prospect of loot. Consider it quietly."

* * * *

Some people have an idea that discomfort attends a tour in Spain. Let such read "Cities and Sights of Spain: a Handbook for Tourists," by E. Main (Bell). Miss Main has seen a great deal of Spain, and she has seen it with comfort, meeting courtesy and consideration almost wherever she went. The cost also was not excessive, and she tells others exactly how to follow in her footsteps. The arrangements for travelling seem to be excellent, and the hotels mostly good and nearly always clean. "It is desirable and customary to be extremely polite to everyone, treating all, from the highest to the lowest, as one's equals. As soon as, by one's politeness, one has disarmed the somewhat reserved and suspicious Spaniards, they will quit their defensive attitude with the best grace in the world, and prove to be a courteous, well-bred people, ready to do a service at some real trouble to themselves, and not unfrequently refusing the proffered reward." With this golden advice in one's ears—remembering, too, Mr. Hare's remark that the Spanish standard is somewhat higher than our own—one may win kindly helpers, and discover comfort, cleanliness, and good cooking in most places, with a country rich in the glories of nature and art to explore. Spain is out of the beaten track to many people, but if Miss Main's delightfully natural and well-illustrated handbook induce them to traverse it they will be rewarded.

* * * *

Those who do not know Captain Kettle must make acquaintance with him in his "Further Adventures" (Pearson, 6s.). Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has created in the eager, furious little seaman a character almost as well individualised as Sherlock Holmes himself, and he has had the good fortune to find him personified pictorially by Mr. Stanley L. Wood. There is something in that. How much better we understand Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Pecksniff, and Mr. Micawber through the shaping of the artist's hand. But the character must be there to individualise, and Captain Kettle is certainly compact of the strong elements of seafaring human nature. His adventures are amazing, but convincing, and there seems nothing unreasonable in the manner in which he triumphs over difficulties. The reader shakes his head at the end with genuine regret, thinking, perhaps, that, after all, the life in the ideal farmhouse away in a Yorkshire dale may prove too dull for "O. Kettle, Master," who has lived the life of adventure in the larger world. The final letter to the German Emperor, rejecting the proffered gold watch because he cannot accept presents from those he does not know, is very characteristic, particularly his remark concerning the "telegraphing about Dr. Jameson." "Sir, you should remember that man was down when you sent your wire, and couldn't hit back."

* * * *

Now that the sound of the drum is heard through the land we may expect a flood of popular literature devoted to military achievements, and the brilliant exploits of individuals. The pulse of the Press responds instantly to the enthusiasm of the people, and there is evidently a large public eager to buy and read the records of our naval and military glory. The late W. H. G. Kingston was a writer who met the popular taste when those were boys who are not yet of middle age, and his success long continued. So excellent in quality was some of his work that the volume originally entitled "Anecdotes of Soldiers," published in 1862, after going through several editions, was brought up to date by Mr. Henty in 1882, and it has now been carried forward to include the events of 1898. It is issued under the title of "Our Soldiers" (Griffith, Farran, and Co., 2s. 6d.), and when one takes it up one understands how Kingston gained his sway, for the narrative is always good, the style pleasant, and the narrative patriotic. In its present form the volume covers most important events, from the Afghan Campaigns of 1839-42 to the reconquest of the Soudan. "With Fife and Drum," edited by Alfred H. Miles (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.), is another volume of the same class, containing personal narratives of many dramatic military experiences, and is well worth reading. In the pressure of these times it is difficult to keep abreast of the flood of such literature; but I shall not omit to mention here the annual volume of *Chums* (Cassell, 8s.), a perfect encyclopædia of attractive military, naval, and other adventure, embodying, with a host of other good things, six exciting serial stories by Mr. Manville Fenn and other writers who know perfectly well the business of gaining the interest of boys, and inspiring them with the zest for adventure and the spirit of patriotism.

* * * *

The enterprise upon which the *Times* embarked when it undertook to reissue the "Encyclopædia Britannica," upon particular terms, has given the cue to several other papers, and the hundred best books and the hundred best novels are open to anyone to buy, not to speak of the further work upon which the *Times* itself has entered. "The Library of Famous Literature," to be issued by the *Standard*, is one of the most remarkable outcomes of the new movement. There is a real danger that in the great flood of writing which is merely popular, ephemeral, or "topical," we should fall away from the older and often higher ideals, and that the young should grow up in ignorance of much of the most splendid work of the human intellect. I confess that the scheme of embodying "all the world's best literature in twenty handsome volumes" seemed to me a task beyond accomplishment, but when I found that Dr. Richard Garnett, in association with M. Léon Vallée, Dr. Alois Brandl, and Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel") was engaged in culling these infinite riches into little room, and when, above all, I looked into the beautiful pamphlet which embodies the scheme, I was convinced. The idea is sound, and the best minds are engaged in the work of giving it shape.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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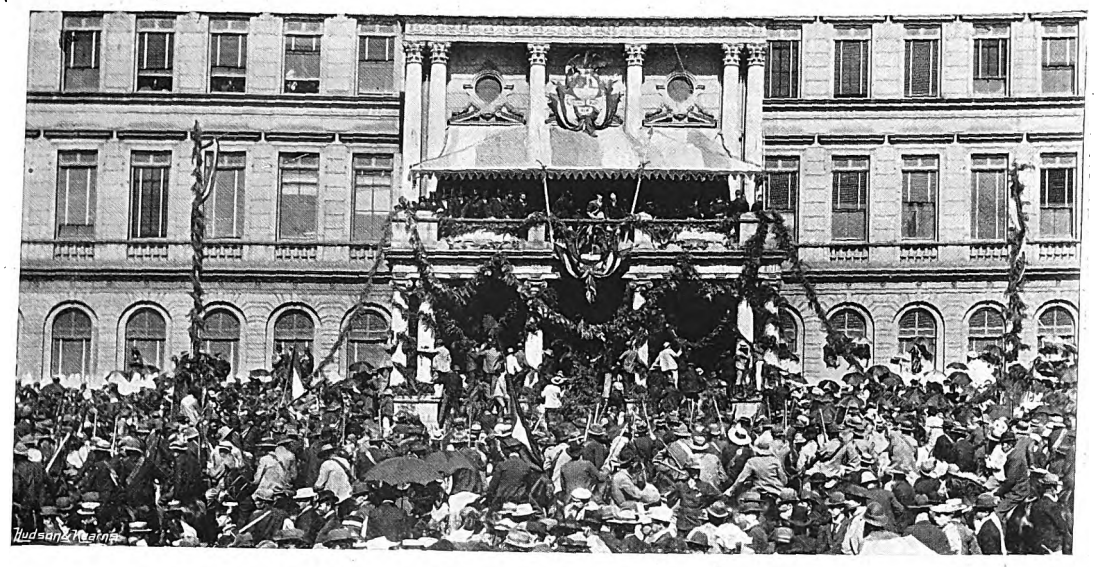
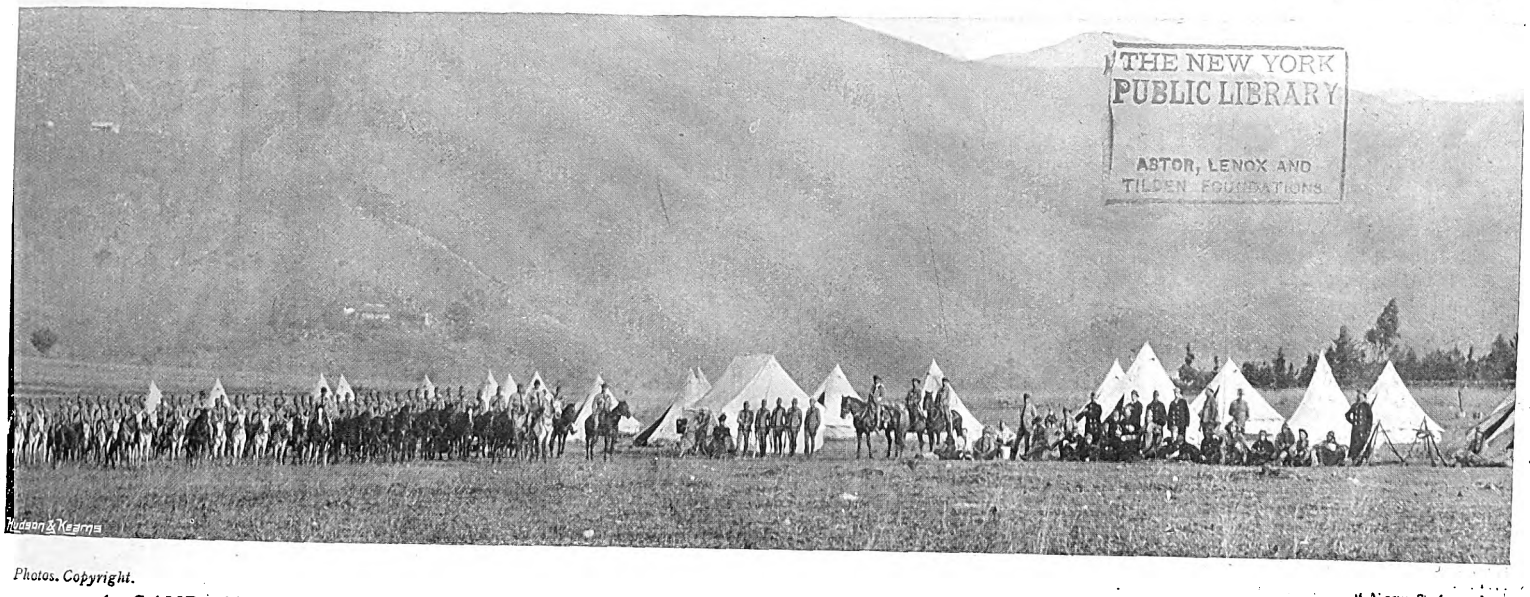
With the Combatants in South Africa.

NATALIANS AND TRANSVAALERS.

"A PRICE which will stagger humanity." That is what will have to be paid, according to the pious President of the South African Republic, for war between Great Britain on the one side and the Transvaal and the Orange Free State on the other. Oom Paul may be a truer prophet than probably in his heart of hearts he thinks he is. For we, at any rate, are not entering this sad struggle under any illusions as to the dire contingencies involved. We have all along known well that this is to be no kid glove business, whether the fighting last six weeks or six months. One cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs, and the Boers have shown themselves such good fighters in the past that we are quite prepared to pay our part of the price of this war. But it is much to be feared that it is Mr. Kruger and his ignorant people who in the end will be "staggered," at, to use an expressive if not very pleasing Service term, the butcher's bill. They have, moreover, largely forfeited their own right to the sympathy of humanity, since they have rushed upon this conflict in spite of every effort on our part to bring about an honourable understanding. The three pictures which follow that of Oom Paul addressing a Pretoria crowd give distinct and typical representations of the class of people with whom we are at war. In one we have a camp of the Mounted Volunteers, a section of the Transvaal Forces to which we drew particular attention last week. Another



OOM PAUL ADDRESSES THE CROWD.
"The Republics are determined, if they must belong to England, that a price will have to be paid which will stagger humanity."



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A CAMP OF TRANSVAAL SCOUTS—JOHANNESBURG VOLUNTEER CAVALRY ON THE FRONTIER.

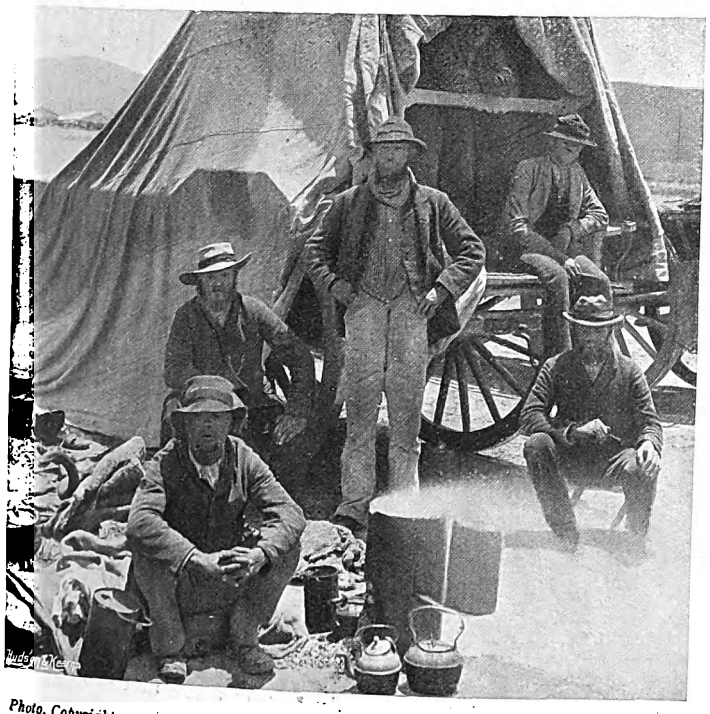

Photo. Copyright. A BOER CAMP. In the Orange Free State. G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.

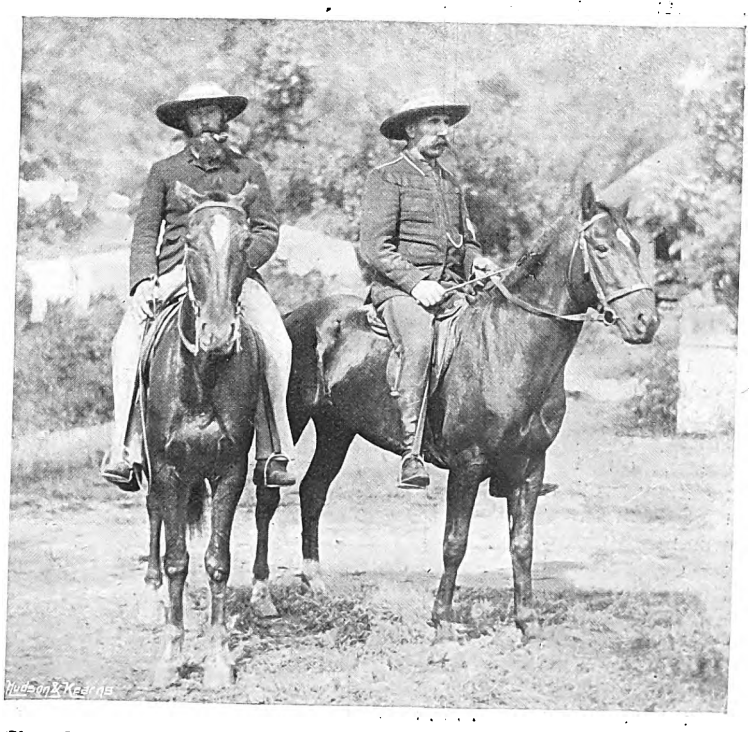

Photo. Copyright. Z.A.R.P. Transvaal Mounted Police. "Navy & Army."

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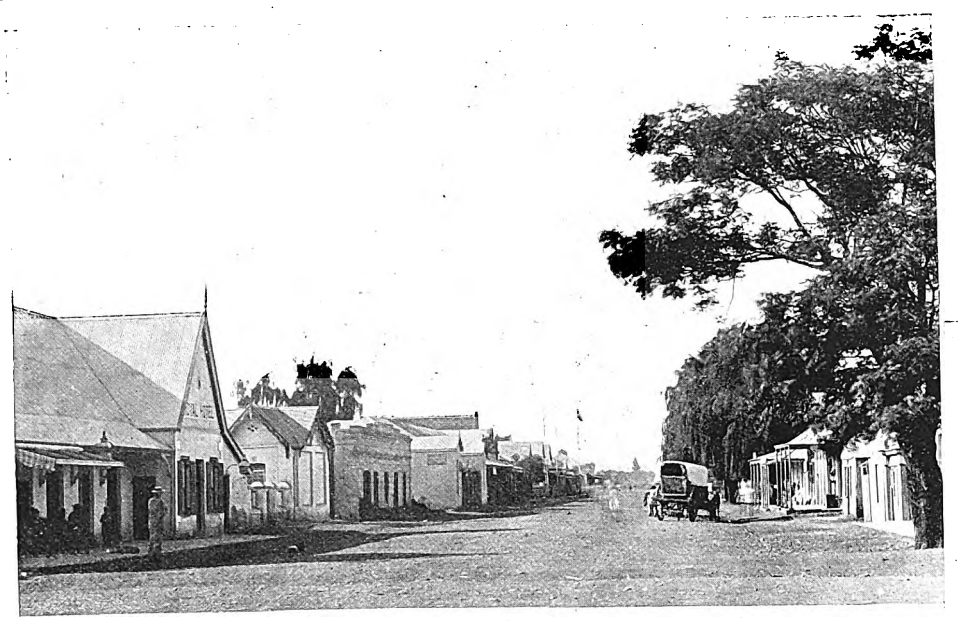
shows the Orange Free State Boer camping under peaceful conditions, to which by this time he is probably most anxious to revert. A third gives an excellent idea of the Transvaal Mounted Police, both in uniform and mufti, and a still better idea of the useful class of horse or, according to our ideas, galloway or pony, with which the Boers have won their title to be considered first-rate mounted infantry.

Photo. Copyright. *A BITTER MEMORY.* *"Navy & Army."*
Scene of the Battle of Bronkhorst Spruit.

The stories of Bronkhorst Spruit and Potchefstroom are being dealt with elsewhere in the pages of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. But the accompanying pictures, apart from the episodes connected with them, are interesting as illustrating Boer town and c untry scenery. Potchefstroom is now a station on the Klerksdorp to Johannesburg railway, and lies about eighty-five miles south-west of the latter town. Bronkhorst Spruit, where, after their dispositions had been treacherously made under a flag of truce, the Boers surrounded and, to all intents and purposes, massacred nearly 200 of the old 94th, lies some forty miles nearly due east of Pretoria. The picture of the Supreme Court in the Market Square of Kimberley will be scrutinised with special interest by those who have, from the commencement of the Transvaal Crisis, been watching developments at this point. One of the earliest features of the Crisis was an alarmist attempt to paint in the gloomiest colours the probable fate of the city of diamonds in the event of a war. In this journal such ideas have been consistently deprecated, on the military ground that Kimberley was not difficult to defend, and that if occasion arose the local garrison of Cape Police and Volunteers could be easily reinforced from Cape Town. Our view was completely justified by the measures taken some three weeks ago, with the result that at the time of writing Kimberley is held to be, in the words of Mr. Rhodes—who, with characteristic *sang froid* and anxiety to "face the music," has proceeded hitherward—"as safe as Piccadilly."



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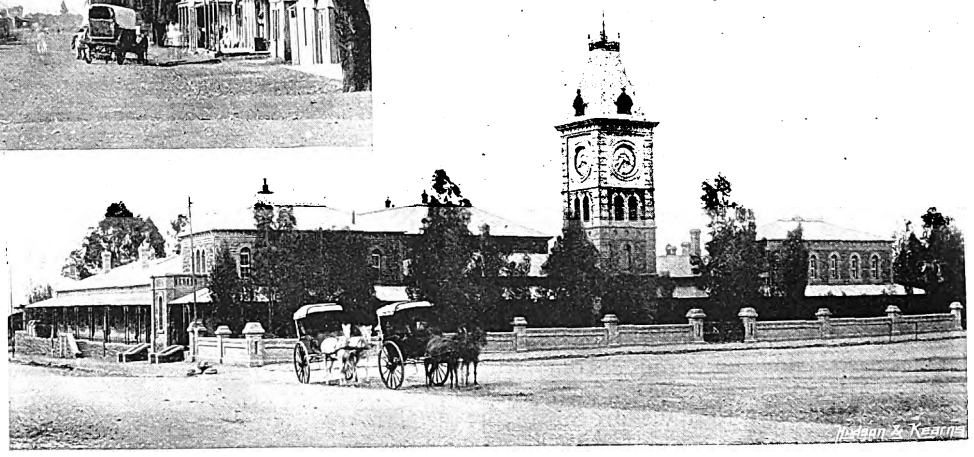
POTCHEFSTROOM.
Another Landmark in the First Boer War.

Associated with the Regulars and Volunteers in the defence of Kimberley is that singularly efficient body known as the Cape Police. We publish a picture in which a patrol of Cape Police are reconnoitring the country in the neighbourhood of Kimberley, keeping, we may be sure, a keen look-out for the Free State commando, about 3,000 strong, which is known to be in the neighbourhood, and would probably be only too glad to get a pot-shot at these hardy local soldier policemen. For fantastically ignorant as the Boer is of the quality of the up-to-date Tommy Atkins, he as a rule is clearly alive to the fighting value of the colonial local forces, the members of which, he is well aware, can ride and shoot as well as he can himself, besides being equally inured to local conditions, both of peace and warfare. The Cape Mounted Riflemen are altogether distinct from the Cape Police, being a purely military corps, which, again, is distinct from the local Volunteers in that it is permanently embodied. At the same time the Cape Mounted Riflemen have often to perform duties which are practically identical with those of the Cape Police, and in point of solid fighting efficiency there is probably not a great deal to choose between them. The military annals, however, of the Cape Mounted Riflemen are singularly brilliant, as may be judged from the fact that at one time there were



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The Supreme Court, Kimberley.

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A Patrol from Kimberley.

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VOLUNTEER SEAMEN.
Now on Service at the Front.

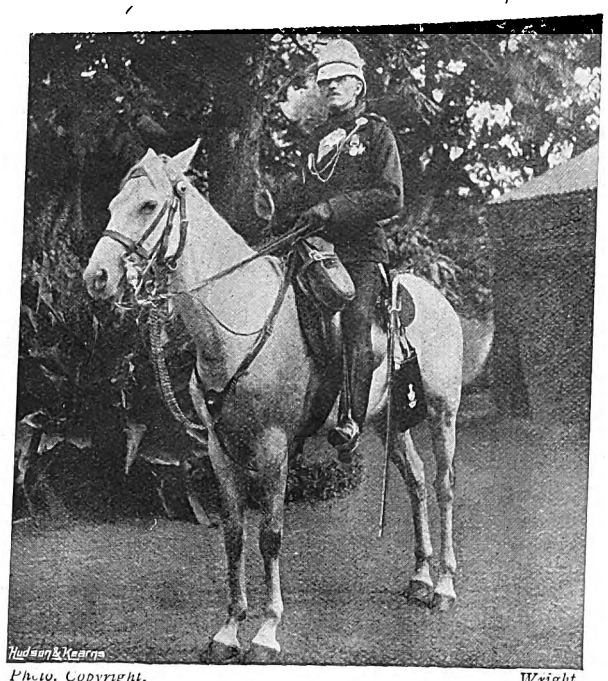


Photo. Copyright. Wright.

A FIGHTING DOCTOR.
Surgeon-Major Hartley, V.C., C.M.R.

no fewer than five Victoria Crosses in the corps. Of these but one remains, and that on the breast of the gallant doctor whose picture appears on this page. Surgeon-Major Hartley, V.C., won his Cross at the second attack on Morosi's Mountain, in the South African War of 1877-79. The specific act of gallantry for which he was decorated was attending and carrying in his arms, under fire, a wounded corporal, whom he had no sooner deposited in a place of safety, and cared for, than he returned, still under fire, to take part in the fighting. Really, some men never seem to know when they have had enough of a good thing!

We have now four pictures left to discuss, all dealing with the Colonial Forces of Natal, and supplementary to those published in the Transvaal Crisis Double Number of the 7th inst. A particularly interesting group is that of the officers of the Natal Naval Volunteers, of which corps we have previously published two pictures, showing an ordinary and a church parade respectively. No sooner had these appeared than a telegram from Durban announced that the Natal Volunteers had gone to the front, and there they are at the present moment. At the time of writing they are at Colenso, in the congenial company of a twelve-pounder, which they may be depended upon to handle with considerable dexterity and to some direct purpose if the Free State Boers wander, as they are likely to do, within range.

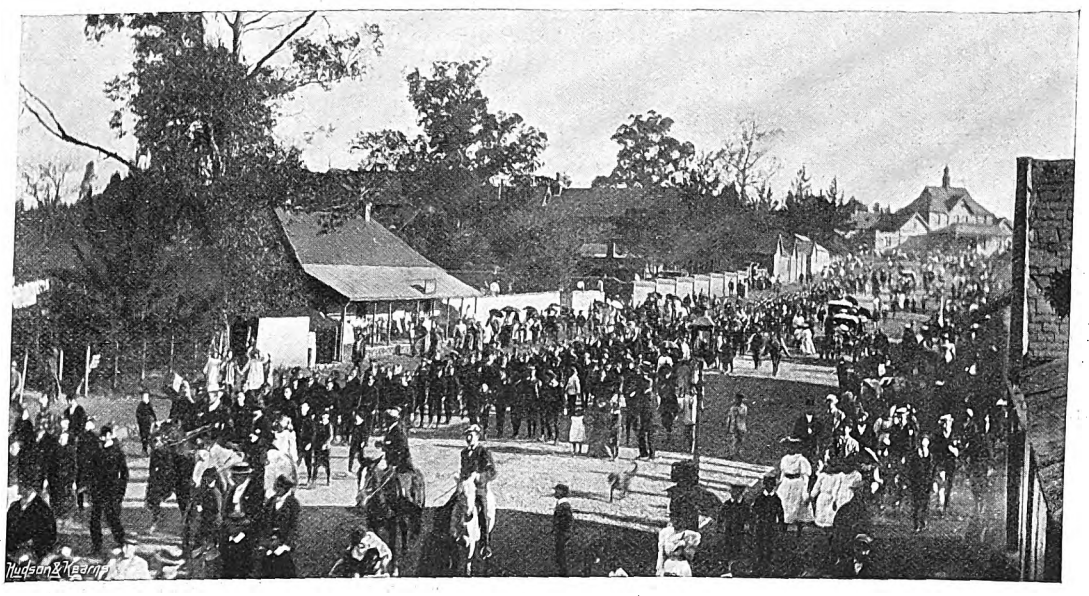
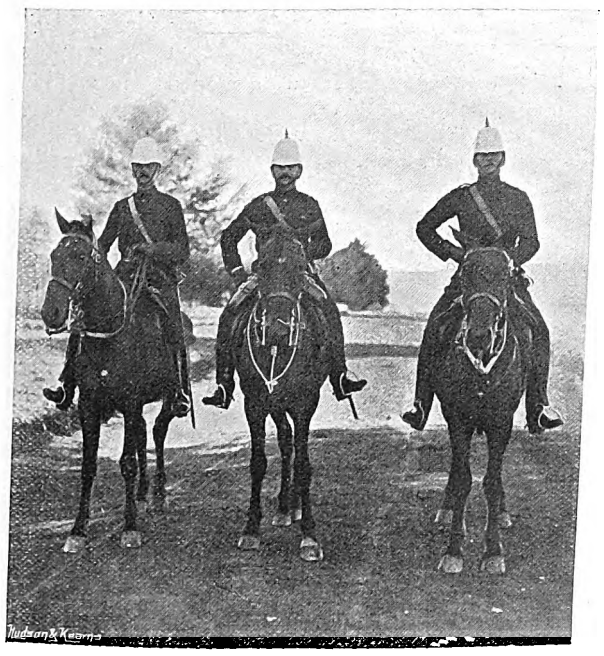


Photo Copyright. Caney.

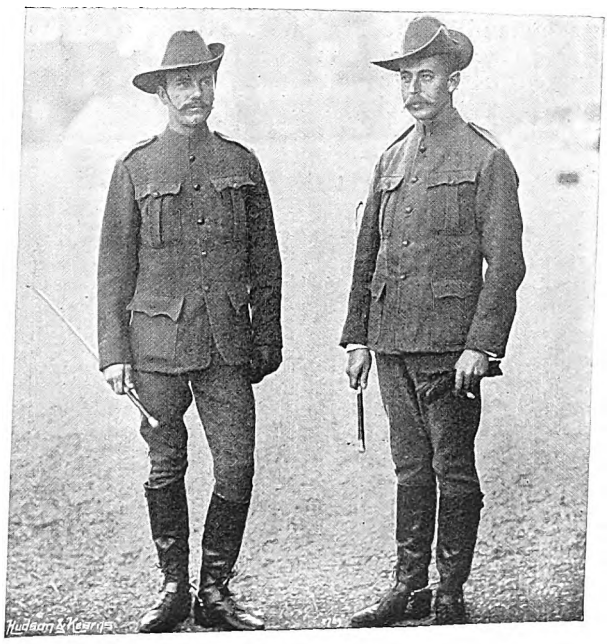
GOING TO THE FRONT.
Natal Volunteers Marching through Pieter Maritzburg.

At a very early stage of the Crisis the Natal Volunteers were warned to hold themselves in readiness for service, and about three weeks before reinforcements arrived 1,800 were mobilised and sent forward in the direction of Ladysmith. Among these was the corps which we see here marching through the streets of Pieter Maritzburg, as smart and handy a lot of citizen soldiers as one could well wish to see.

In two other pictures we have illustrated the mounted corps of the Colony which existed before the formation of the new Imperial Light Horse under Colonel Chisholme. Of both the Natal Police and the Natal Carbineers we have spoken aforetime, but at that time neither had taken the field, as both have since done, with the likelihood of keeping it for many weeks to come. One of the finest corps of mounted police in existence, the Natal Police are for some local purposes actually superior to regular cavalry, while the Natal Carbineers have already been entrusted with important outpost duties, and have distinguished themselves by their smartness and vigilance. Their past record speaks for their future behaviour should they have to oppose the Boer forces.



Photos. Copyright. *NATAL POLICEMEN.*
A Most Efficient Fighting Force.



NATAL CARBINEERS "Navy & Army."
Now Serving Under Sir George White

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Photo. *Elliott & Fry.*
TO COMMAND THE GUARDS' BRIGADE.
Major-Gen. Sir H. E. Colvile, K.C.M.G., C.B.

FOR a Brigade of Guards it would indeed be difficult to find a more suitable commander than Major-General Sir Henry Edward Colvile, K.C.M.G., C.B., nor one who more clearly illustrates in his career the explosion of the old fallacy that a Guards' commission meant little else than a life of luxurious ease. A man of considerable private fortune, it would have been a simple matter for General Colvile either to have enjoyed life as a civilian, or to have devoted himself to the social side of a Guardsman's position as a man about town. But from the time when he joined the Grenadier Guards, nearly thirty years ago, he has always been a keen soldier, and has left no stone unturned to see service and seek adventures in circumstances in which ease and comfort are seldom to be met with. His first staff appointment was as A.D.C. to the General Officer Commanding at the Cape of Good Hope, from 1880 to 1883, but it was not until 1884 that he had a chance of taking part in a campaign. Serving with the Intelligence Department in the Soudan, he was present at the battles of El Teb and Tamai, and was twice mentioned in despatches. He again distinguished himself in the Nile Expedition as an Intelligence Officer, and in 1885 received the appointment of Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General for Intelligence with the Frontier Field Force. He was present in the action of Giniss, and, with a fourth mention in despatches, was promoted full colonel. In 1893, after a spell of regimental duty, he was given charge of the troops in the Uganda Protectorate, and in the following year led the Unyoro Expedition, having as his right-hand man poor "Roddy" Owen, who afterwards died in Egypt. Colonel Colvile was compelled in 1895 to relinquish the command of the Protectorate troops owing to ill-health, caused by the Uganda climate, and in 1897 went on half-pay. Last year he was promoted to major-general, and has now the satisfaction of leading a Brigade of Guards in an important campaign.

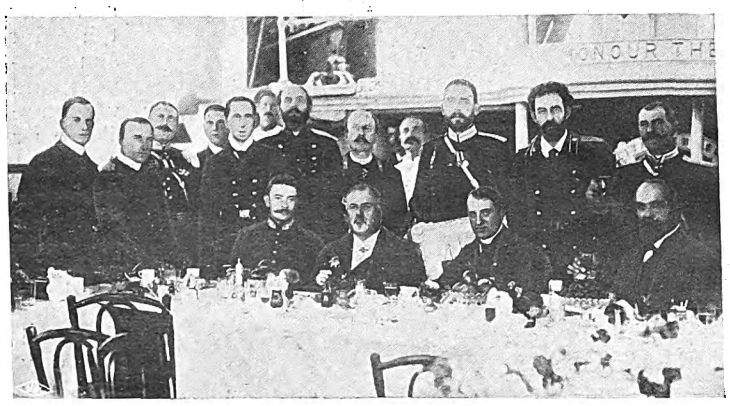
THE appointment of the Rev. E. H. Goodwin to be Principal Chaplain to the Field Force in South Africa is a pleasant reminder of the bond of union which exists between the Army and the Church, and which war, for all its inhumanity, only serves to bring into greater prominence. The Army Chaplains' Department contains no less than fourteen officers who have accompanied our troops on active service, and a fifteenth has lately retired in the person of Father Brindle, the Roman Catholic Chaplain who accompanied the expedition to Khartoum, and on his return was decorated with the D.S.O. The Rev. Erasmus Harpur Goodwin, B.A., entered the Army Chaplains' Department in 1875, at the age of 31. As a chaplain of the 1st Class, he ranks with a full colonel in the Army.

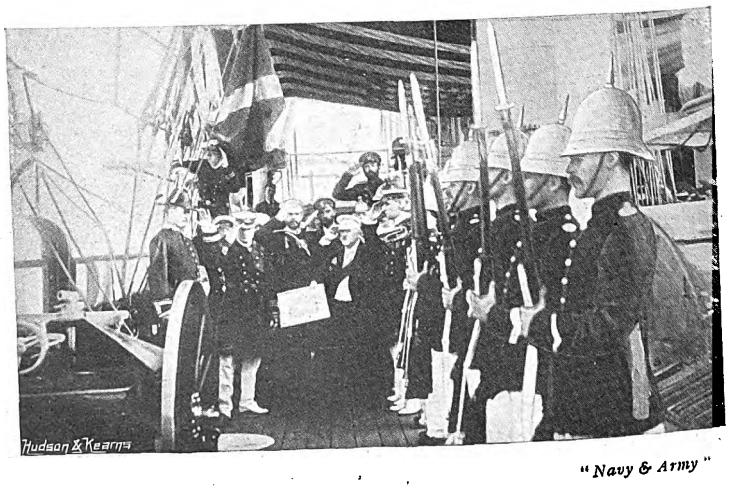
Copyright. *"N. & A."*
Major-General GEOFFREY BARTON, C.B.
Commanding the 6th Brigade, 3rd Division, Army Corps.

Copyright. *"N. & A."*
REV. E. H. GOODWIN, B.A.
Principal Chaplain to the Field Force, South Africa.

THERE are few more distinguished infantry major-generals living than Major-General Geoffrey Barton, C.B., who commands the 6th Brigade, 3rd Division, in the Army Corps now under orders for South Africa. From at least three standpoints he is well-nigh an ideal man for the position for which he has been selected. In the first place he thoroughly understands regimental, as apart from staff, work, having commanded the 1st Battalion of his old regiment, the 7th Royal Fusiliers, for a full four years. Secondly, he is a Staff College man, with a *quantum sufficit* of staff experience. Lastly, he has seen a quantity of war service, all in Africa, and some of it in South Africa, and here he has consistently distinguished himself as a gallant and resourceful officer. His campaigns are the first Ashanti War, in which he was wounded, the Zulu Campaign of 1879, in which he commanded a Native Battalion at Ginginhlovo, the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, including Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, and the Soudan Expedition of 1885, in which he served as Assistant Military Secretary at Suakin.

NOTHING could have exceeded in cordiality the reception which the officers and men of the "Melita" received from the officials and inhabitants of Odessa, on the occasion of her recent visit to that Black Sea port. The hospitality extended to their visitors by the Russian authorities





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INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES—VISIT OF THE "MELITA" TO ODESSA.

LUNCHEON PARTY ON BOARD THE "MELITA." *SALUTING THE GOVERNOR ON HIS DEPARTURE.*

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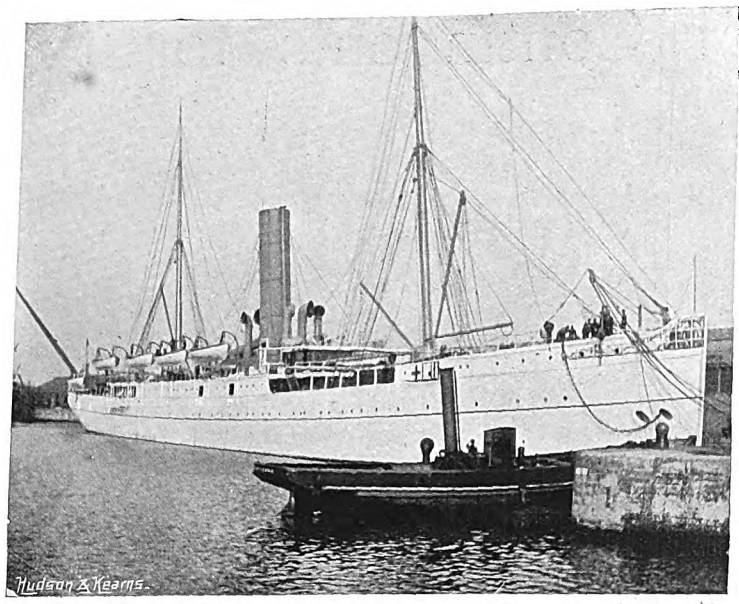
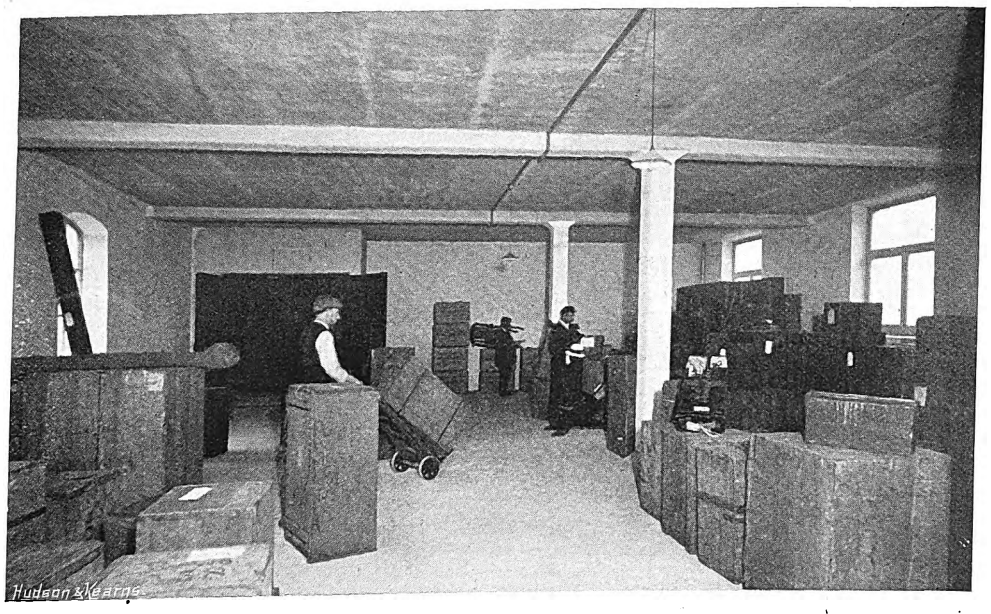
was princely, and fêtes, dinners, and luncheons followed each other in rapid succession. The officers of the "Melita" in their turn entertained the Governor and other Russian officials to luncheon on board the ship, and incidents during their visit are depicted in our illustrations. At the lunch the toast of the Czar was drunk amid a scene of the wildest enthusiasm, the British officers dashing their glasses to the ground, so that they might never be dishonoured by being put to any baser use. On the parting of Captain Fraser with the Governor, the latter embraced the captain before his officers and crew. In short, nothing could have exceeded the heartiness of the reception accorded by the Russian officials, and at the express wish of Governor Skarkow, Mr. Mackie, our Acting Consul-General at Odessa, sent a telegram to Lord Salisbury, expressing the conviction that the visit of the "Melita" would tend to bring about a closer friendship between the two nations. We sincerely hope it may.



THE FIRST HOSPITAL SHIP FOR THE CAPE.
The Union Liner "Spartan," which, with Her Sister Ship, the "Trojan," has been Commissioned for Hospital Purposes.

TWO fine ships of some 3,500 tons burden have been taken over by the Admiralty from the Union Line to serve as hospital ships, and are now ploughing their way across the Atlantic to act as relief depôts at Durban, and to convey sick and wounded from that port to the great base hospital established at Cape Town. Fitted with every modern appliance that is at the disposal of medical science in the closing days of the century, they will be a boon, and in their own way a source of strength to the force in South Africa that it would be difficult to over-praise. The "Spartan" is commanded by Captain Bayldon, the "Trojan" by Captain Neilson, both lieutenants in the Royal Naval Reserve, and both ships have a complete establishment of Army medical officers, hospital orderlies, and sisters of the Army Nursing Service. The wards for sick and wounded—three for men containing some sixty cots, and one for officers with six cots—are all on the main deck, and all have direct communication, by lifts and specially-constructed ladders, with the upper deck. On this deck also is an operating theatre, with a small ward attached for patients recovering from anæsthetics or about to undergo operation, and a roomy dispensary. The ships are specially ballasted, and the stores so stowed as to make them as steady in a seaway as possible.

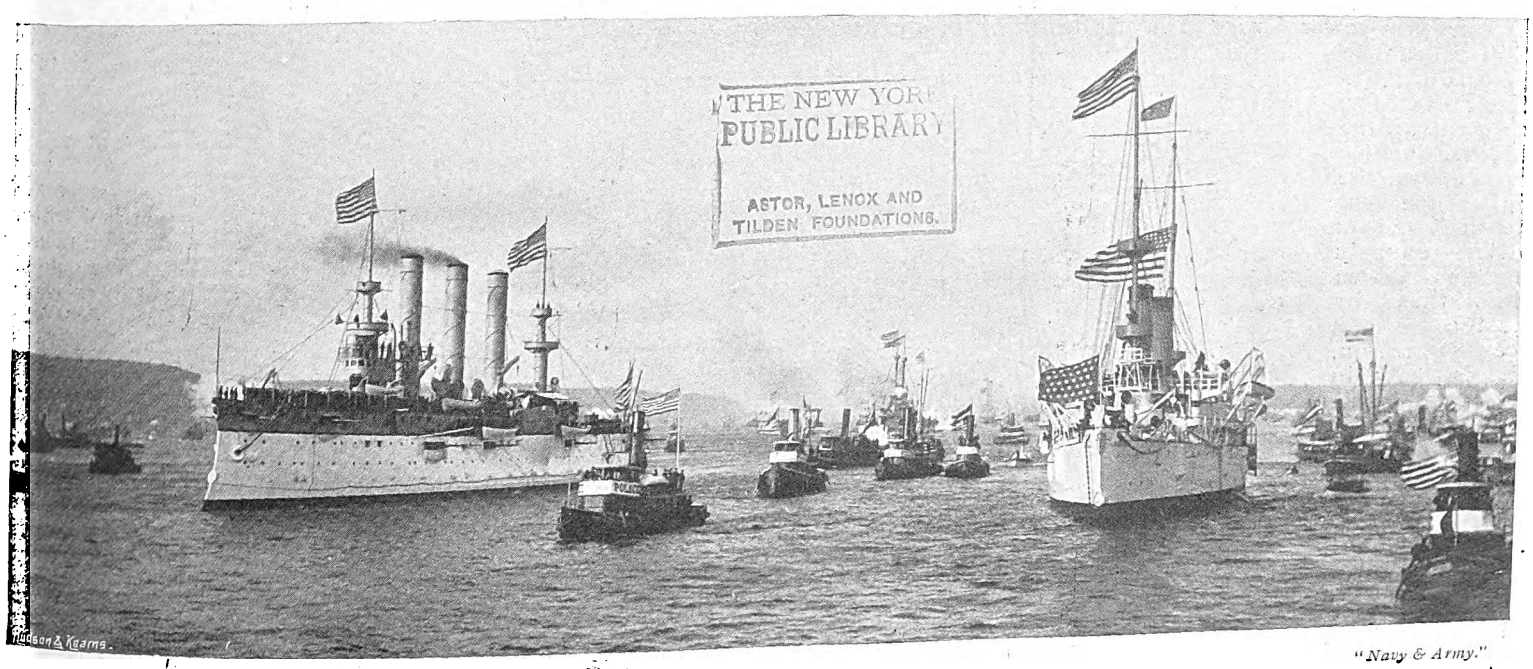


COLD STORAGE.
Perfect Immunity from Moth, for Clothes, Furs, etc.

NOT the least important matter to be considered by officers ordered on service is as to what is to be done with the gear in the shape of clothing and household goods that they leave behind them. The Pall Mall Deposit Company undertake this work, and a view of their storage rooms is here given. Not only do they store with care, but they also act as forwarding agents, and will despatch baggage, if the stay abroad is longer than was expected, to any address in the world. Captain Arthur Haggard is in charge of the Naval and Military department.

IT would be difficult to find an adjective that would properly accentuate the enthusiasm with which Admiral Dewey was received by his fellow-countrymen on his return from the Philippines.

And it is little to be wondered at that he has become the Naval hero of the war, for the work that devolved on him was performed without hitch or fault from start to finish. A triumphal procession of the "Olympia," his flag-ship, up the Hudson River, was the main feature of the New Yorkers' celebration on his return Not only was the "Olympia" escorted by war-ships, but steam yachts of all the principal clubs formed part of the procession, amongst them being Sir Thomas Lipton's boat, the "Erin."



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ADMIRAL DEWEY'S RECEPTION AT NEW YORK.
Welcoming the Victor of Manila.

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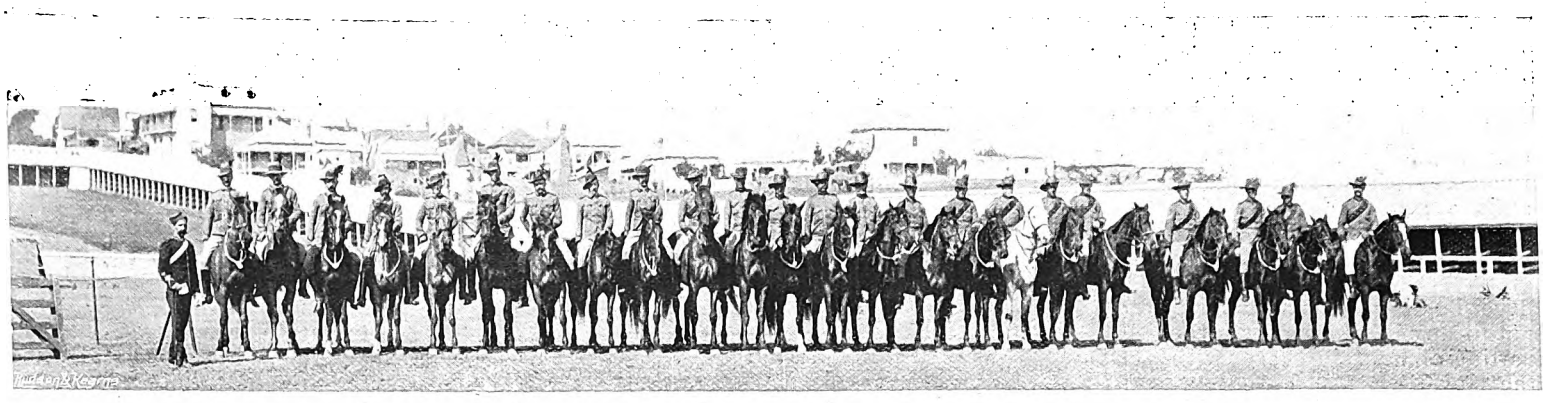
Colonial Contingents for the Cape.



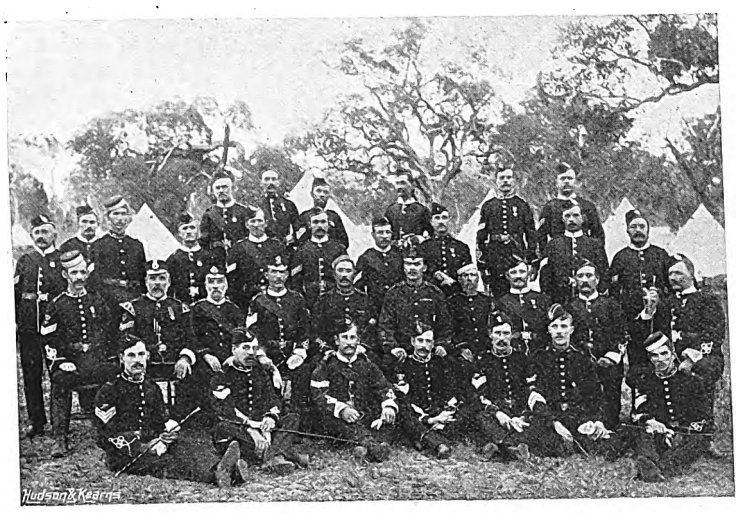
EARLY IN THE FIELD.
The Queensland Contingent was Offered on July 11.

WITH all its manifold and variegated horrors, war has for this country some very pleasing aspects. Great Britain is not a military nation in the sense in which we naturally apply the term to France; with all his insularity, the average Briton seldom exhibits—at any rate in public—that romantic wealth of sentimentality on the score of "Fatherland" which characterises the stay-at-home German. But when the "band begins to play" one dominant note asserts itself at a very early stage in our music, and that is the Imperial Idea, the feeling that any nation or nations who may be desirous of "taking on" this country at the war game must "take on" not only the British Isles, but also the entire British Empire, with all that there is of fighting spirit and endurance comprised therein.

It is, indeed, an inspiring circumstance that, no sooner does the menace of war hang over us, than offers come pouring in from our colonies to co-operate with the Imperial Government in asserting the majesty and justice of Great Britain not only as, in this case or that, a suzerain State, but as a mighty power for good in the counsels of the world. Stress should be laid on this latter aspect, for, assuredly, if the Mother Country were not sincere in her endeavour to keep out of all quarrels unless drawn into them by just cause and cogent reason, it is only in isolated instances that we should find our colonies not only willing but eager to stand shoulder to shoulder with us. Ties of kinship notwithstanding, the entrance of this country into a really unjust war would, besides being rankly unpopular here, be marked by a significant abstention on the part of our colonies from participation in a conflict for which they saw no moral justification.

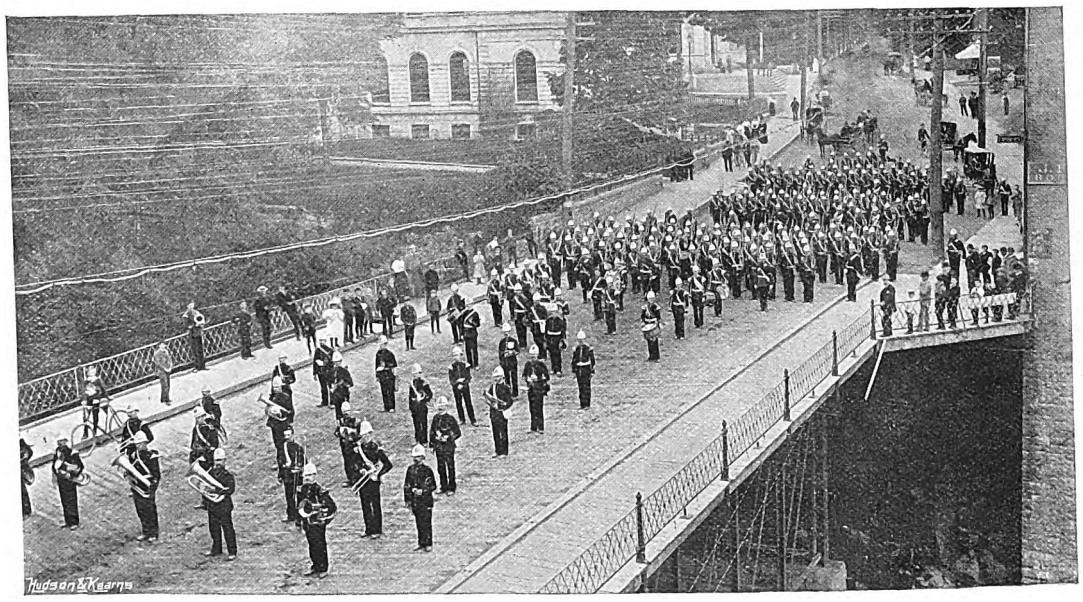
From the very commencement of the Transvaal Crisis we have had the colonies with us, as the Yankees say, "every time." When as yet there was scope for diplomatic negotiation, the Australian and Canadian Parliaments were full of sympathy, and readily gave outspoken moral support. But when the war drum began to throb, the colonial sentiment displayed itself in much more practical form. From south and east and west the telegraph wires thrilled with the same brief, stirring message—"If you are going to fight, let us fight with you. We are ready!" In the whole history of the civilised world there is no more heart-inspiring episode than these occasions—for, as we all know, this is not the first time it has happened, and it is not likely to be the last—when Great Britain, as she girds on her armour to inflict punishment for an insult, or defend her sovereign rights, sees the lusty sons of her Empire come crowding round her, sword in hand, almost beseeching her to let them have their share in the troubles as well as in the glories of British Imperial rule.

We need not here show date by date how each of the great colonies has come forward with offers of help towards the adjustment of the grave situation which has arisen in South Africa. It is sufficient to say that the generous rivalry commenced early in July,



FROM ONE GOLD FIELD TO ANOTHER.
Types of the West Australian Contingent for the Transvaal.

SMART NEW ZEALAND CADETS
F Company, College Rifles, Wellington Rifle Battalion.



Photos. Copyright. *A CRACK CANADIAN CORPS.* *"Navy & Army."*
53rd (Sherbrooke) Battalion Canadian Infantry.

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when Queensland offered, in the event of hostilities, the services of 250 mounted infantry with machine guns. Canada was also early in the field, as were also New Zealand, Western Australia, Tasmania, New South Wales, and Victoria. The reply of the Imperial Government has been to the effect that it will gladly accept units of 125 men from the various colonies, and since then the chief aim and object of the latter seems to have been to persuade the Mother Country to let them each send not one but half-a-dozen or more units. Canada, for instance, was told that she would not be asked for more than four units. These were promptly forthcoming, with an intimation that another four were ready, and "more if wanted!"

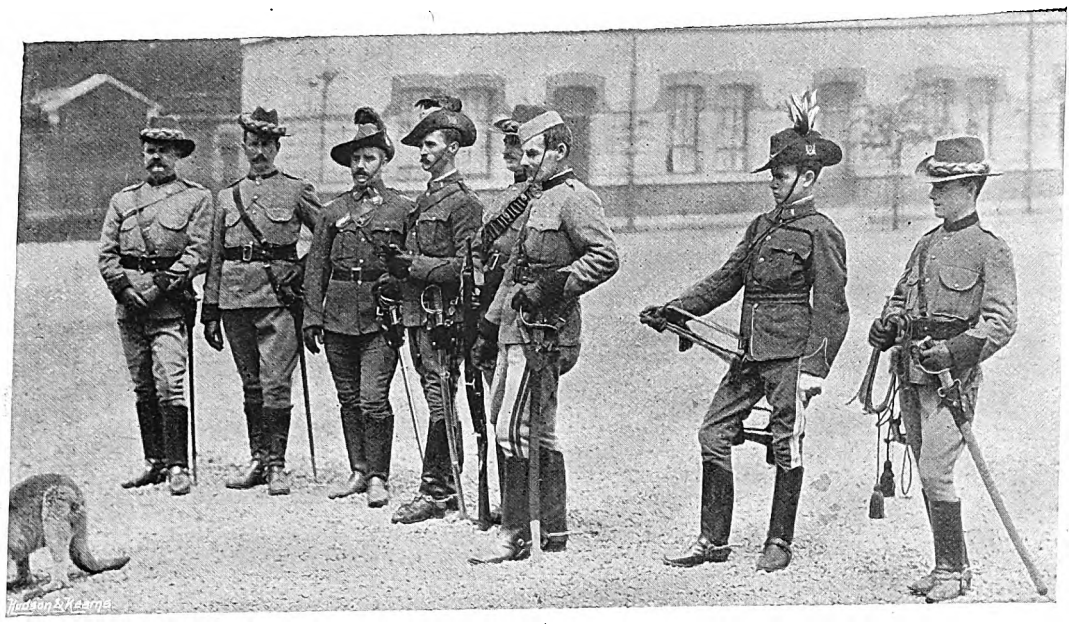

Photo. Copyright. "TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO." *Gregory.*
Victoria Mounted Rifles, N.S.W. Lancers, and South Australians.

A Good Start.

THAT is what is being made in both the cases illustrated by these pictures. For the first we are indebted to a Fort Napier correspondent, who sent it with a pleasant little letter, in which he mentions that one fine morning he noticed that the men of the 5th Lancers had paraded without their swords. On asking the reason he was put off with sundry humorous explanations, to none of which he was inclined to attach much credence. But a peep into the armourer's shop soon revealed the secret. The men's swords, and lances, too, were being sharpened for active service, notwithstanding the remarkable fact that only the day before Oom Paul had been in one of his most reassuring moods, and peace with honour was, to outward seeming, the order of the day. But the British military authorities had at last awakened to the real character of the Krugerian concessions, and were determined that, if cold steel had to be used to put things straight, the weapons in the hands of the gallant 5th Lancers should have a good edge and point to them.

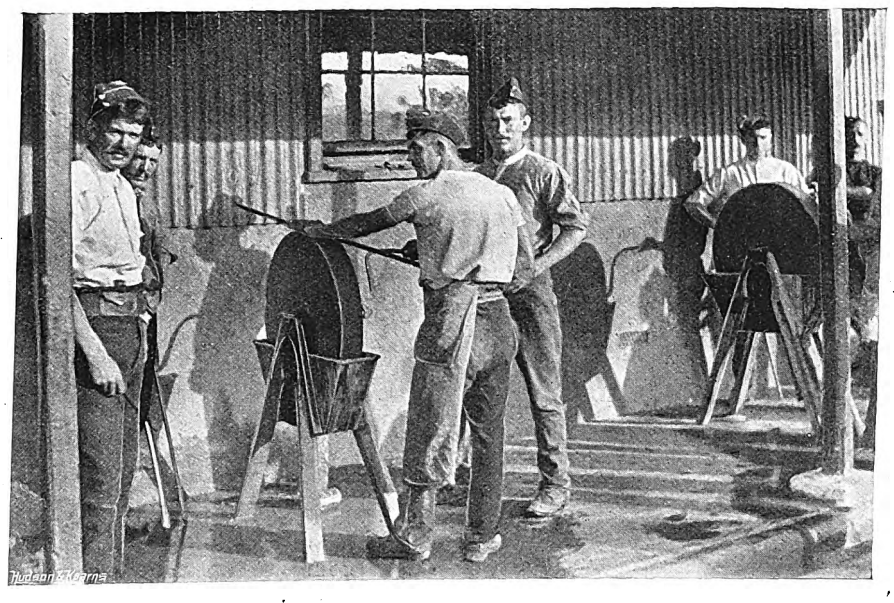

Photo. Copyright. COMING EVENTS. "Navy & Army."
Sharpening Lancers' Swords at Fort Napier.

The departure of Sir Redvers Buller in the "Dunottar Castle" on the 14th inst. was a very memorable occasion, and was attended by many touching and impressive scenes. Of these, perhaps the most solemn was the singing of the National Anthem, in which Lady Buller, who had travelled down to Southampton to wish the general "God-speed," joined with a simple sincerity that shook the composure even of her stern, strong husband. But the sadness of such partings can be, and with Britons generally is, relieved in the case of a military embarkation for foreign service by brighter thoughts of honour to be won and experience gained in the storm and stress of a brisk campaign against a vigorous enemy. With the tears then that sprang unbidden to tender eyes as the "Dunottar Castle" steamed out of the Southampton Dock were mingled bright glances of affectionate farewell, and the crowd cheered itself hoarse as the great ship carried away that noble freight of soldier hearts and brains to its warlike destination. Seldom, if ever, has a British general had a grander "send-off" on his way to the front. It may be that when Sir Redvers Buller returns home, after teaching the Boers the lesson that even England's patience can be exhausted, and that when she does "mean business" someone has got to be hurt, we shall contrive to make his welcome grander still. With the departure of Sir Redvers Buller and his staff not only has a good start been made, but a new phase of the proceedings has been entered on.

Henceforth, keen as will be the interest still centred more especially in the work in Natal, it will be felt that every incident is but preparatory to the forward movement, which is to put a definite end to Boer insolence.

Photo. Copyright. THE DEPARTURE OF SIR REDVERS BULLER. *C. Knight.*
The General Welcomed on Board the "Dunottar Castle."

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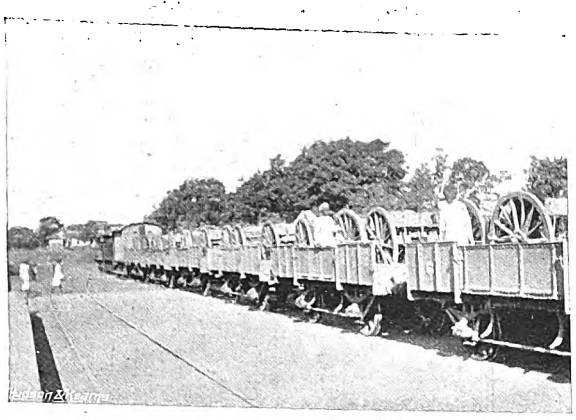
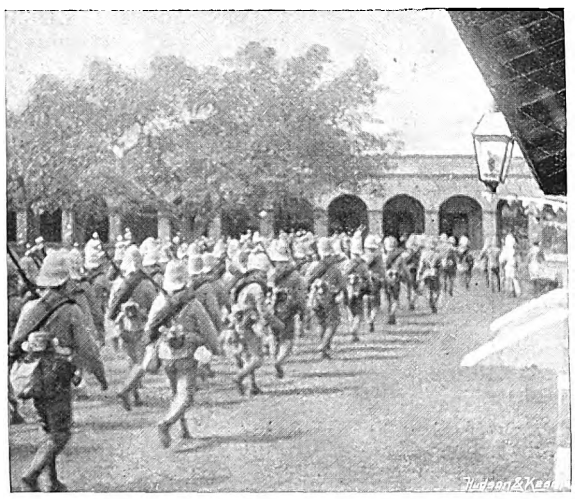
Now at the Front.

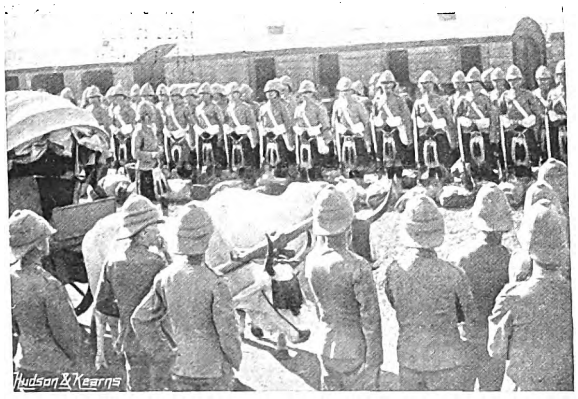


ARTILLERY RATIONS.
An Ammunition Column En Route by Rail.

ENTRAINING KITS.
The 19th Hussars at Deolali.



IN A HURRY TO GET THERE.
1st Devonshires in Their War Paint.



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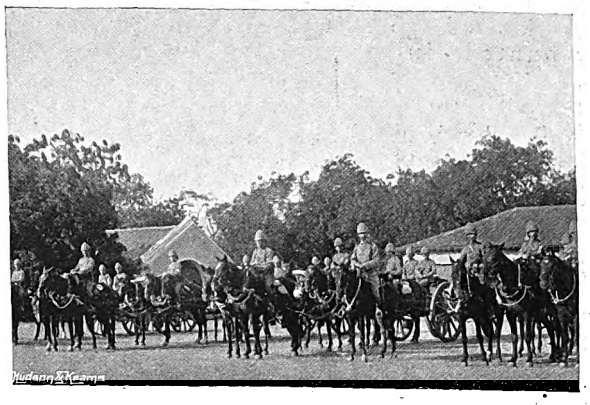
ANXIOUS FOR ANOTHER DARGAI.
The 2nd Gordon Highlanders at Deolali.

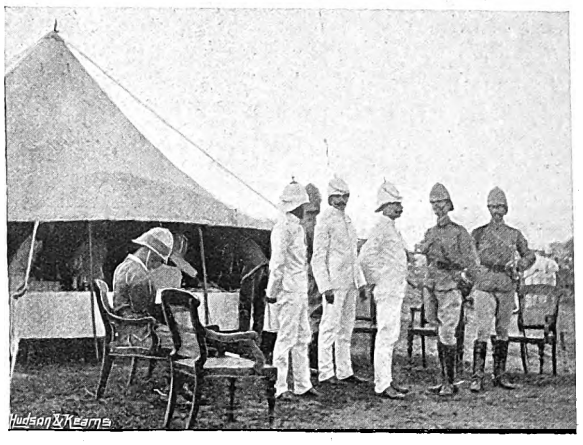
PICTURES are now coming in from our numerous correspondents with the regiments at the front in South Africa, and from these, of course, a much better idea of the conditions of active service can be gathered than from the set groups and studied costumes of peace. This particular instalment is of very great interest, as it represents a number of the corps belonging to the Indian contingent, practically speaking, at the moment of their departure. All these regiments are now in South Africa, some of them pushed well to the front, and very possibly by the time these lines appear in print more than one of them will have been actually engaged. These pictures were secured at Deolali, which has been aptly described as a sort of general military post-office for India. It is in reality a huge rest camp, lying some few hours' railway journey east of Bombay, where troops are commonly collected prior to embarkation at the latter port. The plan is a very convenient one, as the men can be kept together better in a place like Deolali than they could be in a great and busy seaport, where, moreover, it would not be easy to find suitable space for their accommodation within easy reach of the docks. Under present conditions a regiment comes from up-country to Deolali, pulls itself together after a long and trying journey, and then is taken by rail alongside the ship at Bombay, and embarks forthwith without the least trouble or confusion.

The illustrations are singularly graphic, and one and all are redolent of active service. What, for instance, could be more suggestive of the "real thing" than the train laden with the waggons of the ammunition column—which, by the way, requires two trains for its conveyance — and their included food for the guns and rifles of the troops? Our title is "Artillery Rations," but it must not be forgotten that the Artillery ammunition column is also responsible for the supply of Lee-Metford cartridges in the field after the regimental reserve has been exhausted.

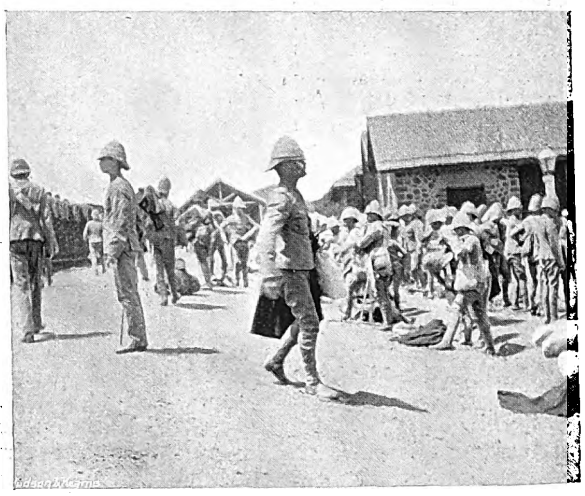
If we are to have war, may we always have men to send to it as fit as these fine fellows who are now in the thick of it, and would sooner be there than anywhere else.



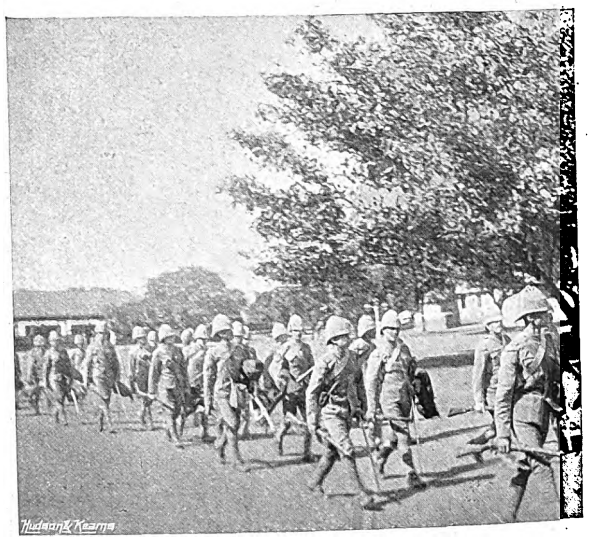
ALWAYS READY FOR WORK.
The 53rd Battery Royal Field Artillery.



SAYING GOOD-BYE
To the Officers of the 21st Battery R.F.A.



CAVALRY IN FIELD SERVICE KIT.
The 5th Dragoon Guards Just Detrained.



"Navy & Army."
HEY! FOR THE CAPE.
The 9th Lancers Marching Off to the Train.

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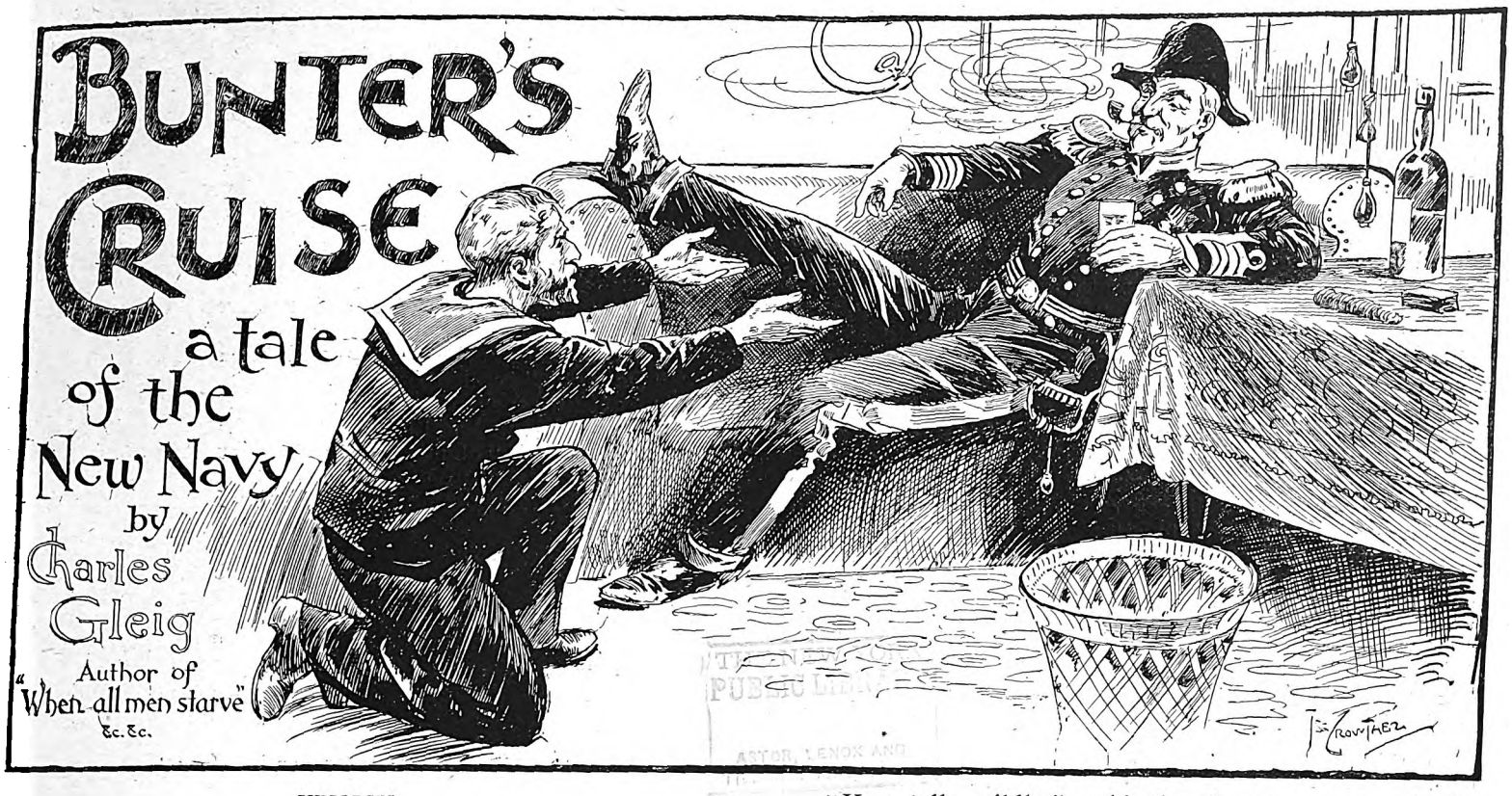

SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., who is in love with a publican's daughter, Nelly Pratten, is baulked in his matrimonial aims by the girl's social ambition. By a series of strange chances, detailed in the early chapters, Bunter contrives to impersonate his own captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale, and persists in the perilous fraud in order to convince Miss Pratten that she ought not to despise a "common sailor." The real captain, who is a stranger to the crew of the "Grunter," is universally mistaken for Bunter, whose clothes he has been obliged to assume. He is brought on board by the police and kept in arrest as a deserter. Next morning the "Grunter" sails for Gibraltar, not a soul on board being aware of Bunter's fraud. Captain Laxdale tells his story, and is regarded by the officers as being deranged in mind. Bunter releases his victim from arrest and permits him to work as a seaman. Laxdale consents to this, in the hope of being able to expose the fraud and turn the tables. Bunter believes himself to be unknown to all the crew, but he is recognised by a seaman named Squib. Of this man Laxdale makes a confidant, offering him a large reward to expose the fraud. Squib, however, hopes to gain more by blackmailing Bunter, and plays a double game. The men of the "Grunter," with the single exception of Squib, regard Captain Laxdale as an impudent impostor who is assuming insanity in order to get out of the Navy. Bunter hopes to escape before the fraud can be discovered, and means to desert at Gibraltar. On the second day of the voyage Captain Laxdale falls overboard in a heavy sea and is gallantly rescued by Bunter. Laxdale's desire to secure the punishment of Bunter is somewhat abated by this incident. Squib makes himself known to Bunter, and demands blackmail. Bunter temporises with him. Bunter dines with the Governor of Gibraltar. His rough manners excite much amusement, but one of the Governor's daughters is attracted by his disregard of the conventions. Laxdale, aided by Squib, makes his attempt to escape from the ship. Owing to Squib's duplicity the attempt fails. The Governor and his daughters visit the "Grunter," at Bunter's invitation. Laxdale tries to speak to the Governor, but is prevented. While the visitors are on board, the mail arrives from England with news of the death of Laxdale's elder brother, and Bunter has to simulate grief.

CHAPTER XIX. *(continued.)*

BUNTER gathered from the obituary notice, following the account of the accident, that George Tudor Bentinck Plantagenet Laxdale, Viscount Winnstay, eldest son of the Earl of Boldrewood, K.T., etc., etc., had achieved nothing in particular during his forty years of uneventful boredom. Like a good many other people, he had been "educated" at Eton and Oxford. After that process his development seemed to have been arrested, for the *Daily Coronet* was quite unable to record anything else in his favour, beyond the vague assertion that: "Lord Winnstay had been a familiar figure in London Society, and a steward of the Jockey Club." There followed upon this bald statement a few lines that startled Bunter out of his ill-assumed grief. "The deceased nobleman," the Governor read out, "is succeeded in the title by the Honourable Roger Hood Laxdale, captain in the Royal Navy, and second son of the bereaved Earl."

"Poor old George!" said Bunter, mournfully. "I never thought to slip into his billet."

"No, no; I'm sure you didn't," said the Governor. "You were deeply attached to him, I can well believe."

"Loved him like a bro— like a twin brother," said Bunter.

"What is this?" cried the Governor, with a change of tone. "Dear me, dear me, here's more bad news."

"Go on, sir," said Bunter, resignedly. "Don't keep anything back. If you said the whole family was struck by lightning it wouldn't surprise me a bit."

"You talk wildly," said the Governor, reprovingly. "Your grief for your brother does you credit, but try to be calm."

"Read it out, sir, read it out," said Bunter.

The Governor complied. "'The Earl of Boldrewood, as we learn with deep sympathy,' he read, 'is lying dangerously ill at Boldrewood Castle. His Lordship, who had been in delicate health for some months previously, is suffering from a stroke of paralysis, brought on, it is considered, by shock to the nervous system. Although the medical advisers entertain hopes of his Lordship's recovery, it has been deemed necessary to summon the family to his bedside.'"

"Poor old dad," said Bunter, briefly.

The Governor laid down the newspaper and started up.

"Laxdale," he said, eagerly, "they will need you at home. The Admiralty ought to allow you to go home at once."

"Do you think they would?" asked Bunter.

The general pondered. "I don't think they'd refuse so reasonable an application," he decided; "but it would be safer to get leave from your own admiral, as there might be less delay in applying to him."

"But the admiral is at Malta," objected Bunter.

"You must wire to him," said the Governor. "Say your father is in danger, and ask leave to return home overland."

Bunter reflected longer than seemed needful, the Governor meanwhile watching him impatiently. "Well?" he said.

"You're right, sir," said Bunter. "I can't do better than send him a wire."

"Good," said the Governor; "I feel almost sure you will obtain his sanction. You ought to get his reply to-morrow afternoon, at latest; and, meanwhile, you can look up the trains."

"All right," said Bunter, "but don't mention it to the officers."

"Of course not," said the Governor; "but why shouldn't they know your plans?"

"Well, they might think small beer of me if the admiral said no." This, however, was not his reason.

The Governor nodded. "And now," he said, "I'll take my girls home. You have sad thoughts to occupy you."

He hurried from the cabin and collected his offspring as fussily as an old hen marshalling her chickens.

Bunter stayed in the cabin, and presently the ladies stole in to say good-bye. Their faces were very grave and sympathetic, and even Eurydice had assumed a chastened demeanour. "I am so sorry, Captain Laxdale," she said, simply. "We all feel for you very, very deeply."

He took her hand and squeezed it hard. Had they been alone he would have put her sympathy to a practical test. Fortunately, they were not alone, for his test might have offended the sprightly maid.

"My heart bleeds for you," whispered Claudia, and it is certain there were tears in her eyes. "We shall meet again," she added, meaningly.

"It won't be any fault of mine if we do," thought Bunter.

The guests filed solemnly out of the cabin, leaving him alone with the empty tea-cups and the ragged cakes.

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CHAPTER XX.

Breaking Bad News.

Long after his guests had gone, Bunter sat in his comfortable arm-chair absorbed in thought. From time to time he replenished a clay pipe with ship's tobacco, and not infrequently he moistened his throat with whisky and water; but the charms of unlimited grog had already began to pall, so that he kept his brain quite clear. With knitted brows, he set himself to consider his strange position, and the more he considered it the more convinced he grew that the Honourable Roger and himself were under great obligations to the restive horse of the defunct nobleman. "Come to think of it," he mused, "horses have a lot to do with the death-rate of the nobs. This cuckoo has kicked the bucket just at the right time to do friend 'Hood' a turn."

He did not reach this conclusion rapidly, but evolved it by slow degrees as he sat puffing at his pipe in the waning light of day. The sun was low in the west and the cabin in shadow when he laid down his clay and touched the electric bell to summon the sentry. The marine entered, and saluted stiffly as he stood to attention. Bunter smiled and offered him a drink. The deference of the men still caused him infinite amusement. He took special pleasure in extracting salutes from Squib, and often walked past him when the sailor was at work so as to enjoy the humiliation of his old comrade. But this was because he distrusted Squib.

The sentry grinned, drank his whisky, and stiffened again automatically.

"Send 'Plain Hood' to me," said Bunter, carelessly. He knew that his action would surprise the ship's company and perhaps scandalise the officers, but he took these risks as unavoidable.

"Send him to your cabin, do you mean, sir?" asked the sentry, doubtfully.

"Yes, why not?" said Bunter.

"'Taint for me to raise no objections, sir," said the sentry, reddening. "I only thought as how he might dot you, sir, if he was here alone. He's a terrible violent man, that Plain 'Ood."

"Pooh! I could knock his face off with one hand," said Bunter, boastfully; "and I can ring the bell if he's troublesome. The truth is," he added, confidentially, "I'm rather interested in lunatics, and I want to make him talk to me."

The marine saluted again and went out. Bunter knew that their conversation would be repeated from one end of the ship to the other.

Presently the sentry knocked at the cabin door, and admitted Laxdale. Bunter rose and motioned him to a seat. Then, as on a previous occasion, he locked the door of the inner cabin and drew the curtain across it.

"You seem to be getting reckless," said Laxdale, as he helped himself to whisky and a large slice of cake.

"It is a bit risky," said Bunter, "but I'm doing this on your account, sir. Strike me pink, if I tell a lie."

There was that in his blunt tone that carried conviction to the mind of Laxdale.

"There must be some good in you, Bunter, after all," he said, wonderingly. "I did my best to expose you this afternoon, and yet you wish to assist me."

"And that's Gaud's truth," said Bunter, emphatically. "As I told you before, sir, I'd be glad enough to serve you, if I could do it without getting myself in irons."

Both were silent a moment, and Laxdale chewed his cake hungrily.

"There's two letters here for you," said Bunter. "I don't see why you shouldn't read them, so long as you give 'em back to me afore you go."

"Damn your impudence; I suppose you've read them?"

"No, I haven't," said Bunter. "Come to that, have you read the one from my gal?"

Laxdale produced the letter of Nelly Pratten from his jumper, and Bunter saw that he had not opened it.

"A fair exchange, sir," he said with a grin.

Laxdale skimmed through his letters rapidly, and laid them aside. He looked thoughtful as he cut himself another slice of cake, but not distressed.

Bunter guessed that he had not yet heard of Lord Winnstay's death.

"Have you seen the newspapers?" he asked.

"Only one," replied Laxdale.

"Anything special in it?"

Laxdale frowned and looked annoyed. "There's a long account," he said, "of my gallantry and humanity in connection with our adventure off Ushant."

"Is there?" said Bunter, smiling; "I didn't strike that article."

"The *Sunday Scum* gives a whole column to it," said Laxdale. "They say I shall get the gold medal of the Humane Society."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Bunter. "Six lines would have done my business."

"But of course I couldn't take the medal," said Laxdale, doubtfully, "for the humanity was yours."

"You wouldn't be the first man that got a medal for nothing," said Bunter. "I was shipmates with a lootenant who got the Egyptian medal and Keydive's star by staying on Southsea Pier; and I know of an officer who got the Humane copper medal by pulling a bloke out of a dry dock at Chatham."

Laxdale frowned. "Your story is in bad taste," he said, as authoritatively as though he had been a reviewer on the staff of a lady's paper.

"That's because you don't happen to like it," said Bunter.

"In any case," continued Laxdale, "the ultimate exposure of your fraud is certain, so that I could never get that medal."

"If you want it, you can have it," said Bunter, meaningly. "There's no dibbs attached to it, you know."

"'There's two letters here for you,' said Bunter."

"How *could* I have it?" said Laxdale, irritably. "You're talking like a fool."

"Hold hard, and I'll explain," said Bunter.

"Explain how I can accept that medal, and I'll call you a Solomon," said Laxdale.

"You seem very keen on the blooming thing," said Bunter.

Laxdale sighed. "I am," he said, simply. "It would convince Lady Sybil of my humanitarian principles."

"Would it, sir?"

"Of course it would," said Laxdale. "If you get the Humane Society's medal, you must be humane."

"I aint so sure of that," said Bunter. "There was a boatman I knew, at Dover, who had half-a-dozen medals for saving life, and he wound up with fifteen years' chokey for killing his wife."

"Very humane men kill their wives," said Laxdale. "She may have provoked him."

"May be she did," agreed Bunter.

They fell into silence. Laxdale was too proud to press Bunter to explain his meaning, and the sailor was considering how best to break the news of Lord Winnstay's death.

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"There's a bit of news in the papers," he said at last, "that'll make a lot of difference to you."

"Show it to me," said Laxdale.

"It's bad news, in a way," said Bunter, warningly.

"What is it?" asked Laxdale. "My father——"

Bunter nodded. "He's been taken bad," he said; "but that isn't what I meant. It says here" (he took up the newspaper) "that Lord Winnstay has been pitched off his 'oss and broke his neck—his own neck, I mean, not the 'oss's."

"Let me read, it," said Laxdale, quietly. He took the paper and scrutinised the report. When he had finished he laid the paper down without comment.

"You take it coolly," said Bunter; "one would think you had brothers breaking their blessed necks every week."

"Lord Winnstay and I were never friendly," said Laxdale. "I wished him no ill, but I cannot affect any sorrow. It is more than seven years since we last spoke to each other."

"What a nice, sociable family yours must be," observed Bunter. "Seven years! Strike me handsome!"

"Such quarrels are common in good families," said Laxdale. "The lower orders have no property to dispute over."

"There's something in that," Bunter allowed; "but I've a deal to say to you, and you can't stop in here long."

"I'm not sure that I ought to listen to you," said Laxdale. "It is true you saved my life, but I cannot connive at your desertion."

Bunter stifled a grin, and resumed. "There's a plan come into my head to-night," he said, "that oughter get us both out of this mess, if it's properly worked."

"Both of us?" said Laxdale, doubtfully.

"Yes, sir, the two of us."

"That makes a difference," said Laxdale, eagerly. Then he remembered the impractical schemes propounded by Bunter in the former interview, and his hopes sank.

"This plan is an out-and-out good one," said Bunter, confidently; "it was the Governor that give me the tip."

"The Governor?" said Laxdale, incredulously.

"When he read about the accident and about Lord What's-his-name being so ill," continued Bunter, "he says, very friendly like: 'Laxdale, my boy, you'd better wire for leave to go home.' He said the admiral was sure to let me go."

"I don't see what good that would do me," objected Laxdale.

"Hold hard," said Bunter; "I'm coming to that."

A glimmering of the sailor's project illumined the dull mind of Laxdale. He put down his slice of cake and stared eagerly at the sailor.

"Now, see here, sir," said Bunter. "If I get leave to go home—and the old cock says I shall—it oughter be quite easy for you to do a bunk and come along with me. Once clear of the ship, you're Captain Laxdale again, and I'm" he hesitated a moment, and then added—"well, I'm anybody you like, except Ned Bunter."

Laxdale sprang to his feet and paced the cabin excitedly. The corners of his mouth twitched; he fumbled nervously with his tawny beard.

"Well, sir, what do you think of it?" asked Bunter, eagerly. He was quite infected by Laxdale's manner.

Laxdale stopped short and gave the sailor a friendly glance.

"Bunter," he said, gravely, "you have far more brains than I, though I'm a captain and you are only an A.B."

"Never mind that, sir," said Bunter, deprecatingly. "Some has money and some has brains. I'd sooner have the rhino myself, any day of the week."

"The plan is excellent," cried Laxdale. "If you carry it through, Bunter, I'll forgive you for all the trouble you've caused me, and call you a real friend."

"I mean to carry it through, sir," said Bunter, warmly. "You sit down and make out the telegram to the admiral."

Laxdale drew a chair to the writing-table, and paused, pen in hand. "The plan is sound," he said, thoughtfully, "but all hinges upon the admiral's consent."

"Couldn't we go without it?" suggested Bunter, slyly.

Laxdale smiled and shook his head.

"Then pitch it as strong as you know how," said Bunter. "I give you my word, sir, I'm as dead nuts now on getting you out of the mess as I am about getting out of it myself."

"Which proves you a good-hearted fellow," said Laxdale, warmly. "Whatever comes of this attempt, I'll stand your friend."

"Sir, you're a gentleman," said Bunter, simply. "There'll be no need for you to refuse that there medal; for you may take your dying Davy I shan't blab about the job to nobody."

(To be continued.)

A Bright Spot in the Last Boer War.

THE last Boer War lives in the memory of most of us as a series of disasters followed by a shameful surrender. Laing's Nek and Majuba seem to embody the whole of the business; and the gallant defence of Pretoria, Potchefstroom, and other towns away from the border is almost forgotten. The stubborn defence of Potchefstroom is well worth recalling, forming as it does a bright spot in an otherwise rather inglorious campaign.

When it was ascertained early in December, 1880, that the Boers were determined to fight, every precaution was taken at Potchefstroom, and the Court House and the gaol were fortified. On the 14th the Boers were reported to be in large force some five miles off. On the 15th about 500 mounted Boers rode into the town and took possession of some buildings. Next day several armed Boers rode to within 200-yds. of the camp. Colonel Winsloe, who was in command at the town, ordered a small party of mounted infantry under Lieutenant Lindsell to ride up and enquire what they wanted. When that officer approached the Boers fired. Lieutenant Lindsell then gave the order to his men to charge, which they did most effectively, cutting down two of the enemy and driving the remainder back to the town amidst the cheers from the men garrisoning the fort and gaol. A general attack was then made by the Boers on two sides of the fort, but the steady fire of our men soon repulsed them. That evening the water furrow from which the supply of water for the camp was taken was cut off. A well was sunk to the depth of 20-ft., but no water was found. The weather was fearfully hot, and the men suffered terribly when the supply of water was limited. On the 17th it was determined to take the water-carts to a stream half a mile away from camp and fill them. This difficult expedition was entrusted to Lieutenant Lindsell, who set out in the dark with twenty-five drivers of the Royal Artillery acting as cavalry, the mounted infantry, and a company of the 21st. The expedition was most successful, and enough water was brought in to last another two days. In the meantime the working of the well was going on, but without result. At length when the last drop of water had been finished several new wells were begun, and on December 19th the R.A. party struck water at 9-ft.

In the meantime the Boers had kept up a hot fire on the fort, the gaol, and the Court House. On the morning of the 18th the Court House was fiercely assaulted. The garrison was short of water, and the roof of the building was fired, so it was deemed advisable to surrender. This was done on the understanding that the lives of the defenders should be saved. To the dismay of the garrisons of the prison and the fort, first a white flag was seen hoisted over the Union Jack on the building, and a quarter of an hour later the Union Jack was replaced by the flag of the South African Republic. On the 21st the garrison of the prison, falling short of provisions, evacuated it, and retired without loss to the fort. The Boers, encouraged by the capture of the Court House, and strongly reinforced, made a great effort to capture the fort on January 1. The little garrison was sorely pressed. Two thousand Boers kept up an incessant and rapid fire for some time, but made no visible impression. Nothing of note occurred until the 5th, when the Boers occupied the cemetery about 300-yds. to our left. Lieutenant Lindsell and a party of volunteers made their way down by moonlight, and drove the Boers back to the town. This little expedition was afterwards spoken of by the Boers as the most gallant feat we did during the siege. On the 22nd a brilliant charge was made on the trenches. Lieutenant Dalrymple Hay led the attack, and was successful in gaining possession of a troublesome position and capturing four prisoners and some ammunition, waterproof coats, and trenching tools. Soon after this engagement a truce was called, and an exchange of prisoners took place. But as soon as the truce was over firing began again.

From that time to the end of the siege nothing of much interest occurred. Food ran very short in the fort. By the beginning of March rations had fallen to 4-oz. meat, ¼-oz. of coffee, and 1½-lb. unground mealies. Tea and biscuits were all gone. Fever, dysentery, and scurvy broke out. There was heavy fighting on March 17 and 18. At length on the 20th Colonel Winsloe decided that it would be better to surrender with honourable terms than be forced to surrender unconditionally in three days' time—for provisions could only last till then. On the 21st, therefore, the surrender was made. When Colonel Winsloe surrendered, he was entirely ignorant that an armistice of eight days had been declared, having been misled by the lying statements of the Boer leaders. Tardy reparation was afterwards made for this treachery. The siege had lasted three months and five days, and our total casualties were 83 killed, wounded, and prisoners out of 213.

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The Story of the War.

STIRRING events have taken place since the publication of the last number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, events which will go down to history as grandly demonstrating the fact that the British Lion can still do something more than roar, and that the British soldier, despite cheap criticism and Continental sneers, still knows how to behave himself "when the band begins to play."

For the greater part of last week we were rather hard up for news, for the simple reason that, where there was fighting going on, our side was isolated and tidings only came to us in the form of rumours upon which, although they were circumstantial and corroborated one another fairly well—more especially as regards the reported repulse of a Boer attack upon Mafeking—no absolute reliance could be placed. In Natal, in spite of a rigid Press censorship, it was pretty generally known that no collision had occurred up to Thursday, and there was even then some ground for supposing that no real advance was intended.

The situation was as follows: On our side General Sir George White was at Ladysmith with a very considerable force, probably not far short of 8,000 or 9,000 men. Some thirty-five miles north-east of Ladysmith, at Glencoe Junction, from which there is a branch line to the Dundee coal-fields, was Major-General Sir W. P. Symons with a force, perhaps, some 4,000 to 5,000 strong, his special function being to bar any sudden irruption from the direction of Utrecht and Vryheid across the Buffalo River. Pushed out on all sides of the British position was a screen of cavalry patrols, serving the double purpose of hiding our own strength and dispositions, and giving timely warning of any Boer advance.

On the Boer side the passes through the Drakensberg Mountains leading into the Orange Free State were crowded with men and waggons evidently waiting some signal for an advance. To the north the main body of the Transvaal Boers had occupied Newcastle in force. To the east of Dundee, across the Buffalo, commandoes were concentrated at Utrecht and Vryheid threatening Glencoe, and incidentally raiding the Zululand borders. In fine, all was ready, but neither did the Boers appear anxious to test the strength of the British positions, nor did Sir George White and Sir W. P. Symons display the slightest anxiety to play into the Boers' hands by moving out to the attack.

On Thursday, the 19th, the situation began to change. The cavalry patrols pushed out towards the Drakensberg began to feel the enemy advancing from that quarter and gradually fell back on Ladysmith. During that day, however, nothing but trivial skirmishes and the cutting of the railway between Ladysmith and Glencoe took place. On Friday morning the Boer plans were developed, and at streak of dawn the Glencoe Camp found itself under the fire of five guns on an eminence to the east, while scouts reported that 4,000 or 5,000 Boers were with these in position. Needless to say the camp was at once astir, and the battle of Glencoe began.

What had happened was this. The Boer idea evidently was, first, to cut the railway line between Ladysmith and Glencoe, then to threaten the former with a sufficient show of force to prevent the force under Sir George White from going to the assistance of that under Sir W. P. Symons at Glencoe, and, finally, to bring two columns simultaneously against the latter camp and overwhelm it by sheer weight of numbers. Skilful as the plan was, it does not follow that it would have succeeded even if it had been properly carried out. As it was, the details were badly executed, and the scheme proved disastrous for the schemers. Ladysmith was duly held by a large force of Free State Boers who had debouched from the passes, the railway was cut at Elandslaagte, and Glencoe was attacked, as we have seen, by one column from the east on Friday morning. But the column supposed to be the Transvaal main body from Newcastle did not arrive in time, and consequently the Glencoe troops had but one enemy to smash, which they did with great promptitude and effectiveness.

The Boer artillery fire proved very ineffective, and was very soon silenced by the splendid shooting of our own gunners. Meanwhile the 2nd Dublin Fusiliers and the 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps advanced against the almost inaccessible Boer position. In spite of a vigorous resistance, this was brilliantly carried, the guns were captured, and the Boers retreated, followed by our cavalry and Artillery, who appear at this stage to have done deadly execution among them. Meanwhile the 1st Leicestershire and a Field Battery were sent to keep in check the other advancing column. By 1.30 p.m. it was evident that a striking little victory had been won, though at a very serious cost. Eight officers and thirty non-commissioned officers and men were reported killed and twenty-four officers and 152 non-commissioned officers and men wounded. Four of the wounded officers have since died, and the life of the gallant commander of the force, Major-General Sir W. P. Symons, is despaired of.

The following day another battle was fought and another victory won, this time by the force under Sir George White, who, leaving Sir A. Hunter in charge of Ladysmith, moved out in order to drive the Boers from Elandslaagte and re-establish communications with Glencoe. Taking with him a mixed force of cavalry, eleven squadrons in all, three batteries, and two infantry battalions, he simply carried the position by assault, and then launched the cavalry in pursuit The resistance offered by the Boers was most stubborn, their artillery was very well served, and our casualties were again heavy, amounting to some 160 killed and wounded. But the blow inflicted on the Boers was much more severe, and was accentuated by the loss of more guns and camp equipment.

The moral effect of these two victories has, of course, been enormous, and it is not too much to say that, even if they do not greatly hasten the termination of the war, they will in several ways conduce to our ultimate advantage, notably in stiffening the wavering loyalty of the Cape Dutch, and heightening our prestige with the natives.

Meanwhile at Mafeking Colonel Baden-Powell is reported to have more than held his own, and telegrams from Pretoria indicate that the attacking Boers suffered heavily in more than one collision with the gallant garrison. Kimberley, too, where Mr. Rhodes, in an interval of "empire-making," is engaged in charge of a troop of rough-riders, has continued to maintain a cheery resistance, in spite of its isolation. At other points the Boers have carried on their destruction of railways and telegraphs, but have had no success to compensate the punishment received at Glencoe and Elandslaagte, nor, at present, does any such development seem likely.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards (I) . . Ladysmith, Natal
5th Lancers . . . . . Ladysmith, Natal
9th " (I) . . . . . Cape Frontier
18th Hussars . . . Camp near Dundee, Natal
19th " (I) . . . . Ladysmith, Natal

ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

10th Mountain Battery . . Ladysmith, Natal
14th Company Western Division, Cape Town
23rd " " " Kimberley

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

13th Battery . . . Camp near Dundee, Natal
18th " (H) . . . . . En Route
21st " (I) . . . . . Ladysmith, Natal
42nd " (I) . . . . . Ladysmith, Natal
53rd " (I) . . . . . Ladysmith, Natal
62nd " (H) . . . . . En Route
67th " . . . Camp near Dundee, Natal
69th " . . . Camp near Dundee, Natal
75th " (H) . . . . . En Route

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers. Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool . . . Pieter Maritzburg, Natal
1st Devonshire (I) . . . . Ladysmith, Natal
1st Leicestershire . Camp near Dundee, Natal
1st Gloucestershire (I) . . Ladysmith, Natal
1st Border (M) . . . . . Cape Frontier
1st North Lancashire { ½ Battalion Mafeking, ½ Battalion Kimberley
2nd Berkshire . . . Nauwpoort, Cape Colony
2nd Yorkshire L.I. . De Aar, Cape Colony
1st King's R. Rifles, Camp near Dundee, Natal
2nd " " " (I) Pieter Maritzburg, Natal
1st Manchester . . . . . Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders (I) Ladysmith, Natal
1st R. Irish Fus. (E) Camp near Dundee, Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers . . . . Cape Frontier
2nd R. Dublin Fus. Camp near Dundee, Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade (C) . . . . Cape Frontier

NOTE.—De Aar and Nauwpoort are the stations at the western and eastern ends respectively of the junction line that joins the two railways Cape Town *via* Kimberley to Bulawayo and Port Elizabeth *via* Bloemfontein to Pretoria. The regiments whose station is given as "Cape Frontier" are those which have been sent forward to De Aar Junction, and are guarding the line of the Rhodesian railway that runs northward through Kimberley, Vryburg, and Mafeking to Bulawayo. These troops are also available for the defence of Aliwal North and the line which runs from East London through Stormberg and Burghersdorp and connects, by a junction line from Stormberg to Nauwpoort, and directly at Springfontein, just inside the Orange Free State border, with the Port Elizabeth line to Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

The reinforcements recently sent to South Africa are (H) from Home, (I) from India, (E) from Egypt, (C) from Crete, (M) from Malta.

The position of the troops and the strength at the various strategic points can be seen at a glance by a reference to the map on page 59 of the Double Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of October 7. The regiments of Buller's Army Corps that have left or are immediately about to leave by this date are as follows: Cavalry—12th Lancers, 14th Hussars, 19th Hussars. Artillery—R Battery R.H.A., 7th, 14th, and 69th Batteries R.F.A. Infantry—3rd Grenadier, 1st Coldstream, 2nd Coldstream, and 1st Scots Guards, 2nd Devon, 2nd W. Yorkshire, 2nd W. Surrey, 2nd E. Surrey, 2nd Black Watch, 1st Highland L.I., 2nd Seaforth, 1st Argyll and Sutherland, 1st Durham L.I., 2nd Scottish Rifles, 3rd K.R. Rifles, 1st Rifle Brigade, 1st R. Inniskilling Fusiliers, 2nd R. Irish Rifles, 1st Connaught Rangers, 1st R. Dublin Fusiliers, 2nd R. Irish Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Fusiliers, 2nd R. Scots Fusiliers, 1st R. Welsh Fusiliers, 1st Welsh, 2nd Northampton, and 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers.

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at a score of points on the Continent, and quite another thing to mobilise that brigade in the first instance with the aid of Reservists, summoned perhaps from a dozen different parts of the country, and then to put it on board a complete war unit ready on landing to, as the old formula says, go anywhere and do anything.

The brigade thus selected to lead the way to the Cape was what is officially known as the 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division of the Army Corps for South Africa, commanded by Major-General Hildyard, C.B. It is actually the premier brigade of Line Infantry in the force, as the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division will be the Guards' Brigade, under command of Major-General Colville.

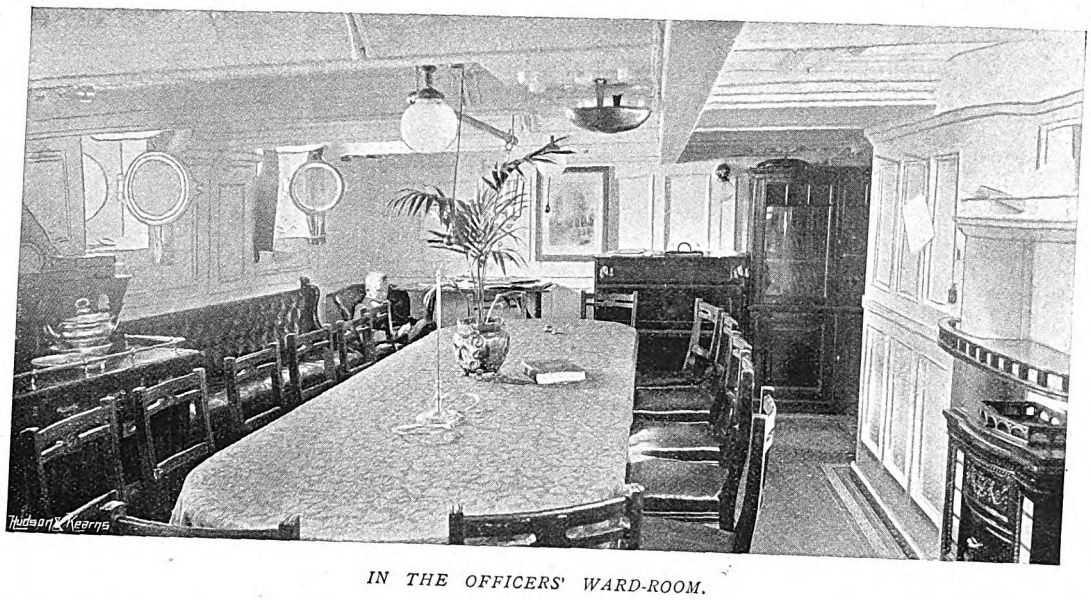
Our pictures illustrate the four battalions of the 2nd Brigade, one of which, the 2nd Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire, was very fully described and pictured in our issue of May 20.

Photo. Copyright. THE WEST YORKSHIRES AT A FIELD DAY. *Typical Group of this Corps, now on Service.* *C. Knight.*

On Board the "Tribune."

THE "Tribune" is a second-class cruiser, one of eleven sister vessels built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889. She was launched on the Clyde, where so many of our cruisers have been turned out, in 1891, and is a comparatively small vessel according to modern notions, her displacement being 3,400 tons. She is constructed to steam at a speed of 20 knots with forced draught, and can travel 9,000 miles at 10 knots on 535 tons of coal. Her armament consists of two 6-in., six 4·7-in., eight 6-pounder and one 3-pounder quick-firing guns, and four machine guns. Possibly some people would consider her to be under-armed; but seeing that she has no protection except a light steel deck, her guns are probably quite heavy enough to deal with any vessel which she would engage with prospect of success.

This vexed question of armaments can only be satisfactorily solved in action, or in a series of actions; there are strong exponents on either side, and some new vessels built at Elswick and in America have been simply crammed with guns, including some



IN THE OFFICERS' WARD-ROOM.

Photo. Copyright. THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS. *Moll & Wyles.*

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considerably heavier than any carried by British vessels of equal size. However, Sir William White is not a man whose ideas can be lightly set aside, and he prefers to solve the complex problem of the adjustment of weights by providing lighter guns and more coal.

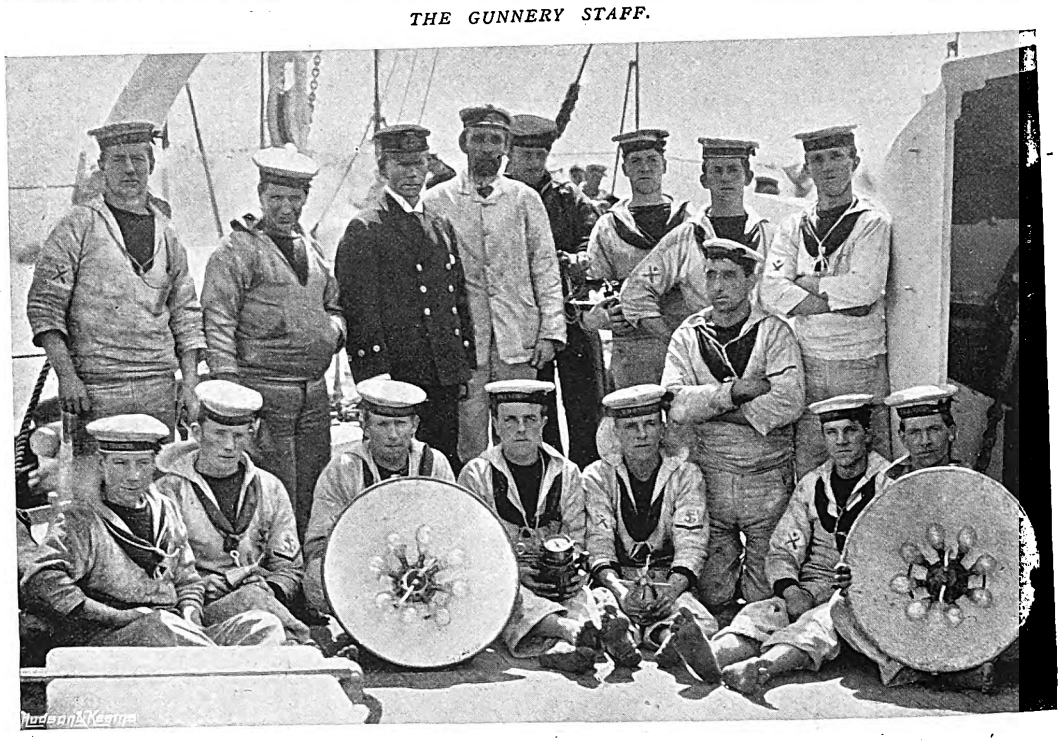
The "Tribune" was commissioned in May for the North American station, by Captain Robert S. Rolleston, whose portrait, with those of his officers, appears in one of our illustrations, Lieutenant F. C. Allenby, the senior executive, being seated on the captain's right; a dog reposing with calm dignity under his chair. There are nearly twenty officers, the total complement of the ship being 273.

The gunnery staff, appropriately grouped in close proximity to one of the quick-firing guns, take care to display their wares conspicuously, one holding a wrench, another a sight, and others parts of the mechanism, while the gunner stands in rear, and close beside him the senior lieutenant bestows approval by his presence, there being no gunnery lieutenant carried in a ship of this size. This is not as great a disadvantage as it would have been in former years, when "Gunnery Jack" had almost a monopoly of this kind of knowledge; nowadays every officer has a very fair understanding of the guns under his charge—their construction, ammunition, and how to handle them to the best advantage.

The torpedo staff, under the charge of the torpedo gunner, make a great display with two large clusters of lights held in reflectors; one holds a galvanometer, which is used for ascertaining the condition of wires as to their perfect continuity. The large reflectors are termed "yardarm reflectors"; not that a cruiser of this kind is very largely endowed with "yardarms," the only yards carried being little cross spars for signalling. These reflectors have special lengths of loose wire which can be connected at will, and the clusters of lights, suspended from aloft, are very useful for such purposes as coaling by night, and so on. Indeed, the torpedo staff have many duties not connected in the least with torpedoes; every light in the ship is under their charge, and if an officer finds himself in darkness in his cabin, it is a torpedo man who is sent for to restore the erring lamp.

The signal staff of the "Tribune," of modest dimensions, apparently, are duly provided with their familiar implements, including the sewing machine, which is apparently recognised nowadays as essential to the efficiency of the department. One man, it will be noticed, holds two little flags with anchors on them; these are used when coming into port, one being held up as a signal to "stand by" the anchor, which is let go when the flag is dropped. In the wooden rack under the sewing machine are the signal books, which are very carefully looked after, and must always be found in their proper place in the signal-house. Should there be any chance of their falling into wrong hands, through wreck or capture, they would be thrown overboard in a weighted box, made specially for the purpose.

THE GUNNERY STAFF.



THE TORPEDO STAFF.

Photos. Copyright.

THE SIGNAL STAFF.

Moll & Wyles.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX—No. 144.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4th, 1899.

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"GOOD-BYE, DADDY. WISH I WAS GOING TOO."

"The above pictured incident is only one of hundreds of a similar nature which have taken place in the past few days. The boy knows nothing of grim war, but is fascinated by the idea of a journey in a big 'steamboat.' It is to be hoped he will welcome his father home again."—*A Correspondent.*

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Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—V.

THE Christ's College Rifles, while not one of the oldest corps in Canterbury, New Zealand, can boast of an all-round record of which any Volunteer corps might be proud. The corps was raised by old members of Christ's College, who wished to keep in touch with each other, as well as band together for the defence of their country. Most of the members of the corps are trained athletes, and it is when any soldierly duties, such as marching, physical drill, bayonet exercise, or volley firing, are to be done that they show their superiority.

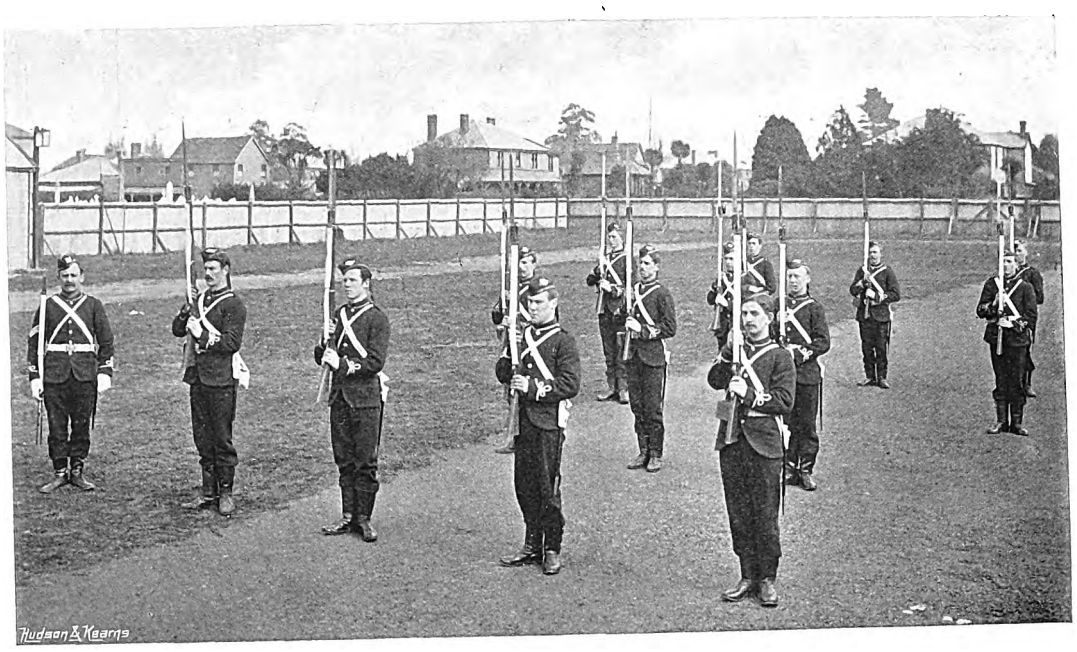

Photo. Copyright. CHRISTCHURCH CITY RIFLES. *"Change Arms."* *I. N. Taylor.*

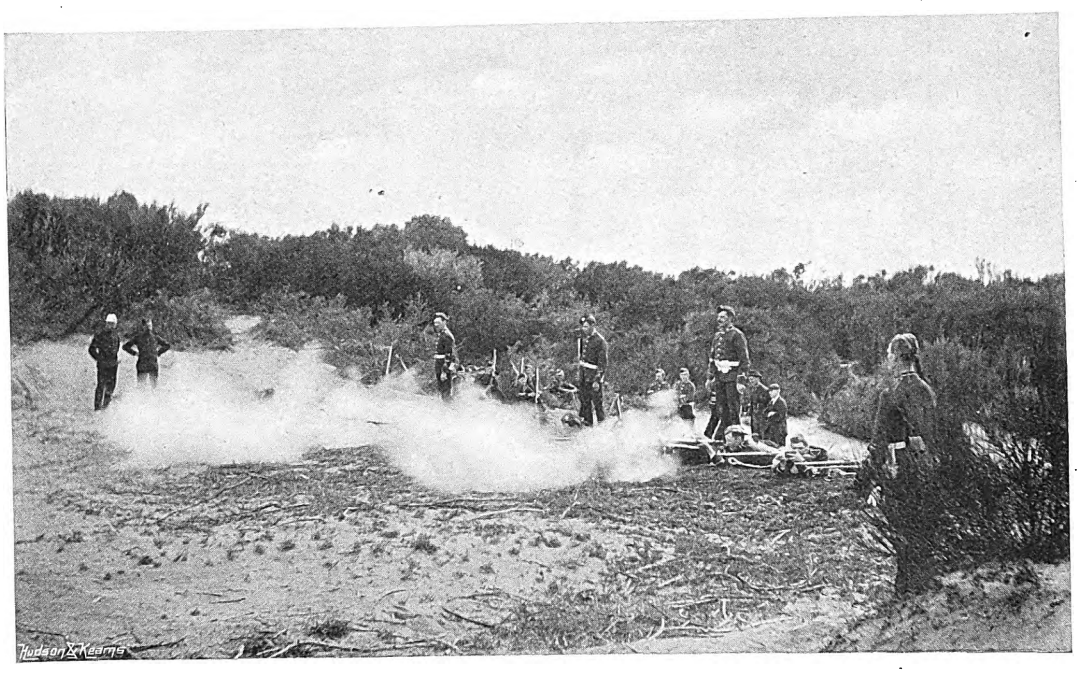

Photo. Copyright. THE CHRISTCHURCH CITY GUARDS. *Volley Firing.* *S. Webb.*

Some years back a handsome silver loving cup was given for the corps which did best at volley and independent firing, and the College Rifles easily annexed it, winning it outright.

A little later a silver challenge shield was subscribed for by the different corps in the district, and this also was allotted to the corps which made highest marks in the Government volley and independent course. Here, again, the College Rifles showed their superiority, and the name of the corps appears more often on the shield than that of any other corps. The corps has numbered in its ranks some of the most talented and respected men in this colony, and, as it has the students of Christ's College to call on for recruits, the numbers can easily be raised to the maximum allowed by the Government.

A few years ago an annual squad competition was instituted, and with good effect. The competition is a very stiff one, and includes squad formations, as well as the ordinary items of bayonet, physical, manual, and firing exercises. Last year the competition was an unusually keen one, and Sergeant Gibson's squad succeeded in winning, after a hard fight with the squad under Sergeant Colclough. The men of the winning squad were fine specimens of colonial manhood, and would favourably compare in physique and smartness with any Volunteer squad in the world. Four squads competed, and excellent work was done by each.

For two years in succession this athletic corps also proved itself victorious in the annual route-marching competition, a result due in great measure to the splendid leadership of Lieutenant N. L. D. Smith and Sergeant Colclough. The performance was a creditable one, and the corps has reason to be proud of its squad, which on the second occasion accomplished the task of

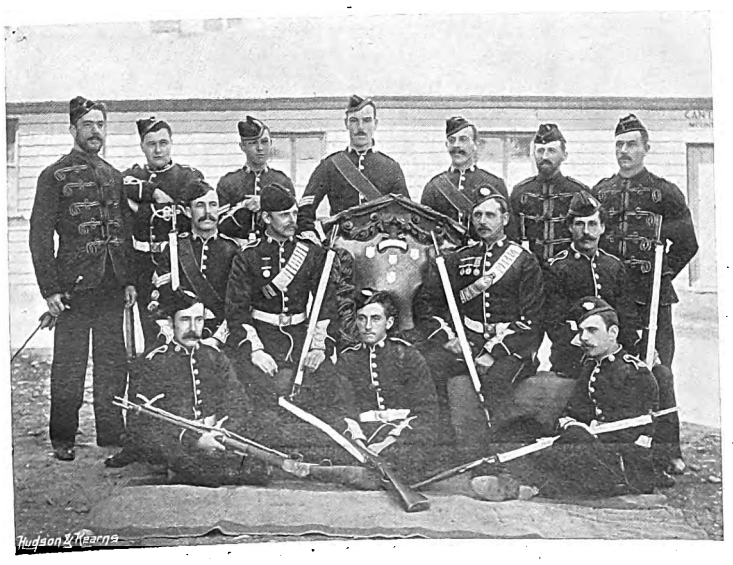

Photo. Copyright. CHRISTCHURCH CITY GUARDS. *Champion Rifle Team.* *J. N. Taylor.*

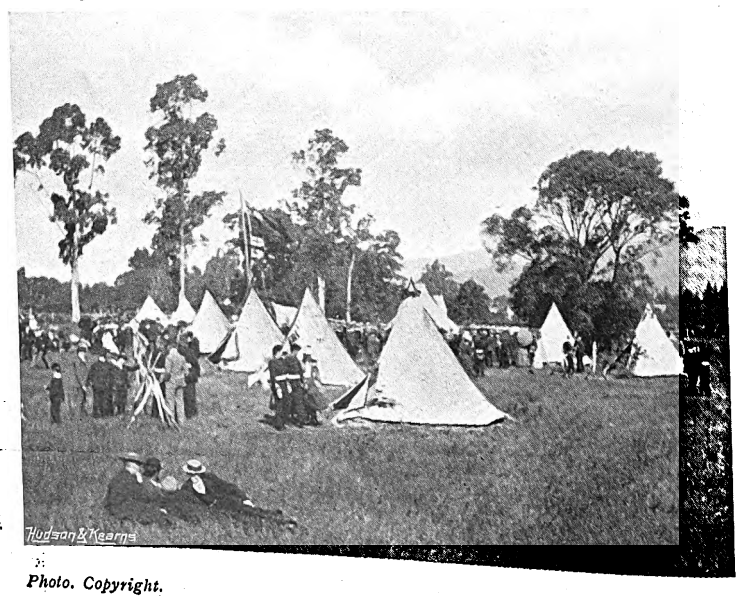

Photo. Copyright. CHRISTCHURCH CITY RIFLES. *In Camp.* *Wyatt Jones.*

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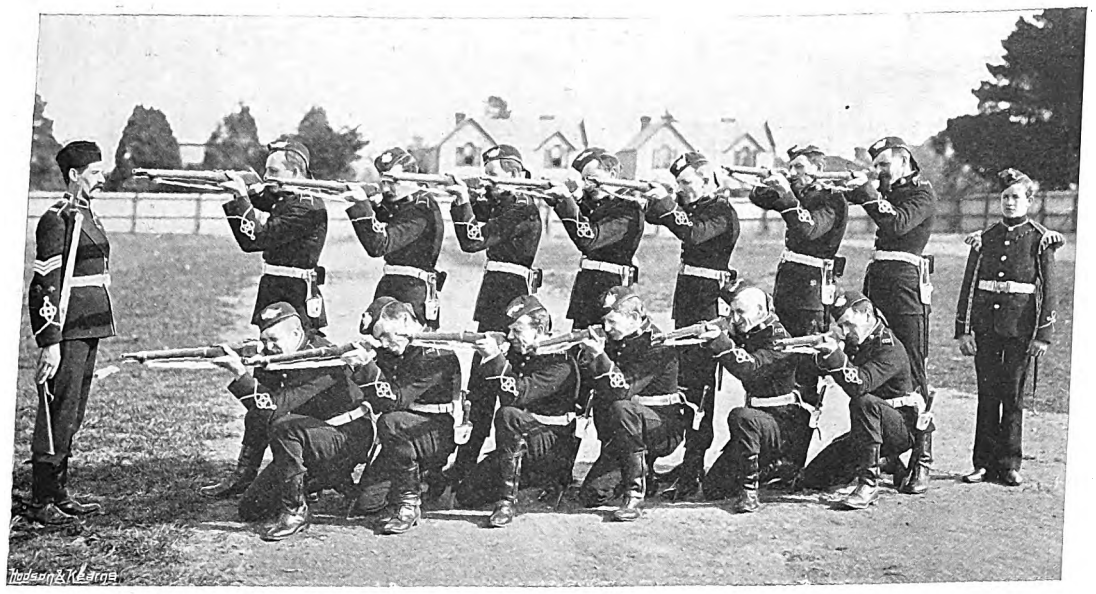
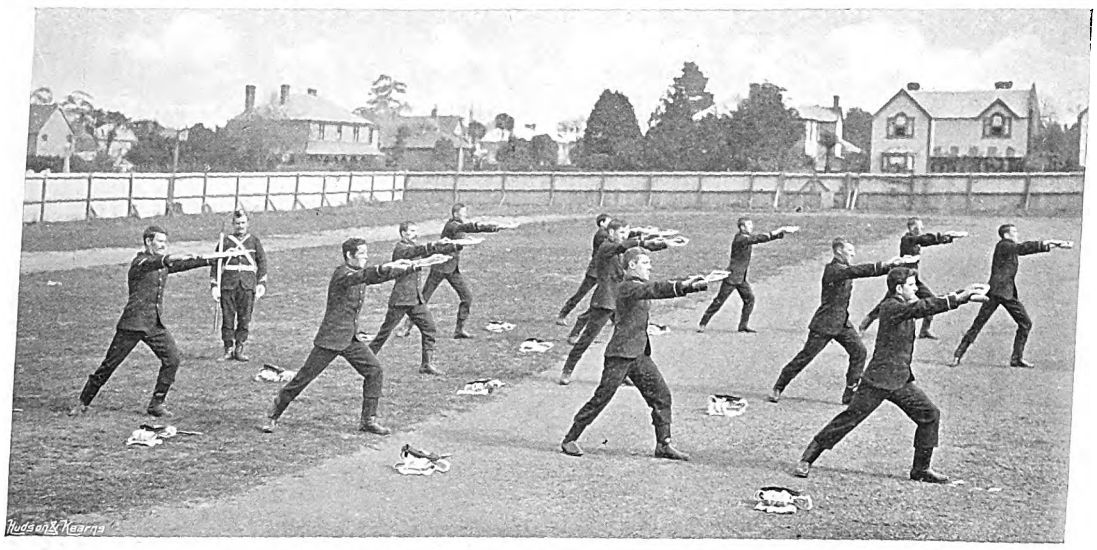


THE CHRIST'S COLLEGE RIFLES.
"Present!"

marching 13 miles 20 chains over all classes of roads, in drill order, each man carrying thirty rounds of Martini ammunition, in 2-hr. 35-min. As a body of men, the winning squad was one which would not have disgraced the crack infantry regiments of the British Army, and it is little wonder that the corps was proud of its representatives.

The ex-members, who, by the way, are scattered not only over New Zealand, but all the other colonies, were so proud of the achievement that they subscribed for a shield, to be hung in the corps' orderly-room, in commemoration of the event. It was to this corps also that Lord Roberts, V.C., sent a copy of his photograph recently, which has also found an honoured place in the orderly-room of the corps. The present officers are Lieutenants N. L. D. Smith and Merton, Captain Day having been recently promoted to the position of major of the battalion. This corps was the first in the Canterbury District to institute squad competitions, and to prove how helpful they are. This year the competition was won by the junior sergeant, Sergeant Marsh, who manipulated his men in excellent style. There is little doubt that in competition squad work the Christ's College Rifles are ahead of anything in the colony.



Photos. Copyright THE CHRISTCHURCH CITY RIFLES. J. N. Taylor.
"Lunge!"

Much of the excellence which the Canterbury Volunteers have reached in drill and discipline may fairly be credited to Sergeant-Major Barret, the doyen of staff instructors in the colony. Formerly belonging to the 14th Foot, now the West Yorkshire Regiment, he served thirty-three years with his battalion, and is an "old campaigner." The Christchurch City Guards and City Rifles, of which we reproduce several illustrations, were noticed in a former article.

An illustration depicts E Battery of Artillery at practice. The New Zealand Artillery is divided into two brigades, the 2nd, or South Island, Brigade comprising the B, E, and N Batteries. Of these the B and E Batteries are field artillery. The N Battery occupies the unique distinction of being the only garrison artillery battery in the South Island. Although not alphabetically the senior of the field batteries, E Battery can claim precedence in point of age, as it was one of the first Volunteer corps established in New Zealand. Originally formed as a rifle corps in 1860, when the Volunteer wave first passed over the colony, the corps did well, being always at the top of the tree in drill, shooting, and discipline. In 1866 there was a feeling that an Artillery corps was needed in the town, and the No. 1 Company offered its services to the Government, with a request that it might be turned into field artillery. This request was acceded to in 1867, and the battery was armed with a 24-lb. Howitzer and a number of cohorn mortars. For years the battery held its own against all comers in every department of its work, and with gun and carbine added trophy after trophy to the corps' collection. Unfortunately, after a number of trophies had been collected and stored in the battery's handsome show-case the orderly-room caught fire, and the whole of the trophies, as well as the records of the corps, were destroyed. Since that time the teams of the E Battery have amassed a considerable number of trophies, won in all cases against all comers. For ten years the E Battery's carbine team was unbeaten, although during that time the men fired fully 100 matches, winning outright the handsome challenge clock given by the Mayor.

Photo. Copyright. E BATTERY AT FIRING EXERCISE. Navy & Army."

In gun work the detachments have had an equal measure of success, and have only been beaten once or twice during the whole of their career. The E Battery is consequently a favourite, and possesses a strong feeling of *esprit de corps*. All over the colony one hears of gatherings of ex-members of the E Battery, oftentimes at places 500 or 600 miles from the headquarters of the old corps.

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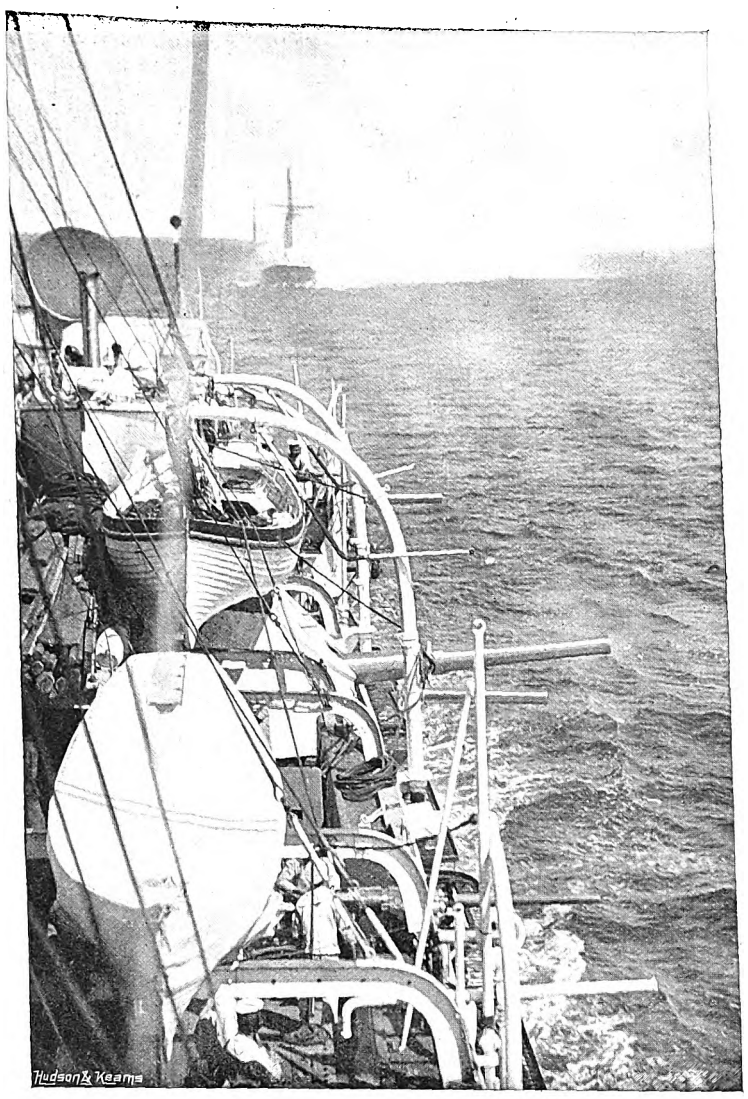
The Old Powder and the New.

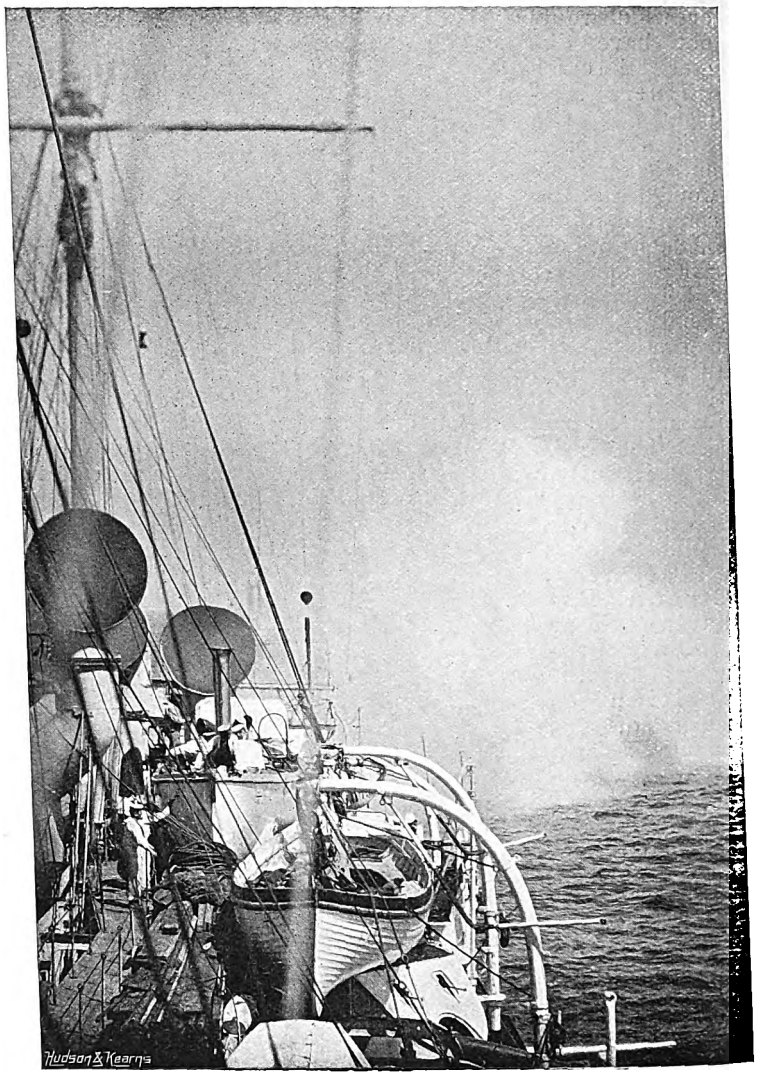


TARGET PRACTICE—A CONTRAST.

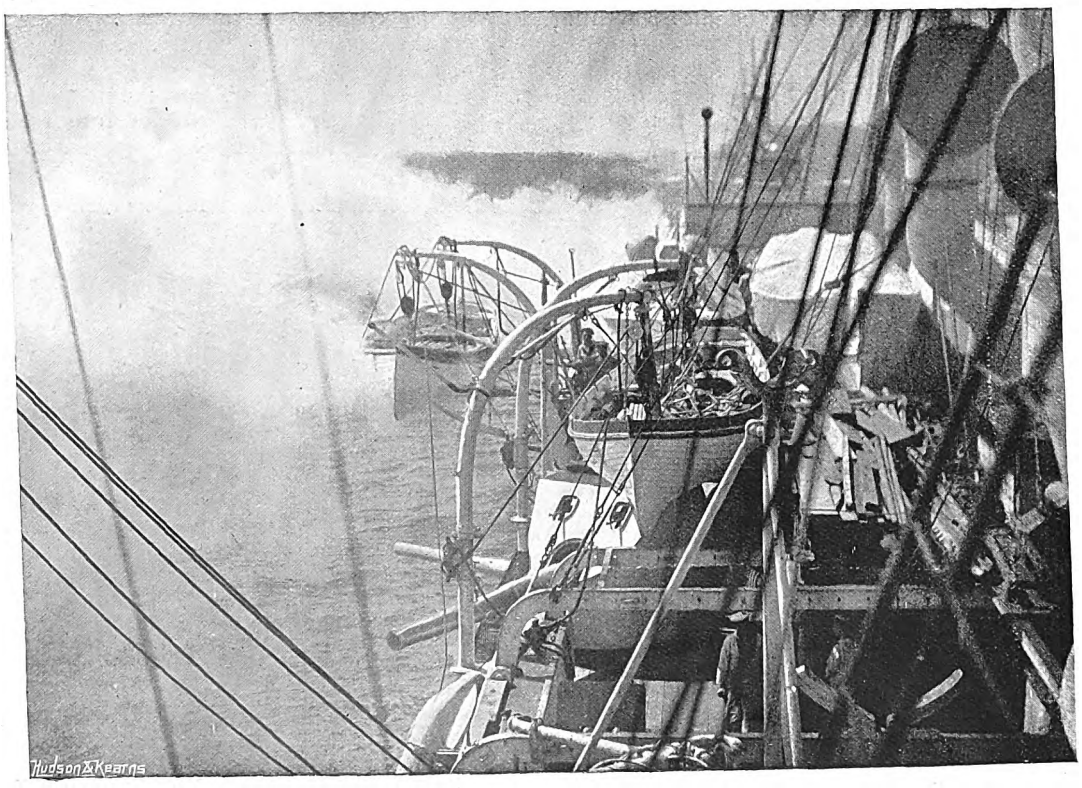
THE introduction of practically smokeless powder, both for guns and small arms, is reckoned by strategists to have revolutionised warfare in some particulars; and the accompanying pictures are well calculated to impress our readers with the difference between the old powder and the new. They represent the firing of the guns on board the "Crescent," first-class cruiser, now flying the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Bedford on the North American station.

In the first, from the bridge of the "Crescent," we see her long 6-in. guns, several of which have just been fired, producing nothing more than a faint bluish haze hanging about. The vessel astern, the "Indefatigable," firing at the same time with the latest kind of "black" powder—though it is not always black—gives us the old familiar puff of dense white smoke, so effective in battle scenes on canvas, but a horrible nuisance to the man who has to fire the next round; a great cloud of slowly-dispersing smoke remains astern, hampering the next vessel as she comes along to take her turn at the target.

The next illustration shows the outlook two seconds after firing the "Crescent's" big 9·2-in. gun with the old-fashioned powder; the charge is 166-lb., and it is quite obvious that the cloud of smoke beats any fog, while it lasts, in the matter of obscuring another vessel. Lastly, we have the 6-in. guns performing with "smoky" powder, and the result is equally remarkable. Hence the introduction of smokeless powder is a modern necessity, and before long the other will have been finally relegated to the past. "Powder" is, as a matter of fact, a misnomer as applied to the new explosive known as cordite, the nitro-glycerine, which is the real source of power, being mixed with a preparation of vaseline, and made up in the form of short smooth pieces of cord. When lit by means of a match it does not explode, but burns quickly with a fierce hot flame.



THE BIG GUN WIPES OUT THE HORIZON.



Photos. Copyright. *THE QUICK-FIRERS UNDER A CLOUD.* *"Navy & Army."*

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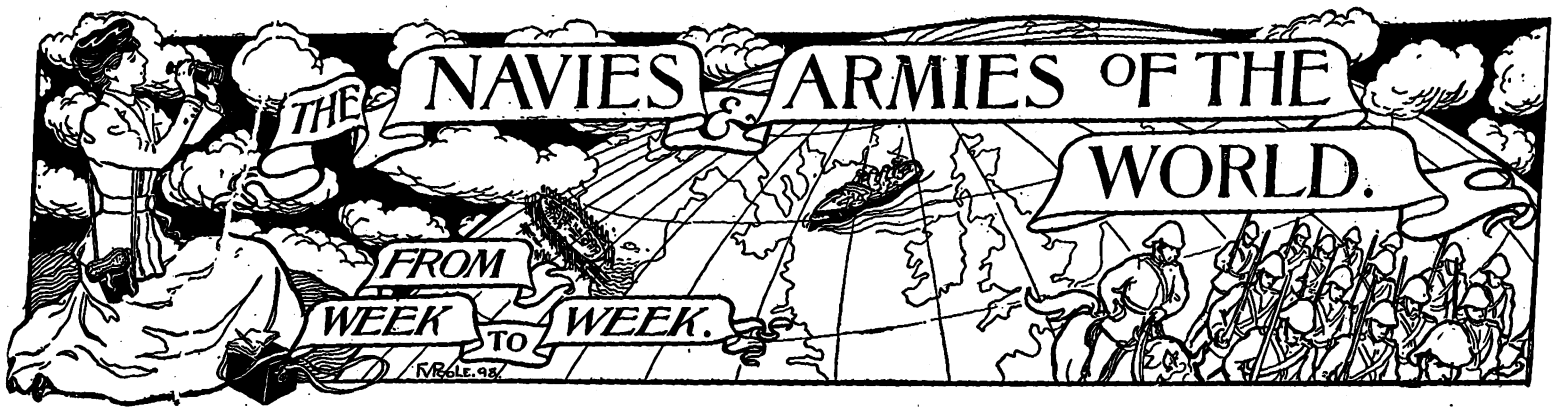

IS one wanting in politeness if one fails to approve of the notion which some contemporaries appear to have formed for themselves of what constitutes "patriotic" comment. I am not thinking of those who use abusive language about the Boers. To scold at people with whom you happen to be fighting is downright bad manners at all times, neither more nor less. If the enemy sets the example, there is no need to follow it. The only proper answer in words to bragging is Don Quixote's favourite formula, "Now shalt thou see, said Agrages." When action is to follow, words are out of place—more especially when they are boastful. Either you are going to win or you are going to lose. In the first case they are superfluous, and in the second they make you look consumedly ridiculous. What I want to comment on is something else. It is first the excited exaggeration which distinguished the first reports of our success at Glencoe (or Dundee) and at Elandslaagte. Look, for instance, at the report that we had taken the Boer guns at the first of these fights, which turns out to be untrue. This ought never to have been said, except upon good evidence, and there can have been none. There can only have been a supposition that because those guns had ceased firing they had fallen into our hands. Then look at the reports, all emulously repeated, that the Boers cannot look us in the face, are dumfoundered at our superiority, and are flying in utter rout. Every one of them turns out to be false. It is we who have to fall back—very properly, no doubt. Yet the side which has to retreat for a time is plainly not there and then superior.

* * * *

Looking at the wild, inflated talk so common in the last few days, one has a rather gloomy fear that Carlyle was not wholly wrong when he said we were going all to tongue and wind. Supposing that this story had been told of Le Général Un Tel and a French army, would not English commentators have been quick to laugh at the inflations, exaggerations, and boasts of our neighbours? They would, and they would only have been wrong, because they were capable of committing the same kind of mistake themselves. Bragging is not in itself a sign of want of spirit. Some very boastful men have been and are as brave as Guy of Warwick. But it has not been our type, our idea, of what was becoming, and it has never been thought the best behaviour. Not to boast till you took your armour off was the old rule, and it is a good shrewd one too. You can boast safely when you have won, though it is unnecessary, because your deeds speak for you. At an earlier stage it is simply a way of tempting Providence.

* * * *

Then there is another thing. The other day *Punch* published a cartoon showing Mr. Kruger in a cave displaying horror and amazement at the endless red line of British soldiers marching past. Now it may be a very pleasant reflection that you can turn out a great army, though, after all, a nation of some millions achieves no superhuman feat when it puts 75,000 men into the field. What, however, is not agreeable is to find Britons talking as if they relied on numbers only to beat the Boers. Here is an enemy in front of us who has no element of superiority over us except numbers. We are well entitled to believe that, though a stout fellow, he is no braver than we are. In drill he is inferior, even if he has the loyalty to his service and the habit of obedience to his chiefs which are the spirit of discipline. He now shoots no better than we do. His artillery is inferior, and he has no cavalry in the proper sense of the word. In numbers only is he stronger than ourselves. Now that is a kind of superiority which has at all times yielded to better quality. Yet we talk as if we have to get numerical superiority on our side before we can win. This is simply a confession that we doubt our quality, which for a country which operates on land with small forces is very serious. The question is not whether people who talk like this are right or wrong. I believe them to be wrong, and shall not believe that all Sir Redvers Buller's numbers are needed to beat the Boers till I am compelled to do so by evidence. The ugly fact is that it seems to show that our standard, our ideal, is changing for the worse, and that there are many among us who are prepared to believe that we are no better than the poorer fighting races whose strength lies in their numbers.

* * * *

The final disappearance of the Training Squadron in its old form—that is, as a force in which men are trained to handle vessels under sail—would send a pang through many of us. Yet there is good reason to fear that we shall never see it formed again. At least, now that the complements have been turned over to modern cruisers there will be difficulty in getting it formed again in the old shape. Possession, we know, is nine points of the law, and the new school are now the *beati possidentes*. They will fight hard before they allow themselves to be turned out. As for the question whether training for the work of a modern navy is best done in a sailing ship, it has been argued at great length for years. There is a strong feeling in favour of sail drill, if only because the old type of sailor was produced in the sailing ship, and it is difficult for us to believe that it can be developed in other conditions. And this is a very strong argument, for, at any rate, it has been shown that the qualities required in a good navy can be brought out and worked to perfection in that school. It remains to be seen whether they can be got in any other. Now it is always rash to give up the proved good thing you have till there is a reasonable security that you will find its equivalent. Some of the arguments used against the sail work of the Training Squadron have been pretty ominous. Thus a bitter complaint was made a few years ago when a man fell from aloft in one of the ships and was killed. It was said that our young sailors were exposed to needless peril. But the Navy, by its very nature, is a force which has to face danger. Surely an early training in facing risks is a vital part of the education of a good "Navy man."

* * * *

But this, as we know, is a utilitarian age, and we have other instances of the truth at hand. The cry for getting rid of the kilt and the proposal to assimilate officers to men in appearance in the Army are signs of the times. It is said that distinguishing marks make soldier and officer too conspicuous, and that this condemns them. From one point of view it does, and yet there are other considerations to be allowed for. Who knows how much of the old spirit may not go along with the distinguishing marks which were its outward and visible signs. As regards the officers, it is a very ticklish business to assimilate them even in mere dress with their men. By their very nature the officers are those who set the example and who lead. It is by saying—not in word, of course, but by what is of far more effect, in act—"See here am I who am in more peril than you, and I go on, come you too," that the officer sets the example to his followers. The uniform and the sword which mark him out to the enemy also distinguish him to his soldiers. It is not safe to run the risk of taking them away without experiment. And, after all, the difference produced might not be so very great. The officer must always be the man who is out in front, particularly in such an Army as ours, which has relied hitherto on its good quality and hard fighting to make up for want of numbers. On the day on which this ceases to be the case with us, our Army may still be a very useful body, but it will not be the old British Army. In a general way it will not in the long run be seen that it answers to insist very strongly on the soldier's duty to keep himself safe. Mere ostentatious exposure is not sense, and Sir William Napier once rebuked a foolish person who, in the early days of the Volunteer Movement, bragged that at any rate the British Volunteer would not run away, by telling him that to run away was at times a clear duty; but it will not be found that what he insists upon most in his history of the Peninsular War is the dexterity good soldiers showed in keeping out of the way of bullets.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

NOVEMBER 5, 1803.—Cutting out of the French cutter "Albion," 8 guns, by one boat from the British 36-gun frigate "Blanche," under the guns of Fort Monte Christi, San Domingo. The enemy was ready, and received the attack with musketry, but the ship was boarded and taken in a few minutes. To prevent the fort firing until the cutter could be got under way, Lieutenant Nicholls made some of his men keep up the firing, to make it appear that the action was still going on, until the vessel was safe.

November 6, 1807.—Capture of a Spanish brig and French tartan, each of 6 guns, near Cartagena, by the boats of the "Renommée," 36 guns, and "Grasshopper," 18-gun brig.

November 7, 1803.—Capture of a French armed schooner off San Domingo, by a boat from the 36-gun frigate "Blanche" sent ashore for sand, and manned by a midshipman and seven men. The schooner began by firing on the boat and disabling two men. The midshipman —Edward Henry A'Court—at once pulled alongside, boarded, and took the schooner, on board of whom were, besides the crew, a French colonel and thirty soldiers.

November 8, 1709. — Action between the "Defiance," 50, and "Centurion," 50, with two French men-of-war of equal force. After four hours' close fighting the French ships made off, and though followed, the British were too much cut up aloft to close the enemy again before the French ships had run into shelter at Malaga.

November 9, 1813.—Storming of the batteries of Port Nouvelle, South Coast of France, by landing parties from the boats of the "Undaunted," 38, and "Guadaloupe," 18. The boats at the same time captured two French armed vessels, and destroyed five merchantmen in the harbour.

November 10, 1808.—Capture of the French 40-gun frigate "Thétis," by the British 36-gun frigate "Amethyst," in the Bay of Biscay, after a close and hard-fought action of nearly four hours, from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. The two ships in the result, having been partially dismasted, fell on board each other, whereupon the "Amethyst" boarded and carried her opponent out of hand.

November 11, 1780.—Capture of the Spanish 34-gun frigate "Santa Margaretta," off Cape Finisterre, by the "Tartar," 28 guns, after a sharp and short action in which the Spaniards made a very poor defence.

NOVEMBER 5, 1817.—Battle of Kirkee. Decisive victory won by Lieutenant-Colonel Burr over a vastly superior force of Mahrattas. Our loss was 83, while the enemy lost over 500. 1854.—Battle of Inkerman. In this battle, known as "the Soldiers' battle," 60,000 Russians were defeated by 8,000 British and 6,000 French, after the most desperate hand-to-hand fighting. Our loss was 462 killed and 1,952 wounded.

November 6, 1763.—Mongheer taken. The Nabob Cossim Ali Cawn, after being driven from Auda Nulla, retired to Patna, leaving a garrison of Sepoys at Mongheer. At the final attack on the place our loss was small, but the enemy lost 1,500.

November 8, 1710.—Reduction of Aire. The town of Aire, on the Lys, was invested by the Prince of Anhalt on November 6. The garrison was under the command of De Guebriant, who stoutly defended the place. The allies lost about 7,000 in killed and wounded before the garrison surrendered.

November 9, 1412.—The English under the Earls Arundel and Angus, as allies of the Duke of Burgundy, took St. Cloud. 1897.—Affair at Saran Sar (Indian Frontier). After the Afridis had been repulsed in attack, and our men were retiring, five companies of the Northamptonshire Regiment were surrounded, and suffered severely before they were extricated.

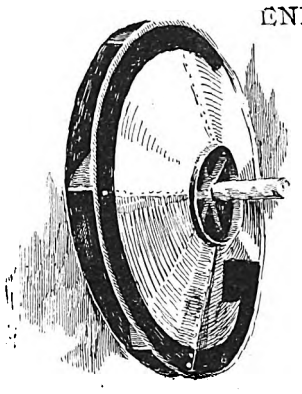
November 10, 1813.—Battle of the Nivelle. Along the banks of the Nivelle a triple line of defence was held by 70,000 under Soult. The first two lines of defence were carried, and though Soult rallied his forces at the third line, he retired the next day on Bayonne, having lost 4,300 killed and prisoners, with 51 guns, and all his field magazine. The 51st and 68th were specially mentioned in Wellington's despatches.

November 11, 1781.—Surrender of Negapatam. Sir Hector Munroe began the attack on this stronghold of Hyder Ali towards the end of October, and the garrison, numbering 8,000, after making two desperate sorties, capitulated on this date. Our loss during the siege amounted to 28 killed and 99 wounded.

THE picture which forms our frontispiece this week is from a photograph by Messrs. W. Gregory, of 51, Strand.

Ventilation of War-ships.

By R. R. R.



GENERALLY pure air exists in such profusion, and is so accessible, that very few consider that any particular effort is necessary to procure a healthy supply. In the earlier stages of civilisation no particular effort was required, as men lived much in the open, and, however greatly they were in want of food or drink, they never experienced the want of air. As civilisation advanced, men collected in ever-growing communities, closed themselves in confined buildings, and sailed in floating cisterns. Under these conditions they were frequently attacked by plagues and diseases of kinds which they were not hitherto acquainted with. Science progressed with civilisation, however, and in time unmasked the invisible demons, showing them to result from foul vapours antagonistic to human life; vapours which came out of their own mouths, stole up from the fuel which they burned for warmth, and emanated from the refuse they carelessly threw aside.

One of the principal remedies consisted in providing outlets for the escape of the foul gases generated in man's habitations, and introducing inlets through which a supply of pure air could be admitted. These provisions, which appear simple enough, were not recognised for a long period, but are now seen to be indispensable.

Perhaps the most difficult structure to properly ventilate is a ship below the upper deck, especially those parts below the water-line. In modern times, all vessels are provided with an elaborate system of ventilation, and in large vessels, notably in war-ships, this leads to considerable complication. Lengths of air trunks run nearly from stem to stern, with branches and outlets into every compartment in which men have to work or live for any length of time. These trunks are supplied with fresh air by a number of fans, generally driven by steam-engines, which draw the air from above the upper deck through large ventilation or down-take shafts. In a large battle-ship there are often twelve of these fans, not including those required for the boilers.

The ventilating trunks pass through a multitude of water-tight bulkheads, and, where they pass through, a water-tight valve or sluice is fitted on the bulkhead. It is necessary to close these valves in the event of a compartment being flooded, so as to prevent the inrushing water passing into the next compartments through the ventilation shafts. This necessity greatly increases the complexity of the water-tight system, and means have to be adopted to close all these valves when the water-tight doors are being closed, and there are frequently as many valves as there are doors.

Some of these valves are made to shut automatically, actuated by the inflow of water into a compartment. As the water rises in any compartment, it is allowed to flow into a small metal cup; this water raises a float, and, by a trigger device, sets free a heavy weight, which, by falling, closes the valve. When such arrangements are fitted they require a lot of attention, as the mechanism is liable to stick to such an extent that the weight is not heavy enough to close the valve. As far as possible the valves are kept closed, and are opened only when it is necessary to ventilate any particular chambers. With the view of making these valves more certain in their action, it has been suggested, by one who appreciated more the pleasures of the Service than its responsibilities, that a contrivance which would fill the cup with grog could hardly fail to wake up the fittings to do their duty.

In spite of the expense and trouble expended upon ventilation, air and other gases are of such a subtle character that the desired end is not fully attained. The shaft or trunk system has the disadvantage of difficulty in regulating the openings so as to obtain an equal distribution through the various exits; and it often happens that, when the louvres nearest the fan are wide open, most of the air escapes through them, and so gives an insufficient supply into the compartments farthest away. This is sometimes felt in cabin ventilation, where the cabins are far from the fans. It is not unusual, on a hot night, for the sleepless occupant of one of the more remote cabins to turn out of his bunk in despair and rush to the ventilation openings to test the supply of air. The supply will often be very feeble, and he immediately puts the defect down to the fans having been stopped or not working up to their proper speed, and concludes the stokers are asleep. He then tucks his feet into a pair of bath-slippers, and, in night costume, perhaps in the ghostly night-shirt, descends to the stokehold, only to find the stokers wide awake. If he is recognised in his strange attire, he is received with the proper salute, is shown that the fans are running

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briskly, and he begins to realise that his feeble supply of air is a defect in the system. Perhaps on his way back he carefully traces the ventilation trunk, shuts off the supply of some other unfortunate individuals, and finds when he returns to his cabin a perfect whirlwind of air. In this he rejoices until his victims wake in a fever of perspiration and open their louvres again.

Imperfect ventilation will result also from other causes. It is related that one evening while at sea it came on to blow, and the usual precautions were taken on deck. The ward-room officers sat down to dinner, after everything on deck had been made snug, but had scarcely finished the soup when all became conscious of an unusual degree of heat and an oppressive condition of the atmosphere. All looked to the chief engineer, as though he meditated some sinister design, or was the perpetrator of some ghastly joke. He was unconscious of such schemes; but he, too, accustomed as he was to heat and all sorts and conditions of atmospheres, felt the depressing conditions of his surroundings, and, excusing himself from the table, set off to investigate. He went straight to the steering engine-room, which was two decks below the ward-room, and found the stoker in charge of the engine in a half-dazed condition, and the compartment itself charged with an atmosphere compared with which that in the ward-room was purity itself.

The fan situated in this room was running briskly, in fact much faster than usual, but the air delivered through the ventilating openings was feeble and hot. There was but one direction in which to look for the cause, and this was the supply shaft to the fan. All the doors in this trunk were discovered to be open, but, on reaching the upper deck, the engineer found the inlet at the end completely closed over by a canvas cover which the watch had carefully put on and conscientiously lashed down to prevent spray from the sea passing into the shaft. This resulted in the fan simply churning over and over again the air in the compartments which it ventilated, one of which was the ward-room, and another the steering engine-room, the atmosphere in the latter being gradually infused into the ward-room, and becoming hotter and thicker by the addition of steam and oil vapour from the engine.

He is received with the proper salute.

The cover was soon taken off, the air below quickly cleared, and the restoration of harmony and comfort at dinner quickly followed.

The only system which lends itself to perfection is to have an inlet and outlet to each compartment with independent fans. This, however, would entail much too great a complication if carried out in its entirety; but developments are in progress by which all the most important compartments are so fitted. Each of these, either at the outlet or inlet, is provided with a fan driven by an electric motor. Electricity has the advantage of being more readily transmitted than air, steam, or water, and its greater uncertainty of action is not of so much importance in ventilation, as it is not a vital matter.

Coal-bunker ventilation also involves an elaborate system, rendered necessary not so much for breathing as to allow of the escape of gases given off from the coal. This gas, if mixed with a certain proportion of air, forms an explosive compound and may have disastrous results if a light be brought near it. The best mechanical appliances, however, will not alone prevent these results, and although these exist, and an elaborate collection of instructions with them, there may be expected some occasional explosions, owing to the uncertain behaviour of the gases, the difficulty in trimming coal evenly when the bunkers are nearly full, and the over-confidence which results from inexperience of accidents.

Nothing has yet been said in reference to the supply of air to the boilers. This air is mainly required to burn the coal in the furnaces, but it is used incidentally for ventilating the stokeholds, as it must pass through them before reaching the fires. A large battle-ship steaming at full power requires every hour over 5,000,000 cubic feet of air, and this is supplied by about eight fans driven by steam-engines, running at from 400 to 500 revolutions per minute.

One great advantage of this artificial system of supplying air to the furnaces is, that an adequate amount can be obtained independently of the condition of the weather. When natural draught only is depended upon, there are circumstances of weather, such as a light following wind, that reduce the captain of a steam-ship almost to the condition of the mariner of a sailing vessel, whose only resource was often to whistle for the wind.

In a forced draught vessel, with air passing through the stokeholds at the above-mentioned rate, there is no doubt that the staff employed in them are not stinted for air. Their chief difficulty is to avoid the draughts. Some years ago they did not fully realise this, and got occasionally into the habit of standing back in a draught whilst perspiring freely after the arduous labour of clinkering or cleaning fires. This resulted in some being laid up with rheumatism and kindred complaints. Few cases of this nature now occur, as there are spaces in the stokeholds where the air is comparatively quiet, and experience teaches the stokers to seek these spots.

Some people have thought that the men who work in compartments under air pressure, as in closed stokeholds, must suffer in some way from this pressure, comparing it with working in a diving-bell. The highest pressure employed, and this only in special craft, is only equivalent to a column of 4-in. of water, which corresponds to about two-thirds of an ounce per square inch. The pressure in a diving-bell 30-ft. below the water-level is about 15-lb. per square inch. In the case of ordinary vessels the air pressure is equal to only one-half inch of water, or about one-twelfth of an ounce per square inch. Experience shows that stokers do not suffer from this cause in the slightest degree.

The best system of ventilation is not satisfactory unless it is accompanied by cleanliness. Strenuous and sustained efforts are made in this direction in war-ships, so much so, that their sweetness has become proverbial.

Provision rooms require to be particularly watched. These rooms are often situated in parts of the vessel which are imperfectly ventilated, and as a consequence fresh provisions are liable to become putrid. There is, however, small probability that this will continue to a harmful degree, as, besides the constant visits paid to these quarters by the stewards and their staff, they are inspected frequently by the commander and twice a week by the captain.

Bilges demand a lot of attention, as the greater part of a ship drains into them, and the refuse, if allowed to remain any time, gives off an odour which cannot be described as otto of roses. It should be understood, however, that bilges are not strangers to roses, as each one possesses several, their work being to strain the solid matter from the liquid, and so prevent the pumps becoming choked and inoperative. Bath-rooms, lavatories, and many other parts of a ship have also to be carefully watched and scoured to prevent, as much as possible, the generation of noxious gases.

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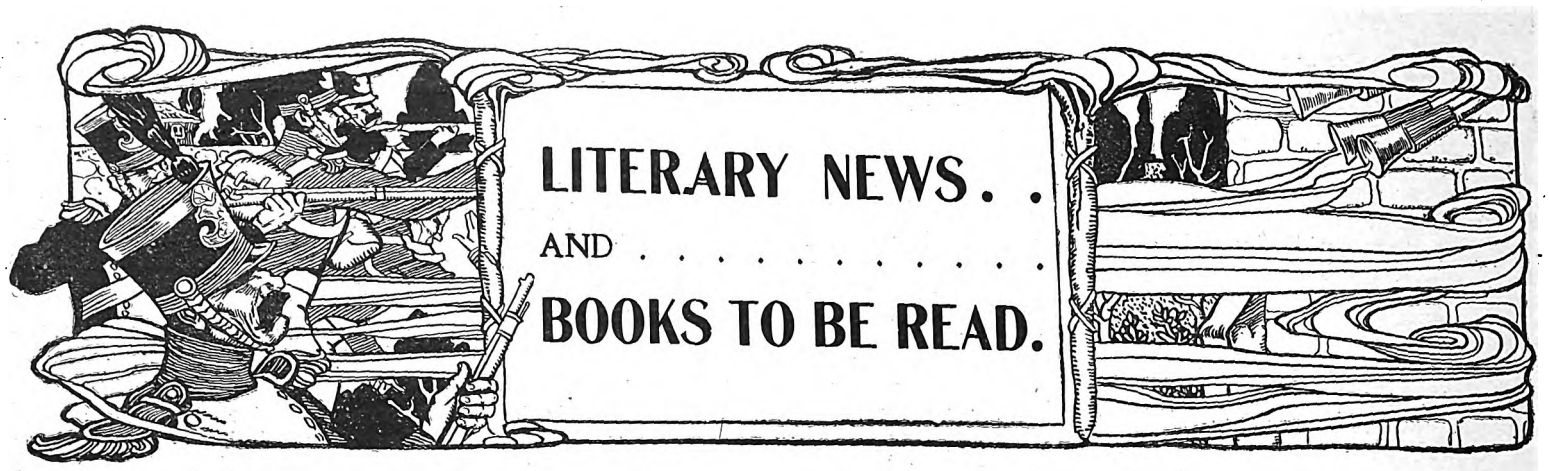

BEYOND all question the most interesting and instructive book that has yet been written upon the internal affairs of President Kruger's oligarchy is Mr. J. P. FitzPatrick's "The Transvaal from Within" (Heinemann), which has made a very timely appearance. Inasmuch as many have been heard and judged, it appeared to this excellent writer that the Uitlanders, who have been judged, should be heard also. He writes with commendable impartiality in a general way, which is surprising in the circumstances, considering the fact that he was a prominent Uitlander and secretary of the Reform Committee in Johannesburg, who was arrested after the Jameson Raid, and fell under the ban of President Kruger. Of the raid he remarks humorously that it might have germinated after Dr. Jameson had read the life of Clive! And he admits that association with Dr. Jameson as the leader of an invading force is the one portion of their programme which the Reform leaders find it exceedingly difficult to justify. He appears successfully to relieve the Johannesburgers from the odium thrown upon them; it was Jameson's work to help them, not theirs to help him. As to the purpose, he emphatically denies that there was any intention of depriving the Boer of his independence or the State of its autonomy. "And it is in the minds of the Reformers that the professions of their 'real intentions' regarding the flag made by Dr. Jameson and Mr. Rhodes might appropriately have been made before the raid, instead of afterwards when all was over."

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The particulars given of the raid, and of the trial of the Reformers and of their life in gaol, are absorbingly interesting, but they are of lesser importance and current value than the analysis of the conditions that exist in the Transvaal. If Dr. Jameson was the best friend Paul Kruger ever had, President Kruger has proved himself the best friend of the Reformers. His worst enemies never expected to witness the impolitic and unjust acts by which he revealed himself and undermined a position of unparalleled strength in an incredibly short time. The honourable President is the impersonation of the policy. Mr. FitzPatrick will not allow us to get away from that. Upon Kruger's shoulders fall the blame; he is the *fons et origo*. The Uitlanders rights! "Yes, they'll get them over my dead body." Here is the epitome of the dogged attitude of the President. Yet, even with such a retrograde system as he upholds, there might still have been hope, if shameful financial scandals had not occurred, and an administration thoroughly corrupt and dishonest had not sought to maintain a monopoly that had really become untenable. Kruger has said that he would be false to his trust if he did not support the rights of his old burghers. It was an honourable sentiment, but, when it implied the subjection of an immensely preponderating population, possessing intelligent and active qualities, to the will of a Hollander oligarchy drawing huge salaries and allowances out of the taxes paid by the unrepresented Uitlanders, it became a monstrous absurdity and a positive iniquity.

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From a stationary pastoral condition the Transvaal developed into a thriving industrial country, all through the energy of the Uitlanders. Within twenty years the population has grown from 40,000 to 300,000, and the revenue from £93,000 to £4,087,852. The proportion of taxation to population is monstrous, and it is mostly drawn from the despised Uitlanders. The salaries of Transvaal officials, since the discovery of the Rand gold-fields, have risen from £51,831 to £1,216,394, an amount nearly five times as great as the whole revenue was then, and they now amount to about the rate of £40 per head of the entire male population. I have never seen details like these put in such a telling fashion as in Mr. FitzPatrick's pages, rich in statistics and in the statement of facts, which, if they were not well established, would be incredible. Here is ample demonstration that the Transvaal administration is unspeakably bad. It is the corruption and incapacity *in excelsis* of a race which has never shown any ability for good government. If President Kruger had had the will or the courage to sweep out his Augean stable, things would have gone much better with him. If he had admitted a section of the unenfranchised to strengthen his Government there would not have been the cleavage that has now ensued. But "Too late" is written upon the door, and, as Mr. FitzPatrick says, it would take a great deal to kill the passionate loyalty of the British South African. His book is the most valuable, for the light it throws upon political circumstances, that we have seen for a long time. It presents, besides, in pleasant language, a vivid picture of events that now greatly occupy the public mind. No one should fail to master the facts it contains.

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Like many other observers of events of the day, your "Search-Light" can scarcely turn the beam from South Africa. Here are two volumes, the first to appear, of the "British Empire Series" (Kegan Paul, 6s. each). The purpose is excellent. Many great authorities have lectured on Sunday afternoons at the South Place Institute, Finsbury, and their utterances have a permanent place in these volumes. The idea has been to embody trustworthy information concerning the various parts of the Empire, not as geography, but as conveying the broad facts concerning the present position of our colonies and dependencies. The British Empire is a great thing, but familiarity has, perhaps, dulled our wonder and awe at what the building of it has been and has implied. It is to make Britons know what the Empire is that the new series has been conceived. In the first volume, devoted to India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, British North Borneo, and Hong Kong, such writers as Sir Raymond West, Lord Wenlock, Lord Harris, Sir Charles Grant, and Sir Andrew Clarke discuss many questions with competence and accuracy. Of course I cannot do more than allude to such a vast body of information.

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The second volume is devoted to Africa, and, as Mr. Scott Keltie remarks in his preface, the black question is not the only question to be settled in the Dark Continent. Sir David Tennant, Sir Sidney Shippard, and Sir Henry Colville have done much towards that settlement, and they are among the writers here. An admirable article upon the glorious "garden colony" of Natal, to which all eyes are now turned, is chiefly indicative of how rapidly grass grows in Africa if you only let it alone, and the lesson is that British and Dutch well governed will live happily together. Here is a significant fact relating to a time when the causes of irritation were new: "In 1877 there were sitting, almost side by side, in the Natal Legislature, the Dutch leader, Mr. van Breda, for whom a reward had been offered in 1842 by the British Government, and Mr. G. C. Cato, a leading English colonist, whom in 1842 Mr. van Breda had taken prisoner and put in the stocks." I have read with extreme interest an article on the "Highlands of Natal," upon which the lurid cloud of war has descended, yet full of encouragement for the future. A chapter by Professor Liebmann, Royal Military College, Sandhurst, might occupy all my space. It is on "Briton, Boer, and Native," and abounds in instructive facts. It will certainly take long to make the Transvaal Boer as happy as his settled brother in Natal. He cordially hates us, and to understand him, his good qualities notwithstanding, it is necessary to recognise that his idea of truth is "represented by the algebraic x," and that his unctuous rectitude—perhaps that of the Hollanders is chiefly indicated—is Pecksniffian. This is what Professor Liebmann says of the Afrikander Bond: "Judging the body by the actions and speeches of some of its prominent members, it is really an association hostile to British paramountcy, whose object was and is to form a great Dutch Party, with the ultimate intention of lowering the Union Jack and hoisting some bunting of their own to crown the edifice of Boer ignorance, superstition, and intolerance." This is unsparing, but true. Finally, let me commend the "British Empire Series" as a splendid addition to Imperial literature. It is a magazine of facts, and embodies the views of writers of high competence and much practical experience of the subjects they discuss.

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Events such as are now occurring in South Africa cannot but evoke universal sympathy with the Army and unbounded admiration for its achievements. Let all who would know what our soldiers have lately accomplished, and the many stirring Military and Naval operations that have within recent years convulsed the world, turn to Mr. Hilliard Atteridge's "Wars of the Nineties" (Cassell). It is astonishing how much fighting has taken place in the decade that ended with the Peace Conference. We have not only recovered the Egyptian Soudan from the dark sway of the Khalifa, subjugated the great rising on the Indian Frontier, and waged a hard struggle with the Matabele, which has pacified South Central Africa, but we have seen the Japanese defeat the Chinese, the Americans tear the ancient laurel from the brow of Spain, and the Turks subdue the Greeks. We have been engaged, too, in Manipur and Thobal, the French have conquered Madagascar and extended their sway on the Menaur, and there has been a great deal of fighting in West Africa. Mr. Hilliard Atteridge has collected an abundance of matter concerning these and other operations, and in a terse and vigorous style, that all may read with pleasure, has given an excellent narrative of them. The reconquest of the Soudan and the war between Spain and the United States deservedly occupy a large place in the pages, and the author knows his subjects well. The publishers have given the volume a very handsome form and illustrated it well. It appears to me to be an excellent volume to place in the hands of boys, to whom military achievement appeals, and in whom it is desirable to plant a sound knowledge of the changes it has accomplished in the world.

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The men who fight our battles have been trained partly in the cricket-field and the gymnasium. There is development of character in all games that make for strength, swiftness of eye, and decision and general alertness of the faculties. Therefore it will not be inappropriate to conclude this survey by drawing attention to "The Book of Cricket" (Newnes, 12s. 6d.). The cricket season is over, but those who have shared its pleasures or its triumphs, either lately or in a time further off, will prize this handsome volume, alike for the rare merit of its pictures and the sound character of its letterpress. Mr. Fry, the editor, is himself famous in the cricket-field. No one knows better than he what are the essentials of good play, and he has gathered in this volume an unrivalled series of portraits of well-known players. They are more than mere portraits, for each player is in some position indicative of a strong point in his play. The letterpress is a thorough exposition of what are the characteristics of the players, so that, quite apart from its high pictorial merits, the book is a sound lesson in good cricket. In fact, from both points of view it is unrivalled.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Fighting in Natal.

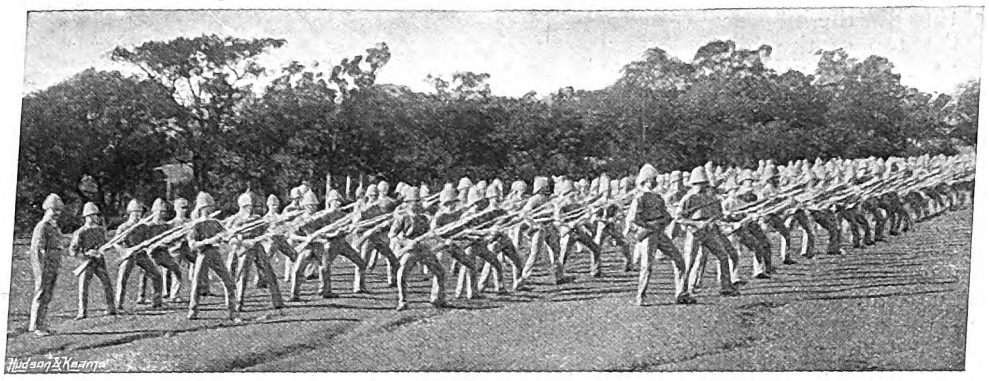
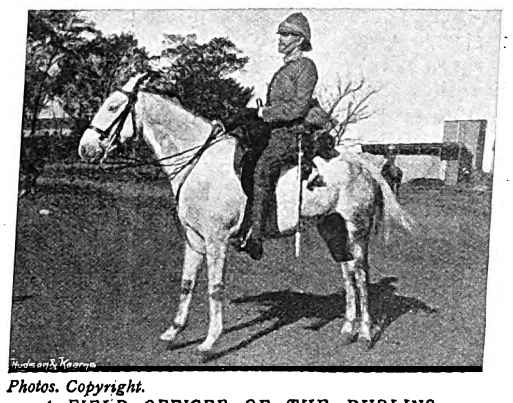


Photo. Copyright. THE HEROES OF GLENCOE. 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers. Armstrong.

THE first week which followed the expiration of the time-limit so kindly allowed us by the Boers in their precious "ultimatum" was not, in the matter of fighting, a very eventful period. But on Friday, October 20, commenced a series of hard-fought battles which, for the genuine determination, gallantry, and military skill exhibited, deserve an honoured place in our annals. The position of the troops was as follows: General Sir George White was at Ladysmith with a considerable force, including the 5th Dragoon Guards, 5th Lancers, Chisholme's Imperial Light Horse, three batteries of Field Artillery and one of Volunteer Artillery, the 1st Liverpools, 1st Manchesters, 2nd Gordons, 1st Devons, 1st Gloucesters, Natal Mounted Volunteers, and several companies of mounted infantry. Major-General Sir W. P. Symons was at Glencoe, some thirty-five miles to the north-east, with the 18th Hussars, three batteries of Field Artillery, the 1st Leicestershire, 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps, 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and some mounted infantry.



Photos. Copyright. A FIELD OFFICER OF THE DUBLINS. Major F. P. English, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

"Navy & Army." DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED. Captain Maurice Lowndes, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

The Boers on the west were crowding the passes of the Drakensberg leading from the Free State, on the north they were in force at Newcastle and Ingagane, and on the east there were strong commandoes at Utrecht and Vryheid, across the Buffalo River, threatening Dundee and Glencoe. On Thursday, October 19, the Boers commenced a simultaneous advance on all three sides, the object of which became apparent on the following day. In the first place a party of over 1,000 Boers contrived to cross the Biggarsberg Range unperceived, and proceeded to cut the railway between Glencoe and Ladysmith at Elandslaagte. Columns from the north and east were, meanwhile, in motion with the intention of converging on Glencoe and simply overwhelming it. From the west, too, there came a strong force of Free State Boers directly threatening Ladysmith, with the obvious idea of preventing Sir George White from going to the assistance of Sir W. P. Symons. The scheme was most ably conceived, but, as will be seen, imperfectly carried out owing to the failure of the northern column, which advanced by way of Hattingspruit, to arrive within striking distance of Glencoe at the same time as the force from the east. At about 5 a.m. on Friday, October 20, the camp at Glencoe found itself under the fire of five guns, posted on an eminence to the east, and subsequent observation showed that with this artillery there were some 4,000 Boers posted in an almost inaccessible position. The Boer artillery did no damage, the shells being unfused; and in a very short space of time our own guns were at work, making splendid practice, and eventually silencing the enemy's battery altogether. The 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps, and 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers were then ordered to

Photo. Copyright. A VACANT PLACE—BAND GROUP, K.R.R.C., Including Colonel Gunning. Killed at Glencoe, as a Captain. Cummings.

Photos. Copyright. EN ROUTE TO ANOTHER DARGAI. Gordon Highlanders Leaving India.

"GREEN HORSE." Who Charged at Elandslaagte. "Navy & Army."

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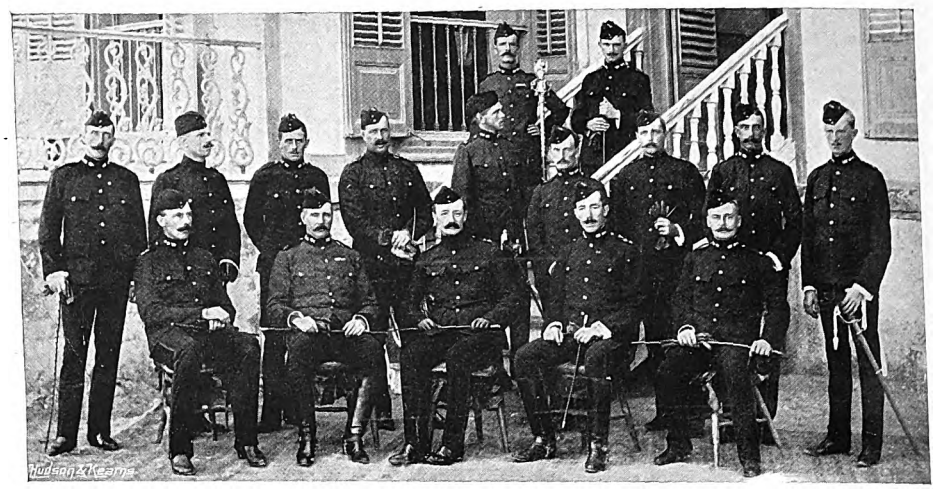
attack the position, which they did in splendid style, notwithstanding a stout resistance on the part of the Boers and the trying nature of the ground. Not until after four and a-half hours' fighting did the infantry arrive within 600-ft. of the top of the hill. Then with a ringing cheer they simply rushed the position, and the Boers fled, only to be intercepted by the 18th Hussars and mounted infantry, and to be further harassed by the pursuing shells of the Artillery. Meanwhile, the head of the northern attacking column had been seen advancing from Hattingspruit, and the 1st Leicestershire and a field battery were sent to hold it in check, which they succeeded in doing. Thus ended the battle of Glencoe, or Dundee—there is some controversy as to which it should be called—and a very brilliant demonstration it was of the quality of British pluck, and the goodness of our own modern battle training.



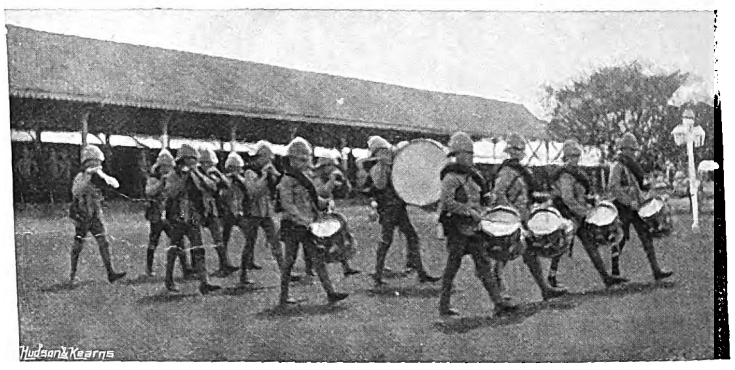
THE OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS
Engaged in the Battle of Glencoe.

But there was a very grave side to this impressive little victory. Our losses, both in officers and men, had been very heavy. Colonel Sherston, of the staff, and Colonel Gunning, commanding the 1st K.R.R.C., had been killed, with eight other officers, and, saddest casualty of all, Major-General Sir W. P. Symons, commanding the force, had been seriously wounded in his hour of triumph. The total list of casualties included 42 officers and men killed and 181 wounded.

On the 23rd General White, in order to facilitate a junction with the force from Glencoe, now under command of General Yule, again attacked the Boers on the road from Ladysmith to Newcastle. A brisk engagement ensued, and in a few hours the enemy were in flight.

The pertinacious gallantry of the Boers in these actions was very marked, and at Elandslaagte more particularly their fire was of the warmest description.

Photos. Copyright. GROUP OF OFFICERS, R.I.F.
Including 2nd Lieutenant Carbery, Dangerously Wounded at Glencoe.



THE DRUMS OF THE DEVONS. "Navy & Army."
Heavily Engaged at Elandslaagte.

"Sons of the Empire" at the Front.

SOME OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONTINGENTS.

IT is said that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and President Kruger in forcing a war upon this country has rendered us this much service: He has not only enabled us to show Europe that we can quickly mobilise a large force, and transport it to South Africa without causing us much inconvenience, but he has also called forth practical demonstrations of the ties of affection that bind our colonies to us. From every corner of the world, east and west, have come offers of help, and colonial troops from Australia and Canada have been ordered to go to the front. The departure of the New South Wales Lancers for the seat of war was alone an object-lesson that taught everyone that our colonial troops are indeed "sons of the Empire." Meantime, serving in South Africa there are no more enthusiastic troops than those raised in our colonies. Weeks before the war broke out the Natal Volunteers were daily exercised and paraded in Durban, amid great enthusiasm. And of what fine fellows the colonial troops are composed! There is no part of the Empire which is richer in fighting material than the colonies in South Africa. The frequent wars with the natives, the pursuit of game, large and small, the constant struggles with the physical difficulties of the country, and the fine climate, contribute, as Colonel Hutton, who formerly commanded the military forces in New South Wales, once said, to the maintenance and cultivation of those sturdy qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race from which the best soldiers are made.

The accompanying illustrations of Natal troops actually in the field are very interesting, giving as they do some idea of the soldierly and well-set-up appearance of the men.

Natal possesses a military force, including Mounted Police, of about 1,800, with a field battery. The Natal Artillery is with Sir George White's force at Ladysmith, and has already been in action, having taken part in the battle at Elandslaagte. The Natal Carbineers also rendered a good account of themselves in this battle.

One of our illustrations shows a group of officers belonging to the latter regiment. The Carbineers date their existence from the year 1855. The practically defenceless

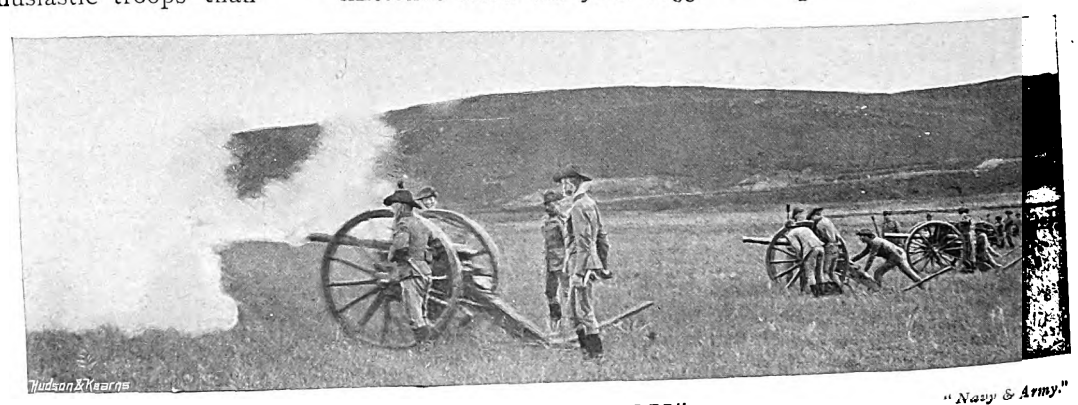


Photo. Copyright. NATAL FIELD ARTILLERY. "Navy & Army."
A Detachment with Sir George White's Force in Action.

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state of the young and unprotected colony, beset on all sides by nations of warlike tendencies, and the large native population within the colony itself, rendered it necessary that there should be some local resources to fall back upon in case of necessity. It was not long before the regiment was called upon. Farmers living in the upper districts of the colony, in the neighbourhood of the Drakensberg, suffered severe losses from the depredations of the bushmen, who on several occasions made raids on horses and cattle. In March, 1856, so troublesome had they become, that a party of the regiment volunteered to go in pursuit. This they did, but were unsuccessful in capturing any of the raiders. However, the information obtained of the practically unknown Drakensberg was extremely useful for future occasions. In April, 1857, the regiment assisted in the quelling of an insurrection of a tribe of natives under the chief Isidoi, on the southern borders of the colony. Early in 1858 the chief Matyaan set the Government at defiance, and the regiment was again called out for active service to assist in the chief's capture. In 1861, owing to the threatening attitude of the Zulu King, Cetewayo, the whole of the Natal Volunteer Force was called out. The Natal Carbineers, though camped for some time on the border, did not on this occasion see any fighting. After forming part of the escort to Sir Theophilus Shepstone in 1873, at the coronation of Cetewayo, the regiment was soon afterwards called upon to march against the Chief Langalibalee, who had broken out in open revolt. While on the march they were surrounded, and lost three troopers before they got clear. This slight reverse was made up for when the regiment formed part of the flying column that eventually captured Langalibalele. In November, 1876, the regiment was once more called out in consequence of the Zulu War, and was at first encamped on the ill-fated Isandhlwana Hill. Half the regiment went out from the camp with Major Dartnell, but of those who remained only six escaped when the camp was taken. The bodies of those that fell were afterwards found in one spot around their leader, Lieutenant Scott. Sir Evelyn Wood, when he distributed the Zulu War medals some time afterwards, said of these brave fellows, "No greater proof of devotion was ever given by a body of soldiers. There they stood; there they fought; and there they died. The record of what colonist soldiers did is there in silence and in death, but, nevertheless, a living record now, aye, and for ever." The Carabineers are about 400 strong. Blue with white facings has been their full dress uniform from the first, but in 1894 a khaki field uniform was adopted, and in 1897 the welcome addition of brown felt hats was made.

Photo. Copyright. OFFICERS OF THE NATAL CARBINEERS IN THE FIELD. *"Navy & Army."*
A Group of Old Campaigners.

One of our illustrations shows the telegraph and signalling section of the Natal Volunteers in camp at Ladysmith. These men will doubtless render a good account of themselves, if they have not done so already, in repairing wires that have been cut, and so keeping up communications.

Another shows the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles leaving Cape Town for the front. This regiment has for a volunteer corps a splendid record. For many years the D.E.O.V.R. have taken such a part in colonial wars that their services have repeatedly evoked a public demonstration of hearty approval from the Government and country. Here is a goodly list of services — Kaffir War, 1877; Gaika-Gcaleka, 1878; in garrison at Cape Town, 1879; Basuto Rebellion, 1880-81; De Aar, 1883; and the Langberg, 1896.

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
AN IMPORTANT VOLUNTEER CORPS IN CAMP AT LADYSMITH.
The Telegraph and Signalling Section of the Natal Volunteers.

It is curious to note how the frontier towns on the eastern frontier are garrisoned almost entirely by Volunteer or irregular forces. Kimberley, for instance, has its own Rifles, under Major Finlayson, and has also another serviceable corps in the Diamond Fields Horse, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes is honorary colonel. Between Mafeking and Kimberley the Boers have pushed across the frontier, and have cut the communications and torn up the rails. Vryburg, at the bend of the railway, was in no position to withstand a superior force of Boers. Nevertheless, Major Scott called for volunteers, and to the disgrace of the population only six answered his appeal. The Police then pointed out to Major Scott how impossible it would be to hold the town, and it was decided to evacuate it. Major Scott took the matter so to heart that he shot himself. Kimberley still holds out, and the news received seems to show that the town is able, for a time, at any rate, to take care of itself. The Cape Forces, too, must be reckoned with. The Cape Mounted Rifles form one of the finest bodies of men in the Imperial Services. Perhaps our readers will remember that when a small detachment came over to this country to take part in the Diamond Jubilee Procession, the men were called the "dandies" of the colonial troops. The dark, closely-fitting, well-cut uniform, the black jack-boots, and the white helmets all combine to give the men an exceedingly smart appearance. The Cape Mounted Rifles have seen plenty of service, but it should be remembered that it is not a volunteer corps, but a regular force to whom is entrusted the guardianship of the frontier. At present the scene of fighting is centred in Natal, and on the line of rail that hugs the western frontier of the Republics.

But all our action has been practically defensive. By-and-bye we may hear of fighting on the southern frontier of the Free State, and then the Cape regiments may possibly get a chance of distinguishing themselves. Again, at Tuli, on the northern frontier, are Colonel Plumer and Colonel Spreckley, with some irregular horse.

Photo. Copyright. THE CAPE TOWN CONTINGENT. *E. Peters.*
The Duke of Edinburgh's Volunteers (Mounted Infantry) Preparing to Leave Cape Town.

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Scenes on the Fighting Line.

WHILE we have received news of victories at Glencoe that have given us the satisfaction of having won the first successes in the Campaign, there was for quite a considerable time absolutely no authentic news from Mafeking. There, surrounded by Boers, was Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell with a garrison of local forces, among them the Protectorate regiment under Colonel Hore, and the regiment raised by Colonel Baden-Powell himself. Lobatsi, a minor post, which is about fifty miles north of Mafeking, was said to have been captured by the Boers; but Colonel Baden-Powell, although closed in on all sides, held his own, and not only so, but inflicted severe loss upon the enemy. The telegrams spoke confidently of the garrison being able to withstand the enemy. The Boers have, however, made havoc of the railways and telegraphs, and it is feared that this will seriously impede the initial movements of Sir Redvers Buller's Army Corps when it arrives.

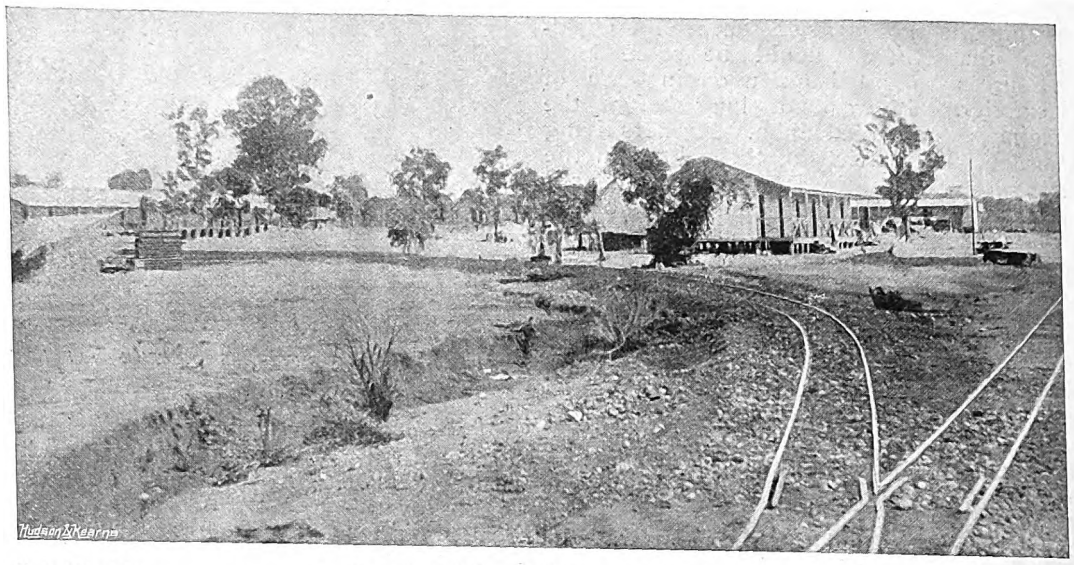

Photo. Copyright. MADIBI RAILWAY SIDING AT MAFEKING. *Temple.*
The Scene of the Battle of October 16.

The Boers, who numbered about 9,000, were described as concentrated at Maritzani, twenty miles to the south of Mafeking, through which runs our line of communication, and at Malmani, where they were commanded by the notorious Cronje. Every available man in Mafeking had been mustered for the defence, and the women put in laager. A native tribe, the Baralong, was said to be co-operating in outpost duties. At the time of going to press the anxiety that had been felt for the safety of the garrison has been allayed by the publication of an official despatch. But as all the wires have been cut to the southward, and the Boers are in possession of our lines of communication, further news will necessarily be delayed.

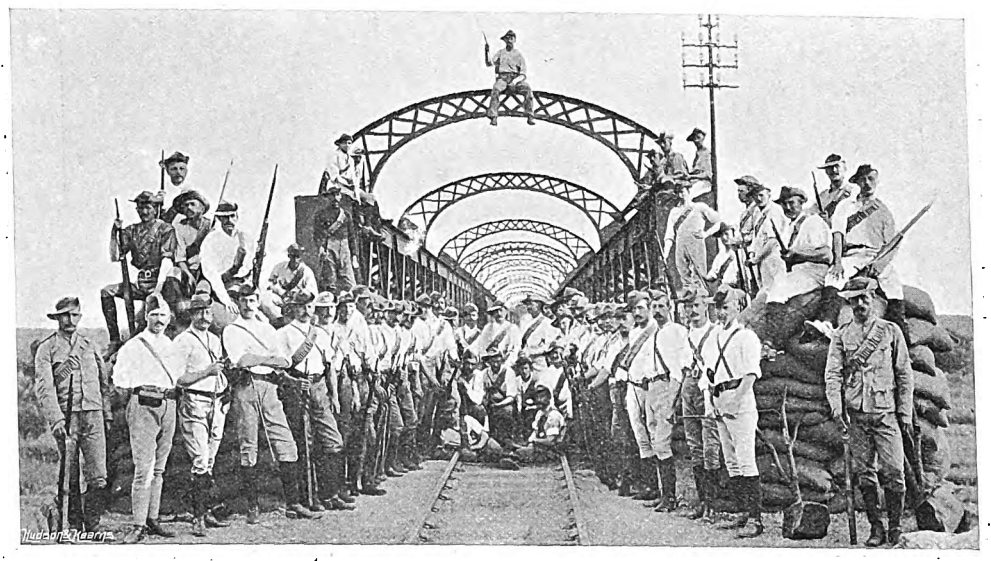

Photo. Copyright. THE CAPE MOUNTED POLICE GUARDING A POSITION. *Bennett.*
The Bridge at Fourteen Streams, blown up by the Boers.

Before the communication was cut details came in of the capture of an armoured train by the Boers. Flowerday, the engine driver of the train, has given the following account of the affair: "I left Vryburg on Thursday evening in charge of a pilot engine attached to an armoured carriage containing fifteen police, a small truck of ammunition, and a bogie truck containing two big guns and a quantity of Lyddite shells. All went well until the Maribogo siding was reached. Here we were warned that the Boers were in possession of the line at Kraaipan. Nothing, however, would dissuade the officer in command from proceeding, and it was agreed that I should run forty yards ahead, carrying the ammunition. I proceeded slowly, until suddenly the engine left the rails. On examination I found that a pair of rails had been bodily removed. These we succeeded in replacing, and then we tried, by means of a jack, to lift the engine back into position. Our efforts had lasted about half-an-hour when the Boers commenced firing from a sluit close by. Several of our men were wounded, and the enemy's bullets pierced the tender attached to the engine, and thus allowed the water from the tank to escape. This gave us fresh hopes of replacing the engine on the line and getting back to the armoured carriage. If we had retreated immediately we could have easily returned to Maribogo, but Lieutenant Nesbitt was determined to reach Mafeking. All night the Boers were firing without effect, but at break of day they opened a regular bombardment, taking care, however, not to fire at the armoured carriage and the trucks of ammunition, and directing their shells against the engine only. At five o'clock we hoisted several flags of truce, but the firing continued for another fifteen minutes. Not being anxious for captivity myself, I left the truck on the opposite side from the Boer position and crept away on my belly for some distance. I heard the clatter of horses and saw fifty Boers riding towards the engine, but, partly covering myself with sand, I escaped notice. At nine o'clock I arose and proceeded along the railway until I reached Maribogo. The Boers only fired six or seven shells at the engine, and I feel sure that the officers in command and the men are prisoners."

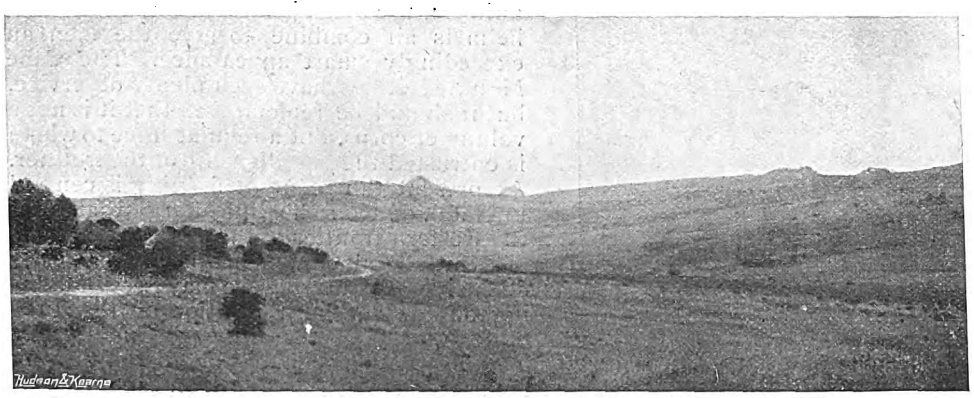

Photo. Copyright. NEAR BETHULIE, IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE. *Temple.*
Where a Boer Force has Concentrated.

Among other items of news from the frontier is that which announces the destruction of railway bridges on the Cape to Bulawayo line. Modder River Bridge is reported to have been destroyed, and all the fabric but the piers thrown into the river, and the Boers have blown up the bridge at Fourteen Streams. The latter is on the north bank of the river Vaal, about 200 miles or so south of Mafeking. It was formerly an important transport and posting station before the railway was opened through Bloemfontein, sharing with Vryburg most of the traffic that in older times had fallen to Kimberley. A small body of police held the bridge successfully for a time, but had ultimately to give way before a vastly superior Boer force.

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Photo. *Cummings.*
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR C. F. CLERY, K.C.B.
Commanding 2nd Division 1st Army Corps.

SIR C. F. CLERY, who commands the 2nd Division of the Army Corps, now *en route* to South Africa, has since 1896 held the important position of D.A.G. to the Forces at Army Headquarters, a post he attained after a very long and distinguished career of service. From 1875 to 1885 he was on the staff at headquarters in Ireland, at Aldershot, and in Egypt. Sir Francis Clery's first war service was experienced in the country to which he is now going, for he first saw shots fired in anger during the Zulu War of 1879. He was present both at Isandhlwana and Ulundi. In the Soudan Campaign of 1884 Clery was A.A.G., and as such present at El Teb and Tamai, he being again mentioned in despatches, promoted to colonel, and awarded the C.B. Sir Francis Clery is just over sixty-one years of age. His regimental career was entirely in the 32nd Foot (Cornwall L.I.), which he joined just after the Mutiny.

IT is probable that in the campaign in which we are now engaged more care and attention have been paid to the details of that part of the mobilisation of our forces which affects the sick and wounded than has ever previously been the case. Not that the matter is one that in any of our campaigns has been neglected. But this occasion sees us transporting a larger number of British troops than has ever before been employed at the beginning of a war, and the perfection to which the medical arrangements for the comfort and well-being of our troops have been brought is very prominently accentuated. In our last number we described one of the hospital ships that will serve the base hospitals for the transport of the sick and wounded, and in our centre picture we give a portrait of one of the nursing sisters of the Army, who will do their *devoir* in these ships and at the base hospitals. Our nurse is Miss R. T. Macintyre, who joined the Service some two or three years back, and was, until her departure on active service, on duty at Gosport. The costume worn by the nurses is grey, with just one bit of colour—the scarlet cape that so lights up and makes bright and cheery the ward of a military hospital. Sister Macintyre is undoubtedly a soldier at heart, for, as evidenced by our picture, she has that strongly-marked love for animals so characteristic of the Soldier and the Bluejacket.

Photo. *Russell.*
SISTER R. T. MACINTYRE.
Army Nursing Service.

A LITTLE over thirty-seven years ago Colonel Brabazon joined the Service as a cornet in the 16th Lancers, only to exchange a few months later into the Grenadier Guards. In 1870 he sold out of the Service, having attained the rank of captain, but he can scarcely be said to have retired into civil life, for we find him as a Volunteer with the rank of captain serving through the Ashanti Campaign of 1873-74. At its close, moreover, he determined to return to military life, and was at the age of thirty-one gazetted to the 10th Hussars as a lieutenant. He saw active service as brigade-major of the Cavalry Brigade during the Afghan War of 1878-80. His next campaigning was in the Soudan, where he fought both at El Teb and Tamai, at the former of which he was slightly wounded. The appointment he now vacates was that of colonel on the staff commanding the Cavalry Brigade, South-Eastern District. Colonel Brabazon is a born soldier, a superb cavalry leader, and one of the most popular officers in the Army.

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*
MAJOR-GENERAL J. P. BRABAZON, C.B.
Commanding 2nd Brigade, Cavalry Division, 1st Army Corps.

NOTHING has shown us so much the spirit in which the Boers have met our reasonable demands as the stories told by refugees from Johannesburg. Some time before war was declared the Uitlander population began leaving the Transvaal by thousands, and all tell the same tale of Boer brutality. The Boers appear to have behaved like semi-savages. They crowded the stations, hustled the unhappy refugees, insulting them, and even striking them. Women and children were not spared. Burghers poked rifles into railway carriages to frighten the women. Incidents of barbarous ill-treatment could be mentioned by the score. Yet Mr. Schreiner has gravely assured the Cape Assembly that enquiries had been made, and he could not learn of a single case of brutality to women and children on the railway. The question of sheltering the unfortunate refugees who arrived at Cape Town soon became serious, and the Town Council voted £1,000 for the purpose. Following that we were glad to see a Mansion House Fund started for the relief of the victims of Boer injustice and obstinacy. A vast sum

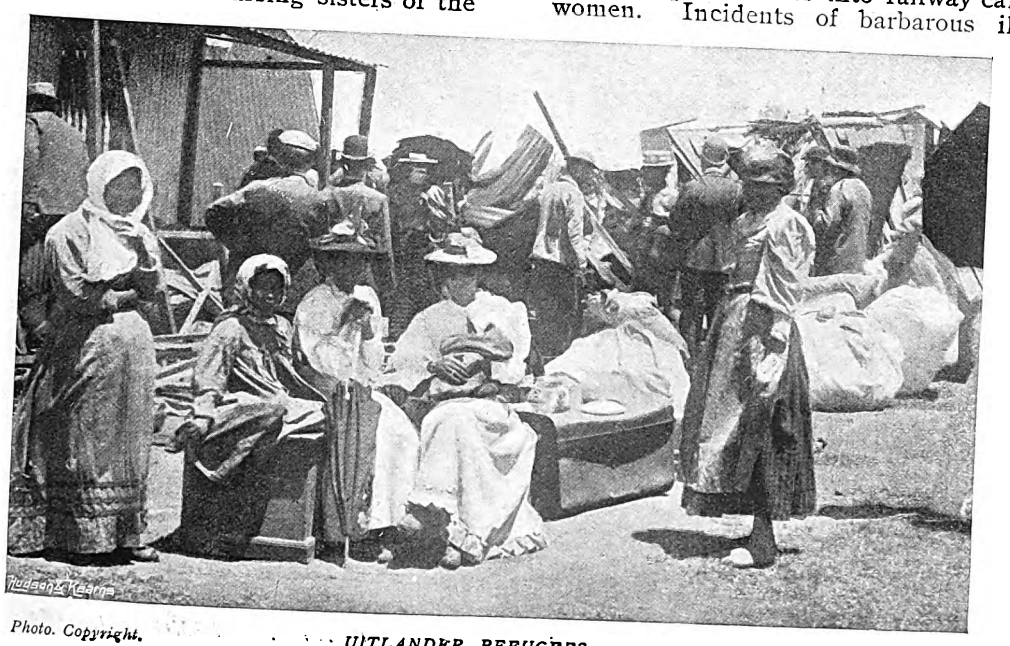

Photo. Copyright. *UITLANDER REFUGEES.* *"Navy & Army."*
A Group on the Natal Border.

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was quickly subscribed, including £500 from the Queen, and relief should be assured.

THE new battle-ship "Bulwark," which was recently launched at Devonport, was laid down on March 20. The work of construction has been proceeded with with such rapidity that records have been created both in the time she has been under construction and in the weight attained for the period. The "Bulwark" is one of the three ships known as the "Venerable" class.

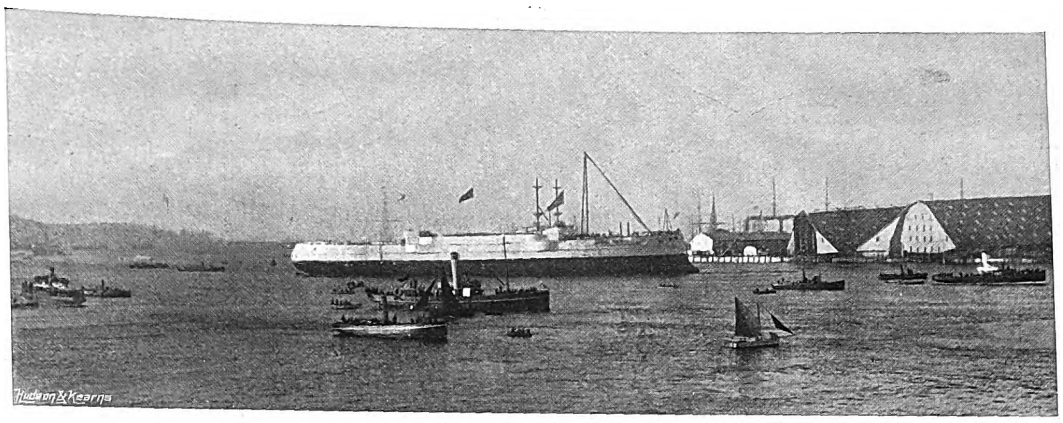

Photo. Copyright. OUR NEWEST BATTLE-SHIP. Crockett.
The "Bulwark," just Launched at Devonport.

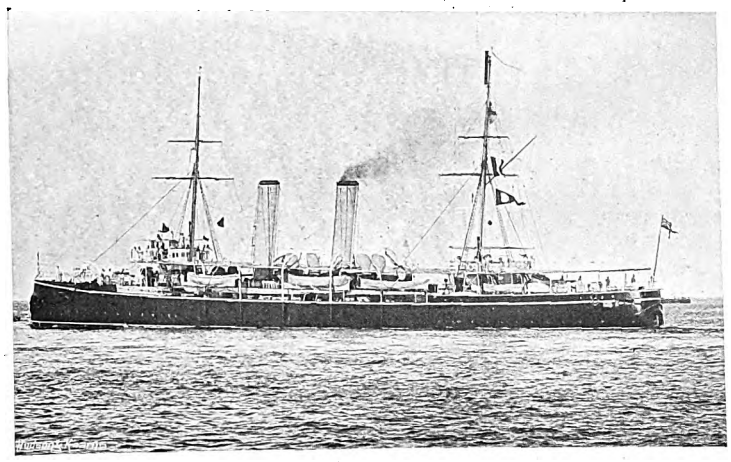

Photo. Copyright. THE "THETIS," SECOND-CLASS CRUISER. Ellis.
A Reinforcement for the Cape Station from the Mediterranean.

THE two illustrations here given are of ships at this moment of special interest. The one is the second-class cruiser now on her way to reinforce the Cape station from the Mediterranean. The other is the cruiser "Philomel," now doing guard duty at Delagoa Bay, in order to see to it that no contraband of war goes in by that route to the succour of the enemy.

THE exigencies of the present war have not necessitated the mobilising of a fleet, but should any complications do so the accompanying illustration clearly demonstrates that so far as personnel goes there would not be any difficulty. The parade was held at the recent inspection by the First Lord, and a novel feature was that the stokers were ranked in companies according to length of service, so that their Lordships could pass in review all types, from the raw recruit to the fully-trained man.

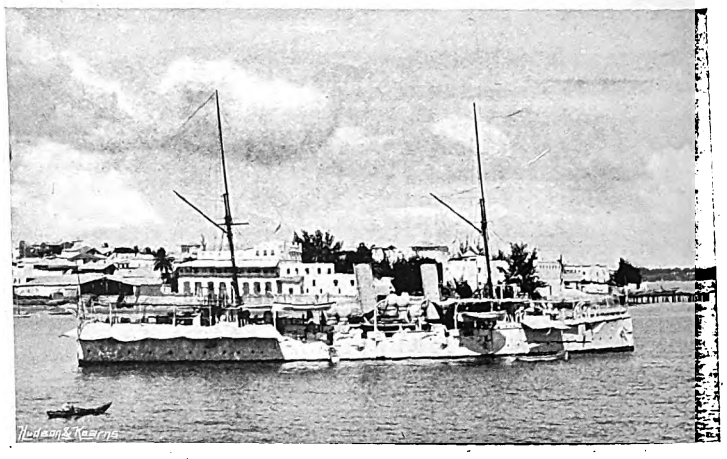

Photo. Copyright. THE "PHILOMEL," THIRD-CLASS CRUISER. Mowlam.
Now Safeguarding British Interests at Delagoa Bay.

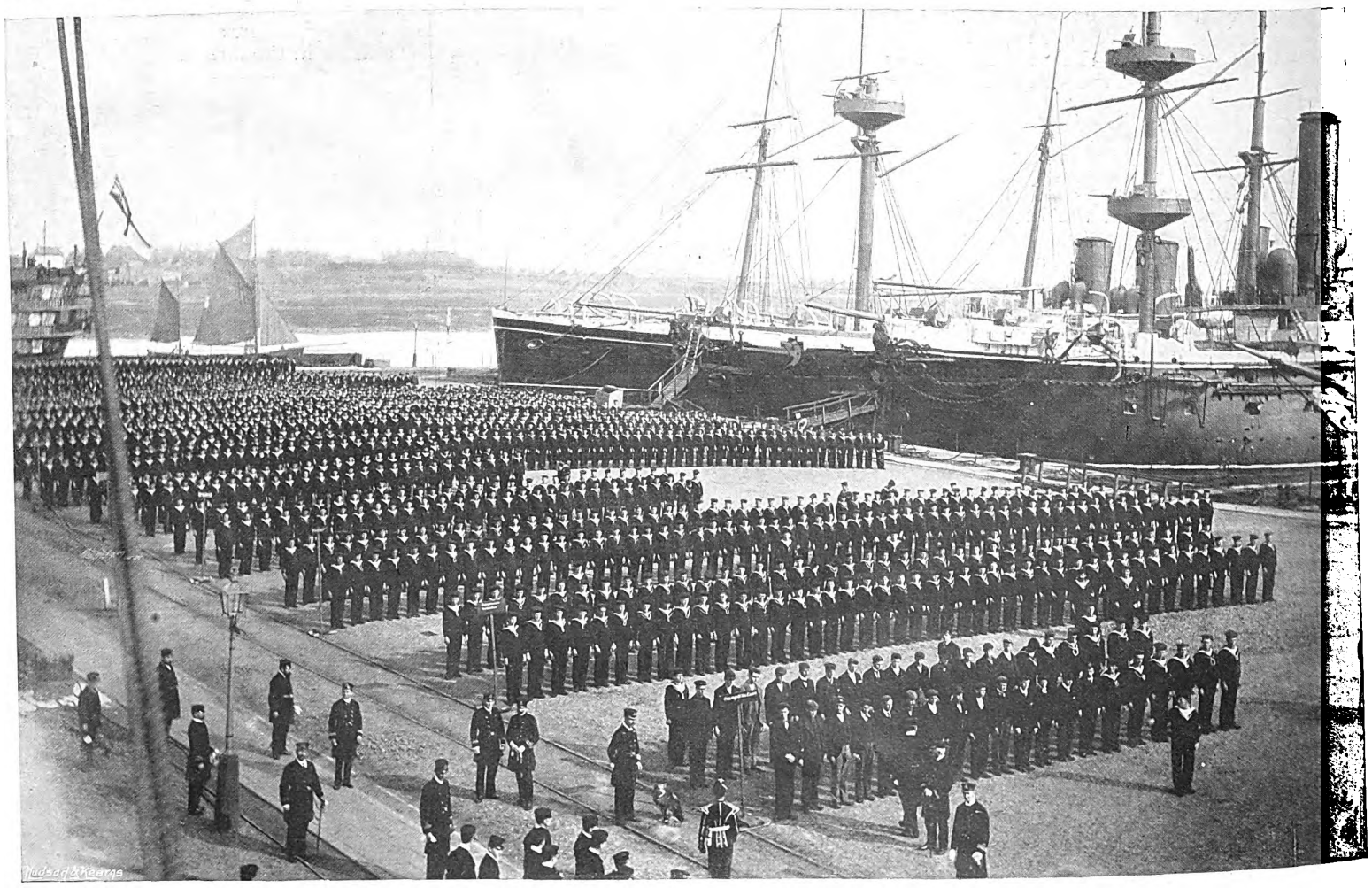

Photo. Copyright. A PARADE AT THE NAVAL DEPOT AT PORTSMOUTH. C. Cozens.
Seamen and Stokers Drawn Up for Inspection by the Lords of the Admiralty.

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Leaving for the Cape.

OUR pictures represent several moving scenes—moving in more senses of the word than one—which have taken place during and before the embarkation of troops for the Cape. In a large measure they explain themselves.

The first, which represents the Queen's Royal West Surrey passing through Cosham on their way to Southampton, shows that the close friendship between that fine regiment and the Bluejackets, which began on the Glorious First of June, 1794, is as warmly felt as ever. And well it may be. For the "Excellent," from which these Bluejackets come, is, as all Naval men know, none other than the old "Princess Charlotte" in which, on the "Glorious First" aforesaid, the men of the Queen's served as Marines; and the Bluejackets of the "Excellent" marched out all the way from Portsmouth to see the last of their soldier friends. The other pictures illustrate the kind of thing that has been going on for some little time, and they serve to draw attention to some of the serious aspects of the great enterprise upon which the country is now embarked. The second picture and the fifth are full of meaning in this last respect.

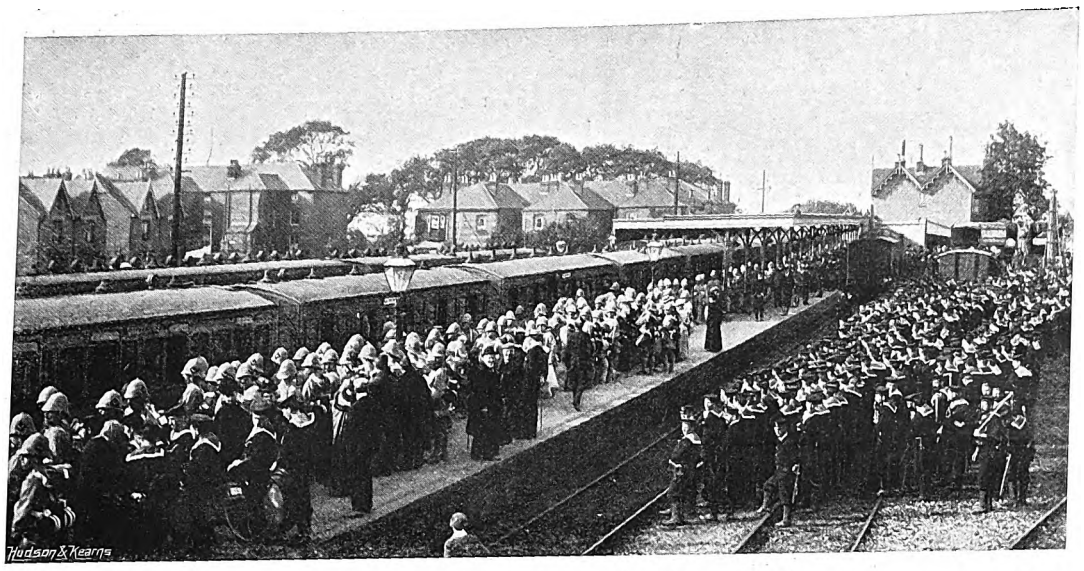

Photo. Copyright. THE DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL WEST SURREY. *Cribb.*
A Parting Cheer from the Bluejackets.

Photo Copyright. UNDER THE RED CROSS. *Gregory.*
The "Trojan" Leaves England.

A splendid ship is the "Trojan," but she is fitted up as a hospital; the nurses, tender women who go willingly to the front for the sake of humanity, are going on board of her soon in the picture—they are gone long ago really. Already, gloriously as Sir George White's troops acquitted themselves at the outset, we know too well that there is work for the "Trojan" and her gentle passengers. There can be no omelettes without breaking of eggs, and there have been "dreadful losses," to use the Queen's touching and simple phrase, in South Africa already.

Photo. Copyright. OFF TO THE WAR. *Gregory.*
With Bag and Baggage over the Side.

The other pictures are of a few among many features of a great embarkation; they show troops embarking, a machine gun being hoisted on board, the East Surrey waving cheerily as they leave their friends and their native shore, and the horses of the Scots Guards on board the "Nubia." They speak for themselves, but it may be legitimate none the less to tell something more of the story of this great enterprise than they can possibly convey.

To begin with, it is the largest enterprise of its kind that has ever been attempted in the history of this or any other nation. The number of men sent, and the distance to which they are being sent, over seas are things entirely without parallel. The success with which the arrangements have been carried out reflects the utmost credit upon the Naval officers concerned in the embarkation—who are sometimes forgotten—and upon the military officers also. Then, again, the spirit shown by the country at large has been splendidly patriotic and regardless of self. It has been

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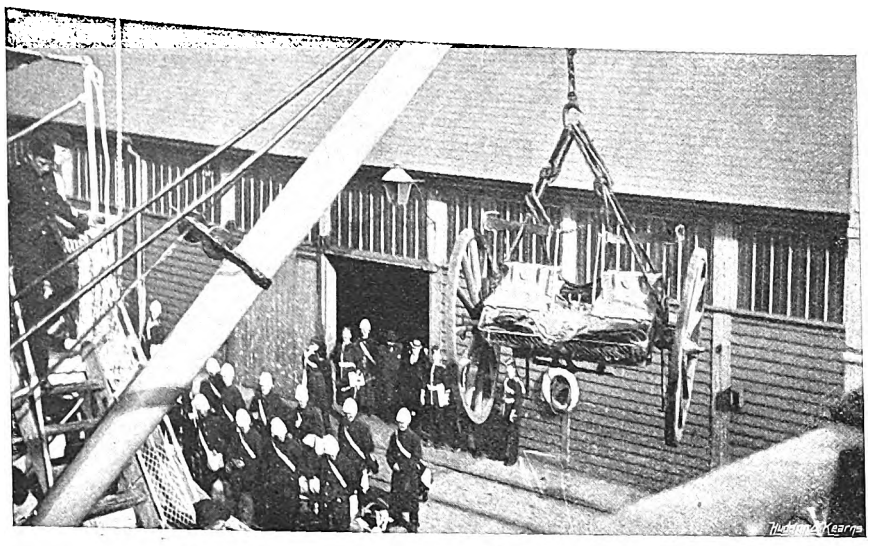

Photo. Copyright. STREAMS OF BULLETS FOR THE BOERS *Cribb.*
Hoisting in the Scots Guards' Machine Gun.

shown in its more uproarious spirit in the acclamations of the populace as the New South Wales Lancers and the Guards marched through London, in the shouting of huge crowds as the troops went down to the sea in ships from Southampton, from Tilbury, and from half-a-dozen ports besides. But the writer, having spent many days in Southampton, watching the filling of the ships with men and stores and munitions of war, ventures to think that the feeling of England has been shown more remarkably still in the silent bravery of women, of high and low estate, and of fathers parting with their sons.

The writer can count amongst his own acquaintance a young wife of an officer who parted from her husband in the full knowledge that she had two brothers already engaged at the theatre of war, and an aged colonel who has three sons in the like position. Hundreds of women and elderly men bade farewell to their nearest and dearest while the telegrams which came thick and fast announced glorious victories indeed, but losses no less terrible. Yet

Photo. Copyright. LADS OF THE EAST SURREY. *Miell & Ridley.*
Settled Down in Their New Home.

during all those days there was hardly a case of vain weeping at the dock-side. Bands played and soldiers cheered to the echo, handkerchiefs and hats waved, sirens hooted until the air was thick with sound, but practically no one broke down. Only, when the last good-byes had been said, when the soldiers' wives had parted from their husbands at the quay, and the great ladies had come down the gangways, and the ship, "Nubia," "Pavonia," "Aurania," "Oriental"—in a word, any of them—had passed away out of sight on to Southampton Water, one saw many a woman walking slowly with drooping head and pale face towards the dockyard gates.

Men must work, aye and fight too, and women must weep, and those who are left behind are more to be pitied than those who go to the front. For the latter there is excitement in prospect, for the former there is a gnawing and ever-growing anxiety and suspense. That impression, that of the women and fathers going sadly away, is the one which remains most vivid. Beyond that the things to be remembered are mainly these. Firstly, the men went out in great spirits, and also in great comfort. The troop-decks of all the transports were as clean as a new pin to start with, and admirably fitted up. That is one memory; and the next is a compound of many memories all falling into one general shape.

It is a mental picture of stalwart soldiers, now in scarlet and now in khaki, detraining from a special train in one of the great sheds. They wore their great-coats and havresacks, they carried their kit-bags, valises, and tools and rifles. Company by company they were ranged on the quay-side in open order, about a pace and a-half apart. Valises were passed to the rear rank, rifles to the front. A string was formed to the armoury in the first place, and then to the troop-deck. Then rifles first and valises later were passed on from hand to hand like buckets at a country fire, and then the men marched on board with their kit-bags. That was all. The whole was beautifully simple. But it was not done without anxious and skilful thought.

Photo. Copyright. "MINISTERING ANGELS." *Cribb.*
Nurses for the Cape.

On the quay-side, as the ships were moving away, friendships were made easily. There were old soldiers there who had gone, in the old transports of days gone by, to the Crimea, to the Mutiny, who could speak by hearsay (although one did profess to speak from personal experience) of the horrors of the sailing transports and of the earlier steamers.

Very different is the case now, on board these splendid liners. The troop-decks, far from being gloomy and stuffy, are airy and sunny. The messing arrangements are neat and clean; the dietary is excellent.

Given pleasant companions, and with enough experience of the sea to be proof against sea-sickness, a trip in a troop-ship must be quite enjoyable. To journey with the Northumberlands, who think no more of starting for a voyage than of getting into a train, would be entirely delightful.

For the rest, nothing remains to be said except that all the troops which went out were in the very pink of condition.

Photo. Copyright. NOVEL STABLES. *Cribb.*
The Horses of the Scots Guards Afloat.

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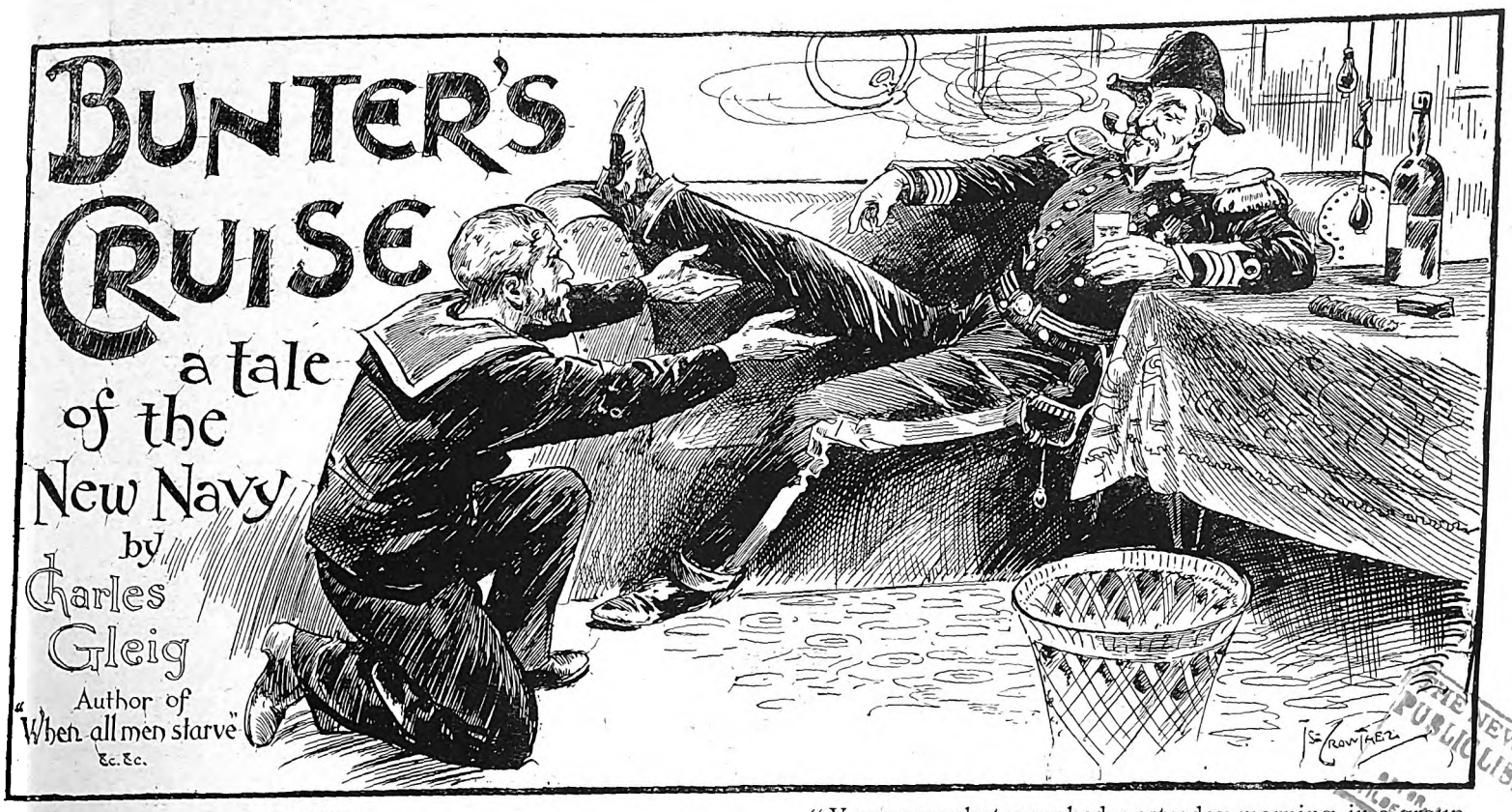

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., who is in love with a publican's daughter, Nelly Pratten, is baulked in his matrimonial aims by the girl's social ambition. By a series of strange chances, detailed in the early chapters, Bunter contrives to impersonate his own captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale, and persists in the perilous fraud in order to convince Miss Pratten that she ought not to despise a "common sailor." The real captain, who is a stranger to the crew of the "Grunter," is universally mistaken for Bunter, whose clothes he has been obliged to assume. He is brought on board by the police and kept in arrest as a deserter. Next morning the "Grunter" sails for Gibraltar. Captain Laxdale tells his story, and is regarded by the officers as being deranged in mind. Bunter believes himself to be unknown to all the crew, but he is recognised by a seaman named Squib. Of this man Laxdale makes a confidant, offering him a large reward to expose the fraud. Squib, however, hopes to gain more by blackmailing Bunter, and plays a double game. The men of the "Grunter," with the single exception of Squib, regard Captain Laxdale as a skulk who is assuming insanity in order to get out of the Navy. Bunter hopes to escape before the fraud can be discovered, and means to desert at Gibraltar. On the second day of the voyage Captain Laxdale falls overboard in a heavy sea, and is gallantly rescued by Bunter. During the evening Squib makes himself known to Bunter and demands blackmail. Bunter temporises with him. Squib gives Captain Laxdale a garbled account of the interview, and proposes that Laxdale shall escape from the ship at Gibraltar and endeavour to get Bunter arrested. Squib promises to aid in this scheme. On arrival at Gibraltar the Governor invites the captain of the "Grunter" to dinner, and Bunter, seeing no way of refusing the invitation, puts a bold face on the matter and goes into high society. Claudia, the Governor's eldest daughter, is strongly attracted by Bunter's unconventional manners, but he is smitten by the youngest daughter, Eurydice. Bunter's rough manners are attributed to eccentricity, and he is not suspected. The Governor and his daughters visit the ship, being invited to tea by Bunter. In making a tour of the decks the visitors pause near Laxdale's mess, and he tries to make himself known to the Governor, but in vain. Bunter and Laxdale have a friendly chat as to the best method of taking up their rightful positions without discovery, as Laxdale dreads the ridicule he thinks he will have to face.

CHAPTER XX. *(continued.)*

"WE can talk of that when we're clear of the ship," said Laxdale. "I dare not count upon success. My luck has turned."

"But mine is all right," said Bunter, confidently. "I dreamt of a black cat last night; and you can't dream nothing luckier than that. You leave it all to me, sir, and I'll undertake you'll be eating English butter inside of a week."

"Here is the telegram," said Laxdale. "Take money from my desk and pre-pay the reply. If all goes well, there will be plenty left to get home with by the overland route."

"And now, sir, you'd best go," said Bunter. "I'll think out my plan and let you know to-morrow what you'll have to do."

"Yes, yes, I leave it all to you," said Laxdale.

"About that skunk, Squib," Bunter interposed.

"What of him?"

"Don't let him know a blessed thing about our plans," said Bunter, warningly. "Mr. blooming Squib's no more to be trusted than a hemp cable on a rocky bottom. He's been trying to get money out of me, sir; but he aint got it yet." He chuckled as he contemplated the discomfiture of the blackmailer.

"He shall hear nothing from me, I promise you," said Laxdale. "I've had my doubts about Squib all along."

He paused at the cabin door and put a question.

"You were photographed yesterday morning in a group with all the officers. Why was that?"

"I'll explain another time, sir. You'd better not stay now."

Laxdale nodded. "The officers must not get any copies of that group," he said, gravely. "You should arrange that with the photographer."

"Right you are, sir," said Bunter. "There'll only be one copy printed, and I shall hang on to that myself."

"Say two," put in Laxdale, with a smile. "If all goes well, I may like a copy myself."

"Then you mustn't let Lady Sybil see it," said Bunter, meaningly.

"No," said Laxdale; "I'll take good care of that."

"Mr. Parr says he never so much as winks at a pretty gal without telling his missus of it afterwards."

"His system does not attract me much," said Laxdale.

"Nor me neither, sir," said Bunter. "There's no harm in winking, but I've a notion that my gal wouldn't like it."

"I don't think I'll have a copy of that group, after all," said Laxdale. He opened the cabin door and passed out.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Scorpion in Petticoats.

When Laxdale had gone, Bunter rang the bell and ordered the galley to be manned. He exchanged his uniform for a suit of mufti, and told his steward that he meant to dine on shore. Two bells (9 p.m.) struck as he entered the boat, and dusk had given place to brilliant starlight. The harbour was in shadow, for the moon had not yet risen above the rocky heights of the fortress. Dismissing his boat at the dockyard steps, he again hired a fly, and was driven at high speed to the town. Reaching the post-office, he found that it was too late to send the cable to the admiral; but a clerk, to whom he paid the money, promised that his message should be despatched early in the morning. If the admiral were still in Malta, the reply, so the clerk considered, might arrive in the course of the afternoon.

The time was short, and as yet he had no clear plan in his mind for effecting the escape of Laxdale. The fact that Laxdale had already made an abortive attempt to quit the ship complicated the situation. Bunter racked his brains, but could think of no plan of escape that did not involve great risk of detection. Personal experience had taught him that it was no easy matter for a seaman to land from his ship in defiance of orders. He remembered, too, that Laxdale was being watched by the ship's police. In this case detection would be disastrous; and, for his own sake, Bunter could not afford to be suspected of conniving at the escape. Yet he was prepared to run any reasonable risk to assist the unfortunate victim of his frolic.

Growing hungry, he entered an hotel and called for food. The waiter pressed him to take his meal at the public table, but he refused, and ate it alone in the coffee-room. Whilst dining, he continued to plot and scheme on Laxdale's behalf; but none of the projects that crossed his mind satisfied him.

Hoping to find inspiration on the morrow, he sought diversion in the streets. The air was heavy with the scent of flowers as he wandered into the public gardens to smoke a

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pipe after his meal. He sat down upon a bench and watched the pretty Spanish girls strolling under the trees, escorted by their lovers or mothers. Presently his eye fell upon a buxom maid who had no better chaperon than a girl of tender years. She threw him a coquettish glance from her black eyes as she passed the bench, and the sailor rose and followed her.

He caught her up in a few strides, raised his hat, and addressed her with bluff gallantry, bred of the sea.

"Good evening, señorita," he began.

"Good evening, señor," she replied, bashfully.

"A fine evening," he continued, relapsing into English.

"Very fine for-ze valk," she admitted.

"This is all right," thought Bunter; and he strolled on at her side. The lady had not much English, so that the conversation would have flagged had it not been carried on with the aid of the girl's black eyes. It was a brilliant dialogue, as old as the ground they trod.

After a while they quitted the gardens and strolled on till they reached the shops and cafés.

"Have a wet, señorita?" said Bunter, politely, as they paused before one of the cheaper cafés.

"A vet? Vat you mean, a vet?" inquired the lady.

"A booze," explained the sailor; and he lifted an imaginary glass to his lips.

The girl laughed and nodded assent. They entered the café and took their seats at one of the small tables.

A hairy waiter with a blue chin, who bore some resemblance to the local baboons, picked his way dexterously through the narrow channels between the tables, and asked their pleasure, in mongrel English. Bunter ordered Bass for himself and claret for the girl and her small sister.

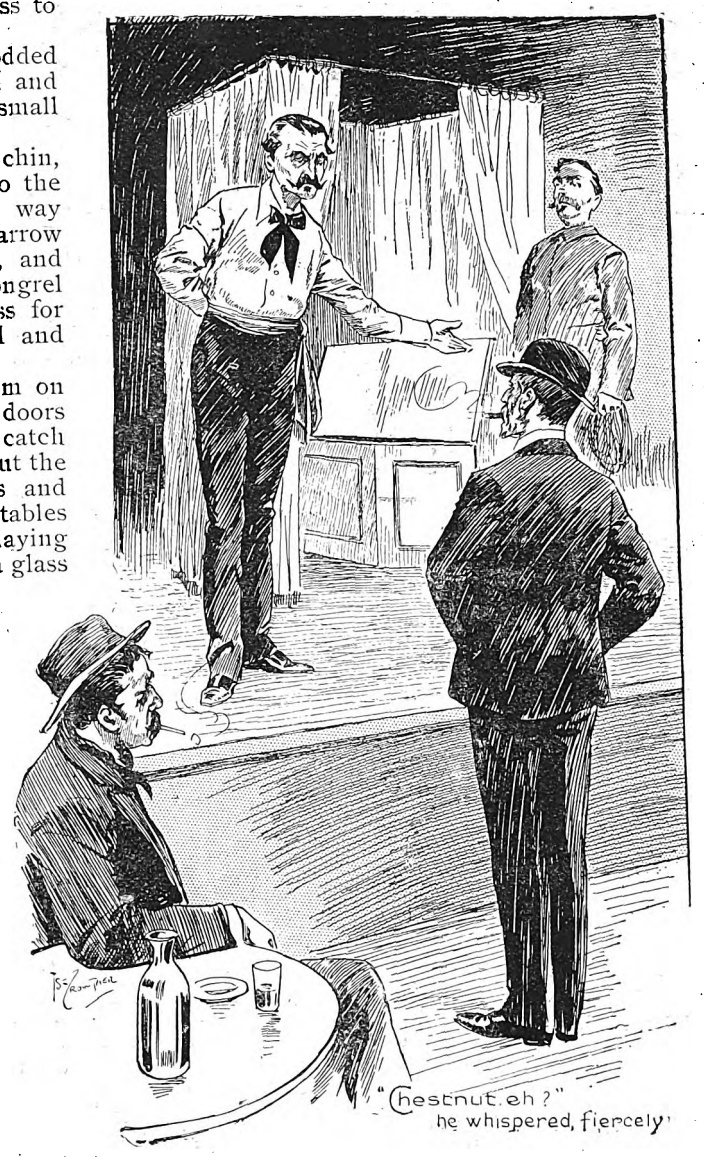
The café was a large room on the level of the street. The doors and windows were open to catch the warm night air, or to let out the smoke of countless cigarettes and cheap cigars. At some of the tables swarthy Spaniards were playing cards or dominoes, each with a glass of red wine before him, the inevitable cigarette in every mouth. There were many women in the café, whose dresses and bright shawls lent colour to the scene, whilst the walls were decorated with chubby Cupids and fleshy females, airily attired. The general effect was inexpressibly tawdry, cheap, pretentious, and by daylight the room would have been unbearable to any person of taste. By night, which hides so many defects, it served its purpose well enough.

At the further end of the room was a raised platform, upon which some musicians were seated, in frail chairs, around an oily bandmaster in tarnished lace. They played, as most Spaniards do, with natural feeling and considerable skill. To Bunter the music was unfamiliar, for it was a selection from a classic opera; but his companion hummed the air and beat time to it with her high-heeled shoe. When the selection ended, the groups at the little tables applauded vehemently; but the orchestra did not take the encore. They began, after a short interval, to play a lively measure, and soon a showily-dressed Spaniard, his clothing ablaze with tinsel and medals, stepped on to the platform and bowed like a decayed prince.

"What's he do?" asked Bunter. "Chontong—or what?"

The girl displayed her white teeth and shook her head. She gave an explanation in Spanish, but he could not catch her meaning. The little sister, a pretty child, with the pure olive skin and lustrous eyes of her race, showed great excitement. She pointed eagerly at the tinselled performer and talked rapidly.

Bunter drank his beer and awaited the outcome with indifference. The room was close; the chatter of the foreigners irritated him. He wished that he had persuaded the girl to remain in the gardens. Also he wished her little sister at Jericho.



"Chestnut, eh?" he whispered, fiercely.

The music softened, and the tinselled performer produced a pack of cards. He began to execute a series of tricks, in which Bunter took slight interest. Presently the conjurer threw aside the cards and did some of the usual tricks with handkerchiefs, watches, and a pistol. The audience seemed very reluctant to lend him their jewellery and cash; but he prevailed over their distrust, and obtained all the needful articles.

At first the applause was languid, for none of the tricks were new; and the scornful cry, "Chestnut!" which issued from the throat of Bunter at the end of each illusion, attracted little notice. The audience mistook it for an English phrase expressing satisfaction, and the people in his vicinity regarded him with mild pity. The conjurer, however, thought differently. He kept an eye upon the well-dressed Englishman, and thought seriously of knifing him after the performance.

Having at length exhausted his minor tricks, the conjurer made a long speech, illustrated by vehement gesticulations. As he spoke silence fell upon the audience. Interest was roused; expectation was in the air.

"What's the fool jawing about?" asked Bunter, irritably. But the girl could not explain.

The speech over, two men dragged a large box on to the platform. The conjurer opened the lid and showed that it was empty. He began another speech, while the men adjusted some curtains round the box; but he was merciful to the audience, and cut it short.

Removing his tawdry coat, the conjurer invited a few spectators to ascend the platform.

The girl signed to Bunter to accept the invitation. So, to humour her, he quitted his seat and pushed his way through the crowded room. The conjurer saw him coming and waited until he had gained the platform.

"Chestnut, eh?" he whispered, fiercely. "I show you something verra fine, Master Englizeman."

"About time you did, old cock," said Bunter, incredulously. "Bet a dollar I bowl you out."

"How you say, 'bowl out'?"

Bunter explained the phrase.

"Good! I take ze bet," growled the conjurer, in broken English. "Chestnut, eh? I show you."

He indulged in another boastful speech, motioned the committee of investigation aside, and got into the box. It was some 4-ft. in length and about 2-ft. in height, so that there was no room to spare, and the conjurer had to assume a cramped posture. The lid was shut down and the box locked, after which the assistants corded it with stout rope. Bunter wished to cord it himself, but was not permitted to do so. At this point the committee of investigation had to quit the platform, and Bunter grumblingly complied. The curtains were drawn; the box and its occupant were hidden from view; the orchestra played a weird air, suggestive of the conjurer's coming triumph.

Five minutes elapsed, and then the curtains were drawn back, disclosing the box. The cords were unloosed; the lid was opened; the conjurer was gone. Bunter threw a dollar upon the platform and walked back to his seat. He had not been able to detect the trick, and felt annoyed that he had risked his money. He was still more annoyed when he found, on reaching his table, that the pretty Spanish girl had left the café.

"Jezebel!" he muttered, qualifying the epithet with certain sea adjectives. "She sent me up there so as to give me the slip."

He was in no mood to seek fresh companionship, so quitted the café and walked slowly back to the naval yard.

"I've had a mangy evening," he reflected; "and instead of making plans, I've wasted two hours fooling round a 'Rock scorpion' in petticoats."

So he thought as he reviewed the events of the evening. He did not know that his visit to the café had been arranged by Providence in the direct interests of Roger Laxdale. The dollar that Bunter had lost to the Spanish conjurer was extremely well invested; and, but for his encounter with the "scorpion in petticoats" he would not have witnessed the box trick.

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CHAPTER XXII.

A Trifle on Account.

How often during the silent hours of night will some crude germ of thought lie fretting the seemingly torpid brain, until the arrival of tea or shaving water denotes the return of day. Does the thinking machinery work its cogs and cranks unaided by the engineer? If not, how account for the ideas incubated, as it were, during those long hours of unconsciousness?

When Bunter awoke on the following morning his first definite thought was of the clever box-trick that he had witnessed overnight. He lay quite still in his bunk, staring at the white paint overhead; and, as he so lay, half asleep, half awake, a plan for effecting the escape of Laxdale shaped itself in his mind, without conscious effort. For some minutes he toyed with the idea, filling in the little details with all the finicking delicacy of a miniature painter. So swift is thought, even in the minds of uncultured men, that the coming adventure unrolled itself before him as though a Shakespearean drama in five acts were being depicted by the mechanism of the cinematograph. He took part in imaginary dialogues of stupendous length and brilliancy; he won the eternal gratitude of Laxdale; he drank quarts of British ale on British soil; and probed so deep into the womb of time as to picture himself relating his incredible adventures on board the "Grunter" to a lusty group of his own grandchildren. Here he discreetly paused, lest he should be tempted to contemplate his own funeral. He sat up in bed and touched the bell, his hand trembling from excitement. The valet obeyed the summons, and Bunter desired him to fetch the ship's carpenter, instantly.

Sparks looked anxiously at his master. He seemed to fear that the ship had sprung a leak, but was reassured by the dryness of the cabin.

The warrant officer soon made his appearance, and awaited the impostor's orders, cap in hand. He was an elderly man, with grizzled hair and a face as tough as a baulk of teak.

"How long," said Bunter, eagerly, "would it take your men to knock me up a strong packing-case?"

The carpenter reflected deeply. "Depends on the size, sir," he said, cautiously.

"Say five foot by two and a-half."

The carpenter reflected all over again. "What do you want it made of?" he asked.

"Wood, of course," said Bunter, impatiently.

"Do you want it varnished, sir?"

"No."

"Painted?"

"No."

"Stained?"

"No."

"Fitted with handles?"

"It'll take a month of Sundays to make at this rate," said Bunter. "I haven't asked you to build a Noah's Ark."

The carpenter looked hurt, and put away his note-book.

"A good box wants thinking out," he grumbled. "Plain deal, without varnish nor nothing, don't do a man credit."

"Well, you needn't put your trade mark on it," said Bunter. "How soon can you get it done?"

"Two days," suggested the carpenter. "My men have a lot of fancy work on hand for Mr. Filmore."

"Knock off that and put them all on to my box," said Bunter. "I must have it ready by this afternoon."

"Very well, sir," said the carpenter; "I'll get it done by tea-time."

"Good!" said Bunter; and he repeated his instructions that the box should be strongly made. "I want it," he explained, "for books and curios, and the things'll be heavy."

He was very restless during the morning, and spent hours pacing the deck. Frequently he went forward to assure himself that the carpenters were hard at work. Returning aft from one of these visits, he caught sight of Laxdale. He was cleaning paintwork on the fore bridge, so Bunter mounted the ladder, and leant over the bridge rail within easy speaking distance. A signalman was loitering near, but Bunter sent him off to deliver a superfluous message to one of the officers.

"Get on washing the paint, and don't look as if we were jawing," said Bunter, warningly.

"Has the admiral replied?" asked Laxdale.

"Not yet; there hasn't been time."

Laxdale sighed, and dipped his cloth into the bucket of soapy water. "What arrangements have you decided upon?" he asked.

"I've got a slap-up plan," said Bunter, "but we won't risk talking about it here. Listen, now, and I'll tell you what you've got to do."

(To be continued.)

"E. H."—The incident recorded in the picture of "Floreat Etona" occurred at the action of Laing's Nek, January 28, 1881. General Sir George Pomeroy-Colley, at the head of 1,200 men of all branches of the Service, attacked the Boer position. In order to prepare the ground, two troops of the K'n 's Dragoon Guards were ordered to charge whilst the 58th Regiment moved up to the assault. Unfortunately, the charge failed, and instead of the infantry obtaining time at the brow of the hill to re-form, they were vigorously attacked by the enemy. Breathless and spent, they were rolled back, in spite of desperate efforts on the part of their officers. Colonel Deane, Major Poole, and Lieutenants Elwes and Inman were all shot dead. Elwes and Inman, being mounted, raced as to who should be first amongst the Boers, and the two old Etonians went down side by side. The 58th lost 160 men out of 480 rank and file under the deadly fire of the enemy.

* * * *

"R. T. K."—The nomenclature adopted for the ships of the United States Navy is governed by settled rules, to which, however, there are sometimes exceptions. All battle-ships receive the names of States, cruisers are named after the principal towns, and torpedo-boat destroyers and torpedo-boats after distinguished Americans, almost invariably Naval officers of repute. Not always, however, for one of their torpedo-boats is named "Ericsson," after the noted Swede, who was one of the first to apply the principle of the screw-propeller, and shared with our own Captain Cowles the honour of introducing the turret system of gun-mounting. A noted exception in the naming of the battle-ships is the giving of the name "Kearsarge" to one of their most recent and finest ships of this class. It of course commemorates the ship that conquered the noted commerce raider "Alabama." The original "Kearsarge" is named after a mountain in New Hampshire, which the Indians called Cowrissewaschook. This mouthful, however, was too much for the settlers, who knew the hill as "Ki Sarge," an abbreviation of the name of a settler who lived at its foot, and so a New Hampshire citizen—whose proper cognomen was Hezekiah Sargent—became the godfather of one of the most historic ships in the United States Navy.

* * * *

"F. G. E."—The "Lava" attack is that used by the Cossacks, and it may be described as the antithesis of the ordinary close order cavalry charge. The Cossacks, mounted on small and weedy ponies, rarely stand the shock of a cavalry charge, and, in the event of being attacked, separate and break up into individual units. They are armed with rifles, swords, and long lances, and at the word of command rush in a swarm on their foe. When within effective rifle range they throw themselves from their ponies and open a rapid and continuous fire, retiring at once when attacked. The moment pursuit is intermitted they swarm back again and re-open fire. The method may be summed up as annoyance to the enemy, and no risk of disaster to themselves. This attack can never succeed against a resolute body of organised cavalry, who, under control, refuse to scatter in pursuit of the apparently flying Cossack.

* * * *

"Tramp."—The term "crimp" is falling into disuse. Crimps are practically parasites on seamen, taking advantage of their improvidence and plying them with liquor in order to fleece them of their money and effects. Professedly the business of a crimp is to find employment for seamen, and to assist him in the business the crimp usually kept a boarding-house for seamen. Frequently he would take the men on board in cartloads and in such a state of intoxication that they had to be carried. Lindsay, in his "History of Merchant Shipping," states that the crimp received two months' wages in cash or slops for each man, and 5s. procuration fee. As a rule, the crimp would take on board more men than were necessary, so that the chief mate might exercise some selection. In order to obtain possession of the seamen the crimps up to 1866, when the Board of Trade took strong action, used to board vessels arriving in the Thames and make the crew so drunk that it was dangerous for the pilots to take the vessels up the river, owing to the crew being incapacitated and the crimps fighting for the seamen's baggage.

* * * *

As has been their custom ever since their inception some years back, the Navy League again this year decorated the Nelson Column on the anniversary of Trafalgar Day. In so doing they do good work, for they bring home vividly to the man in the street, the voter, who in the main rules the destiny of this great Empire, the truism that he knows full well, but is at times apt to forget, that "It is on the Navy, under the good providence of God, that our wealth, prosperity, and peace depend." The Navy League and its members—though, mayhap, they sometimes allow "vaulting ambition to o'erleap itself"—are doing good work for the nation, and they have not Fortunatus's purse at their disposal. The expense entailed in the annual decoration of the column is a heavy one, and to meet it subscriptions are solicited. Their requests for such have met with a ready response. Nelson and the Navy are almost synonymous words, and it is well that the glorious traditions and history of our unequalled Fleet should be brought to mind by this annual commemoration of its greatest hero.

The Editor.

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The Story of the War.

THE last instalment of this weekly summary brought us to the battle of Elandslaagte, which, it will be remembered, was fought on the day following the engagement at Glencoe, now generally known as the battle either of Dundee or Talana Hill. The course of the war since then has not been very full of dramatic incidents, but has none the less included several operations of more than ordinary importance, one or two of which, indeed, may be expected to take a prominent place in our military annals.

The battle of Dundee, although a brilliant little victory, did but keep the Boers temporarily in check, and at its conclusion it was soon evident that the advanced position at Glencoe was no longer tenable. A junction, therefore, of the Glencoe force with that at Ladysmith became necessary. Leaving the wounded, including General Symons, at Dundee, under the Geneva flag, General Yule withdrew in a southerly direction towards Ladysmith, *viâ* Beith and the Sunday River. Happily the Boers, who were now massing in considerable numbers in the neighbourhood, were deterred by the heavy weather and suspicions of a ruse from following in pursuit, and the withdrawal was carried out in a very masterly and successful manner, the banks of the Sunday River being reached on the evening of Monday, the 23rd ult. On the following day Sir George White, hearing of General Yule's withdrawal from Dundee, and also learning that a Boer force which might hamper his movements was in the neighbourhood of Ladysmith, moved out and attacked the latter at Rietfontein Farm. The action was a stubbornly-contested one, and resulted in casualties to the extent of about 100 British killed and wounded. But Sir George White's object was accomplished, the enemy were sent flying to the westward, and the junction of General Yule's force with that at Ladysmith was duly effected.

At this moment came the painful news of General Symons's death at Dundee, which, as a matter of course, had fallen into the hands of the Boers. Universal sympathy was aroused by this sad termination to the career of a gallant and most able soldier, but no question could arise as to the propriety of the abandonment of Dundee, since it subsequently transpired that it was by the express orders of the dying general that this really very necessary movement had been carried out.

The junction of General Yule's force with that of Sir George White also brought into prominence an unfortunate incident of the battle of Dundee, which until now had been veiled in some mystery. After the capture of the Boer position on Talana Hill the 18th Hussars and Mounted Infantry had started in pursuit, and it seems had pushed the pursuit too far. Coming upon a strong body of Boers, they had allowed themselves to be enveloped, with the result that the entire squadron of Hussars, the colonel commanding, a major, and the adjutant of the regiment, and several young officers of the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers serving as Mounted Infantry, had been captured and sent to Pretoria as prisoners. The incident was certainly a most regrettable one, but not to be regarded in anything like the serious light in which some acrimonious critics have viewed it. Accidents will occur when cavalry are, as they ought to be, venturesome, and the capture should not eventually mean much more than an early exchange of prisoners, since we have several hundred Boer captives in our hands whom the Transvaal authorities would doubtless be very pleased to regain as fighting men.

Towards the end of last week a pleasant diversion took place in the shape of a very smart little action a few miles north of Kimberley. A party of Kimberley Volunteers under Major Scott Turner, Black Watch, who is employed with the British South Africa Company, subsequently reinforced by a detachment of the Loyal North Lancashires under Major Murray, fell in with a body of Boers some 700 strong, and, as the "Comic History of England" says, promptly fell out with it. In the engagement which ensued the well-known Boer commandant, Botha, was killed, and the Boers otherwise suffered severely. The feature of the day's work was a brilliant charge by the Loyal North Lancashires, who cleared a kopje of the enemy in magnificent style. Needless to say, this brilliant success greatly enlivened the Kimberley garrison, which continues in the highest spirits, fully confident of its ability to hold out against any attack likely to be made in the near future.

At Mafeking, too, the garrison under Baden-Powell has maintained a stubborn resistance, and has scornfully declined to entertain Boer suggestions of surrender. The enemy have warmly bombarded the place, not, it would appear, with any serious effect. One day's despatch said that over fifty Boer shells had resulted in the violent death of a chicken, while another laconically says, "Bombardment yesterday—Dog killed." At the same time there is no question that the investment is a close one, and relief from the north as well as the south has been rendered doubtful, for patrols from Colonel Plumer's force at Tuli have sighted a Boer party on the Limpopo River, obviously working in this direction to prevent a junction of Plumer's corps with the Mafeking garrison.

Meanwhile the reinforcement of the British military strength in South Africa continues almost without a break. The "Zibenghla" and "Zayathla" have arrived, bringing with them three batteries of Artillery, of which two have already been despatched to the Orange River. In the course of next week the 2nd Brigade of the Army Corps will have been landed, probably at Durban, which, coupled with the arrival of Sir Redvers Buller, should materially alter the general situation.

Reverting to Natal, the few days immediately following the junction of White's and Yule's forces were very sensibly spent in much-needed and well-earned rest. The force now under General White's command was some 12,000 strong, and could well afford to remain in a position of such commanding excellence as Ladysmith. The Boers on their part, baffled in the execution of their original plans, now concentrated their attentions upon Ladysmith, on the hills fronting which they took up a great semi-circular position, entrenching it with a view to bringing a strong artillery fire to bear upon the South African Aldershot.

On Monday last General White moved out against the Boer position. This was found to be evacuated, but as our troops advanced we were hotly attacked, and a brisk engagement ensued, the Boers being driven back on their laagers after suffering considerable loss. Our own casualties numbered about 100.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards	Ladysmith, Natal
5th Lancers	Ladysmith, Natal
9th "	Cape Frontier
18th Hussars	Ladysmith, Natal
19th "	Ladysmith, Natal

ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

10th Mountain Battery	Ladysmith, Natal
14th Company Western Division	Cape Town
23rd " " "	Kimberley

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

13th Battery	Ladysmith, Natal
18th "	*Arrived Cape Town
21st "	Ladysmith, Natal
42nd "	Ladysmith, Natal
53rd "	Ladysmith, Natal
62nd "	*Arrived Cape Town
67th "	Ladysmith, Natal
69th "	Ladysmith, Natal
75th "	*Arrived Cape Town

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	Pieter Maritzburg, Natal
1st Devonshire	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Leicestershire	Camp near Dundee, Natal
1st Gloucestershire	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Border	Cape Frontier
1st North Lancashire	Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	Nauwpoort, Cape Colony
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	De Aar, Cape Colony
1st King's Royal Rifles	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd " " "	Pieter Maritzburg, Natal
1st Manchester	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	Cape Frontier

NOTE.—De Aar and Nauwpoort are the stations at the western and eastern ends respectively of the junction line that joins the two railways Cape Town *via* Kimberley to Bulawayo and Port Elizabeth *via* Bloemfontein to Pretoria. The regiments whose station is given as "Cape Frontier" are those which have been sent forward to De Aar Junction, and are guarding the line of the Rhodesian railway that runs northward through Kimberley, Vryburg, and Mafeking to Bulawayo. These troops are also available for the defence of Aliwal North and the line which runs from East London through Stormberg and Burghersdorp and connects, by a junction line from Stormberg to Nauwpoort, and directly at Springfontein, just inside the Orange Free State border, with the Port Elizabeth line to Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

The position of the troops and the strength at the various strategic points can be seen at a glance by a reference to the map on page 59 of the Double Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of October 7. The regiments of Buller's Army Corps that have left or are immediately about to leave by this date are as follows: Cavalry—12th Lancers, 14th Hussars, 10th Hussars, 6th Dragoons, 2nd Dragoons, 1st Dragoons, 6th Dragoon Guards, 13th Hussars. Artillery—R.H.A., R, O, P, and G Batteries; R.F.A., 7th, 14th, 66th, 73rd, 64th, 63rd, 79th, 77th, and 74th Batteries. Infantry—3rd Grenadier, 1st Coldstream, 2nd Coldstream, and 1st Scots Guards, 2nd Devon, 2nd W. Yorkshire, 2nd W. Surrey, 2nd E. Surrey, 2nd Black Watch, 1st Highland L.I., 2nd Seaforth, 1st Argyll and Sutherland, 1st Durham L.I., 2nd Scottish Rifles, 3rd K.R. Rifles, 1st Rifle Brigade, 1st R. Inniskilling Fusiliers, 2nd R. Irish Rifles, 1st Connaught Rangers, 1st R. Dublin Fusiliers, 2nd R. Irish Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Fusiliers, 2nd R. Scots Fusiliers, 1st R. Welsh Fusiliers, 1st Welsh, 2nd Northampton, 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers, 1st Gordons, 2nd Shropshire L.I., 2nd Cornwall L.I., and 2nd Somerset L.I.

* These Batteries have probably been sent round to Natal.

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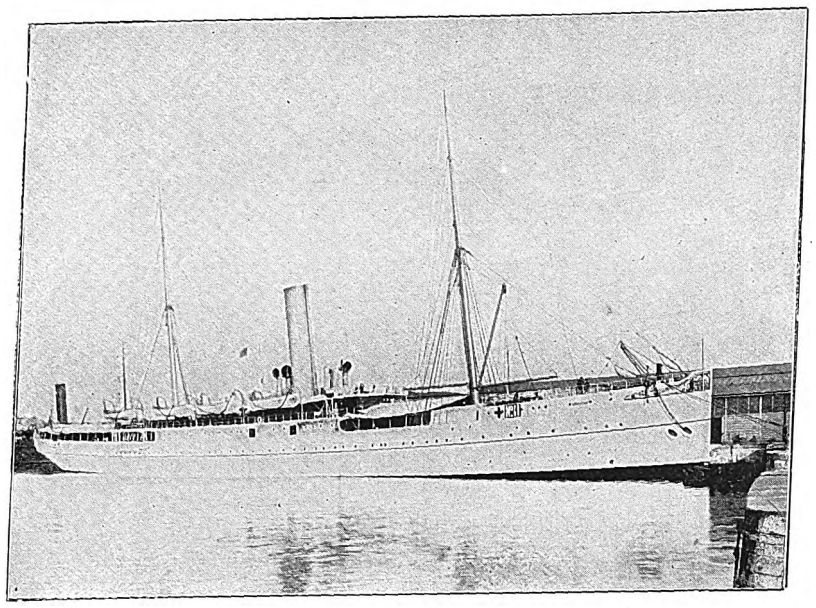
Under the Red Cross.

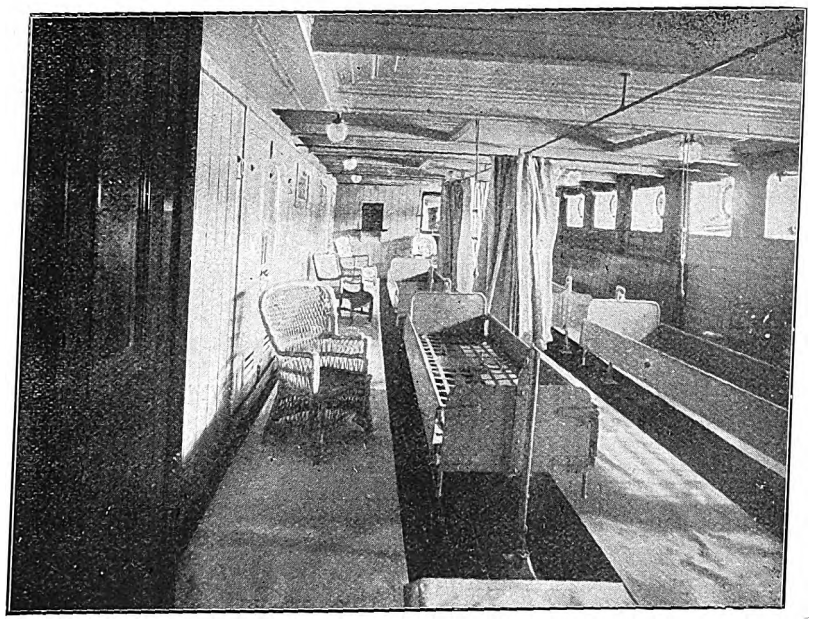
Hospital Ships for South Africa.

WHEREVER there is fighting nowadays, the flag of the Red Cross Society is to be found. No matter if the fighting be in the most inaccessible parts of Africa or Asia, there in all probability men and women will be found ready to attend to the sick and wounded, and who are, in the majority of cases, allowed to carry out their humane duties free from molestation. It is to be hoped that Oom Paul's burghers will not, as they did in the last campaign they waged against us, fire on the doctors who are looking after the wounded, for that is a crime that only the most uncivilised barbarian commits, and only then because he does not know any better.



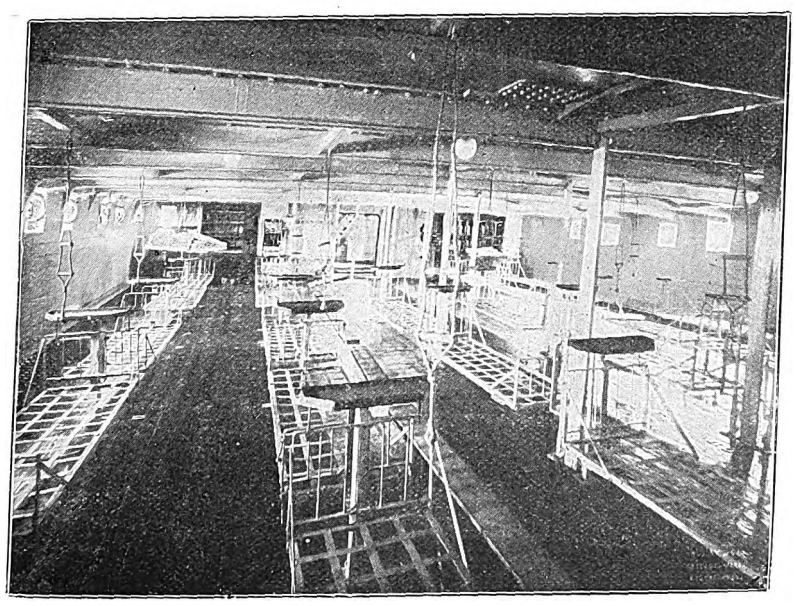
A VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE "SPARTAN."

The most interesting of the vessels which have been despatched to South Africa recently by the Naval Transport Department are undoubtedly the hospital ships "Trojan" and "Spartan." These vessels have been hired by the Admiralty from the Union Steamship Company, and are certainly excellent ships for the purpose for which they have been chartered. There are three sick wards in each vessel, holding about seven beds and a sufficient staff of medical officers and nurses. Each vessel has on board all the accessories of a modern first-class hospital, including operating-rooms, dispensaries, and the Röntgen ray apparatus, which will be found useful in locating injuries. The little iron cots in which the patients will lie are so constructed that they can swing on uprights in case the vessel should encounter heavy weather at sea, but, if necessary, can be made quite stationary. Special arrangements have been made for receiving the patients on board, and lifts have been provided at each end of the ships for conveying the invalids to the wards with the least possible exertion on their part.



IN THE OFFICERS' WARD.

The "Spartan" and "Trojan" will sail up the East African Coast from Cape Town to Natal. Patients will be taken aboard at the latter place, and conveyed direct to the base hospital at Cape Town. Of course the invalids will have every attention on the journey, for the vessels have been supplied with great stores of delicacies, including champagne, beef extracts, jellies, etc.



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

A WARD FOR NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND MEN.

Another hospital ship which will leave England shortly for South Africa is the s.s. "Maine," which has been generously offered free of all cost to the Government by the Atlantic Transport Company for the purpose of conveying the sick and wounded to the base hospital. This in a way may be taken as evidence of the kindly feeling which now exists between this country and the United States, and the cordial sympathy the latter have with us in our present South African policy. Mr. B. N. Baker, the chairman of this company, is himself a citizen of the United States, as are several of the directors, and it is due to his initiative that the use of this handsome vessel has been offered to the Government, who have been pleased to accept it. The services of the medical officers of the ship are also to be given free of charge.

The fitting out of hired transports is in the hands of the Naval Transport Department, and articles have appeared in back numbers of this paper fully describing the process of fitting out such ships. A certain amount of fittings is always kept in stock at Deptford in peace-time, so that when called for they can be put into a ship and the latter be ready to leave England within twenty-four hours of its mobilisation.

In connection with hospital ships and the Red Cross, it will perhaps interest many to know that Mr. Henry Dunant, a Swiss gentleman, inaugurated the idea. He spent half his fortune in establishing the Red Cross, and unfortunately lost the other half owing to bad business speculations. He lived for many years in poverty, and lay ill for some time in a little district infirmary in Switzerland, of which he himself was the founder. He was, however, subsequently placed in a position of comfort by pensions given him by the Governments of Russia and Switzerland.

His idea was the outcome of a visit to the battle-field of Solferino in 1859, a few days after the fight. He was appalled by the needless suffering, and immediately, we are told, conceived the idea of a system of organised relief whereby aid could be given to the sufferers on the battle-field without those who undertook the work being in any way molested. He published a book entitled "Recollections of Solferino," the result of which was that the Geneva Society of Public Utility invited him to deliver an address on the subject. This was the beginning only of the campaign which he waged in favour of his scheme. He delivered addresses in all parts of the country, wrote numerous articles, and consulted officials at the various European Courts, until finally the Red Cross Society was established. By the provisions of the treaty entered into by the nations who met at Geneva, surgeons, nurses, ambulance trains, hospital ships, and all hospital supplies were to be considered neutral, provided they displayed a uniform badge and their national flag. The Red Cross was selected as a compliment to Mr. Dunant and the Swiss nation. The present Red Cross flag is a red cross on a white ground.

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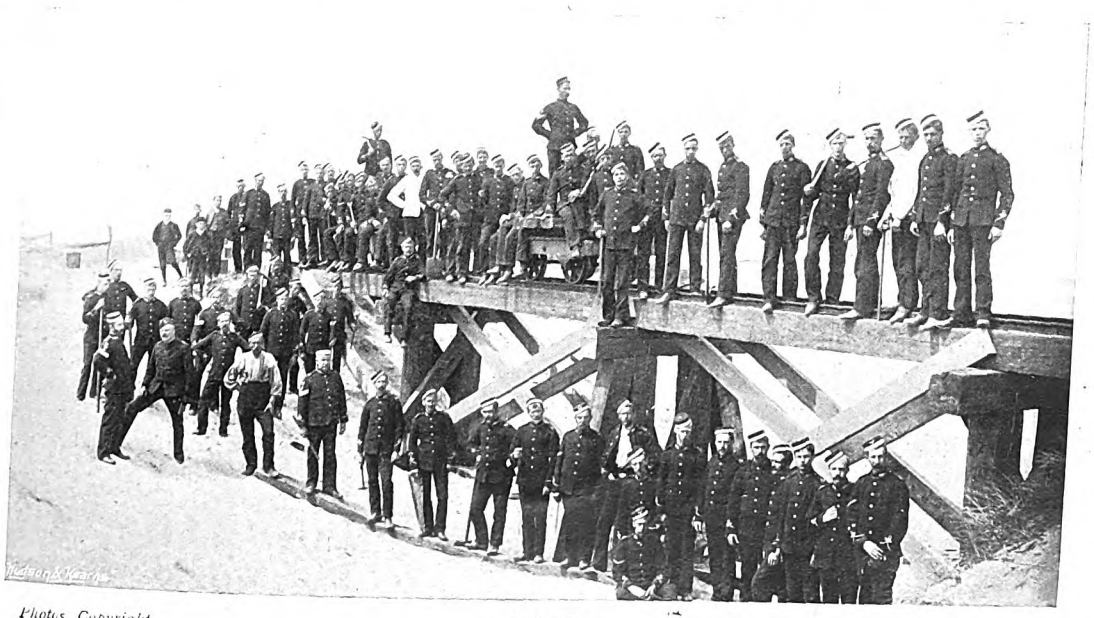
Railway Engineers for South Africa.

THE 2nd CHESHIRE RAILWAY CORPS.

OF the forty-three companies which, with special depôts, battalions, and mounted troops, compose the corps of Royal Engineers, only two are "Railway" companies. These are Nos. 8 and 10, both of which form units of the force in South Africa, and where the part they will be called upon to play will be no unimportant one. These two companies in peace time are stationed the one at Chatham and the other at Woolwich. The first works on the Government line that runs from Upnor to the Chattenden Barracks, the second sees to the construction and maintenance of the sixty or seventy miles of railway that is in constant use in our great national gun factory and arsenal at Woolwich. It is very evident that when war demands are made upon the corps this small supply of trained railway engineers is insufficient. As a rule, our campaigns have heretofore been made in countries where there is no necessity for specially-skilled engineers of this class. Now, however, we are engaged in a campaign in which railway communication throughout the theatre of operations will be largely utilised. And it is very evident that, however capable, the small strength of trained railway engineers that the corps keeps in permanence on a peace footing is insufficient for an Army Corps in the field operating and working over railway lines. This has always been foreseen, and a special Reserve, constituted purposely to meet this emergency, has now been called into play. We enlist men employed in the service of the railroad companies, and these are classed as "efficient Volunteers." The men are really transferred to the Reserve immediately on enlistment, join their local Volunteer corps, and are practically civilians, in that the country has no claim on their services except in time of war. Specially typical of this most useful Reserve is the regiment we here illustrate, the 2nd Cheshire Engineer Volunteers, which is entirely a railway battalion, and has furnished a contingent which will prove invaluable when the advance of Buller's Army Corps comes to be made.

THE OFFICERS.
2nd Cheshire Railway Engineers.

A GROUP OF THE SERGEANTS.



Photos. Copyright. *A. Mackenzie.*

A BRIDGE
Constructed by the Men of the Cheshire Engineers.

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A Friend in Need.

Gregory.

Photo. Copyright.

LIGHTING UP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

In common with many folk on land, Jack has frequently to exercise considerable ingenuity in lighting his pipe in a breeze. The place allotted to him for the enjoyment of his smoke is usually airy in the extreme, and when the ship is steaming against a breeze, it may need the assistance of a "raggie" to overcome the difficulty, as shown in our picture.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 145.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1899.

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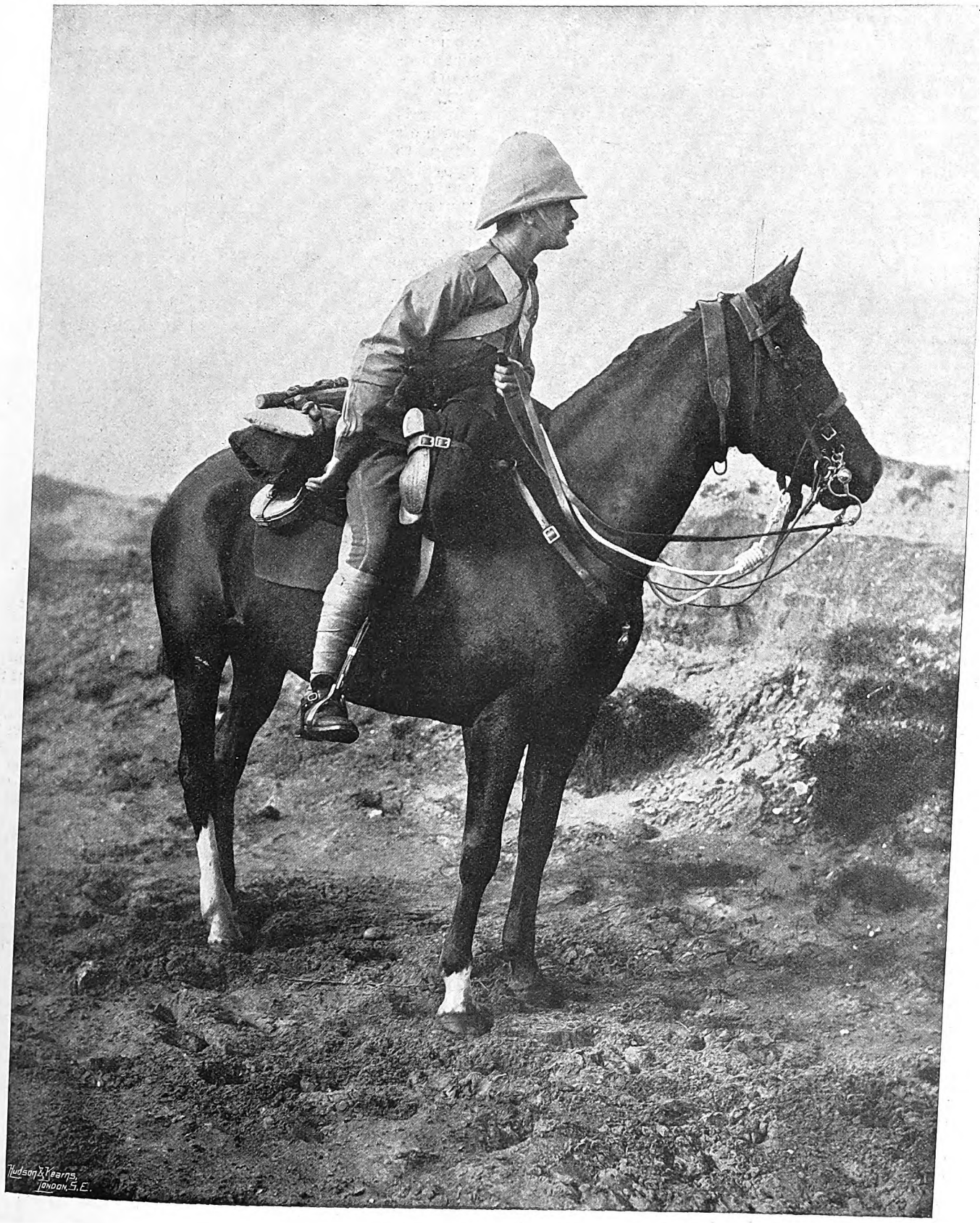

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

ON THE ALERT.

Here is a Hussar scout, exactly as he will be seen in the very near future in South Africa, keeping his eyes well skinned and his ears well pricked to catch the least glimpse or sound of the enemy.

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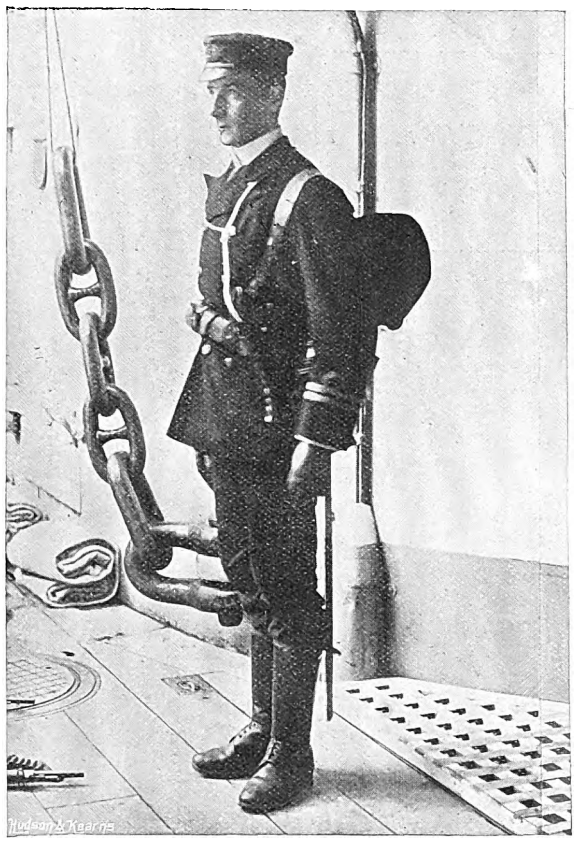
For Use at the Cape.

EQUIPPING AND TRAINING A LANDING PARTY.

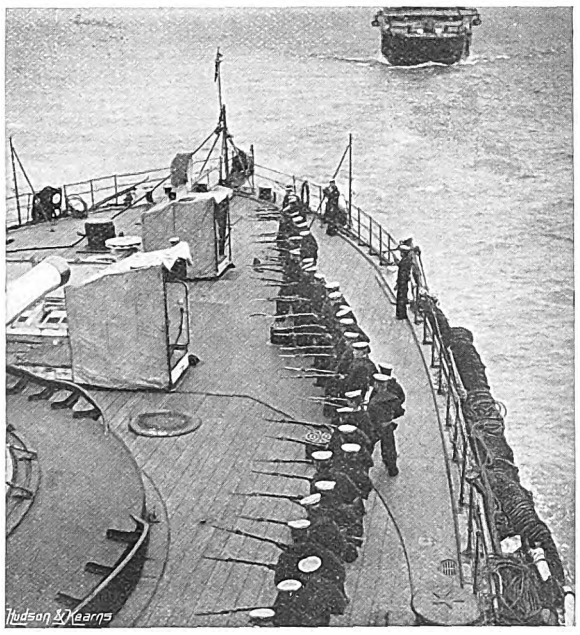
NAVAL brigades have often done good work, and many of our little wars have been brought to a successful conclusion through their agency. At the present moment a Naval brigade from the squadron at the Cape is facing the enemy, and with its guns has been able to render effective assistance to the land forces at a critical time. The training of the seaman for this work goes on every day throughout the Service, in spite of the difficulties of place and space.



OFFICER IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

Our illustrations show, firstly, an officer and man in heavy marching order, and, secondly, a company of Bluejackets drilling on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. With reference to the former, perhaps a few words concerning the equipment of a Naval brigade for active service will be found interesting.

The men are divided into companies of from forty to fifty, each under the command of a lieutenant. Two midshipmen, when any are available, are also attached to each company as right and left guides. Besides the companies of riflemen there will be stretcher men, pioneers, and signal staff. Then there are the machine-guns, which form the most notable and important feature of a Naval brigade.

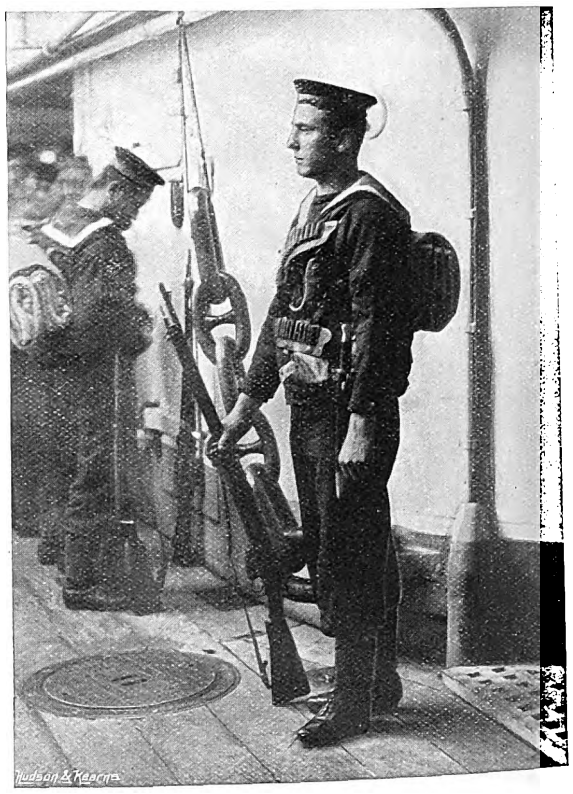


SWORD-BAYONET EXERCISE.
"Guard."

The officer depicted in our illustration is dressed in heavy marching order, carrying sword, pistol, havresack, water-bottle, field-glasses, great-coat, with change of clothing and gaiters. He also has round his neck a lanyard with whistle attached; the whistle is used for conveying orders under fire, and can of course be heard much further and more distinctly than the voice. The seaman opposite him is also in heavy marching order, and carries his rifle and sword-bayonet, ammunition in belts and pouches, water-bottle, havresack, and blanket, with change of clothing.

The load that one man can carry on the march is estimated to be about 40-lb., and this is very soon made up, with the rifle weighing 10-lb., sword-bayonet 1-lb., accoutrements, ammunition, and filled water-bottle 16-lb., and blanket and change of clothing another 15-lb. or 16-lb. Native carriers are pressed into the service, whenever possible, to carry food and spare ammunition, etc., but their load, too, is limited to about 45-lb. per man. The commissariat department will take away biscuit, tea, sugar, tinned meat, chocolate, and rum, about 2-lb. weight for each man per diem.

Rifle drill in some form or other goes on every day on board ship. The difficulties in the way are of course enormous, and it is small wonder that the well-drilled soldier is rather given to applying the term "armed rabble" to a battalion of Bluejackets. He overlooks one thing, however, and that is the magnificent discipline and material of the Naval Service. They may not always preserve the machine-like precision for which the Army is celebrated, the rifles may not all be carried at a precise angle, and on the march they are given perhaps to occupying more of the road than is strictly necessary, by reason of their jaunty step and swinging style of progression. But they are men in the prime of life, accustomed to think for themselves, subject to the strictest and wisest discipline of modern warfare, and, best of all, the most loyal and trustworthy men towards their officers and each other in the whole world.



MAN IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

The company shown marching up and down the quarter-deck may appear rather irregular, but at the time the photograph was taken the ship was rolling considerably. The ventilators and other obstructions, too, with which a quarter-deck nowadays is adorned make it impossible to preserve good order on the march.

Photos. Copyright. FIRING EXERCISE. A. Debenham, Ryde.
"Ready."

Sword-bayonet exercise is a favourite, and is very pretty and effec-

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tive, as it suits the loose dress and active figure of the gallant tar to perfection. "Fix swords!" shows the position assumed by a man when placing his bayonet on the rifle end. "Slope arms!" shows how the rifle is carried when swords are fixed.

The firing exercise teaches the men how to put into practice what they have learnt on the rifle range and at Morris-tube firing. The latter is going on constantly, and hundreds of thousands of the little cartridges are consumed yearly by the Navy, with the best of effects on the marksmanship of the seaman.

The "ready" is the loading position previous to the "present," and after each volley the men always return to it and await orders.

No man is more of a Jack-of-all-trades than a seaman, who is just as prepared and willing to fight on land as he is on the sea.

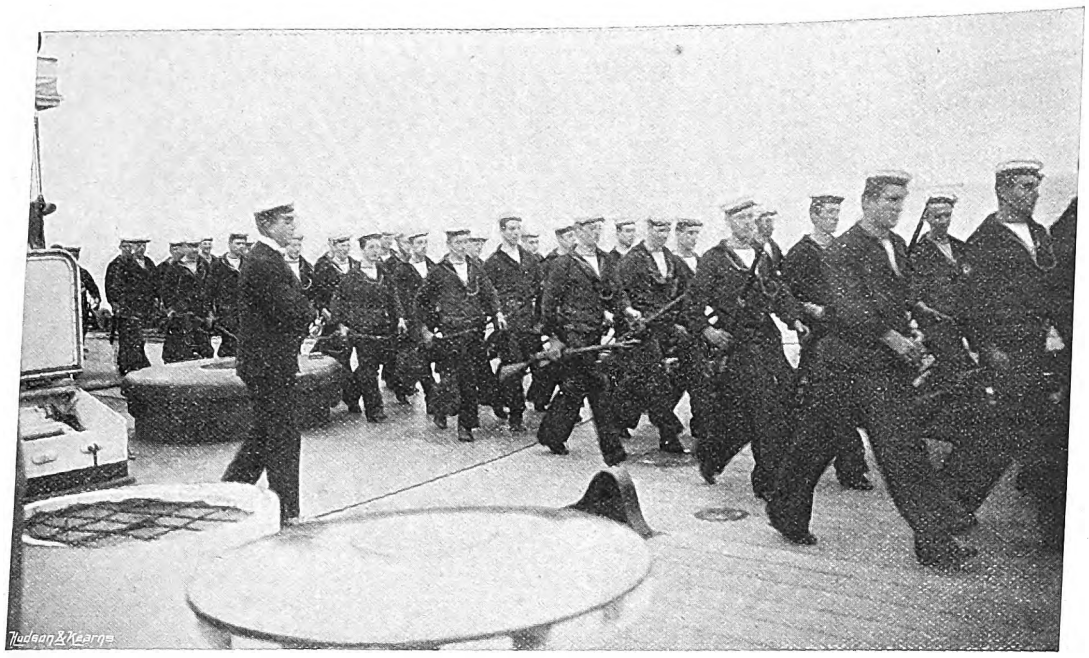

Photo. Copyright. MARCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES. *A. Debenham, Ryde.*

Bound for Pretoria.

TRUE to our promise, we continue to give collections of pictures illustrating not only the incidents and accidents of the Boer War, but also the component parts of the great Field Force under Sir Redvers Buller, a considerable proportion of which is now disembarking, and being organised with a view to an early advance on the Boer capitals.

There are few more characteristic features of a modern army than its multifariousness. In the old days of warlike operations a great conqueror like Alexander or Jenghis Khan went to war with forces many times as great as that which is now on its way to South Africa, but of nothing like such a complicated and variegated description. Horse, foot, and followers represented practically all there was of variety in these great armed hordes, while as for organised commissariat and transport, these, of course, were very conspicuous by their absence. Later on, the introduction of war engines such as the "Balista" necessitated some special arrangements, while as war became gradually more and more scientific,

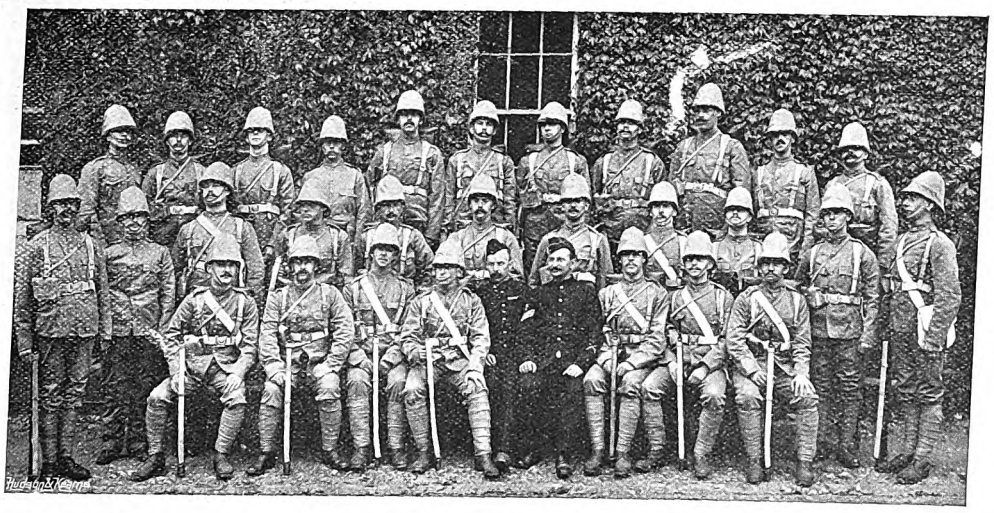

Photo. Copyright. UNDER-STUDIES OF THE R.E. *Cribb*
Reserve Telegraphists of the 24th Middlesex.

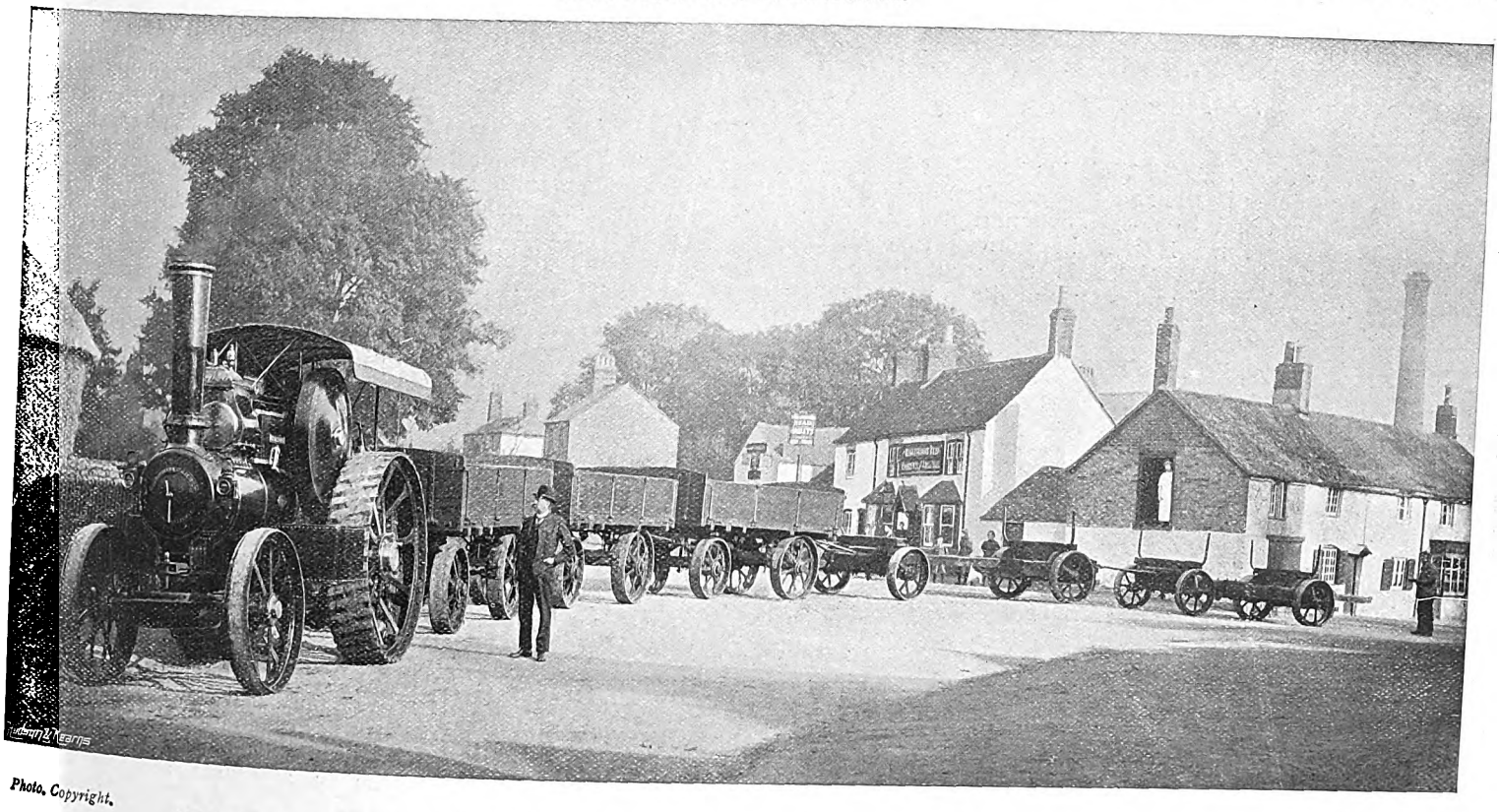

Photo. Copyright. STEAM TRANSPORT—A TRACTION ENGINE AND TRUCKS FOR SOUTH AFRICA. *H. W. Taunt.*

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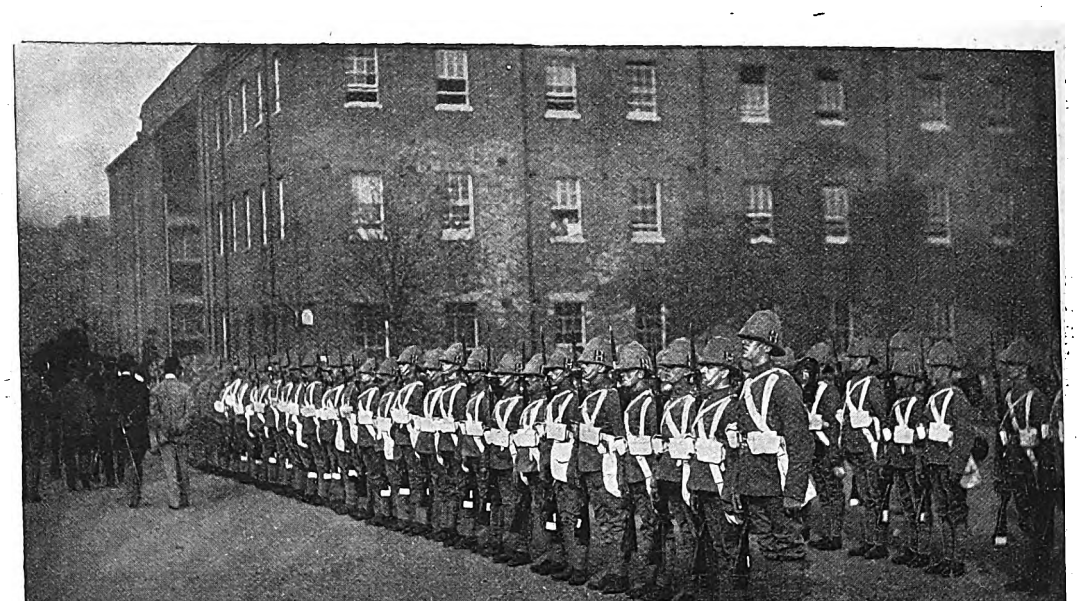
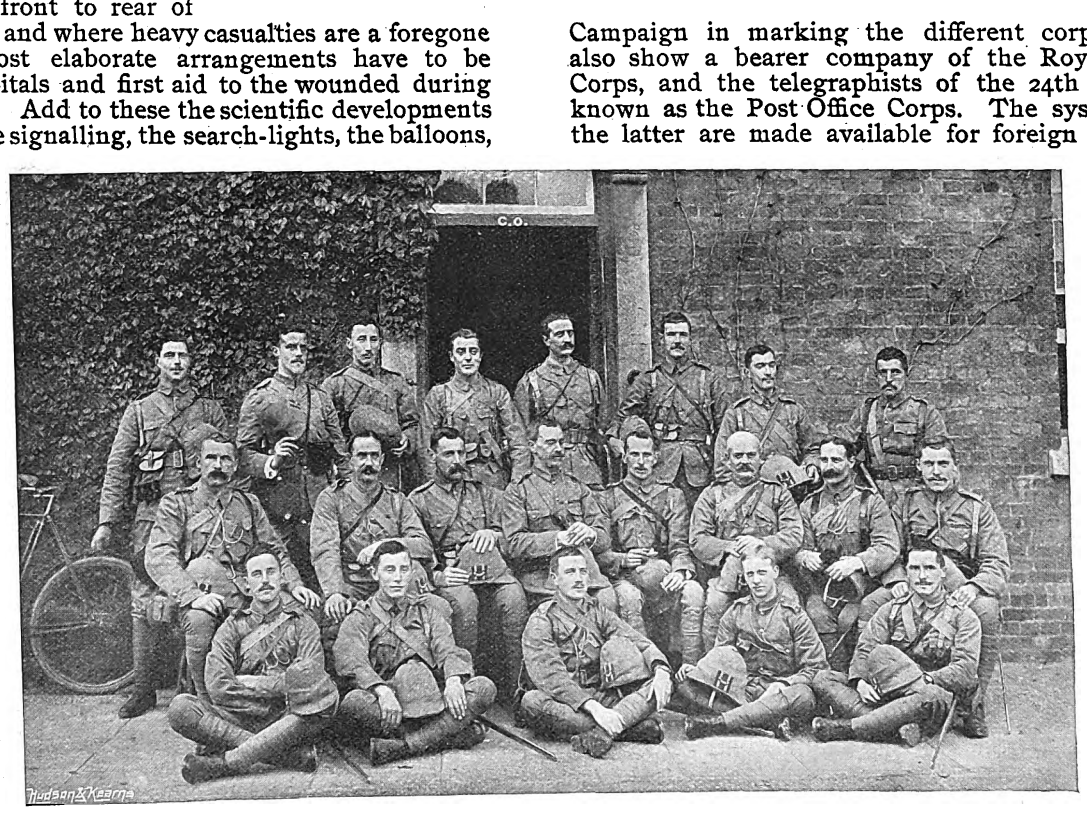
further requirements were indicated, which imposed upon the general of an army the need for keeping in his mind many other things besides the actual tactics of the day of battle. Still, up to comparatively modern times an army went to the front, and very often did magnificent service there, on the basis of a system of organisation which would, nowadays, altogether fail to bear the strain of a campaign against civilised troops.

More particularly complicated does the science of war become when a desperately stubborn enemy has to be reduced in a difficult country, in which the main objective must necessarily be a long distance from the bases of the attack. In this case the transport has to be specialised, and the most elaborate arrangements made for the supply of the troops in the field. Particular attention has to be paid to communication; railways have to be kept working, and, from time to time, the destruction caused by a vigorous enemy repaired; telegraphs have to be maintained, and temporarily laid from front to rear of an advancing force, and where heavy casualties are a foregone conclusion, the most elaborate arrangements have to be made for field hospitals and first aid to the wounded during the actual fighting. Add to these the scientific developments of modern war—the signalling, the search-lights, the balloons, and what not else of latter-day military requirement, and it is easy to see what a curiously complex, as well as comprehensive, machine a modern army is.



THE P.W.O. WEST YORKSHIRE.
Inspected before Leaving by the G.O.C. at Aldershot.

An instructive hint of this aspect of nineteenth century warfare is conveyed in the accompanying little series of pictures. Here we have first the fighting man pure and simple, and a very favourable specimen of him into the bargain. Two of the pictures illustrate a very fine corps, the old 14th, now the Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire. The battalion depicted is the 2nd, at Aldershot, and even the lay reader will not fail to note how smart it looks in its khaki field-service kit. It will be noticed that on the puggarees of the helmets there is the same distinctive coloured strip which was found so useful during the Soudan Campaign in marking the different corps. Our pictures also show a bearer company of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and the telegraphists of the 24th Middlesex, better known as the Post Office Corps. The system under which the latter are made available for foreign service, although nominally Volunteers, is an interesting one. The men are trained operators in Government employment, and are especially enlisted in the corps of the Royal Engineers, which, however, they do not actually join. On enlistment they are transferred to the Army Reserve, and incidentally, as it were, become members of the Telegraph Companies of the well-known and splendidly efficient Post Office Volunteer Battalion of the Rifle Brigade. By this simple expedient the War Office maintains, at comparatively trivial cost, a notable addition to the Telegraph Companies of the Royal Engineers, among which these Reservists can at any time take their place both as trained soldiers and as telegraphists of great experience and capacity. A peculiarly interesting illustration is that of a traction engine which is expected to do excellent work in South Africa in the matter of transport.



Photos. Copyright. *IN MOBILISATION ORDER.* *Cummings.*
Officers, 2nd P.W.O. West Yorkshire.

The engine, which is here shown passing through an Oxfordshire village on its way to Aldershot, was supplied by the Oxfordshire Steam Ploughing Company.

Technically described, it is a 10 h.-p. nominal—50 h.-p. indicated—three-speed locomotive, capable of drawing a load of 50 tons over an ordinary road, and of carrying water to run twenty to twenty-five miles.

With it are three 10-ton traction waggons and two heavy boiler trollies capable of carrying 20 tons each. Such an affair as this must be an agreeable addition to the resources of the transport department.

Photo. Copyright. *No. 12 BEARER COMPANY, R.A.M.C.* *Charlton.*
Leaving the Curragh, En Route for South Africa.

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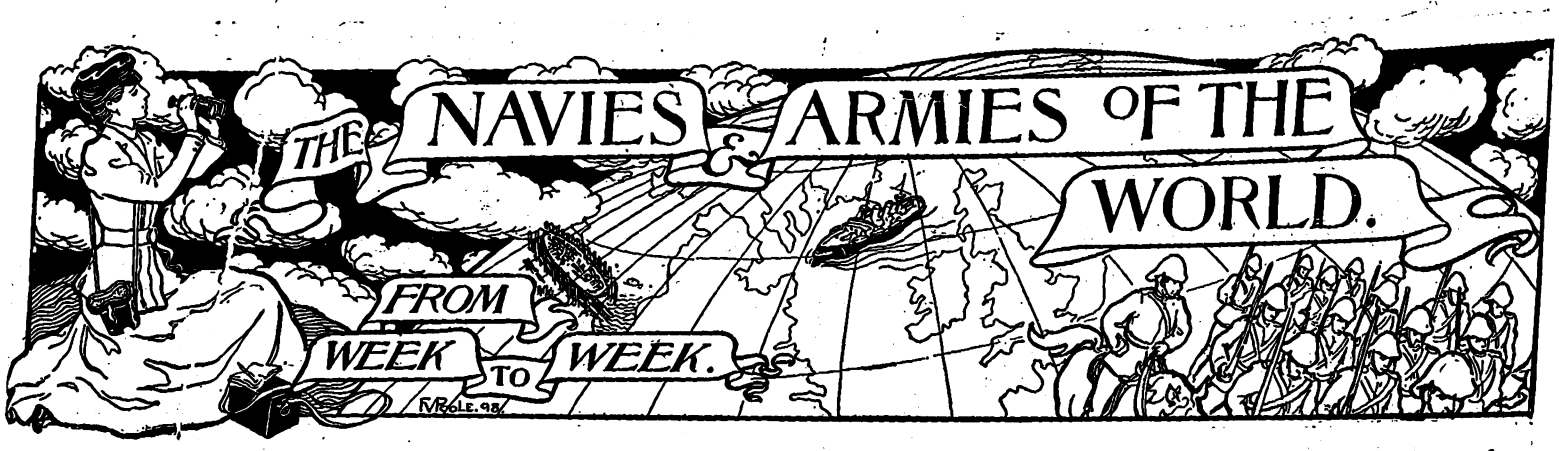

THE fighting in Natal, in which we have a keen personal interest, has also a scientific value for various third parties. There are some who give themselves most unnecessary concern in it, but that is because of politics. Perhaps we need not be too angry if these good neighbours of ours show a lively satisfaction over our troubles. It is, at any rate, very doubtful whether a good sharp Russian, German, or French defeat would arouse unmixed sorrow in our breasts. There is a capital German word, for which we have no exact equivalent, though it would be as useful to us as to the subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm II. It is the word *schadenfreude*, and it is used to describe the wicked pleasure which the natural man feels at seeing the misfortunes of others, even when he does not profit by them. When a whole streetful of people laugh consumedly at seeing somebody tumble in getting off an omnibus, or when the fat old gentleman's hat is seen to go flying across a wet road—that is *schadenfreude* in a small way. There is a good deal of it on the Continent at present among observers who rejoice when we find the Boers much more formidable than anyone supposed they would be. If the case were altered, and it was the Germans, Russians, or French who were hard pressed for the time, there is a possibility, to say no more, that a good few of us would see no reason to lament.

* * * *

But apart from this, which is mere mischief and delight in the griefs of others, the campaign in Natal has a very intelligible and serious interest for many among the observers of it on the Continent. It has once more started the old question whether a militia is not capable of dealing with a regular army. Among several nations in Europe, and more especially in France, there has lately arisen a party which is in revolt—or, at any rate, is very well disposed to revolt if it could—against the burden of universal service armies as they are at present organised. Nobody maintains that a nation can afford to be unarmed. What they do say is that the present system, by which everybody is liable to be called upon to serve, hands the whole nation over to the nearly despotic power of a body of professional officers who themselves have never "carried the knapsack." We hardly realise in this country how bitterly this servitude is resented by educated men—more especially in France. In Germany the feeling is less bitter; in the first place, because the national character is more docile, and in the second, because the one-year volunteer is not expected to do all his service in barracks, and is therefore exempt from the "promiscuity"—that is, from having to live and sleep with the roughest of the rough—which is found so grievous in France. The answer has always been that it is only by having this corps of professional officers, and giving them the power to train the conscripts, that an army can be taught its duties.

* * * *

Now comes this fighting in Natal, in which a body of men which the regular-bred soldier would have described not long ago as no better than a mob, has pressed well-trained soldiers desperately hard. It has no advantage on its side except a superiority in numbers of uncertain amount. Probably the proportion of Boers to English has been as 150 to 100. Now if there is any truth in what we have been told of the immense superiority of the professionally-trained man, say the critics of the "Pretorian armies," this ought not to have been the case. The British ought to have cut the Boers to pieces with ease. They have not done so, therefore there is no foundation for the belief in the advantage which the professional has over the amateur or patriotic soldier. In France, where people are very logical, there are some who go the length of saying that all standing armies ought to be abolished, and that the nations of Europe should betake themselves to attempting to reproduce the organisation of the Boers. Even sober papers like the *Temps* incline to see in the Natal Campaign a rebuke to the pride of the professional soldiers, and some military critics in Vienna are found prepared to allow that, in these days when good shooting goes for so much, an amateur army of good shots may come nearer the real soldier than any tumultuous levy could have done in former times.

* * * *

This is a very sober statement of the case as compared with much that may be heard. There are some commentators in France who go so far as to declare, without qualification, that the time of the "Pretorian armies is over," and that it ought to have been over long ago. M. Urbain Gohier, for example, quotes the successes of the French levies in 1792 and 1793, and the victories of the "improvised" Spanish armies in the Peninsular War, as proofs that a patriotic people fighting for its own defence will always be too much for Pretorians. But this sort of thing is an example of the truth of Mr. Froude's dictum, that you can make anything you please with the facts of history, just as you can write any word with the letters of the alphabet provided you only pick those you want and leave the rest. The French revolutionary armies were formed on the framework supplied by the old Royal army, and, moreover, they began by being beaten like sacks all round the frontier. As for the "improvised" Spanish armies, the only full and brilliant victory they won was Baylen, and then a large part of their force consisted of the soldiers from the camp of San Roque, who were the best-trained men they had, while the great majority of Dupont's French soldiers were raw conscripts. Against the one victory at Baylen the Spaniards had to put a long string of routs. Moreover, the French who talk of this war too often make a regular practice of leaving the British army and the Duke of Wellington out of the account. Even if we think that Napier went too far in claiming for our leader and our soldiers the sole credit of the expulsion of the French from Spain, it is utterly uncritical to overlook their existence and influence altogether. Now the army we sent to the Peninsula cannot possibly be described as improvised. In familiarity with the practical work of war in the early years, and in discipline in the highest sense, it may have been somewhat to seek, but it was drilled to the marrow of its bones.

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The *Spectator* argues, from the events of the war in South Africa up till now, that we have underrated our own Volunteers and their power of facing regular soldiers with good prospects of success. Perhaps that is so, and the importance of good shooting with the rifle is now so great that a citizen army which possesses this skill is more on a level with a professional army than it could have been in former times. But before we argue from the fighting men of the Transvaal to any European volunteer army we ought to make certain that the population of any country in this continent could come into the field with the same preparation as the Boers. Until quite recently they have lived in a permanent state of war. The older men among them have all seen service against savages, which is all the experience we have had since the Russian War. Many of the younger men have been on commando. Taken as a whole, the Boers are stock farmers who have carried arms since they were boys, have, in a large percentage of cases, had to use them seriously, have always had plenty of leisure, and have something like a passion for shooting. Where are we to find the equivalent of this in any European population? A citizen army of artisans and clerks would not be in the least like the Boers. What makes our opponents from the Transvaal, and to a less degree those from the Free State, so formidable, is that they combine, as no fully settled and industrial people could, the martial qualities of a barbarous race with the brain and the intelligence of a civilised white nation. Even they, be it observed, do not trust to a citizen army for their artillery, but have taken no small care to drill professional gunners, and, it is said, to secure the services of educated artillery officers from Europe.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

**** On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VIII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

NOVEMBER 12, 1715.—Battle near Dumblaine between the Royal Army, under the Duke of Argyll, and the rebel army, under the Earl of Mar. Both sides lost about 500 men, but the battle was indecisive, although the rebels retreated, leaving four pieces of cannon behind. 1813.—Passage of the Nivelle by the allies after Wellington's victory on the 10th.

November 13, 1804.—Battle at Deig. Holkar, having failed in his attempt to surprise Delhi, retreated. General Fraser undertook the pursuit, and came upon the Mahratta infantry near the fortress of Deig. Two splendid charges were made, and the enemy were driven back. General Fraser fell in the second advance. Eighty pieces of cannon were taken.

November 14, 1751.—Defence of Arcot. Rajah Saib's force of 4,000 men made an assault on the town, and after repeated efforts to establish themselves were driven back with a loss of 400 men killed and wounded, and abandoned the attempt after the siege had lasted fifty days. Next day Clive, being reinforced, overtook the enemy and inflicted a severe defeat upon them. 1798.—Reduction of Minorca. On November 7 Lieutenant-General the Hon. Charles Stuart effected a landing in Minorca, and after some resistance the Spaniards capitulated a week later.

November 15, 1793.—Siege of Toulon. Attack by the Republican troops repulsed by General O'Hara. The French lost 600 in killed and wounded, while the loss of the allies amounted to 61 killed and wounded.

November 16, 1776.—Capture of Fort Washington. The fort was summoned by Sir William Howe on the 11th, and on the enemy expressing the determination to resist to the last extremity the place was attacked. Five days after the summons the enemy surrendered prisoners of war to the number of 2,700, having lost 53 killed and 90 wounded.

November 17, 1812.—Fight on the Huebra. An incident in the retreat from Burgos, in which Wellington's genius saved the allies from disaster. The 52nd Regiment had some very stiff fighting, and greatly distinguished itself.

November 18, 1759.—Action at Mursurpet. A small detachment of Europeans and natives, under Captain Richard Smith, fell upon a French detachment in Mursurpet, and drove them out with severe loss. Following them rapidly, Captain Smith compelled them to surrender, and two guns and all their baggage were captured.

NOVEMBER 12, 1854.—Attack on and destruction of a Russian Martello tower near Anapa, on the coast of Circassia, by the "Tribune," "Highflyer," and "Lynx." The ships shelled the place and forced the enemy to abandon it, whereupon seamen and marines were landed and blew up the tower.

November 13, 1809. — Destruction of the pirate stronghold of Ras-el-Khyma, in the Persian Gulf, by a squadron comprising the British 36-gun frigates "Chiffone" and "Caroline," with six East India Company's cruisers conveying troops.

November 14, 1755.—Capture of the French 74-gun "Esperance," by a squadron from the Channel Fleet under Admiral the Hon. John Byng—shot a year and a-half later for his failure at Minorca. The "Esperance," being greatly damaged, and bad weather coming on, had to be fired and destroyed.

November 15, 1799.—Capture of the Spanish corvette "Galgo." The "Galgo," with the Spanish 64-gun ship "Asia," and 40-gun frigate "Amfitrite," fell in with the British "Crescent," 36, and "Calypso," 16, in charge of a convoy, off Porto Rico. The three Spaniards attempted to attack, but were outmanœuvred, the convoy saved, and the "Galgo" taken by the "Crescent."

November 16, 1703.—Capture of the French 52-gun ship "Hazard" in the Channel, by the "Orford," "Warspite," and "Lichfield," detached from the main Channel Fleet cruising under Sir Cloudesley Shovell.

November 17, 1800.—Cutting out and destruction of the French corvette "Reolaise," in the harbour of Port Navalo, Morbihan, by the boats of the "Captain," 74, "Magicienne" frigate, and "Nile" lugger, by a very daring attack close under the guns of powerful batteries.

November 18, 1693. — Bombardment of St. Malo, by Benbow's squadron of the Channel Fleet—twelve ships of the line, four bombs, ten brigantines, and smaller vessels. A specially prepared explosion vessel grounded before it could be laid alongside the walls as intended, and blew up prematurely, but the place was severely bombarded, and an outlying work, Quince Fort, demolished, with eighty prisoners taken.

The Lost Battalions.

"TWO battalions lost." Such was the grave news shouted out by the newsboys the other morning, and it was everywhere felt that a heavy blow had fallen on us. Still it is not the way of Britons to bow under ill-fortune, and the Government promptly set the whole nation an example of the way to bear reverse by ordering out additional troops to fill the vacancies caused by the capture of the battalions. We who believe in the pluck and dash of our soldiers hardly needed the explanation of the disaster near Ladysmith to assure us that it was due to anything but ill-fortune. If men are left surrounded without ammunition what can they do but surrender? From the official telegram from Sir George White it appears that a column, consisting of the 10th Mountain Battery, four and a-half companies of the Gloucesters, and six companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Carleton, with Major Adye, D.A.A.G., as staff officer, was despatched to march by night up Bell's Spruit and seize Nicholson's Nek, and thus turn the enemy's right flank. The infantry battalions with fixed bayonets took a hill two miles from the Nek, but the enemy being reinforced and the ammunition becoming exhausted, there was nothing for Colonel Carleton to do but surrender.

It is curious to note that both the battalions thus captured by the Boers have been taken prisoners before. Both have famous stories of gallant fights. The Gloucestershire Regiment is composed of the old 28th and the old 61st. It is the former that has been doing such hard work in South Africa and has been taken prisoner. The Gloucesters cannot be said to be in luck's way. First they lost their gallant commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Wilford, at the battle of Dundee, and about a week later fell into the hands of the Boers. The 28th Regiment was raised in 1694. It was disbanded in 1698, but was revived four years later. It was one of the regiments that fought at the bloody battle of Almanza, on April 14, 1707. In this battle the British were heavily outnumbered by a force led by the Duke of Berwick, the son of James II. and Arabella Churchill, and were practically dispersed with the loss of all their guns, 620 colours, and 10,000 prisoners. The 28th was all but destroyed, and the remnant captured. After serving with credit and winning battle honours under Marlborough, the 28th in 1757 embarked for America, and served under Wolfe at the great victory before Quebec. Wolfe was at the head of the 28th, leading the assault, when he fell wounded. He was carried to the rear by an officer of the regiment, Lieutenant Brown. The regiment's association with Wolfe is commemorated by a black thread in the officers' lace. It is said that at the battle of White Plains the regiment earned the sobriquet of "The Slashers." The story goes that when the men found their ammunition expended, they drew the short swords they carried and used them to such effect that they earned their nickname; but the tale is regarded by many as a myth. The 28th won a battle honour under Abercromby, at the battle of Alexandria in 1801, which distinguishes it from other regiments. In that battle the regiment, when attacked in front and rear, repulsed the enemy, and gained the distinction of wearing the badge on the back as well as the front of the cap. The 28th has a glorious record to look back upon. Of the twenty battle honours inscribed on the regimental colours of the Gloucestershire Regiment, the 1st Battalion (or 28th) contributed, alone or with the sister battalion, eighteen.

The Royal Irish Fusiliers consists of the old 87th and the old 89th. It is the 87th that has been captured. The regiment had been raised barely two years when it found itself, in 1795, in garrison with the Dutch at Bergen-op-Zoom. Apparently the British and Dutch did not become good friends on association, for the Hollanders opened the gates of the town, and the 87th found itself at the mercy of its former allies, reinforced by a strong French force. There was no choice but to capitulate, and the battalion was made prisoner. That was about a century ago, and now, once again, the old 87th is a prisoner of the Dutch. The regiment won much fame in the Peninsular War, especially distinguishing itself at Talavera and Barrosa. At the latter battle it won its nickname of "Faugh-a-Ballagh Boys." "Faugh-a-Ballagh" was the war cry of the regiment as it dashed against the enemy and captured in its mad charge the golden French eagle and wreath of the 8th French Light Infantry. The feat is still commemorated by the "eagle and wreath above the figure 8" which is worn by the regiment as a collar badge. At Vittoria the regiment captured the bâton of Marshal Jourdan. At Nivelle its wild bravery won praise on all sides. "Gallant 87th," "Noble 87th," were the terms used by the generals in command. The 87th has seen much service in past times, and has always served with credit; and everyone will commiserate with Colonel Carleton and his men on their hard fate in being taken prisoners just when the war has begun.

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Naval Charities.

By R. M. S.

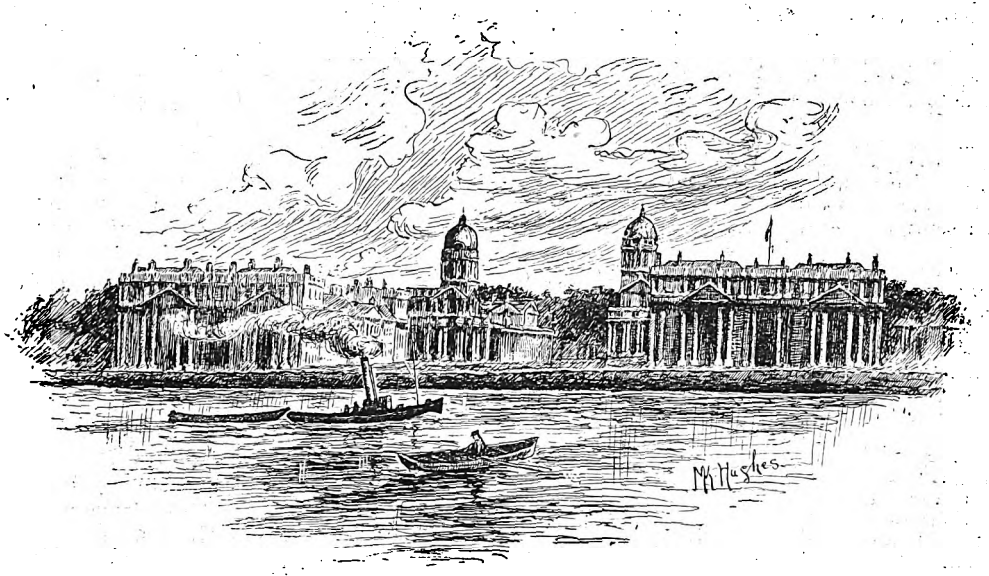
"IF a Naval man is invalided or killed while serving, what is done for him or for his dependent relatives in the way of relief?"

This is a question that has often been asked the writer by civilian acquaintances; and the Bluejacket himself, though chiefly concerned, knows as a rule no more of the subject than his shore-going brother. In the hope, however, that it will interest him, as well as his friends at home, this attempt is made to answer the question.

In the first place, we will take the official relief that may be dispensed. In the case of death by accident while on duty, or from disease caused by exceptional exertions or exposure while on duty, there being no contributory negligence on the part of the deceased, the Admiralty may, at its discretion, award to the widow a pension varying from 3s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per week, according to the rating of the deceased, with 1s. 6d. or 2s. for each child under fourteen years of age. These rates may be exceeded and special gratuities given in addition, at their Lordships' discretion, in very exceptional cases. Pensions to widows are suspended in case of re-marriage or of becoming chargeable to the parish. In the case of unmarried men who die under the above circumstances, gratuities not exceeding one year's full pay may be granted to parents whom they have been assisting.

"Every man discharged from the Service on account of wounds or hurts received in action or otherwise in the execution of his duty, provided that the injury was not caused by his own neglect, shall be allowed a pension either for life or for a limited period, at the discretion of the Admiralty." The amount will depend upon the nature of the injury, length of service, character, and circumstances of the case, and will vary from 3d. to 2s. 3d. per day, with additions for good conduct badges and petty officer's time.

Disability pensions are granted to men who are invalided through disease contracted in the Service, under the same restrictions as the death pensions. If a man has less than fourteen years' service when he is invalided, he may receive from 3d. to 6d. per day for a period equal to one-quarter of his service if he is unable to work, but if able to work he may be granted a bonus of £1 for every year's service. Men having served more than fourteen years will receive a life pension of from 6d. to 9d. per day, with additions for good conduct badges and petty officer's time.



Greenwich Hospital.

The education of the children of Naval men is also undertaken; £4,000 a year is allocated from the Greenwich Hospital funds for this purpose. Boys are admitted to the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, or to other selected homes, approved by the Admiralty, at the age of eight; and girls, up to the number of 200, are admitted to selected schools at the age of nine.

Candidates are selected according to the following table of conditions: (*a*) Both parents dead; (*b*) father killed on duty; (*c*) father dead, having served; (*d*) mother dead; (*e*) other exceptional cases. Applications should be made to the Secretary of the Admiralty (Greenwich Hospital Department), Whitehall, S.W.

It will have been noticed that if a man dies a natural death in the Service, unless accelerated by exceptional exposure, etc., no pension is granted to his widow or dependent relatives. Many attempts have been made to establish a fund for this purpose by the men themselves, assisted by the Admiralty, but hitherto without success. This question, however, is a big one, and deserves a special article.

So much, then, of our subject for the official compensation available in cases of death or disablement. We will turn now to the funds and institutions that have been provided by the generosity of the public, or by the exertions of the men themselves, and those interested in their welfare.

First in point of magnitude comes the Royal Patriotic Fund, the original object of which was to provide for the widows and orphans caused by the Russian War of 1854-56. The Commissioners, however, have since been entrusted with the administration of many other special sums, such as the "Captain," "Thunderer," "Eurydice," "Atalanta," and "Victoria" funds, and the total amount now held in trust is very large. There is, however, no general fund available for the benefit of seamen at large, and the importance of the Patriotic Fund for our present purpose lies in the fact that it has established at Wandsworth an asylum for the maintenance and education of a large number of the orphan daughters of soldiers, sailors, and marines. There are no restrictions as to admission, except that preference is given to children whose fathers die in war. The age of admission is from seven to eleven, and application should be made to the secretary, 53, Charing Cross, S.W.

Another important fund is the Royal Naval Fund, of which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is president. It was founded in connection with the Royal Naval Exhibition of 1891, and makes grants for the relief of the widows and orphans or other dependent relatives of seamen and marines who have died while serving since 1893, when the fund was established. The office is at 9, Craig's Court, S.W.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association gives temporary relief to the wives and families of men serving, and to the widows and orphans of men who die while serving, and who are not entitled to relief from other sources. The association has a nursing and a clothing branch, and it administers the "Serpent" and the "Edgar" funds. Its office is at 23, Queen Anne's Gate. The chairman of committees is Colonel James Gildea, C.B., to whose excellent little book on Service institutions the writer is indebted for particulars concerning the association, and some of the following funds, etc.

The Royal Seamen's Aid Society, Dockyard House, Portsmouth, affords temporary relief, in times of sickness or distress, to the wives and families of Portsmouth men; and the Royal Naval Depôt Aid Fund, the "Pembroke," Chatham, does the same for the men of that port and their dependent relatives.

The Convalescent and Training Home for discharged and invalided men of the Army and Navy, 61, High Street, Portsmouth, makes life provision for incurable cases, trains invalids capable of any form of labour, and finds employment for discharged men.

Other schools, etc., available for the children of Naval men, besides those already mentioned, are:

The Royal Caledonian Asylum, Caledonian Road, Holloway, N., which maintains and educates the children of Service men natives of Scotland, and who have been disabled in the service of their country.

The Royal Seamen and Marines' Orphan School, St. Michael's Road, Portsmouth, educates and provides dinner for boys between the ages of six and fourteen, and admits to the home girls from seven to sixteen.

The Royal British Female Orphan Asylum, Devonport, maintains, educates, and trains as household servants the orphan daughters of soldiers, sailors, and marines. Age of admission as boarders, from nine to thirteen.

The Sailors' Orphan Girls' School and Home, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, N., educates and maintains the destitute female orphans of Naval men, fishermen, and merchant seamen. Age of admission, from six to sixteen years.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned, as showing the widespread interest in the Services, that no less than 130 funds, institutions, and benevolent societies have been established in connection with them; and, on the other hand, as showing how little is known of the subject, is the fact that the committee of the Royal Naval Fund recently found it necessary, owing to the paucity of applications, to issue a circular to the Fleet calling attention to the benefits offered by their fund.

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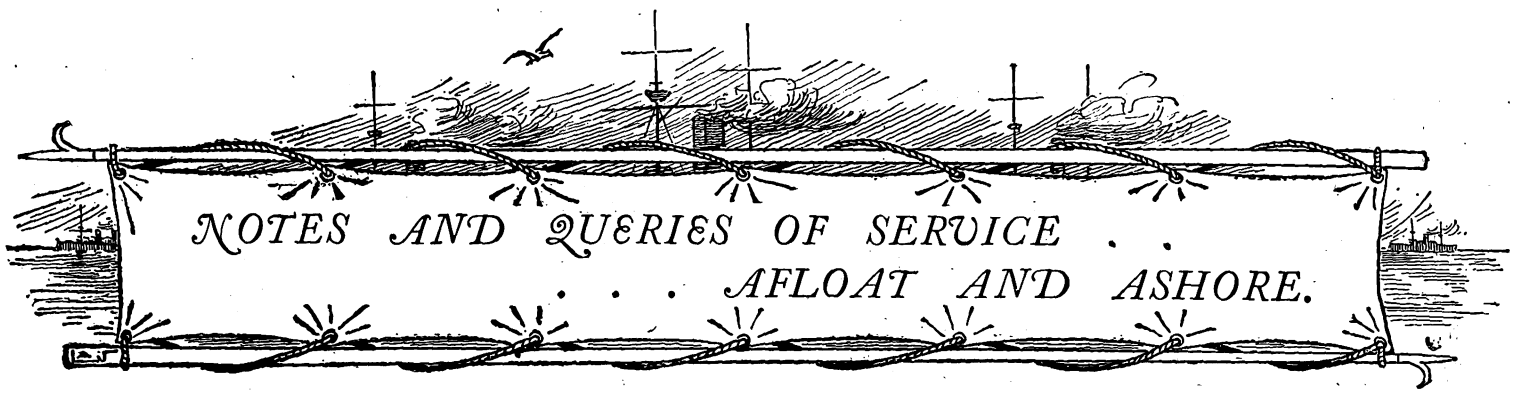

THE particular group shown on page 216 was taken on board the torpedo-boat destroyer "Star," one of the units of the Portsmouth torpedo instructional flotilla. The officers are seen grouped around the search-light, and two of them are wearing the "duffle" coats so necessary for warmth and protection in the trying work the crews of destroyers have to perform at sea at night, or in cold or rough weather. The whistles these officers wear slung round their necks are used for calling attention when orders are to be conveyed, and by signalling with them the senior boat of a flotilla can issue orders to her consorts. The lieutenant-commander of the "Star" is Lieutenant F. W. Kinahan, who was only promoted lieutenant a little over three years ago. The sub-lieutenant is E. J. A. Fullerton, a smart young officer who obtained a first-class certificate in seamanship. The engineer is Mr. G. E. Wheatley, who acts in lieu of a chief engineer, for which position he has qualified by passing the necessary examination, and to which rank he will soon be promoted. The warrant officer is Gunner George Collins, who attained to warrant rank in February of last year.

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THE Highland Light Infantry, which by one of those accidents which will occur even in the best regulated picture papers was entitled in our Double Transvaal Number "A Grand Kilted Corps," is the only Highland regiment which wears not the kilt, but the trews, although the pipers sport the former garment. I am glad to have this opportunity of making the correction, the kindly interest taken in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED having been evinced by shoals of letters, in which the slip was pointed out in various keys, ranging from indignant remonstrance to pained surprise. Of the Highlanders who are going out as part of Sir Redvers Buller's Army Corps it may safely be reckoned that they are burning to "get even" with the 2nd Gordons, who have already scored a distinct success at the battle of Elandslaagte. After that hardly-won victory one of the Boer prisoners declared that the greatest loss suffered by his side during the infantry attack was that inflicted by "the men in little clothes, like women's." Perhaps the trews of the Highland Light Infantry may not impress the Boers so forcibly as the "little clothes" of the Black Watch, but if anything has to be done with the business end of a bayonet, we may take it for granted that in the results there will not be much to choose between the wearers of the two sorts of nether garments.

* * * *

I AM glad to hear from Lieutenant C. W. Helyar that the requisite sum—£1,000—for the Chard Memorial has now been collected, and that the County of Somerset will have at its disposal for ever in the County Hospital at Taunton a free bed for a soldier—born in Somerset, or with certain residential qualifications—his wife, widow, or child. It is always pleasant to find localities taking a pride in the doings of soldiers who come from their midst, and Somerset has every reason to be proud of the splendid part played by Major Chard in the gallant defence of Rorke's Drift, and the form which the memorial has taken must commend itself to everyone. It forms an example that might with advantage be followed in other counties.

* * * *

THE Bhils with whom the Bombay Government is carrying on a series of repressive measures, half military, half police in their nature, are one of the aboriginal races of India. It was of them that, some little time ago, during a previous outbreak, a Bengali baboo student wrote the curious definition which I think may be quoted here. Asked to enumerate the aboriginal peoples of India and their characteristics, the student came in due course to the Bhil. "The Bhil," he said, "is a wild man, black and hairy. When he meets you he kills you, and puts you in the ditch. By this you may know the Bhil."

* * * *

"A. H. R." (Cambridge).—You ask what is the most trustworthy work on the Tirah Expedition. Colonel H. D. Hutchinson's "Campaign in Tirah, 1897-98," beyond any doubt. The book was published by Macmillan, and the operations in Tirah were more fortunate than some others in finding a chronicler who is an excellent writer, and at the same time a good soldier and trained observer. The observations in the book upon frontier and mountain warfare are not its least interesting part, and are, indeed, very valuable. Recorded experience of this kind is a great help to all who have to engage in like operations.

* * * *

SERGEANT C. A. KING.—The Queen's Prize at the National Rifle Association's Meeting is open to Volunteers only. Entries for the competition can only be made by the officer commanding the corps, or by the adjutant under his order. Every company and independent sub-division of Volunteers is entitled to send three of its members as competitors for the Queen's Prize. When any company does not nominate its full complement, the vacancies may be filled by members of other companies in the same battalion. The competitors must shoot in the uniform of their corps, but the National Rifle Association allow a cap cover of authorised pattern to be worn. Tunics, frocks, or jackets must be buttoned from top to bottom, with the exception of the highest fastening. The Queen's Prize is shot for with Martini-Henry rifles in three stages. In the first stage seven shots are fired at 200, 500, and 600-yds.; in the second stage ten shots are fired at 500 and fifteen at 600-yds.; and in the third stage ten shots are fired at 800 and ten at 900-yds. At 200-yds. men may stand or kneel, at 500-yds. they may sit, kneel, or lie down, and at other distances they may choose their own position.

THE Navy has suffered a great loss in the death of Vice-Admiral Philip Howard Colomb. His services to his country were not, perhaps, so apparent to civilians who are not students of the Navy as those of his brother officers, but they were none the less important. Admiral Colomb was one of the first to foresee the immense changes that steam and rifled ordnance would introduce. One of the needs of the Navy brought about by these improvements was a better system of signalling. To this new necessity Admiral Colomb devoted much study, and one result of his work was the now well-established system. His studies and experiments resulted in the issue of a new evolutionary signal book in 1865, which, though largely modified and improved by others, is still in substance the foundation of the whole theory and practice of tactical evolution at sea. Then, too, he wrote much on the subject of collisions at sea, and his views as to the best means of preventing them were adopted by the International Conference which sat at Washington in 1889. These are only a few of the services he rendered, and in regard to his lessons from Naval history the country owes more to Admiral Colomb than to any other man of his time. An excellent portrait of the late Admiral appeared in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of January 21, 1898.

* * * *

"16TH LANCER" wonders why his regiment wears red and all the other Lancer corps blue. All light cavalry used to wear blue until William IV.'s reign, when by his wish all the Army, except the Artillery and Rifles, was clothed in the national colour—scarlet. On his death, however, the cavalry, *i.e.*, the Light Dragoons, etc., recovered the colour endeared to them by long service, and then it was that the 16th was selected for an unprecedented mark of honour. Designated the "Queen's," the men were allowed to wear scarlet, a distinction fairly earned by their brilliant record. Raised in 1759, the 16th has been employed since that date in every quarter of the globe. For forty years it never returned home, serving successively in Portugal, America, Flanders, and throughout the Peninsular War, and, finally, at the "crowning mercy" of Waterloo. It fought through the siege and capture of Bhurtpore, in the invasion of Afghanistan, and against the Sikhs in the bloody battles of Maharajpore, Aliwal, and Sobraon. No regiment has a prouder record, nor one in which good conduct is more uniform.

* * * *

"STUDENT" (Torquay).—Very many ships in the Royal Navy other than those bearing distinctly foreign names commemorate prizes of war. Many of our cruisers with mythological names commemorate captures from the French: "Terpsichore," "Naiad," "Apollo," "Arethusa," "Aurora," to quote only a few. "Astræa" was a capture from the Spanish. "Belle Isle," which we captured in April, 1761, was given as name to the French "Le Bertin," captured two months after we seized the island. "Mars" commemorates the capture of a French ship of that name in 1746, and we took three Dutch of the same name in 1781. "Ardent," fourth since 1746, is commemorative of a French "Ardent," taken by the "Exeter." "Iris" commemorates the capture of the United States frigate "Hancock" by the "Rainbow." Our "Salamander" is the seventh since in 1544 we took a Scottish ship of the same name, and our "Lion" the fourteenth since another Scottish prize was brought into the Navy under her own name two years later. "Renown" is the successor of two "Renommées" captured from the French. "Stork," "Havock," "Plover," and "Sparrow" were originally the Dutch "Oie Vaar," "Havik"—"Hawk," of which "Havock" is merely a corruption—and "Mosch." The "Raleigh" is not named after Sir Walter, but commemorates the capture of a frigate which the United States had named after him. The first "Hunter" was a Spanish prize, with the name translated, and many others could be quoted.

* * * *

"X. Y. Z."—Prior to the introduction of distinctive uniforms, badges of all sorts were utilised for the purpose of distinguishing troops. An Army Order issued by King Henry VIII., in 1512, laid down accurate instructions for the dress of his soldiers: "First every man sowder to have a cote of blew cloth after such fashion as all fotemans cotes be made here in London, and that the same be garded with redde cloth after such sort as others be made here. Every man to provide a pair of hose for every of his men, the right hose to be all redde, the left to be blew, with one stripe of three fingers, broad redde upon the outside of his leg from the strike downwards. That every man have an arming doublet of chanvass, and every man to have a cap to put his sculle in after such fashion as I have desired, which William Taylor, capper, doth make for me, where you may have as many of them as you list for 8d. each." A red cross was ordered to be sewn, under a penalty of fifteen days' imprisonment, on each man's breast by the same exigent King.

* * * *

"ANXIOUS."—Candidates for engine-room artificers in the Royal Navy are examined as to their acquaintance with the first four rules of arithmetic, reading, and writing, names and uses of the different parts of marine engines, use and management of the various gauges—feed, safety, and blow-out valves—ascertaining the density and height of the water in the boilers, what should be done in the event of priming, steps to be taken in the event of water passing into the cylinders, or of a bearing becoming heated, and how to act on the occurrence of any of the ordinary casualties of an engine-room.

THE EDITOR.

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More Troops for South Africa.

WHATEVER may be the total outcome of the Boer War, there is no question that in one important respect it will have a transcendental interest for future students of military affairs. It is almost needless to say, in view of the pictures here presented, that we allude more particularly to the embarkation for a long sea voyage of the various units comprising Sir Redvers Buller's Field Force. As that great operation, or rather series of operations, progressed, it became evident that the arrangements for throwing this great force into a country over-seas would for many years continue to be a type and pattern of such proceedings. For, with the exception of one or two trifling defects, the programme was carried out with a regularity and thoroughness which it will be difficult for a future generation of military authorities to imitate, and practically impossible for them to materially improve upon.

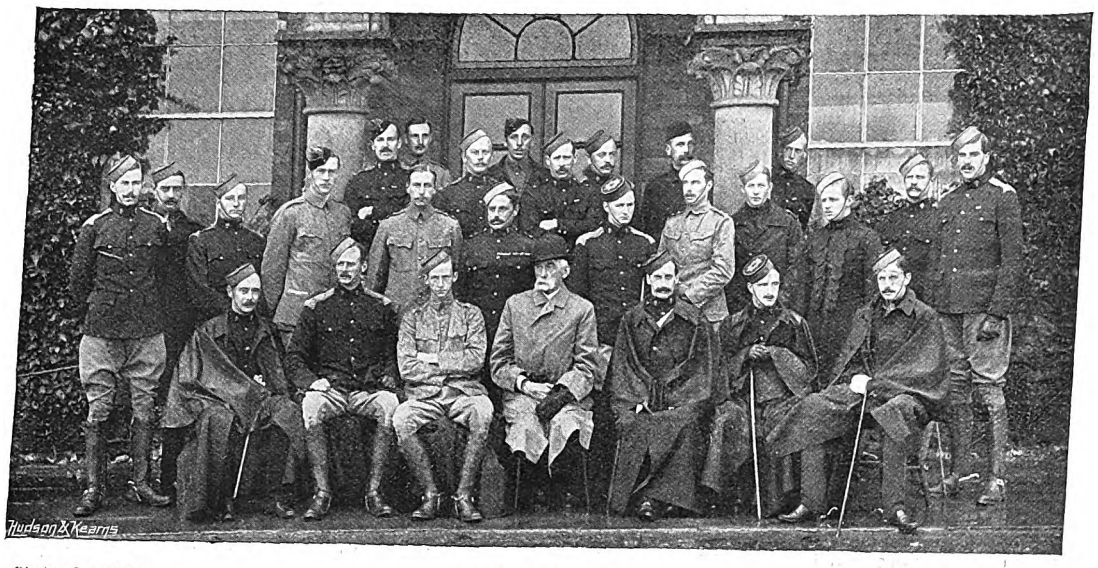

Photo Copyright. THE "ROYALS." Elliott & Fry.
The 1st Dragoons, of which the German Emperor is Colonel

From a more popular standpoint the embarkations afforded a singularly bright and deeply-interesting succession of scenes which cannot fail to have impressed even the most casual onlookers to no inconsiderable degree. The departure of a regiment on foreign service naturally calls up reflections of a wholly different sort from those inspired by a ceremonial parade, and tends to the appreciation of military details which cannot but add to the enhanced respect which, as we all know, is attached to "Mr. Atkins, when the band begins to play."

The embarkation of the 1st Royal Dragoons at Tilbury in the "Manchester Port," although now a matter of ancient history, deserves special allusion as a singularly pleasant and instructive function. There are few more popular, as well as thoroughly efficient, regiments than Colonel Burn-Murdoch's splendid corps, the send-off of which was accentuated by the receipt of a telegram from the German Emperor wishing the regiment God-speed and a safe return, and also by the fact that among the officers is Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, the son of Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War. Lord and Lady Lansdowne were both present at Tilbury to see the ship off, and it was altogether under very happy auspices that the "Royals" went forth to seek fresh laurels in a new continent.

Photo. Copyright. SEEN OFF BY THE CHIEF. C. Knight.
Lord Wolseley Says Good-bye to Colonel Kitchener and the West Yorkshires.

Another interesting embarkation was that of Colonel Kitchener's battalion of the Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire Regiment. One of our pictures is a snapshot which shows Lord Wolseley, who has personally attended several of the departures, bidding farewell to Colonel Kitchener, who is, indeed, a lucky man to have the chance of going again on active service so soon after the operations in the Soudan, in which he took, under his illustrious brother, a distinguished part.

Highland battalions of

Photo. Copyright. THE OLD 73rd—2nd BATTALION ROYAL HIGHLANDERS (BLACK WATCH). C. Knight.

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great renown are included among the "More Troops for South Africa" of which we are giving pictures. One of these is the 2nd Black Watch—the old 73rd—another the old 71st, now known as the 1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry. The 73rd, although it cannot itself boast the historic associations which cluster round the name of the sister battalion, the famous "Forty-Twa," has still a very distinguished record of its own.

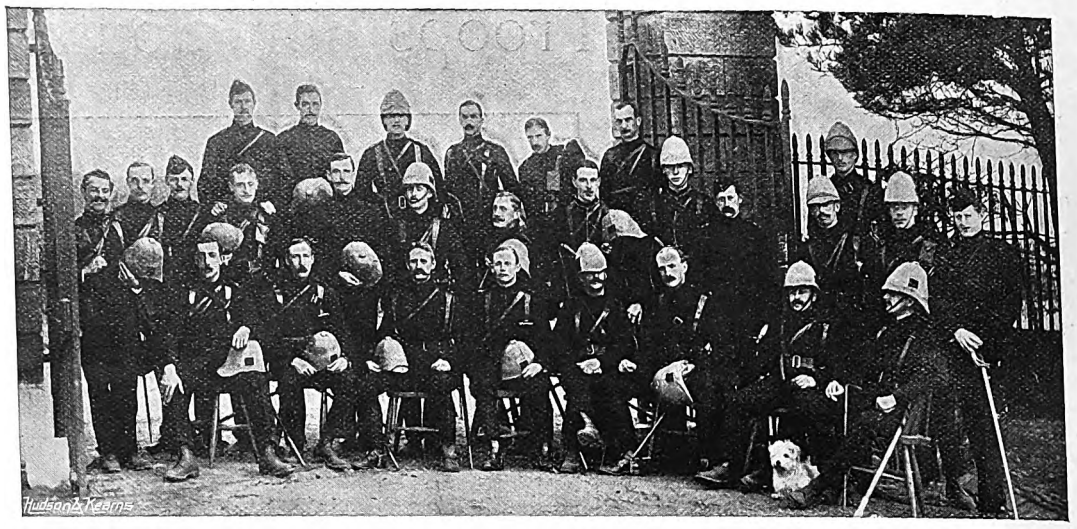

Photo. Copyright GREEN JACKETS TO THE FRONT. *A. Debenham, Ryde.*
1st Battalion Rifle Brigade

Of the Artillery it may be said with truth that seldom in the history of warfare has there been a campaign in which this arm has played a more important part, and never one in which British Gunners have more nobly sustained the reputation of the "Royal Regiment." On every occasion on which they have been engaged, the field batteries originally belonging to the Natal garrison, and those which came with the Indian contingent, not only outclassed the Boer gunners with the greatest ease, generally silencing their quick-firers after a few rounds, but comported themselves in a manner calculated to wring from continental critics a tribute of sincere admiration. At Talana Hill and Elandslaagte alike the Artillery preparation was magnificently accomplished, and it is doubtful whether in the former instance the position would ever have been won had it not been for the shrapnel from the British 15-pounders, which kept dropping in exactly the right places among the Boer defenders. After that memorable fight, too, one battery gave an interesting exhibition of the use to which field artillery can be put in pursuit of a beaten enemy, a point to which Major May, in his recent book on "Field Artillery with the Other Arms," gives special attention, pointing out that a shell can cover a distance of two miles in very much less time than the fastest cavalry. At the fight before Ladysmith on the 30th ult., again, the 53rd Field Battery won great distinction by the plucky manner in which it covered the withdrawal of Grimwood's Brigade, although the enemy's guns were working destruction among its own teams. It will be remembered that, being compelled to temporarily retire, and at the same time to abandon two of its disabled guns, the battery made up new teams and triumphantly recovered them. In the coming advance upon Pretoria more Rifle Battalions will probably be concerned than have ever before been together in the field at one time. Both the Rifle Brigade and the King's Royal Rifle Corps will be handsomely represented, to the keen satisfaction, we may be sure, of General Sir Redvers Buller, himself an ex-officer of the 60th, of which he is now colonel-commandant. The losses of the 1st King's

Photo. Copyright. *C. Knight.*
GUNNER OFFICERS.
Col. Hunt, R.A., and Officers of His Brigade Division.

Photo. Copyright. NOT A KILTED CORPS. *W. M. Crockett.*
The Highland Light Infantry

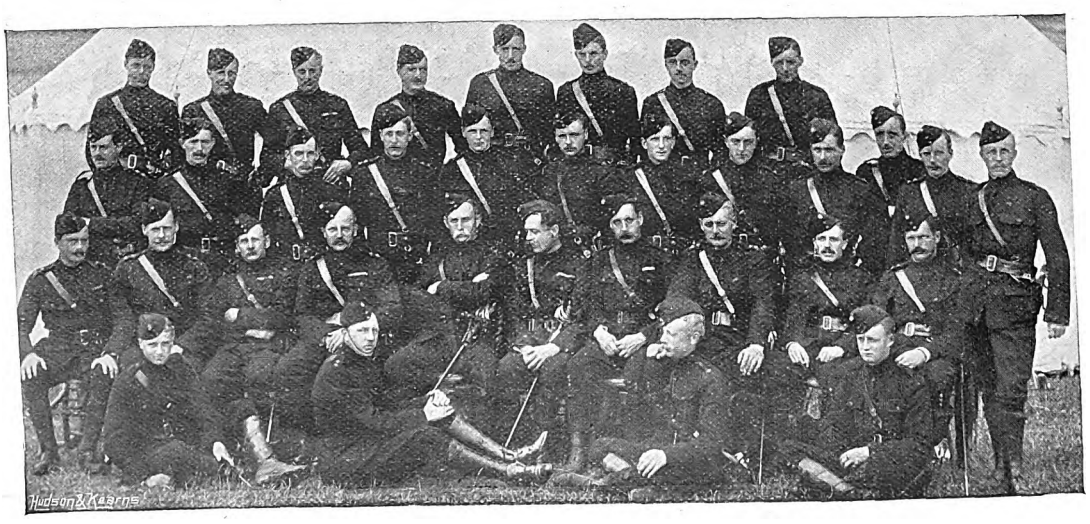

Photo. Copyright. TWO OF THE 60th *J. Thomson, Fermoy.*
3rd and 4th Battalions King's Royal Rifle Corps.

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IMPATIENT HIGHLANDERS.
Waiting on the Queenstown Quay to Board the "Oceanic."

Royal Rifle Corps are still fresh in our memory, and the gratification which the corps will feel at being so well to the fore in this campaign will have been sadly tempered by the death of Colonel Gunning at the battle of Dundee.

One of the accompanying pictures shows the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards being inspected at Gibraltar by the Governor, General Sir R. Biddulph, preparatory to their departure for the Cape. The inclusion of a Guards' Brigade in the South African Field Force recalls the similar measure which was taken in the case of the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, when the Guards' Brigadier was H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

The excellent behaviour of the Grenadier Guards' battalion which accompanied the advance on Khartoum emphasised the fact that, whenever permitted to do so, the Guards are overjoyed at the chance of participating in the most rough-and-ready campaign.

Photos. Copyright. *INNISKILLING DRAGOONS EMBARKING.* *Horne.*
Prince Alexander of Teck is standing near the Gangway.

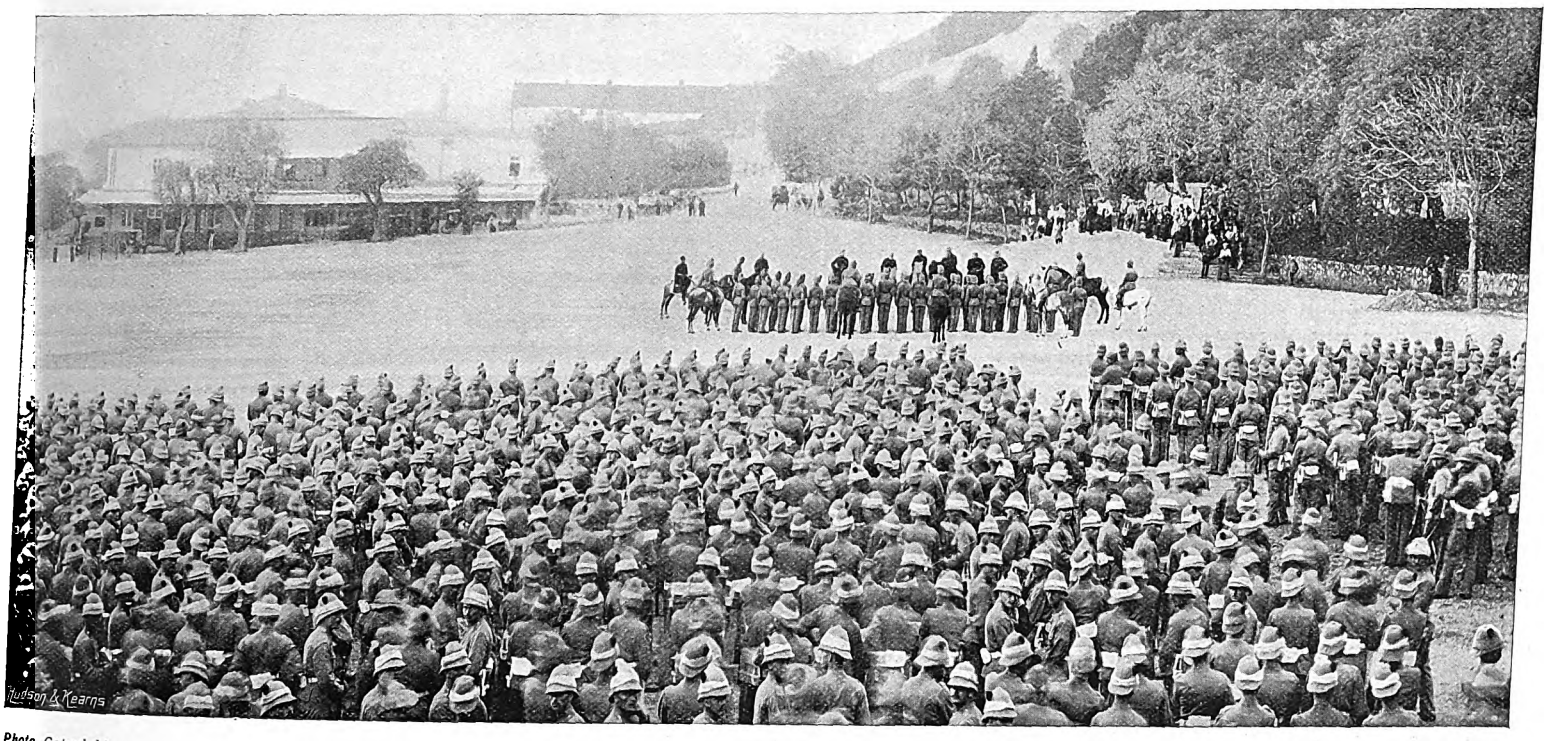

Photo. Copyright. *C. Sinclair.*
GUARDS AT GIBRALTAR—GRENADIERS AND COLDSTREAMERS BEING INSPECTED BY THE GOVERNOR.

Mountain Batteries.

THE serious disaster which followed the fighting before Ladysmith on October 30, and which resulted in the capture by the Boers of two battalions of infantry and the 10th Mountain Battery, has brought the latter unit—the only one of its kind in South Africa—into painful prominence. Of the 10th Mountain Battery itself we are able to give a picture, but we think our readers will be glad to have some additional details as to the manner in which Mountain Batteries in general are worked, and accordingly subjoin an interesting description sent us by an expert correspondent

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
No. 10 MOUNTAIN BATTERY—CAPTURED NEAR LADYSMITH LAST WEEK.

The pictures illustrating this article are taken from No. 5 Bombay Mountain Battery, and each mule depicted has earned three medals, and carried his load as represented through the whole of the Tirah Expedition, including the memorable

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march down the Bara Valley. Our correspondent writes: "What I am going to say will apply especially to a native Mountain Battery when mobilised for service, but I think that if the reader will remember that the only big difference between a British Mountain Battery and a native lies in the fact that the former has British gunners and is commanded by a major R.A. instead of a captain, this description will serve very well for both.

"There are six guns in a Mountain Battery called screw guns, or technically 2·5-in. R.M.L. They fire a projectile weighing about 8-lb., and of various descriptions, viz., ring shell, shrapnel, star and case shot, and the charge is 1-lb. 10-oz. of powder.

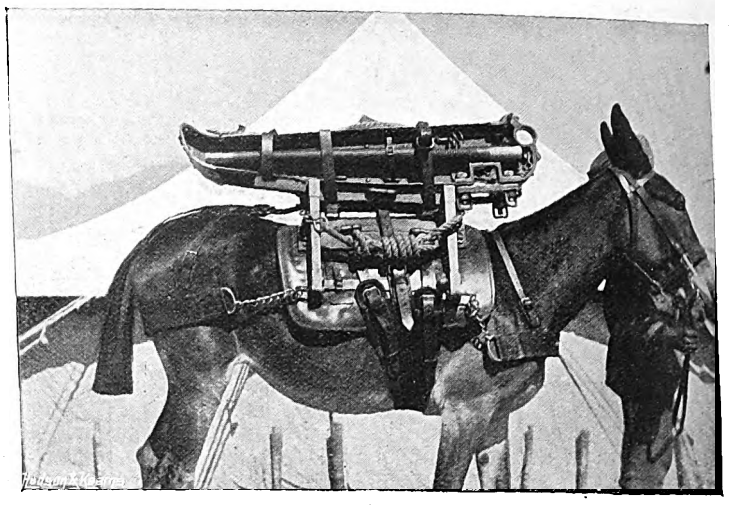
"Batteries are divided into three sections called right, centre, and left, each commanded by a subaltern R.A., and containing two sub-divisions commanded by a havildar. A sub-division is a gun with all its attendant men, mules, and equipment.

"Three sub-divisions are composed of Punjab Mohammedans, and the other three of Sikhs. A native officer belongs to each section. It is laid down on service that a medical officer of the I.M.S. will be attached to each battery.

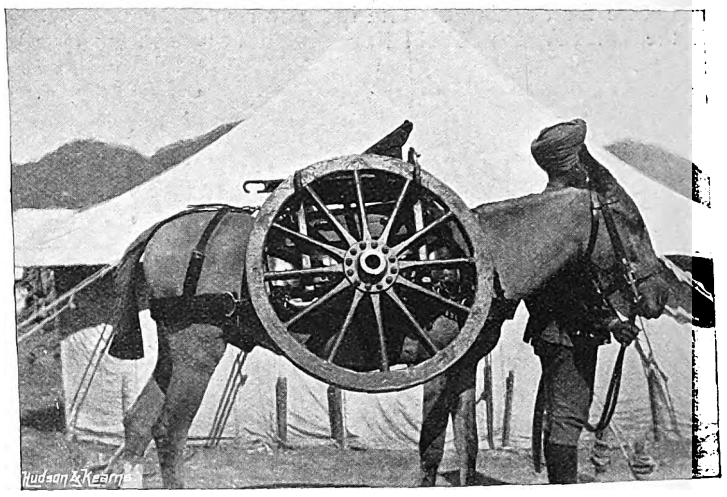
"The gunner establishment consists of 1 havildar-major, 1 kot-havildar, 6 gun-havildars, 6 naiks, and 88 gunners, with 2 trumpeters. (A havildar is a sergeant, a naik a corporal, and the kot-havildar represents the quartermaster-sergeant of a British battery.) In the driver establishment there are 3 driver havildars, 6 driver naiks, 138 drivers (with 12 extra enlisted for service), 1 salutri, or farrier, and 1 shoeing smith. There are 5 ponies for native officers and trumpeters, and 138 gun mules, that is 23 per sub-division, 5 to carry the gun and 5 to relieve them, 1 pioneer in right sub-divisions, and 1 artificer's mule in the left section, 6 ammunition mules with 1 relief, 1 wheel and axle mule, and the remaining 4 spare, or bare backs as they are called. They are generally young mules, and are to replace casualties, either sick or killed, and they have no harness of their own. The first line consists of the pioneers, first gun line, and first and second ammunition mules; the remainder are the relief line.

"Besides the above there are 72 baggage mules always with the battery (made up to 138 for service), with an establishment of 1 jemadar, 2 duffadars, and 26 muleteers, half P.M.'s, half Hindus, and in addition to all the above, the usual followers of a corps in India, with carpenters, smiths, and saddlers thrown in.

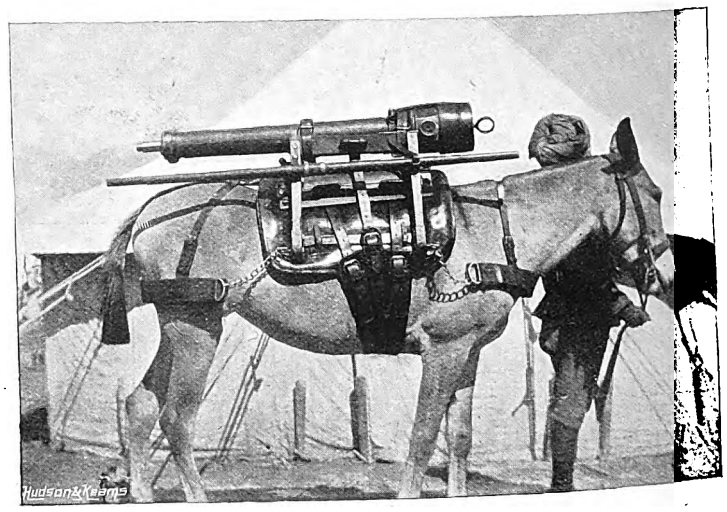
"The pioneer mule generally leads the battery over difficult ground, accompanied by any spare gunners there may be, who clear any obstacles which would impede the progress of the battery. His load is about 320-lb. The wheel follows him, carrying also the elevating gear between the wheels on top of the saddle; load about 280-lb. Then the axle, with a case shot box and small store box; load about 313-lb. Following him the three top loads, carriage, breech, and chase, each load being about 290-lb. Being top loads, they are by far the most trying to the mules, as they necessitate tight girthing. Behind them come the first and second ammunition mules carrying 16 rounds each, and an average load of about 370-lb. The above loads are given in round numbers, and include every strap. Even the mules carry the actual weights I have given below. As they seem to interest people, they are: Wheels, 79-lb. each; carriage, 192-lb.; elevating gear, 42-lb.; breech, 201-lb.; axle, 81-lb.; chase, 119-lb.; case shot and small store boxes (full), 80-lb. each; ammunition box (full), 110-lb. The mules to carry these loads are necessarily fine animals, and cost about £30 each. I believe they are various breeds, country-bred chiefly, but Italian, Persian, Afghan, and Cape mules are found in nearly every battery. They should be about 13·3 hands, not often less, and their girth must always be good; this is far more important than height for a battery mule. The very big mules are often not so useful, and always cause more work for the gunners to load, especially on a hillside."



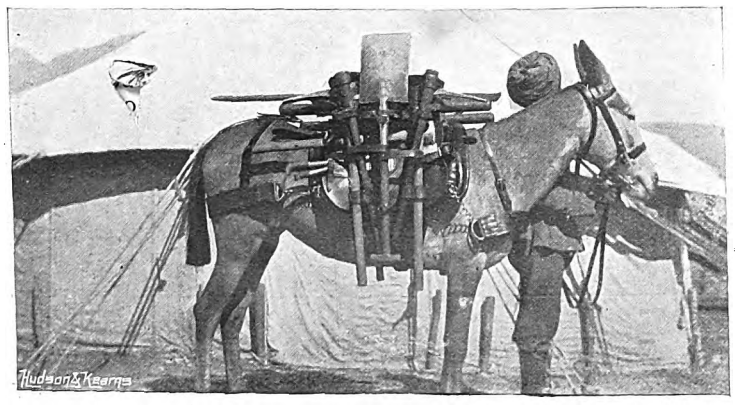
THE GUN CARRIAGE.



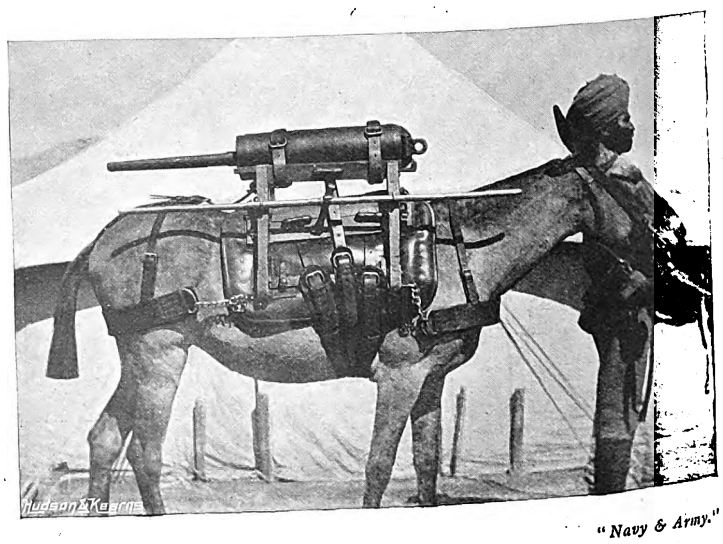
CARRYING THE GUN WHEELS.



A PIECE OF THE GUN—THE CHASE



Photos. Copyright. THE PIONEER AND HIS TOOLS.



"Navy & Army."

THE BREECH OF THE GUN.

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The Special Service Squadron.

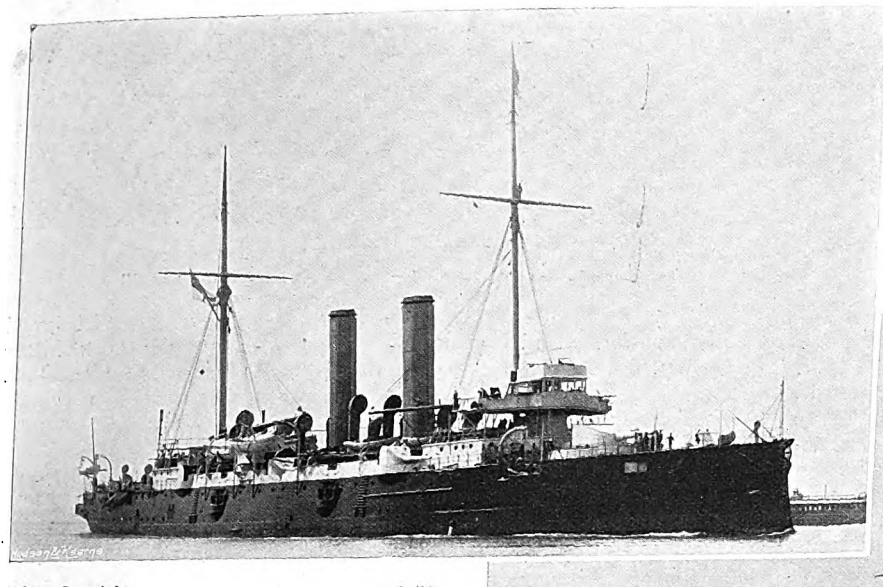


Photo. Copyright. Cribb.
THE "ST. GEORGE," FLAG-SHIP.

IT is impossible not to regard with feelings of keen regret the paying off of the old Training Squadron. About those tall masts and yards there has seemed to linger all the romance and the traditions of the old Navy. They have carried us back to the famous days of our Naval history—to the times of hemp and canvas, which we know so well in the pages of Marryat and Michael Scott. Rodney and Hood, Howe and St. Vincent, Nelson and Collingwood were trained in vessels like these. They watched as youths in the foretop, perhaps, and all had their part in the famous evolution of "crossing royal yards"; they were not unfamiliar with the work of the marline-spike, or even of the sail-needle; and they rarely gave an order as men that they had not executed as boys. The training at sea of officers and men in such ships as the "Champion," "Raleigh," "Volage," and "Cleopatra" must have done much to implant in them the spirit of the older times, and with the suppression of the sailing Training Squadron we cannot but feel that something is lost.

It will be strange if our dispute with a retrograde South African Power which has no seaboard, and never sent a ship to sea, should revolutionise the system of our Naval training. We gave illustrations of the old squadron on December 31, 1898, and we now depict the splendid new cruisers "St. George," "Juno," "Minerva," and "Cambrian," which, as a Special Service Squadron, take their place. The "St. George" is a first-class cruiser of 7,700 tons and 19 knots, probably equal for her displacement to anything afloat, and the others are second-class cruisers of proportionate quality. What happens, therefore, is that instead of the old ships, practically valueless for fighting purposes, with their masts and yards, we have a modern and efficient squadron, capable of steaming at 19 knots, in which the work of training will go on, while the squadron itself is ready for any emergency, either of observation or actual war.

Some will say that the change is all for the best, and that practical considerations outweigh sentiment. Yet the ships just paid off have not been retained in service for sentimental reasons at all. True, the conditions which prevailed when the squadron was constituted, in 1885, no longer exist. Then our ships were on every sea still furnished with masts and sails, and all that appertained to them; now in the Navy sail-power is quite unknown. But it cannot be said that the qualities of alertness of eye and limb, swiftness of decision and action in emergencies, readiness of initiative, and comradeship in difficulties, which are the characteristics of the genuine "sailor-man," are one whit less essential now than they were of old. They were evoked and developed in the training under sails. Can they be produced under the vastly different system of steam propulsion? There are those most competent to speak who maintain that they cannot, and that the qualities which distinguish the seaman from the landsman will tend to disappear with the introduction of training solely under steam. It is a matter upon which there may legitimately be different opinions, and we may hope that the emergency of creating a Special Service Squadron has not suddenly settled it for good and all. It is not in consonance with the traditions of the Navy to relinquish anything which has formed part of it until it has been thoroughly demonstrated that its use has departed. When the exigency has passed away which is the immediate cause of this change, there will be the time to decide the matter.

But we may be sure that that excellent officer, Captain E. S. Poë, commodore of the squadron, will be an inspiring spirit in the work of training, whether it be under sail or only steam. Under his guidance and direction all will certainly be well in the new squadron.

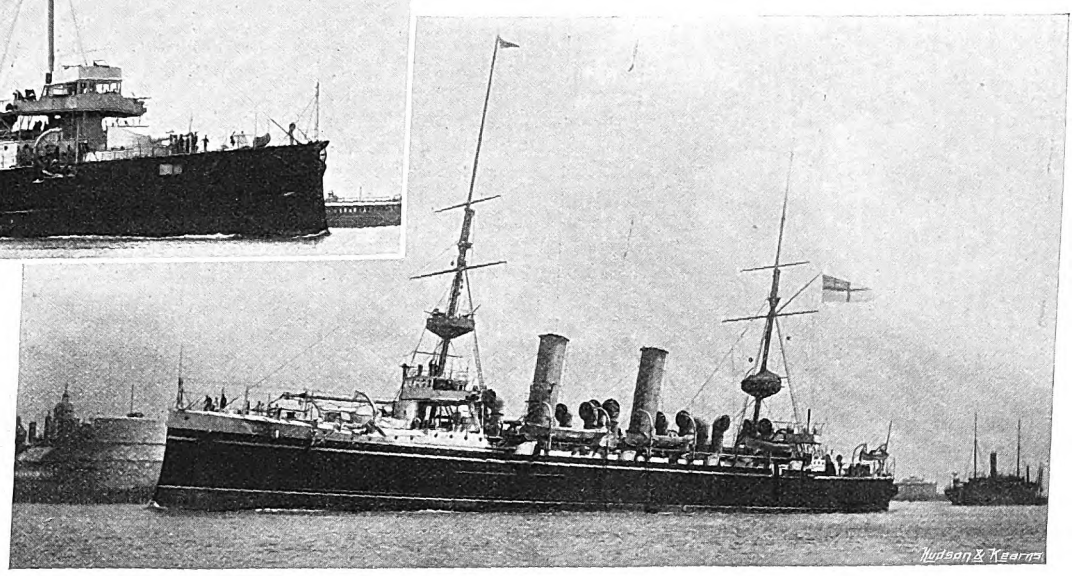
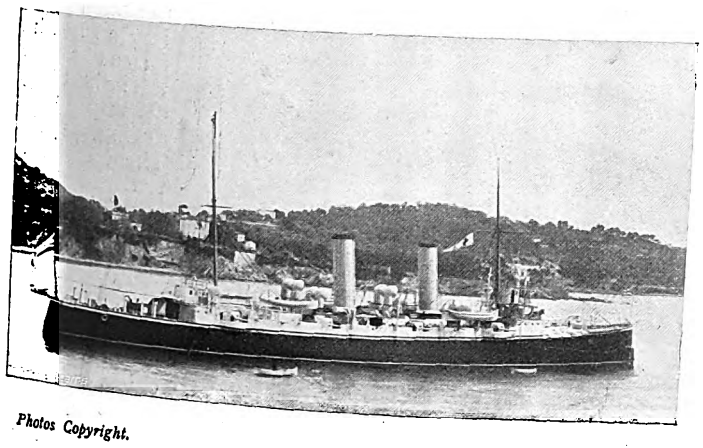
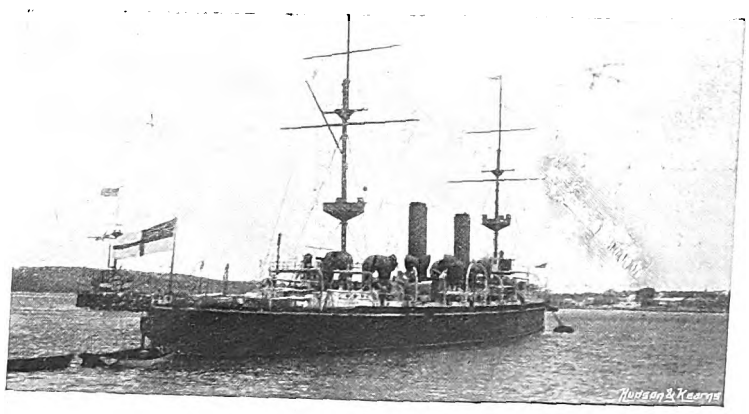


Photo. Copyright "Navy & Army."
THE "MINERVA."

Photo. Elliott & Fry.
CAPTAIN E. S. POE.
Commodore of the Squadron.



Photos Copyright.
THE "CAMBRIAN."



THE "JUNO." Navy & Army.

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Photo. *C. Knight.*
MAJOR-GENERAL J. M. BABINGTON,
Commanding 1st Cavalry Brigade of Buller's Army Corps.

MAJOR-GENERAL BABINGTON, who has gone to South Africa to assume the command of the 1st Cavalry Brigade, is an old 16th Lancer, which regiment he joined as a sub-lieutenant just twenty-six years ago, when only a little over nineteen years of age. In nineteen years he had attained to the command of the regiment, which he held for four years, and since relinquishing it he has been A.A.G. in the Punjab Command, the post he now vacates to go on service. His promotion has been rapid, for he got his troop after seven years' service, during nearly three of which he was adjutant to his regiment. He remained a captain ten years, for the last eighteen months of which he was A.D.C. to the G.O.C. at Aldershot, but he had been only two years a regimental major when he succeeded to the command of his regiment.

Major-General Babington does not see war service in Africa for the first time, for he served throughout the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85, and his work earned him honourable mention in despatches.

A VERY typical group of those officers of the Royal Navy who have been told off for transport duties by the Admiralty is that here given. The officer in the centre is Captain White, on his left Commander Paris, and on the left of the picture Lieutenant Macdonald. No small share of the success that has accompanied the big task of embarking Buller's Army Corps for South Africa is due to the Naval transport officers. Groups of these officers are stationed at each and all of the ports from whence embarkation takes place, and some have also been sent out to be stationed at Cape Town, East London, Port Elizabeth, and Durban, there to perform work in connection with the disembarkation of the Army Corps on its arrival. Southampton, where our illustration was taken, is of course the chief port of embarkation, but troops have also embarked at the Albert and Tilbury Docks, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Queenstown.

Photo. *NAVAL TRANSPORT OFFICERS.* *Cribb.*
Helping Buller's Army Corps to the Front.

THE wound that caused the death of the gallant Sir W. Penn Symons left Colonel Yule, of the Devonshire Regiment, in command of the force that Sir George White had holding the position between the railway junction at Glencoe and the terminus of the branch at Dundee. As we now know, he succeeded in effecting a masterly retreat from what had become an untenable position, and in joining his forces to those of Sir George White at Ladysmith. Colonel Yule is a typical representative of the very best class of purely regimental officer, as distinct from those who take up staff duties. From the day when, in 1865, he joined the old 11th Foot as an ensign, then a youth not yet nineteen, until, thirty years later, he succeeded to the command of the 1st Battalion, he has put in every day of his service in the Devonshire Regiment. Nor has General Yule's service been devoid of active campaigning, for he has seen much hard and varied fighting.

Photo. *Yeo.*
COLONEL J. H. YULE,
Who Succeeded to the Command when Sir W. Penn Symons was Mortally Wounded.

He had only just got his company when the regiment was ordered to Afghanistan, and with it he served through the campaign of 1878-80. His next service was in Burmah in 1891-92, during which he took part in the operations in the Chin Hills, and was afterwards in command of the Irrawaddy Column, earning for his services his brevet of lieutenant-colonel. More recently, in the last operations on the North-West Frontier of India, Yule commanded his regiment as a unit of the Tirah Field Force, and earned as a reward for good service his brevet of colonel.

WELL may the smart boat's crew here depicted display the cock in their bow, for they have an unbeaten record in all the regattas in which they competed during the year. The crew were trained and coxed by First-class Petty Officer W. T. Weeks. The boys' training establishment at Devonport, officially known as the "Lion," consists really

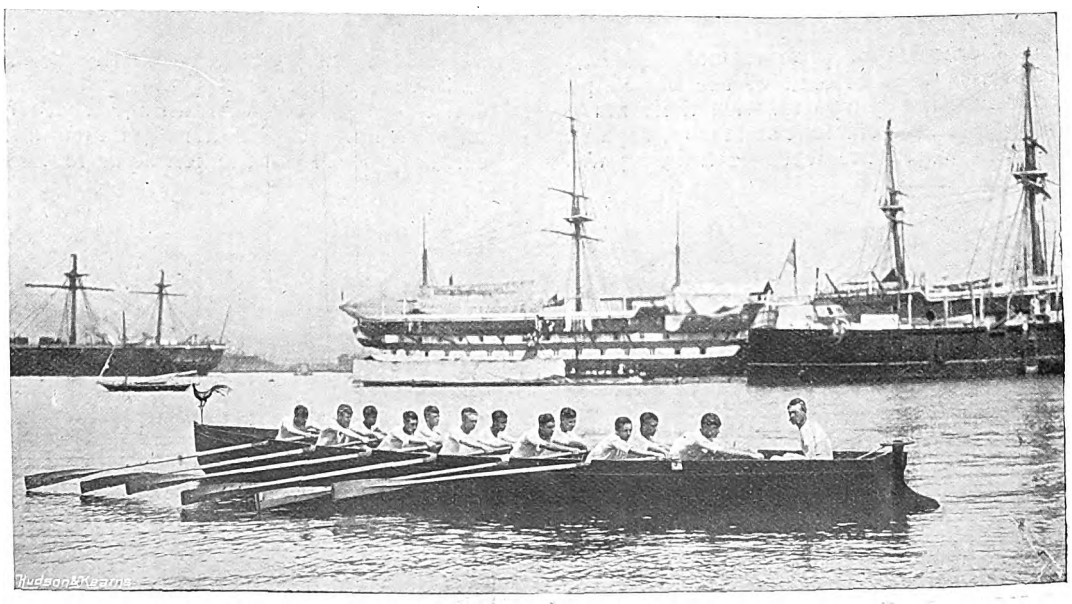

Photo Copyright. *W. M. Crockett.*
COCKS OF THE WALK.
An Unbeaten Boat's Crew of the "Lion."

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of two ships, the "Lion" and the "Implacable." The first-named was an 80-gun ship built in 1847. The latter is a craft of great historic interest, for she is an old French prize, the "Duguay-Trouin," captured by Sir R. J. Strachan in 1805.

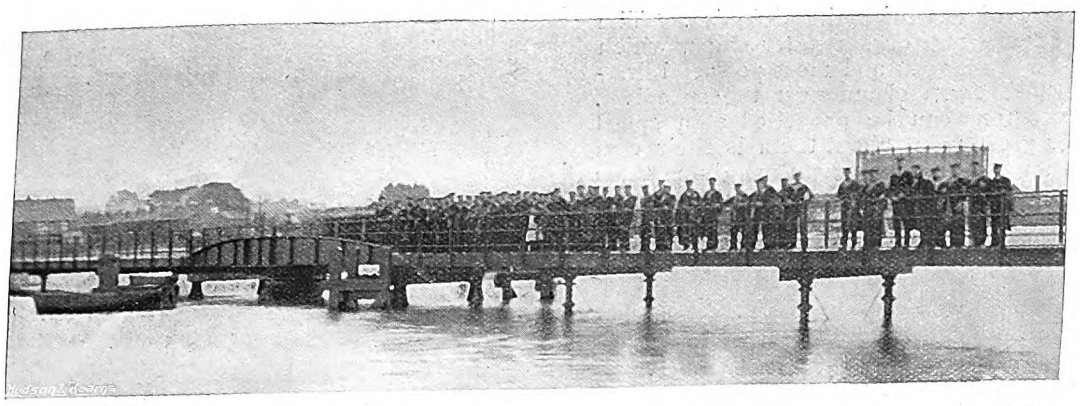

Photo. Copyright. *A WELCOME ADDITION AT WHALE ISLAND* *J. Cribb.*
The Bridge that now Connects the Gunnery School with the Mainland.

THE group here shown testing circuits on board the Torpedo School-ship "Vernon" at Portsmouth are sub-lieutenants undergoing instruction at the Naval College.

The course gone through is supplementary to that at Greenwich, and is devoted almost entirely to torpedo and gunnery.

The torpedo part of the course is taught on board the "Vernon," the sub-lieutenants attending each day, and lasts for a month.

The officer in the background is one of the instructional officers of the "Vernon," and is coaching the class; the two and a-half rings on his sleeve denote that he is a lieutenant of over eight years' seniority in his rank.

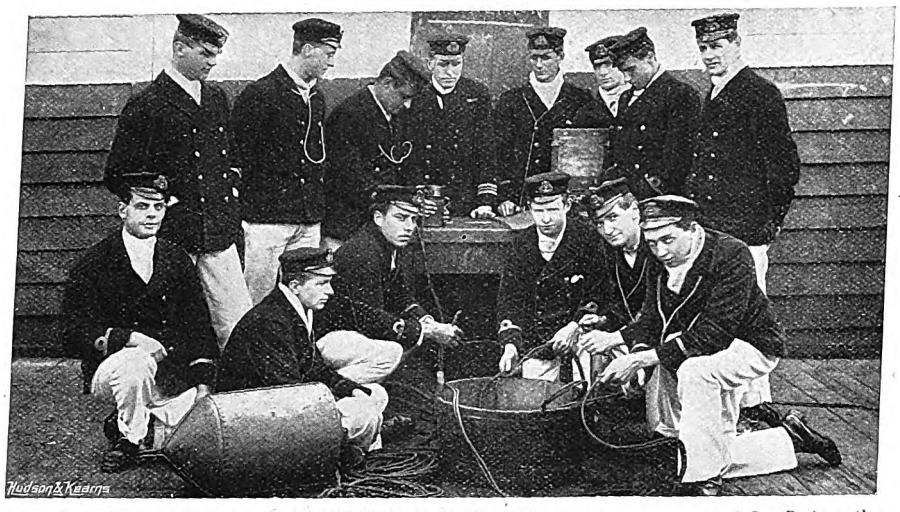

Photo. Copyright. *UNDERGOING INSTRUCTION.* *Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*
A Class of Sub-Lieutenants on Board the Torpedo School-ship "Vernon."

ONE of the most terrible sea accidents that has occurred for many years happened when the Anchor liner "Utopia" ran on to the ram of the "Anson" and sank, with the loss of hundreds of lives.

The latter ship, on almost precisely the same spot, has had a very close shave of causing such another accident. The "Cuzco," of the Orient Line, ran into the "Anson" in Gibraltar, with the result that the "Anson" suffered the injury depicted in our illustration.

As will be seen, the "Cuzco" struck the "Anson" just forward of the anchor-bed. Had her course been only a few feet more to one side, she would have fouled the "Anson's" ram, with probably most disastrous consequences to herself. With such force did the "Cuzco" strike the "Anson" that her bow penetrated two decks and cut into the torpedo-gunner's cabin, the door of which can be seen in our illustration.

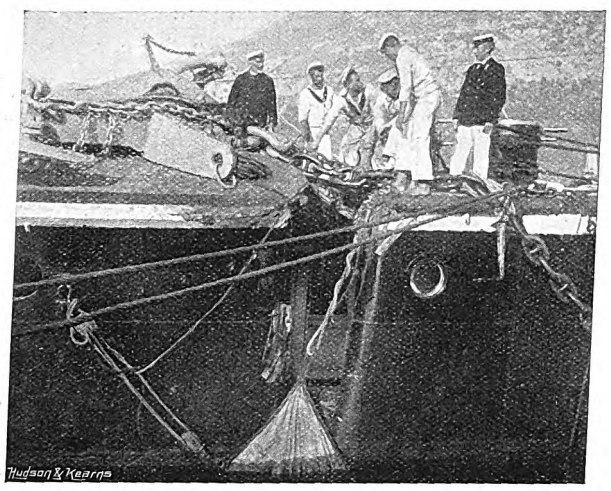

Photo. Copyright. *A NASTY BLOW.* *"Navy & Army."*
Effect of the Collision between Orient Liner "Cuzco" and the "Anson."

The crew were at dinner at the time, but in less than 3-min. all water-tight doors in the ship were closed—a smart evolution. The collision mat, placed in position, is also well shown, and the useful service it rendered.

THE Navy in general, and more especially those of it who are going through the course at Whale Island, are highly pleased at the completion of the long waited for bridge that now connects Whale Island with the mainland. It will, of course, be of the greatest convenience to both officers and men going on, or off, leave, and our picture represents its opening, and, so to speak, consecration to use, by the crossing over it for the first time of a batch of liberty men going on leave. By using the new bridge much valuable time will be saved.

PROBABLY there is not one of all the sub-lieutenants now going through their course at "Pompey," as the Naval College at Portsmouth is always called in the Service, who does not "bike," and, as our illustration proves, it is one of the most popular of the sports indulged in.

Nearly every sub-lieutenant at the Naval College can boast the possession of a "bike."

WE here reproduce two excellent photographs of the first-class battle-ship "Venerable," which was launched last Thursday, the christening ceremony being performed—without any doubt for the first time in the history of the Navy—by an American lady, in the person of Mrs. Chamberlain,

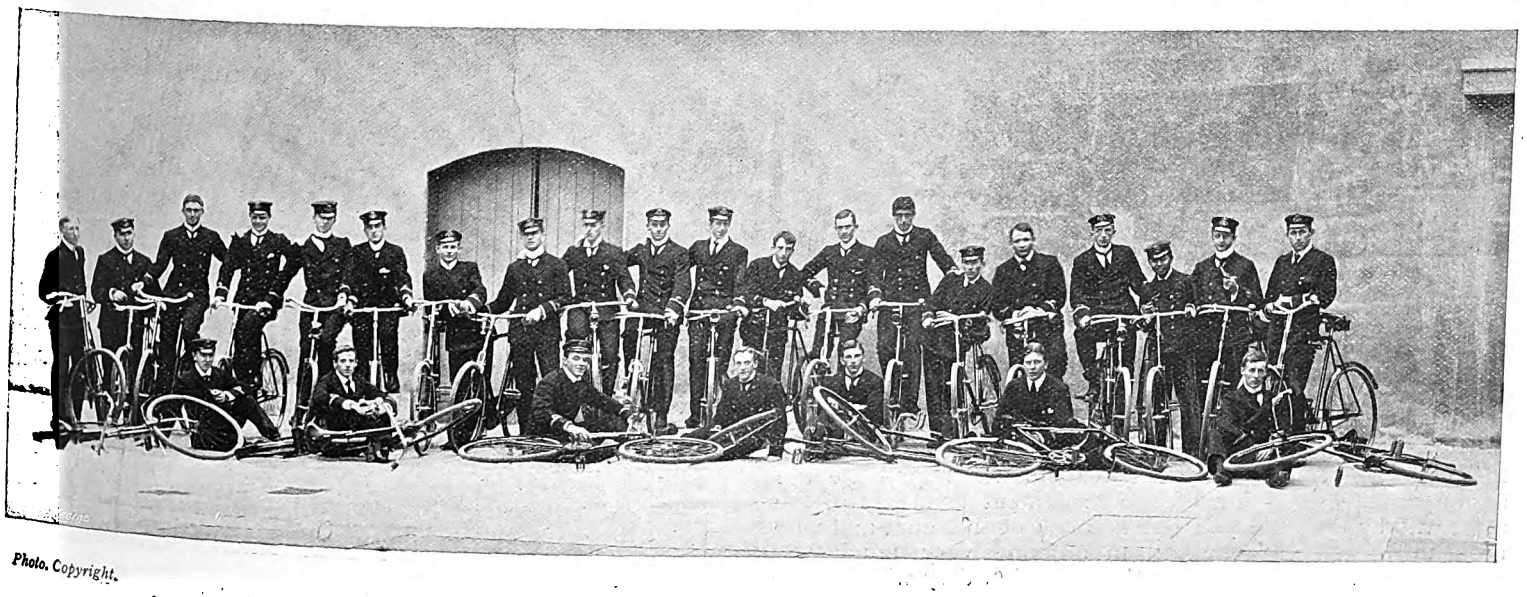

Photo. Copyright. *Symonds & Co., Portsmouth*
A WHEELING BRIGADE—SUB-LIEUTENANTS AT THE NAVAL COLLEGE, PORTSMOUTH.

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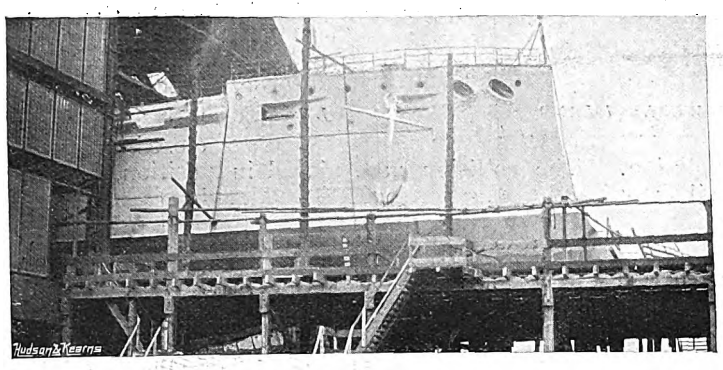
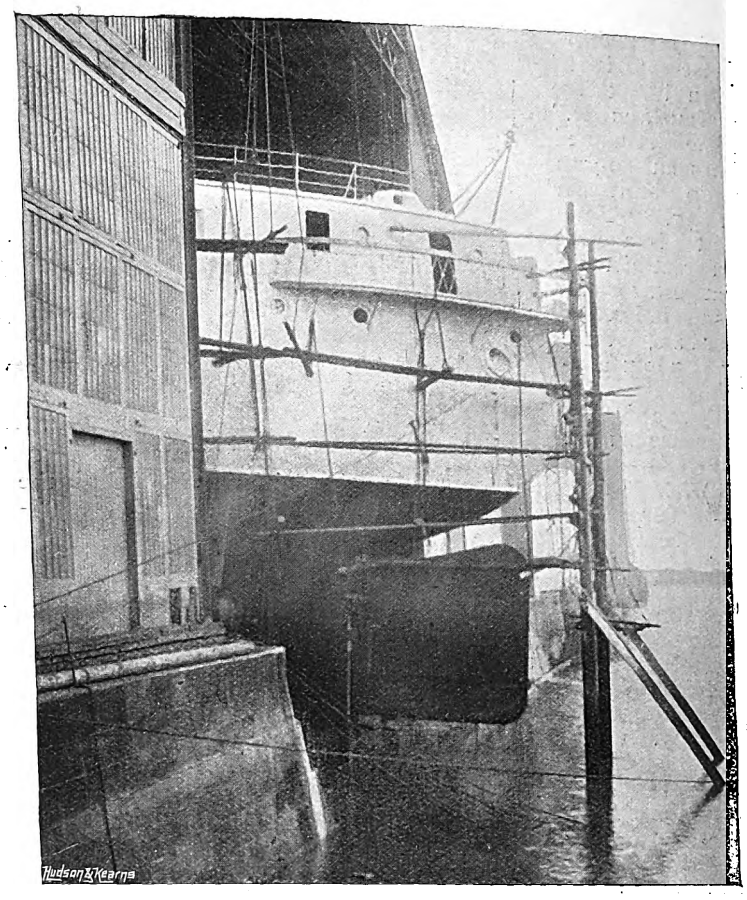
the wife of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The "Venerable" is one of a group of six sister ships, which will when completed be the largest and most powerful first-class battle-ships in the Navy, and amongst the speediest, for their mass of 15,000 tons can be propelled at a speed of 18 knots. Another great point about them is their coal capacity, for they can stow over 2,000 tons, thus giving them a great range of action. She is heavily armoured both as to hull and gun protection, and carries in her main batteries four of the new 12-in. wire guns, twelve 6-in., and sixteen 12-pounders, all quick-firers. Her torpedo armament com-



THE "VENERABLE."
Bow View, Taken Prior to Launch.

prises four tubes for the discharge of Whitehead torpedoes, all of which are submerged. The "Venerable" and her sisters will in truth be formidable additions to the battle strength of the Navy. The naming of these new vessels has been most apt, and in no case more so than the resuscitation of the name "Venerable," for it is an historic old Service name, and it was a "Venerable" that flew Duncan's flag at the glorious battle of Camperdown.

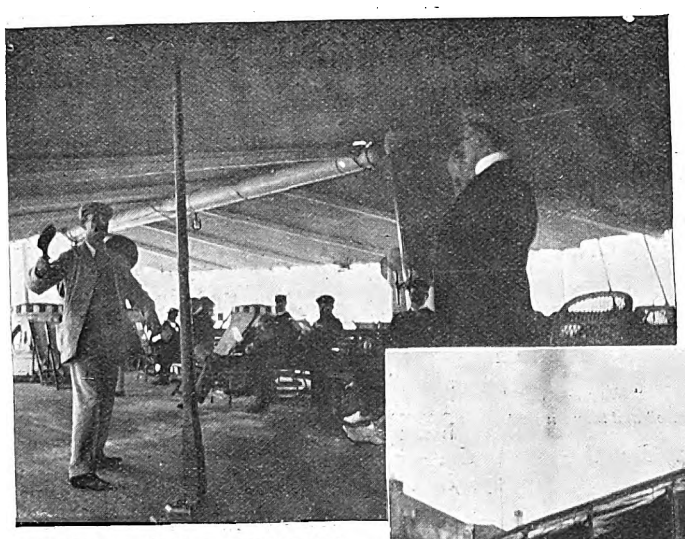


Photos. Copyright. *THE "VENERABLE."* *J. Fuller.*
Stern View, Taken Prior to Launch.

Capewards.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE "Tantallon Castle" is a fast ship, and with Sir George White and his staff on board, she naturally made the best of her way to the Cape on the occasion on which she carried out that distinguished officer to take up



ON BOARD THE "TANTALLON CASTLE."
Col. Gough and Capt. Brooke Playing "Bumplepuppy."

the command in Natal. But even a fifteen days' sea voyage is apt to become monotonous, and recourse has to be had to various devices for whiling away the weary hours, all the more weary when the thrilling possibilities of active service are in prospect. Of sports on deck there is not a wide range, and the subject has been dealt with so often in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, that I need not expatiate upon it. But I am sure your readers will appreciate the accompanying snap-shot of two prominent members of the staff, who by the time you get this will be in Natal, and who are shown actively engaged in a game very much less exciting and dangerous than that at which they will then be playing.

It is characteristic of the British officer that he should indulge in some form of recreation whenever permissible, however serious the circumstances may be. Your readers may be sure that, if anything, this light-hearted tendency to make the best of a dull time reacts favourably upon his capacity to rise to the occasion when sterner work is in progress.

The mountain train at Madeira has been often described, but it is not too much to say that it has seldom carried a more distinguished freight than in the case indicated by my picture, in which one of the passengers was Sir George White himself.

I do not know whether Sir George has ever visited Madeira before in the course of a pleasure trip, but if he has, it has not lessened his appreciation of the island and its attractions. As for his staff, they were prompt to seize the opportunity of relaxation, and some of them evidently enjoyed the "tobogganing" down considerably more than the *otium cum* of the train journey up.

To a thoughtful comrade some sad reflections could not but suggest themselves in connection with this pleasant excursion, but the British Army would not be what it is if such thoughts were allowed to become unduly obtrusive.

A DISTINGUISHED FREIGHT.
Sir George White and Staff on the Mountain Train at Madeira.

Photos. Copyright. *"FACILIS DESCENSUS."* *"Navy & Army."*
Tobogganing Down the Hillside at Madeira

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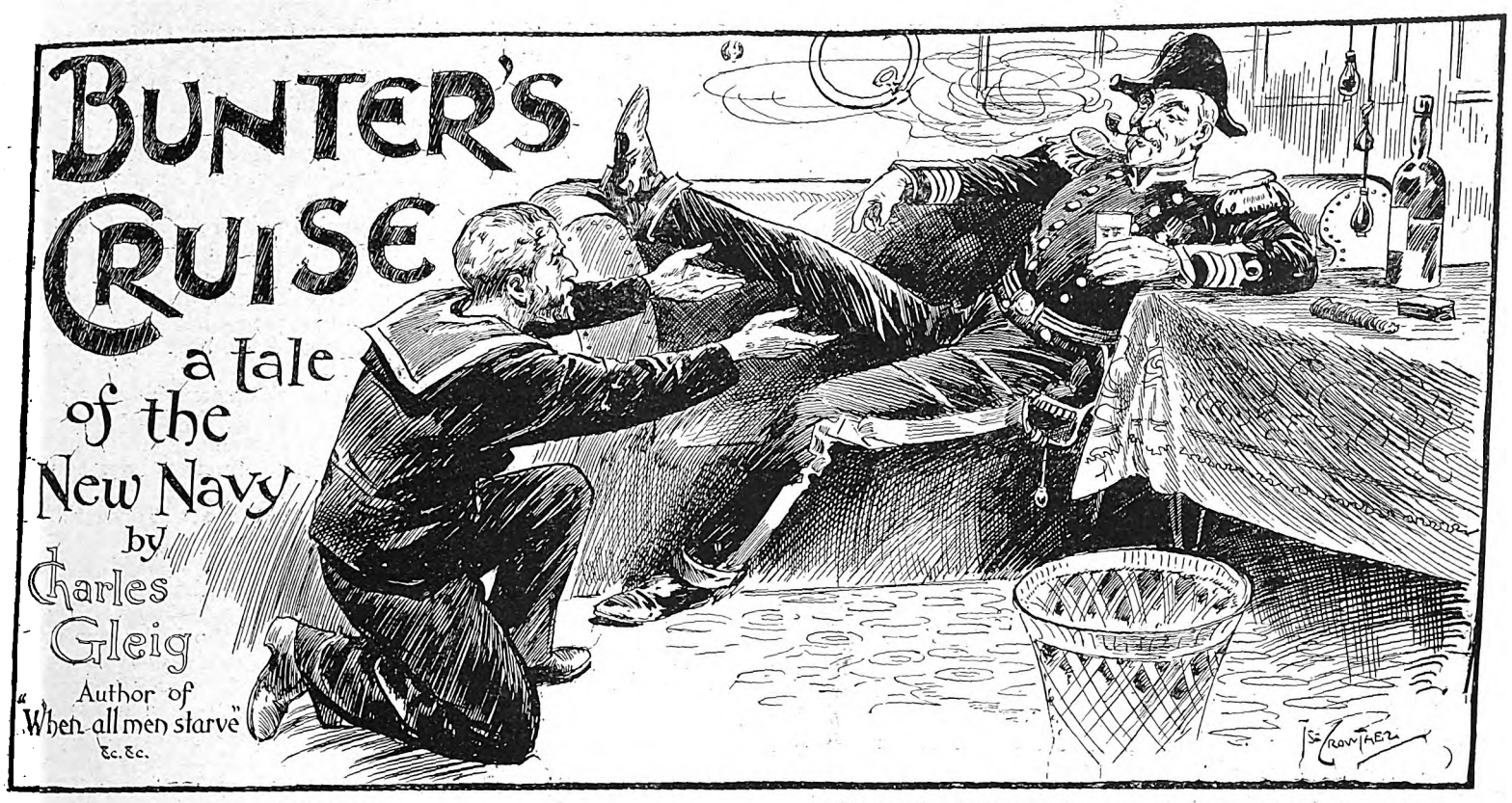

SYNOPSIS.

Edward Bunter, A.B., who is in love with a publican's daughter, Nelly Pratten, is baulked in his matrimonial aims by the girl's social ambition. By a series of strange chances, detailed in the early chapters, Bunter contrives to impersonate his own captain, the Hon. Roger Laxdale, and persists in the perilous fraud in order to convince Miss Pratten that she ought not to despise a "common sailor." The real captain, who is a stranger to the crew of the "Grunter," is universally mistaken for Bunter, whose clothes he has been obliged to assume. He is brought on board by the police and kept in arrest as a deserter. Next morning the "Grunter" sails for Gibraltar, not a soul on board being aware of Bunter's fraud. Captain Laxdale tells his story, and is regarded by the officers as being deranged in mind. Bunter releases his victim from arrest and permits him to work as a seaman. Laxdale consents to this, in the hope of being able to expose the fraud and turn the tables. Bunter is recognised by a seaman named Squib. Of this man Laxdale makes a confidant, offering him a large reward to expose the fraud. Squib, however, hopes to gain more by blackmailing Bunter, and plays a double game. Bunter hopes to escape before the fraud can be discovered, and means to desert at Gibraltar. On the second day of the voyage Captain Laxdale falls overboard in a heavy sea and is gallantly rescued by Bunter. Laxdale's desire to secure the punishment of Bunter is somewhat abated by this incident. Squib makes himself known to Bunter, and demands blackmail. Bunter temporises with him. Bunter dines with the Governor of Gibraltar. His rough manners excite much amusement. Laxdale, aided by Squib, makes his attempt to escape from the ship. Owing to Squib's duplicity the attempt fails. The Governor and his daughters visit the "Grunter," at Bunter's invitation. Laxdale tries to speak to the Governor, but is prevented. While the visitors are on board, the mail arrives from England with news of the death of Laxdale's elder brother, and Bunter has to simulate grief. The Governor advises Bunter to apply for leave to return home. Bunter consults Laxdale, and it is agreed that he shall do so. They arrange a plan by which both may reach England, and they hope to prevent Bunter's fraud being discovered.

CHAPTER XXII. *(continued.)*

"GO on," said Laxdale; "I'm listening like a cartload of eavesdroppers."

"I oughter get the answer this afternoon," said Bunter. "I shall take a walk on the poop at eight bells" (4 p.m.), "and if the admiral says yes, you'll see me take off my cap and scratch my head. I'll do it two or three times, to make sure."

"And what am I to do?" asked Laxdale.

"See here," said Bunter, impressively. He drew nearer to Laxdale, and lowered his voice. From his gestures one would have judged that he was pointing out dirty marks on the paint-work. "See here," he repeated, "you must contrive to fetch the cabin without being spotted by a living soul. We may have to wait till it's dark, but if you do what I'm going to tell you, you may manage it in daylight. When you see me scratch my head, come aft on the poop, and make believe to be looking for something."

"There's nothing to look for," objected Laxdale.

"Good Lord! Where's your imagination?" said Bunter, testily. "Say you've lost your knife."

"So I have," said Laxdale, "and I believe Squib took it."

"There's a skylight over the cabin," continued Bunter, rapidly, "and you'll find it open. I'll send the signalman forward on a message, and get rid of anybody else that may happen to be knocking about on the poop. If you get a clear chance, nip down that skylight as if the devil was after you with a hot poker, and then stow yourself away under the sofa and wait till I come."

"I'll try," said Laxdale, eagerly; "but the steward may see me, or hear me drop down."

"No, he won't," said Bunter. "I'll send him ashore, and the varlet along with him."

"The valet, you mean," corrected Laxdale.

"Well, I've called him the varlet up to now," said Bunter, "and it's too late to go back on it. That's what they calls the flunkeys in lots of dramas I've seen, so I made sure I'd got his tally right."

"Hist!" said Laxdale, sharply. Bunter turned away and entered the chart-house. He was looking at the harbour through the open door of the chart-house, when his attention was attracted by a forced cough. Glancing round, he saw the bullet head of Squib. "I want a word with you, mate," said the sailor, cautiously. "There's nobody up here except 'Ood, and he can't hear us."

"Step inside, then," said Bunter, ungraciously.

Squib complied.

"What d'you want?" growled Bunter. "Be smart and spit it out. I don't want to be seen talking to you."

"What about my eighty quid?" said Squib, coming straight to the point. He regarded Bunter suspiciously, blinking his little eyes nervously.

"That'll be all right," said Bunter, readily; "but the pusser hasn't paid up the dibbs yet."

"How do I know he hasn't?" grumbled Squib.

"'Cause I tells you so, don't I, you disbelieving Jew-pongo?"

"When's he going to stump up, then?"

"To-morrow, I think," said Bunter. "Soon as ever he pays me, you shall have your whack, fair and square."

Squib thought it discreet to drop the subject for the time being. "Well, there's another thing," he said, discontentedly. "I want to get ashore and have a booze, and I can't go, 'cause they're only giving 'special' leaf."

"When d'you want to go?" asked Bunter, thoughtfully.

"This evening," said Squib, promptly. "It's all very nice for you, but I haven't had a good booze for over a fortnight. Since you're skipper, why the 'ell don't you give general leaf?"

Bunter considered the suggestion. "All right," he said. "I'll speak to Filmore about it. I can't give you leave unless the other chaps gets it too."

"That's your affair," said Squib, indifferently. "So long as I gets ashore, it don't matter to me how you arrange it. And look here," he added, aggressively, "I want a couple of quid to go ashore on, and I must have it, too. You can take them off the eighty you owes me."

Bunter consented to this demand with singular readiness, but Squib did not think his compliance at all remarkable. He held out his hand for the money, and Bunter, after searching all his pockets, produced two sovereigns.

"And don't you forget about the leaf," said Squib, as he turned to go. "That swine Filmore is bound to say we aint entitled to no general leaf; but you're skipper, and you can give the order."

"I won't forget," said Bunter, meekly. "You'll get ashore to-night, mate." Squib rolled away and descended the bridge ladder.

During the afternoon a number of heavy parcels, addressed to the captain, were brought on board by a native boatman,

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and Bunter told his steward and several of the officers that they contained curios. He had these parcels placed in his cabin, but would not permit the steward to unfasten them.

True to his promise, the carpenter completed the box by seven bells (3.30), and his men brought it aft to the inner cabin. Bunter examined it critically, and said that it would be strong enough to hold his curios. He gave the carpenter's crew a bottle of whisky, and bestowed a second upon the architect. As the box would have cost quite a sovereign had it been made on shore, Bunter considered that he had obtained it very cheaply.

When the men had left the cabin he obtained a gimlet, and pierced a number of holes in the lid and sides of the box.

"There," he muttered, as he contemplated his work, "that'll give my curios plenty of fresh air on their travels."

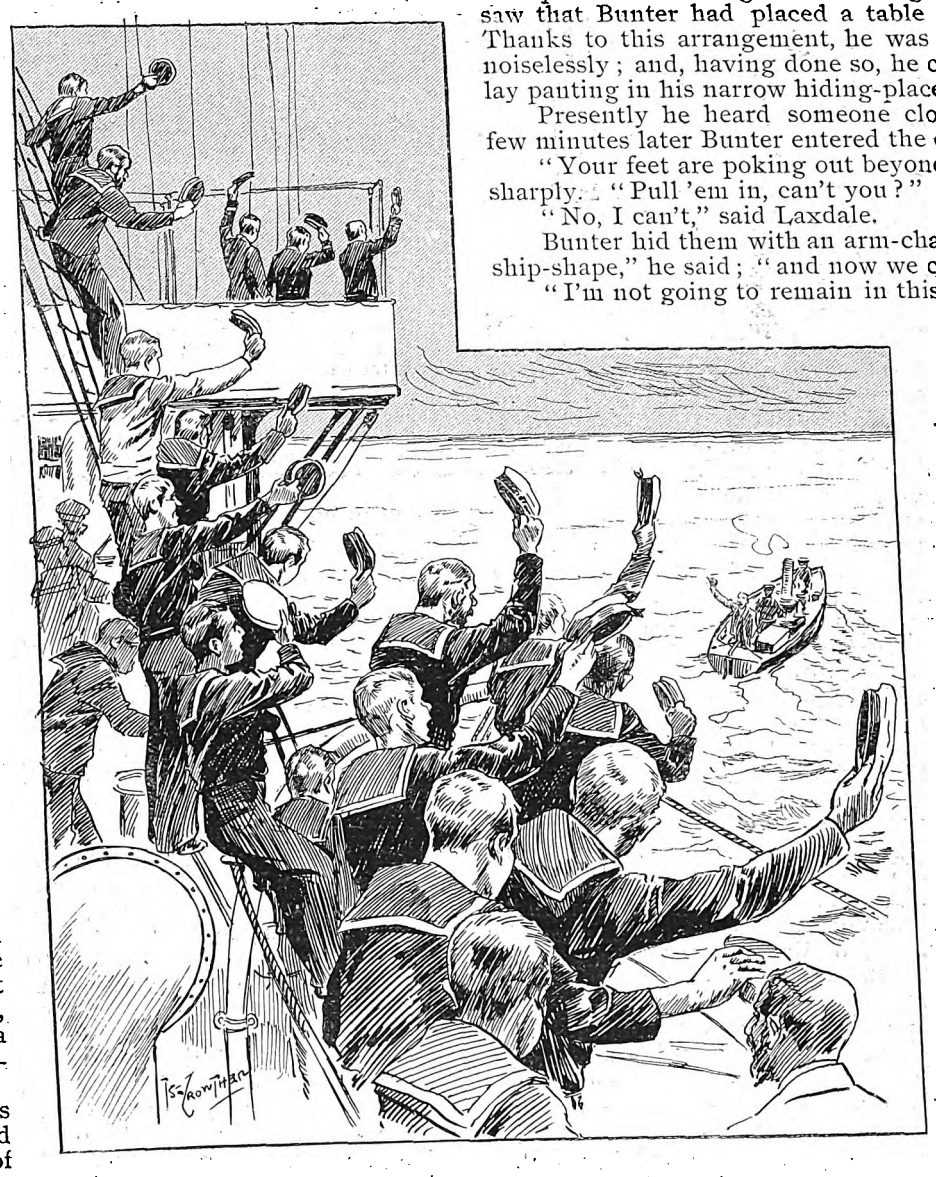
CHAPTER XXIII.

The Box-trick.

As the last stroke of eight bells jarred upon his quivering nerves, Laxdale stationed himself in the waist and began to watch the movements of Bunter. The work of the day was done, and his heart beat high as he embraced the hope that his sufferings were nearly ended. Perhaps it was his lack of humour that made his position so unendurable. He recalled with intense mortification the jibes of the seamen; the rough arrogance of the petty officers; the familiarity of Squib. He resented the hard work that he had been forced to perform; the broken nights; the coarse food; the very dress that concealed his individuality. Above all, he chafed at the loss of self-esteem which he had sustained through daily intercourse with vulgar persons. That these had failed to recognise his social superiority was, perhaps, the keynote of his mortification.

And he saw, too, though he shrank from admitting it, that these rough seamen, with whom he had shared the hardships and discomforts of the lower deck, had more grit and manhood in their composition than he could boast. Petty discomforts that had been tragical to him were cheerfully accepted by these hardy tars as part of the comedy of life. They could laugh at a wet jacket and season ill-cooked food with robust philosophy; they could endure foul air and broken rest, and still work on with cheerfulness. They had a hundred manly virtues that he lacked; and against all these he could pit nothing but his physical courage, his social tricks, and a poor veneer of education.

In easy, luxurious days to come he would wipe from the slate of memory all such disturbing comparisons, and renew his stock of self-respect. It is a merciful provision of Nature that men should possess this faculty; that fools should be content with folly.



"A token of goodwill from the crew."

Bunter, true to his plan, paced the poop steadily. He was quite alone in that part of the vessel, save for the signalman of the watch. A few men were sweeping dust and ropeyarns from the white planking of the quarter-deck; most of the officers had gone on shore, and the hands had just been piped to "supper."

The minutes dragged slowly, but still Bunter paced the poop and made no sign. A horrible fear that the admiral had refused his assent to the application took possession of Laxdale and filled him with anger and dismay. Or, perhaps, no answer had come?

Bunter paused in his walk and beckoned to the boatswain's mate. The petty officer ran aft to the foot of the poop ladder and touched his hat.

"General leave for the port watch till eight bells tomorrow morning," said Bunter, loudly. "Pass the word, boatswain's mate."

The petty officer saluted again, and ran forward to the main hatchway. He whistled upon his shrill pipe, and roared out the welcome order. As the rumblings of his voice died upon the air, a cheer came up from the mess deck, indicating that the unexpected concession had pleased the crew. This was followed by individual shouts and the beating of pewter spoons upon the mess-tables.

At this moment, when unusual excitement prevailed, Bunter turned to the signalman of the watch, and gave some order inaudible to Laxdale. The signalman put down his clumsy telescope and ran forward. A moment later Bunter removed his cap and gave the signal.

He did not have to repeat it, for Laxdale at once walked aft and gained the poop. From this elevation he looked back and saw that the quartermaster and boatswain's mate were deep in conversation. He judged that they had not noticed his movements.

Exchanging no word with Bunter, who had resumed his walk, he crept aft till he reached the small skylight abaft the mizen mast. The sentry, always on duty in harbour, was pacing the forecastle, but Laxdale was partly hidden from his sight by the mast, and had little fear of detection in that quarter. Looking down through the open skylight, he saw that Bunter had placed a table directly underneath it. Thanks to this arrangement, he was able to gain the cabin noiselessly; and, having done so, he crept under the sofa and lay panting in his narrow hiding-place.

Presently he heard someone close the skylight, and a few minutes later Bunter entered the cabin.

"Your feet are poking out beyond the sofa," said Bunter, sharply. "Pull 'em in, can't you?"

"No, I can't," said Laxdale.

Bunter hid them with an arm-chair. "There, that's more ship-shape," he said; "and now we can talk."

"I'm not going to remain in this uncomfortable position any longer," said Laxdale.

"You jolly well must," said Bunter, firmly. "The steward's come back, and he may be here any moment to lay the tea."

"Tell him you don't want any," snarled Laxdale.

"But I do," said Bunter.

"And so do I," said Laxdale.

"Quiet!" said Bunter; "here's the steward — that's his knock."

The steward seemed to be very slow in his movements, but he went away at last, and Laxdale was allowed to emerge for ten minutes.

Bunter locked the door and drew a curtain across the skylight. Whilst they were eating he revealed his plans.

Laxdale eyed the box with marked disapproval. "It isn't big enough," he objected. "I shall get cramp in the legs."

"I didn't like to have it made any bigger," said Bunter. "There oughter be room to spare, if you cock your knees up."

"How long shall I have to stay in it?" continued Laxdale, peevishly.

"Say three hours. It'll take nearly two hours to fetch the hotel; and you'll have to get in quite an hour before we start."

Laxdale used bad language. "You might have made some better plan than this," he said, testily. "I shall be shaken like peas in a cask, and get bruised all over."

(To be continued).

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The Gallant Dead.

NOTHING brings home to one's mind more clearly the pluck of our foe, and the serious nature of the work our soldiers are now being called upon to perform, than the heavy lists of casualties that daily fill the papers. For the second time since the Russian War we are now killing, and being killed by, men of our own creed and colour. Amongst the officers the casualties have been abnormally heavy, and the portraits of some of the many gallant dead are given on page 218. The proverbial "luck of the British Army" seems to run contrariwise in South Africa. In the last Boer War we lost our leader in the struggle on Majuba Hill, and now at the very outset of the campaign the gallant Symons, the leader of the advanced column of the Natal Field Force, is mortally wounded at the moment of victory, but only to die a prisoner in the hands of the enemy when his victorious but decimated force had to abandon a strategically untenable position. In our issue of October 21 we gave, in the "Per Mare, per Terram" columns, a sketch of Sir W. Penn Symons' military career. He had seen as much service as falls to the lot of most men. It commenced in Africa, continued in much fighting both on the Eastern and North-Western Frontiers of India, and culminated in the soldier's death met not far from the spot where he first saw real war with his old corps, the 24th, the heroes of Isandhlwana. One of the best of comrades, a renowned sportsman, a soldier *au bout des ongles*, in his death the Army has lost one of its best. The staff also lost, on that sad day at Dundee, another hero who had won his spurs in Indian warfare—genial, handsome, cheery "Jack" Sherston, who, as a subaltern in the Rifle Brigade, was A.D.C. to Lord Roberts throughout the stiff fighting at Sherpur and in the famous march from Cabul to Candahar.

Another soldier who first flushed his maiden sword in combat against the wily Pathan also saw his first service in South Africa only to die there—Scott Chisholme, who commanded the Imperial Light Horse, and perished at Elandslaagte. As the writer—who knew him and served with him in Afghanistan—can testify, there was no better soldier or stauncher comrade in the British Army. An old 9th Lancer—he exchanged to the 5th Lancers after being seventeen years in the 9th—Scott Chisholme always managed to get where hard knocks were going, for he was severely wounded at Siah Sung, only to get fit again in time to be wounded later on in the fighting at Cabul and Sherpur. The old 60th also had a sad loss in Colonel Gunning, who perished at the head of his battalion, now the 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps, at Dundee. Gunning saw all his service—with the exception of a year and a-half as a subaltern in the 68th, now the 1st Durham Light Infantry—in the 60th, the King's Royal Rifles, and it was only last year that he succeeded to the command of the battalion. It was not his first service in South Africa, for he wore the South African medal for the Zulu Campaign of 1879, and had also the Indian General Service medal, with clasp for Burmah. Another gallant 60th man who perished at Dundee was Mark Pechell. Scion of a good old family, he loomed large in the ranks of a rifle battalion, for he stood 6ft. 3in. in his socks. Pechell was not thirty-three when he died, and yet he wore on his breast the Indian medal, with two clasps for service in the Hazara, Miranzai, and Isazai Expeditions on the North-West Frontier in 1891-92; the medal with clasp for the operations in Chitral in 1895; the Khedive's medal with clasps for Atbara and Khartoum; and the Queen's medal for the last Soudan Campaign.

The Rifles lost more heavily at Dundee than did any other regiment, though the 87th, the "Faugh-a-Ballaghs," now the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, and that superb old Indian battalion the 103rd, now the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, also suffered severely. And very young officers they were that in many cases were killed. Taylor, of the Rifles, had only four years' service, while Martin had just completed one year and five days. Genge, of the Dublins, only joined in January, while poor Hill, of the Irish Fusiliers, was only gazetted a second lieutenant last May. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* is no doubt true, but none the less is it sad to see brave British youths stricken down thus on their first field. At Elandslaagte it was the Gordons that suffered by far the most severely. The sister battalion to the heroes of Dargai, there is no doubt that the old 92nd meant to and did vie with their fellows of the 75th in winning a glory roll such as the latter regiment gained on the Afghan hill. Major Denne, who was killed, was an officer of much staff experience, a P.S.C. man, and had seen much service in Egypt and the Soudan. Monro was only twenty-seven years of age, and joined the regiment just seven years ago. Murray was only twenty-one, and joined the regiment from the Militia last March. But their deaths have not been in vain, for they have died as British gentlemen and soldiers keeping up the traditions of the race. *Requiescat in pace.*

Literary News.

THE late Mr. W. H. Long, of Portsmouth, author of "Medals of the British Navy," was a man who took a passionate interest in Naval history, and in the social life of the Navy, and it is very pleasant to receive the "Naval Yarns; Letters and Anecdotes," which he collected and arranged (Gibbings), and which have been edited by his son. A very charmingly printed and well-illustrated volume it is, and there is an admirable decorative frontispiece, depicting a ship of the old time "tall as the masts of some great amiral," and embodying a sentence from Bacon which it is wholesome to quote at this very time: "It may be truly said that the commandment of the sea is an abridgement or a quintessence of a universal monarchy." As to the contents of the volume, they are too various to be particularised. They consist of odd letters and journals, giving most vivid pictures of many events afloat, such as the doings of Vernon's squadron, the capture of the "Foudroyant," 1758, and the loss of the "Phœnix," 1780, and throwing light upon many great actions. There is nothing to indicate the origin of most of these papers, and one's curiosity is aroused in regard to them. Who, for example, overheard and recorded the short conversation at the gun during the battle of the Nile? Who was the Naval surgeon—the surgeon *intime*—who gives such a lively account of his proceedings, and of the proceedings of the fleet? But, as the editor says, the majority of the narratives bear the impress of their truth, and as to the rest, we should not be inclined to analyse them too closely. A great many of them are published for the first time, and the others have been collected from unusual sources to which Mr. Long had access. One chief merit of the book is its eminently readable character, and the intimate concern which the many authors had, or seem to have had, with many great and interesting events.

* * * *

Perhaps nothing is so curious in the book as the light it throws upon the inner life of the old Navy. Some parts of it are as good as Marryat, and everywhere we feel the personal impress of individuals. In order to convey an idea of the contents, I shall be content to give an extract concerning the battle of the Nile, "by one of the gunner's crew of the 'Goliath,' 74," which may surprise some readers, for it certainly reflects one condition of Naval life now gone for ever. "Soon as they were in sight, a signal was made from the admiral's ship for every vessel to come up, to make the best of her way, firing upon the French ships as she passed, and 'every man take his bird,' as we jokingly called it. The 'Goliath' led the van. There was a French frigate right in our way. Captain Foley cried, 'Sink that brute, what does he there?' In a moment she went to the bottom, and her crew were seen running into her rigging. . . . I saw as little of this action as I did of the one on the 14th February, off Cape St. Vincent. My station was in the powder magazine with the gunner. As we entered the bay we stripped to our trousers, opened our ports, cleared, and every ship we passed gave them a broadside and three cheers. Any information we got was from the boys and women who carried the powder. The women behaved as well as the men, and got a present for their bravery from the Grand Signor. When the French admiral's ship blew up, the 'Goliath' got such a shake, we thought the after part of her had blown up, until the boys told us what it was. They brought us every now and then the cheering news of another French ship having struck, and we answered the cheers on deck with heartfelt joy. In the heat of the action, a shot came right into the magazine, but did no harm, as the carpenters plugged it up, and stopped the water that was rushing in. I was much indebted to the gunner's wife, who gave her husband and me a drink of wine now and then, which lessened our fatigue much. There were some of the women wounded, and one woman belonging to Leith died of her wounds, and was buried on a small island in the bay. One woman bore a son in the heat of the action; she belonged to Edinburgh. When we ceased firing, I went on deck to view the state of the fleets, and an awful sight it was." Here, truly, is a remarkable picture of life afloat, and it is by no means the only one in Mr. Long's very graphic book. Indeed, I might have gone on quoting from the many and varied chapters it contains.

* * * *

Mr. Arthur Silver White's "The Expansion of Egypt under Anglo-Egyptian Condominium" (Methuen, 15s.) is a very emphatic book, which will gratify Imperialists. It is also a book of unusual character in its precise and logical arrangement. Possibly there is in places some over-statement of the case, but I must do no more in the space here available than indicate its general character. The factors of the problem are first considered, physical and political, leading to the conclusion that the Nile Valley has unity, and that Egypt has always been dominated by the Power commanding the sea. These considerations bring us to the relation of Egypt to the Eastern Question, the political situation and the foreign relations, with all the various matters that arise out of them, but all leading to the conclusion that Great Britain is the only Power in a position to secure to Egypt the internal and external conditions of development and expansion, and that a British Protectorate of Egypt and the Nile Valley must eventually be declared. In short, in the view of Mr. White, there is no question in regard to the future of Egypt, that question has been answered irrevocably in the terms of British hegemony. The problem that remains is the emancipation of Egypt from international control, and since an inexorable law of History commits the country to the leading maritime Power, there is no other solution than the proclamation of a British Protectorate. This conclusion is reached practically by an inductive system of argument, and is supported by a wealth of facts and figures brought together in the most lucid and careful manner. There can be no doubt that the conditions ruling the Egyptian Question have changed in an essential manner, and that the majority of Englishmen who think upon Imperial questions have reached the view that the country must remain under British control. Mr. White says aloud, and definitely, what perhaps to most people is clouded and obscure. Those who do not agree with him in all respects will recognise the logical clearness of his argument, the great ability with which he enforces it, and the great array of facts with which he supports it. He is dogmatic, but his dogmatism springs from conviction, and it is an excellent thing to find the Egyptian Question explained and ventilated by such a clear and competent writer, who has studied deeply and well. No one who is interested in the future of the country upon which we have conferred, and are conferring, such benefits, should fail to read and ponder over this remarkable book.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Story of the War.

THE fact that a picture paper has to be prepared some days in advance necessitated the breaking off of this story last week at a very dramatic point. All that it was possible to do at the time of writing was to refer in general terms to the action fought by Sir George White in front of Ladysmith on Monday, the 30th ult. It was not until after this portion of the paper had gone to press that news arrived which to a serious, and indeed deplorable, extent qualified the account which General White had rendered in his first despatch of what seemed to be a striking and useful, if hard-earned, victory.

In his first report of the fighting on the 30th General White mentioned that he had detached a column, consisting of the 1st Gloucesters, 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, and 10th Mountain Battery, to clear his left flank and turn the right flank of the enemy. When he returned to camp after the fight, he learnt that the movements of this column had been hindered by the stampeding of some of the battery mules, and neither the battery nor the two battalions had as yet returned; but he expected that they would do so by the evening. On Tuesday a telegram was received from General White stating definitely that a disaster had occurred, and that the detached column had been surrounded in the hills, and, after losing heavily, had been forced to capitulate. It is needless to say that this bad news created a profound impression, and that, although on the whole a creditable calmness of demeanour was preserved, there were not wanting expressions of marked disapproval of tactics which could render such an untoward incident possible.

It was not until later in the week that details of the disaster were available. It appears that the column moved out under Colonel Carleton, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, on the Sunday night with the intention of seizing Nicholson's Nek, or some position near it, on the enemy's right. The idea evidently was to heighten the effect of the frontal attack which Sir George White proposed to deliver with his main force by the development, should opportunity arise, of a strong flank fire. The column marched quietly up a "spruit" until within about two miles of the Nek, when some rifle shots were heard and two boulders came rolling down the hill. Thereupon the infantry ammunition mules stampeded, and the battery mules shortly followed suit, carrying with them practically the whole of the gun equipment. It was not yet daybreak, and, doubtless with a view to recovering the guns if possible, Colonel Carleton occupied a neighbouring hill, and, in view of a possible attack, the troops were ordered to throw up stone breastworks. The precaution proved a wise one, for at dawn the enemy did attack, and were subsequently greatly reinforced. The weak point of the defence was, of course, the absence of reserve ammunition, the bulk of which had been carried off by the fugitive mules. From dawn till three o'clock in the afternoon the position was stubbornly held by the British force, the men firing steadily, and inflicting, as was afterwards proved, severe damage on the Boer firing line. But gradually the ammunition was exhausted, and at the hour mentioned there was no alternative left but to surrender. The column accordingly fell into the hands of the enemy, who, it is pleasant to add, treated their prisoners, both wounded and unwounded, with the greatest consideration.

We need not here expatiate upon this lamentable occurrence, except to say that the loss has proved, numerically, considerably less than was at first feared, the battalions not being complete and many stragglers having since returned. On the other hand, the casualties at Sir George White's frontal action are now known to have greatly exceeded his first estimate. Reverting to that affair, it must be placed on record that the fortunes of the day were turned by the sudden appearance on the scene of a Naval contingent from the "Powerful," bringing with it some Naval guns of great power and long range. These were quickly got into position by the stalwart Bluejackets, and in a very short time the Boer siege artillery, which was harassing us greatly, and could not be effectively replied to by our field guns, was completely silenced. The dramatic arrival of the Naval contingent at this critical moment, and the splendid service it rendered in dominating the enemy's artillery, are justly regarded as constituting a most noteworthy event in our warlike annals.

During the next few days the artillery duel continued, the advantage lying with our Naval guns. But on Thursday morning a sad casualty occurred, Lieutenant Egerton, the gunnery lieutenant of the "Powerful," being dangerously wounded. It was found necessary to amputate both the gallant officer's legs, and unhappily he subsequently died from the effects of the operation.

Meanwhile the Boers, emboldened by their success at Nicholson's Nek, had crept round Sir George White's flank and severed the telegraphic communication between Ladysmith and Colenso. Shortly afterwards a considerable party of Boers appeared in the neighbourhood of Colenso and commenced to shell it. The garrison, being a small one, was forced to evacuate the position, and the Boers now being in possession not only of the railway but of the bridge which spans the Tugela River at this point, Ladysmith was completely isolated. Sir George White's garrison, which must still number over 10,000 men, and is fully supplied with stores and ammunition, was felt to be able to hold its own without difficulty, more especially as with the aid of the Naval guns the fire of the enemy's siege artillery could be kept down. At the same time the situation could not be regarded as a pleasant one, and, if the bridge over the Tugela River at Colenso has been destroyed, our future operations will undoubtedly be most seriously retarded.

Sir Redvers Buller arrived last week at Cape Town, and, by the time these lines are in print, an appreciable number of troops belonging to the Army Corps may have actually been landed. But there is, of course, much to be done in the way of organisation, more particularly of transport, before offensive operations can be safely commenced. It is said that Sir Redvers Buller will shortly proceed from Cape Town to Durban, with a view to investigating for himself the military conditions in that quarter. It is also hoped that the first reinforcements which arrive will be sent on forthwith to Durban and thence to Maritzburg, which may be threatened by the Boers advancing southwards. It is essential that an end should speedily be put to the enclosure of Sir George White's powerful garrison by a force which in the open it would probably have very little difficulty in defeating.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards	Ladysmith, Natal
5th Lancers	Ladysmith, Natal
9th ,,	Cape Frontier
18th Hussars	Ladysmith, Natal
19th ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
New South Wales Lancers	Cape Frontier

ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

10th Mountain Battery*	Ladysmith, Natal
14th Company Western Division,	Cape Town
23rd ,, ,, ,,	Kimberley

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

13th Battery	Ladysmith, Natal
18th ,,	Cape Frontier
21st ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
42nd ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
53rd ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
62nd ,,	Cape Frontier
67th ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
69th ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
75th ,,	Cape Frontier

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	Pieter Maritzburg, Natal
1st Devonshire	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Leicestershire	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Gloucestershire*	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Border	Pieter Maritzburg
1st North Lancashire	Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	Nauwpoort, Cape Colony
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	De Aar, Cape Colony
1st King's Royal Rifles	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd ,, ,, ,,	Pieter Maritzburg, Natal
1st Manchester	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers*	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	Cape Frontier

NOTE.—De Aar and Nauwpoort are the stations at the western and eastern ends respectively of the junction line that joins the two railways Cape Town *via* Kimberley to Bulawayo and Port Elizabeth *via* Bloemfontein to Pretoria. The regiments whose station is given as "Cape Frontier" are those which have been sent forward to De Aar Junction to hold the three main railway lines running north from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London, and the junction lines which connect them.

The position of the troops and the strength at the various strategic points can be seen at a glance by a reference to the map on page 59 of the Double Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of October 7. The regiments that have left or are immediately about to leave by this date are as follows: Cavalry—Composite Regiment Household Cavalry, 12*th Lancers*, 14*th Hussars*, 10th Hussars, 6th Dragoons, 2nd Dragoons, 1st Dragoons, 6th Dragoon Guards, 13th Hussars. Artillery—R.H.A., R, O, P, and G Batteries; R.F.A., 7th, 14th, 66th, 73rd, 64th, 63rd, 79th, 77th, and 74th Batteries; No. 4 Mountain Battery. Infantry—3*rd Grenadier*, 1*st Coldstream*, 2*nd Coldstream*, and 1*st Scots Guards*, 2*nd Devon*, 2*nd W. Yorkshire*, 2*nd W. Surrey*, 2*nd E. Surrey*, 2*nd Black Watch*, 1*st Highland L.I.*, 2*nd Seaforth*, 1st Argyll and Sutherland, 1st Durham L.I., 2*nd Scottish Rifles*, 3rd K.R. Rifles, 1st Rifle Brigade, 1st R. Inniskilling Fusiliers, 2nd R. Irish Rifles, 1st Connaught Rangers, 1st R. Dublin Fusiliers, 2*nd R. Irish Fusiliers*, 2*nd Royal Fusiliers*, 2*nd R. Scots Fusiliers*, 1*st R. Welsh Fusiliers*, 1st Welsh, 2*nd Northampton*, 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers, 1st Gordons, 2nd Shropshire L.I., 2nd Cornwall L.I., 2nd Somerset L.I., 1st Suffolk, 1st Essex, and 1st Sherwood Foresters.

Of the regiments whose names are printed in italics some may and others probably will arrive before November 11 at Cape Town.

* Troops marked thus formed the force that surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

NOTE.—Naval Brigades are now at Ladysmith, De Aar, Nauwpoort, and Durban.

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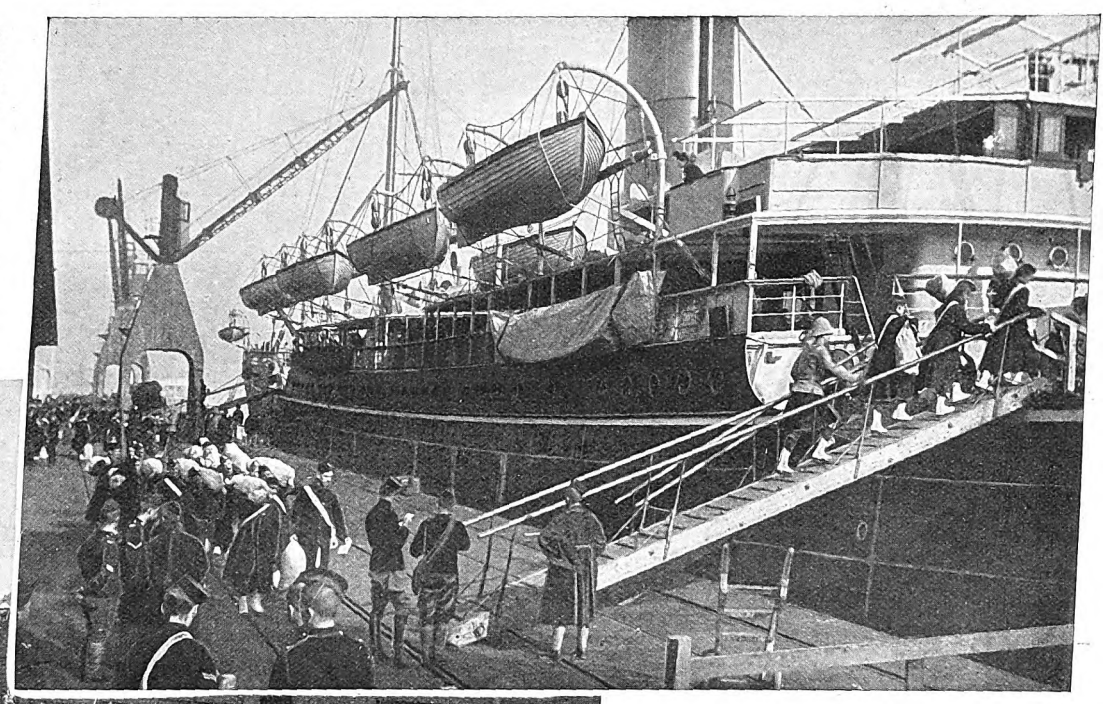
Our Army Reserve.

WITHIN the last few days the advocates of the much-abused short service system have seen with satisfaction all their dreams realised. It has been necessary to call out a portion of the Army Reserve, and the loyal manner in which the men have responded goes to prove that the majority of them are not in the workhouse or in America, as was so often stated by those who were wont to hold forth against the short service system.

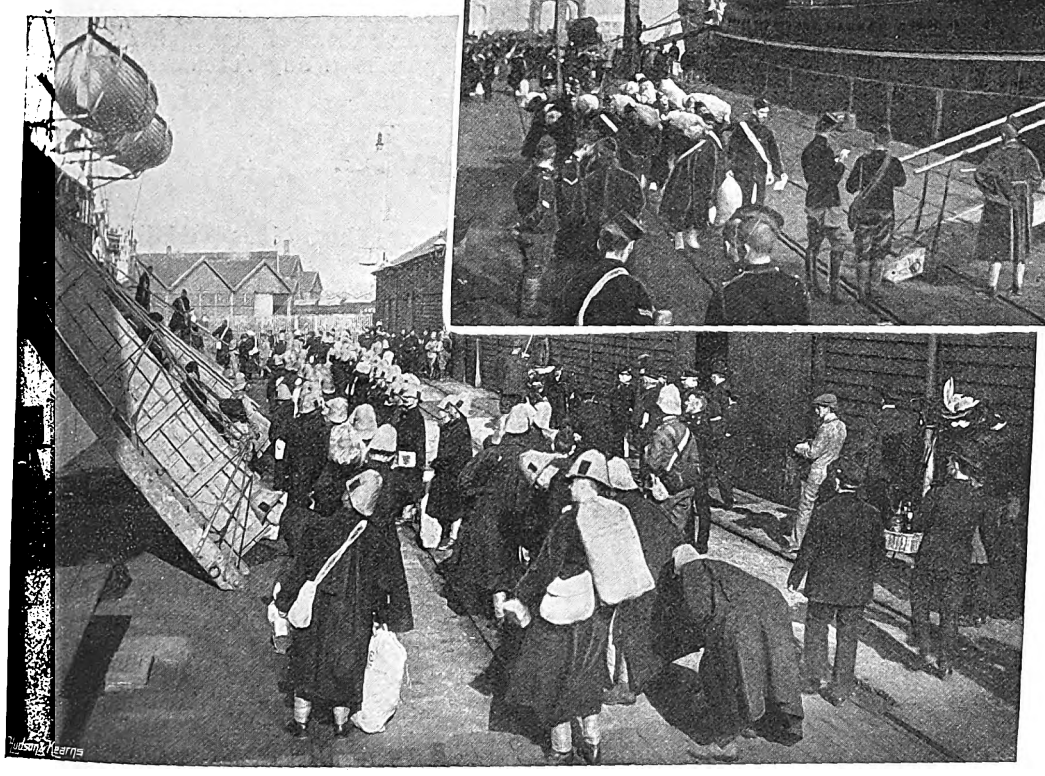
It may not be possible for some time to publish the exact figures bearing on the calling up of the Army Reserve, but we cannot do better than accept the testimony of Sir Ralph Knox, Under-Secretary of State for War, who stated a few days ago that no fewer than 96 per cent. of those called out had responded to the summons. This is a large and gratifying proportion, and it must be remembered that many of the absentees may yet put in an appearance, for soldiers have been known to adopt "a life on the ocean wave" after leaving the colours, and there are others who may have changed their address recently, and have forgotten to notify the fact to the War Office at once. The country has in a very marked way shown its thorough appreciation of the Reserve, and, at the same time, with the military system to which the Reserve owes its being.

Photo. Copyright. KEEPING EFFICIENT. *R. C. Ryan.*
Reservists at Rifle Drill.

The War Office is prepared to keep open until their return the places of those Reservists who are employed within its walls, and private employers are not behindhand. Thousands of the latter have promised to re-employ their soldier-workers on their return from war. In this connection it may not be uninteresting to mention some of the professions, trades, or callings in which Army Reservists are employed. Unfortunately, it is impossible to say how each of the 24,500 men who were recently called upon were earning their livelihood at the time of their being summoned, but from the official report on recruiting, etc., of last year may be gathered some information as to the occupations chosen by ex-soldiers when they return to civilian life.



CAMERONS FOR THE FRONT.
Embarking in the "Malta."



Photos. Copyright. THE 2nd NORTHAMPTONS EMBARK. *Miell & Ridley*
The Arrival at the Docks.

Under exceptional circumstances last year 3,370 infantry Reserve men were permitted to rejoin the colours, and an official return was compiled, setting forth their means of livelihood. Of these only 680 were returned as "unemployed." Nor is this a very alarming proportion when we consider that soldiers join the Reserve irrespective of their moral characters. Of the remainder 1,243 were shown as being "labourers," under which heading may be included all who are unskilled workmen. Out of the 3,370 men, we find that 133, all infantrymen, had obtained places as grooms. Of this number some had served with the mounted infantry, some with their regimental transport, and some as grooms to mounted officers. Our principal railway companies, too, are always eager to employ reliable men. These they know

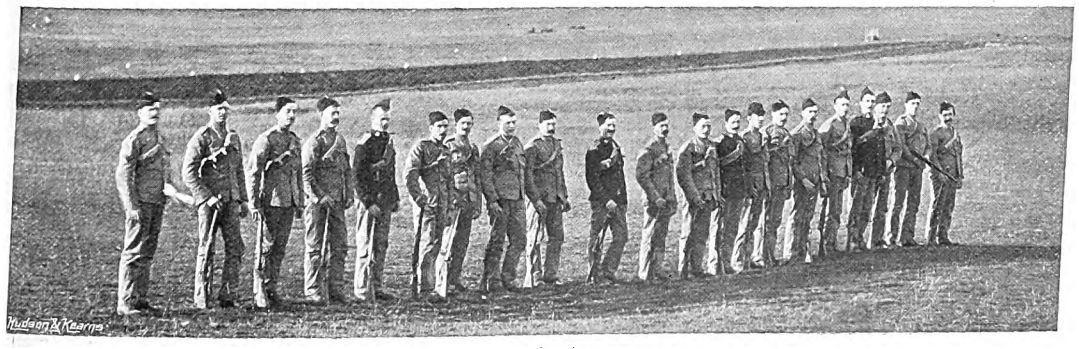


Photo Copyright RESERVISTS OF THE INNISKILLING DRAGOONS. *Charlton*
Ball Firing Practice previous to Embarking.

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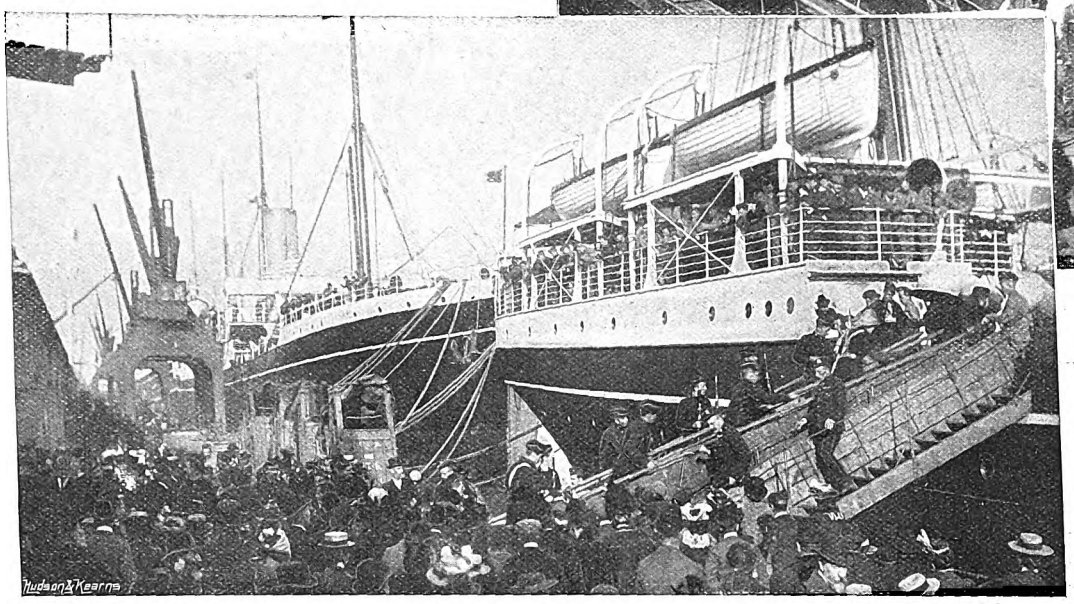
are found "following the drum," and out of the men who rejoined the colours last year ninety-seven were engaged as porters, or in some other capacity on the line. At this point we may be pardoned for digressing to observe that the number of ex-soldiers employed by railway companies in Great Britain and Ireland at the beginning of the present year was 10,864. Porters not employed by railway companies numbered seventy-four, and almost as many, viz., sixty-nine, men did not

THE 2nd DEVONS EMBARK IN THE "MANILA."



Photos. Copyright. CHEERING THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS *The Battalion Embarks at Southampton.* Miell & Ridley.

specify their means of livelihood. That sixty-six at least were good penmen may be gathered from the fact that this number found employment as clerks, and the remainder were employed in so many different ways that it is impossible here to enumerate them. Among other species of employment, however, we may mention waiters, time-keepers, tailors, car-drivers, servants, barbers, engine-drivers, bacon curers, gas-fitters, fire brigade button-makers, and bargees. The group of Reservists here reproduced belong to different infantry regiments, and are attending their nearest military centre for four whole days' drills and exercises and initiation into any new phases that have come into vogue since their leaving the colours. All Reservists may, in the event of their civil employment preventing their attendance for four whole days, do twelve drills of one hour's duration each at the nearest headquarters of any Volunteer battalion.

The "Britannia's" Beagles.

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.

THE pack of beagles which has so long been maintained for the use of the cadets of the "Britannia" has now fairly commenced the hunting season, and we are able here to give our readers some illustrations of this little-known but very sporting hunt. Our first illustration shows the meet, and it will be seen that many visitors from the country

Photo Copyright. THE MEET—ALL READY FOR A GOOD RUN. W. M. Crocke

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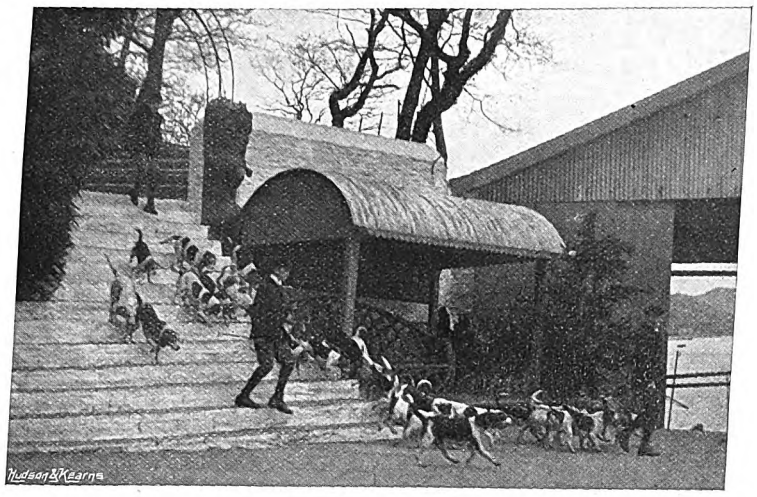
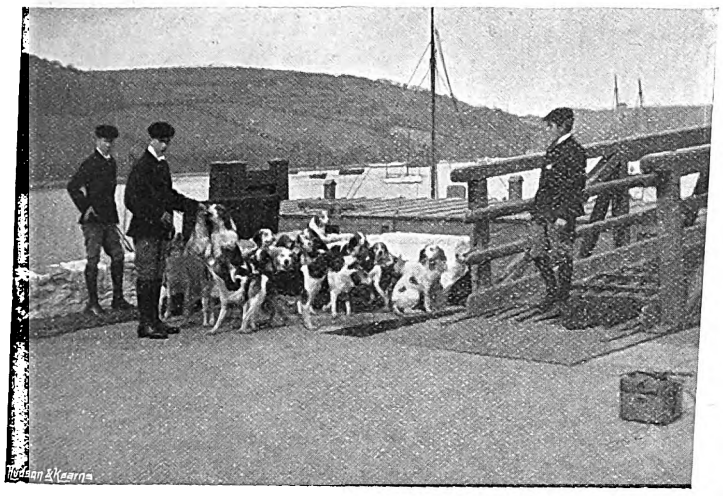
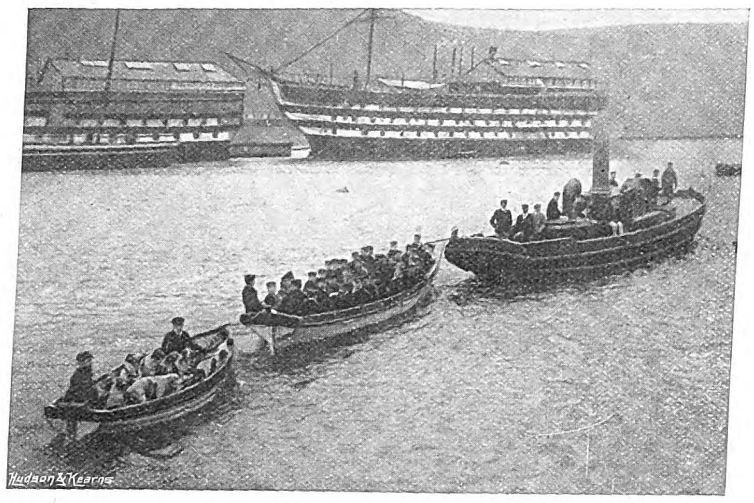
round put in an appearance when the "Britannia's" beagles are amongst the hunting fixtures, and that the fair sex form a large proportion of them. This is not much to be wondered at, for most ladies love both dogs and sailors, and a combination of the two is irresistible. And of all hounds we think beagles are the most attractive. The smallest of the hound class, they are much slower than the harrier or foxhound, but in spite of this they seldom fail to kill, for they have the finest noses of any hounds, and their keen scent and stolid perseverance generally get them home, even if it be after a leisurely hunt of three or four hours. Moreover the shrill cry of the beagle on a balmy autumn morning with a touch of damp in the air is the most highly musical of that of all hounds. Indeed in the old days, for this reason, every hunt had amongst its foxhounds a certain number of beagles, which were to the pack just what the band is to the regiment.



LEAVING THE KENNELS.



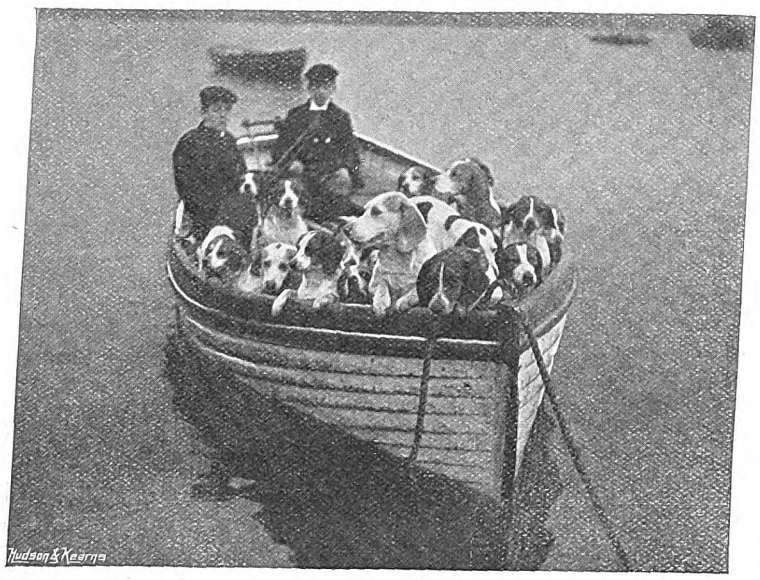
WAITING FOR THE BOAT



ACROSS THE WATER.

The kennels are away up on the playing fields, on the south side of the Dart river, in the estuary of which the "Britannia" and "Hindostan," forming the great cadet school for the Navy, are moored. If, therefore, the beagles are to hunt on the north side of the river they have to be conveyed across, and one of our illustrations shows the bonnie little hounds being taken down from the kennels to the river-side. Another shows a boatful of the hounds with the whips in charge. In another the whole hunt are being towed across stream by a steamer. The first boat in the tow contains the cadets and those who are going to follow the hunt. The second boat has the pack and the whips on board. At the time our picture was snapshotted the hunt were just passing the "Britannia" and "Hindostan," and the two fine old ships show up well in the background.

We also illustrate the pack being landed on the other side.

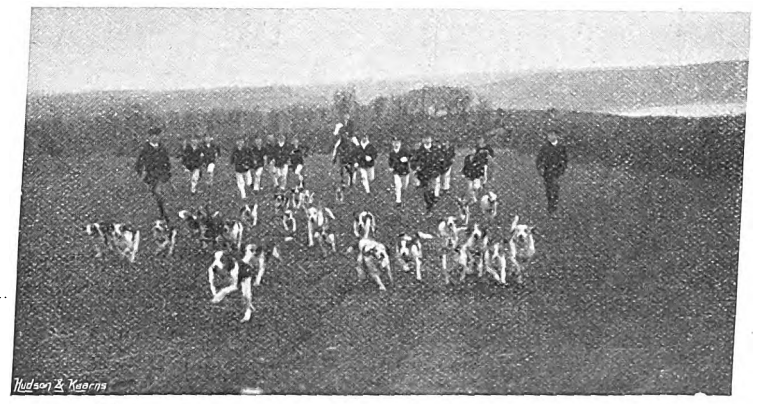


ALL ABOARD.

Finally, we have two illustrations of the hunt at work. In one the puzzled little hounds are seen casting for a dropped scent, and in the other the wiry pack has been snapped when in full cry.

Dear little representatives of the canine race are beagles, for even big hounds only run from 12-in. to 14-in. in height, while in some of the more diminutive packs 9-in. to 10-in. is the average. Until Commander Cradock left the "Britannia," to take up the important position of Naval Transport Officer at Tilbury Docks, in connection with the embarkation of the troops for South Africa, he was master of the "Britannia's" beagles. It would be hard to over-estimate what Commander Cradock has done for the physical culture of cadets during his tenure of office in the "Britannia." The regard which his friends have for him was shown by the testimonial and presentation made to him on leaving the ship.

THE MASTER "LAYS IN."



IN FULL CRY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 146.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, 1899.

Photo. Copyright. Navy & Army."

"RUN ON THE ROCKS."

"It makes me laugh anew when I look at the picture enclosed, for the scene was so irresistibly comic. Thomas had lent Jack his machine and started him with a flowing sail down a gentle hill. As I came round the corner he tried to starboard his helm, but in vain, and, as he remarked to his grinning friend, 'I saw the chap ahead, I jammed down the helm, and the bally craft ran dead on the rocks.'"—*A Correspondent.*

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The Heroes We Mourn.

LIEUT.-COL. R. H. GUNNING,
1st King's Royal Rifles.

COLONEL SCOTT CHISHOLME,
Imperial Light Horse.

LIEUT.-COL. J. SHERSTON, D.S.O.

MAJOR H. W. D. DENNE,
2nd Gordon Highlanders.

CAPTAIN M. H. K. PECHELL,
1st King's Royal Rifles.

CAPTAIN F. H. B. CONNOR
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.

GENERAL SIR W. P. SYMONS, K.C.B.

2nd LIEUT. J. G. D. MURRAY,
2nd Gordon Highlanders.

LIEUTENANT A. H. M. HILL,
Royal Irish Fusiliers.

LIEUTENANT C. J. GENGE,
Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

LIEUTENANT C. G. MONRO,
2nd Gordon Highlanders.

LIEUTENANT J. TAYLOR,
1st King's Royal Rifles.

2nd LIEUT. G. H. MARTIN,
King's Royal Rifles.

Photos. Cowell, Bullingham, Stromeyer & Heyman, Werner, Jerrard, Taylor, Reed, Brown, Mayall, Bassano.

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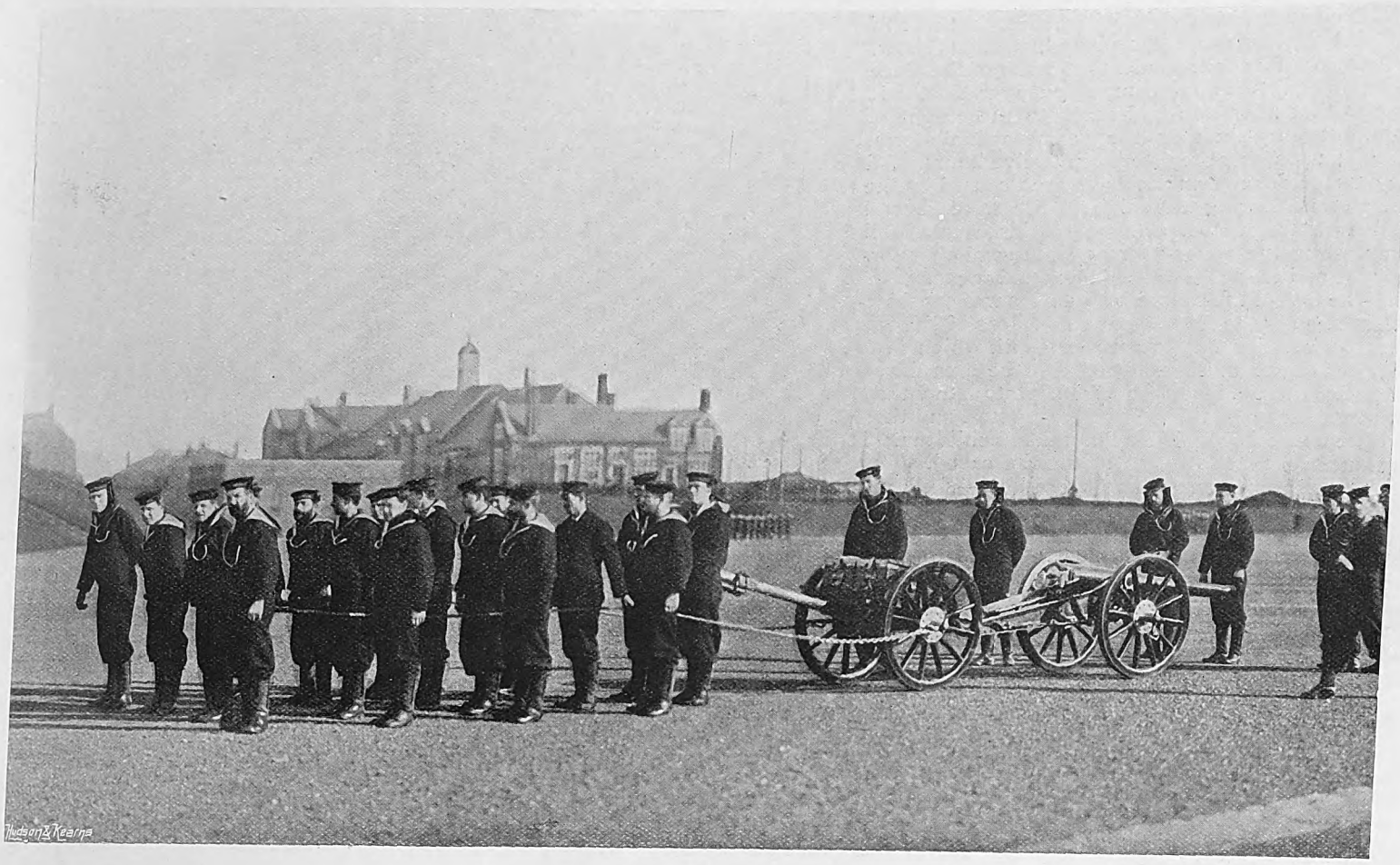
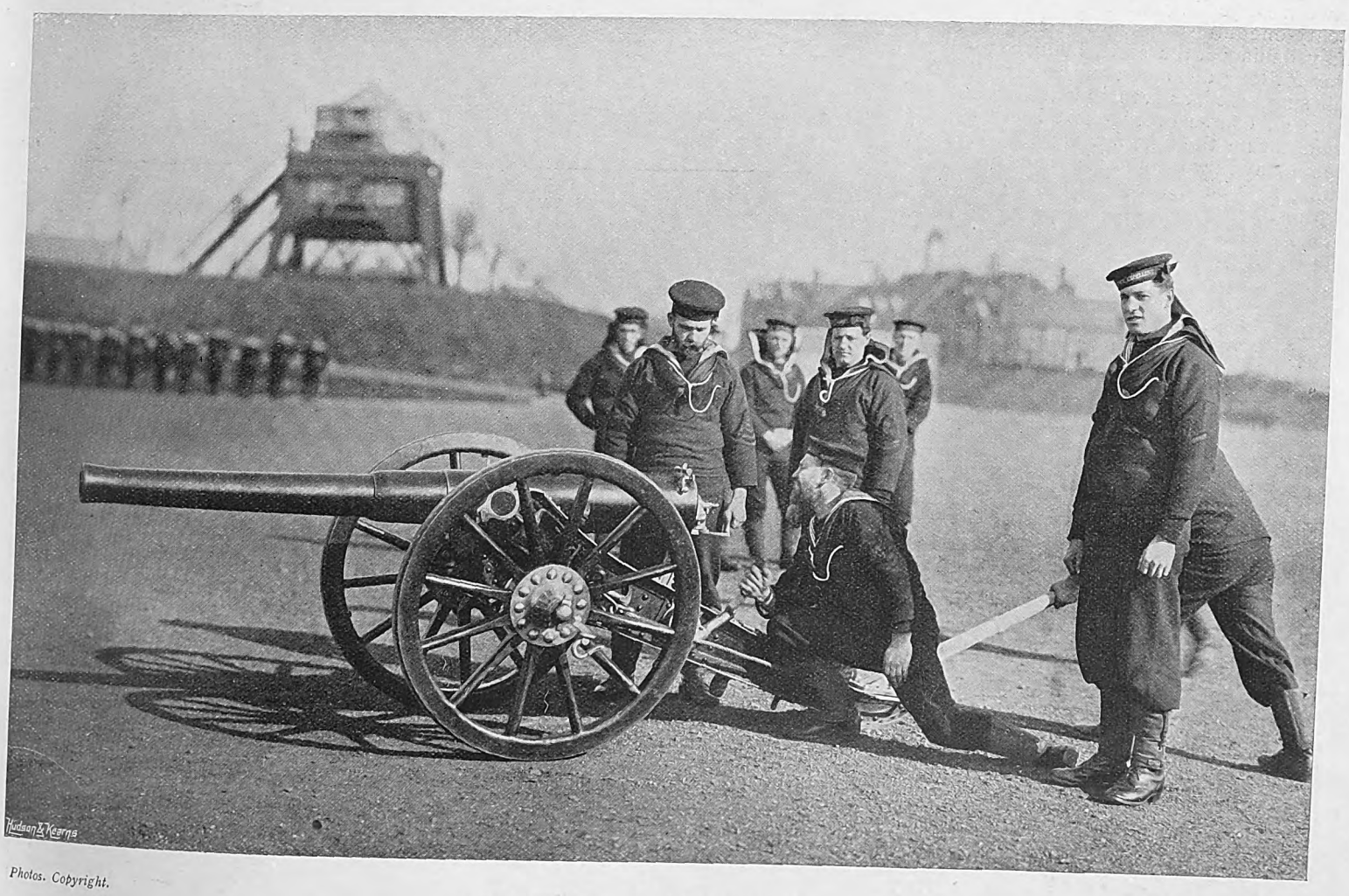
The Naval Guns at Ladysmith.



A NAVAL FIELD GUN.

Already Naval guns have played a prominent part in the Boer War. Some have been sent up to the Orange River, others to Ladysmith, and in both instances their arrival has been a most welcome addition to our existing resources. The above is a Naval field gun throwing a projectile of 12.5lb. weight.



Photos. Copyright.

BLUEJACKETS AT GUN DRILL. *Gregory.*

The British sailor handles a heavy gun with a dexterity and ease which it is delightful to witness. On land as well as sea, moreover, he knows how to shoot straight. In the action before Ladysmith on October 30 a Naval contingent from the "Powerful" silenced the Boer siege artillery in a few minutes after getting their guns into position.

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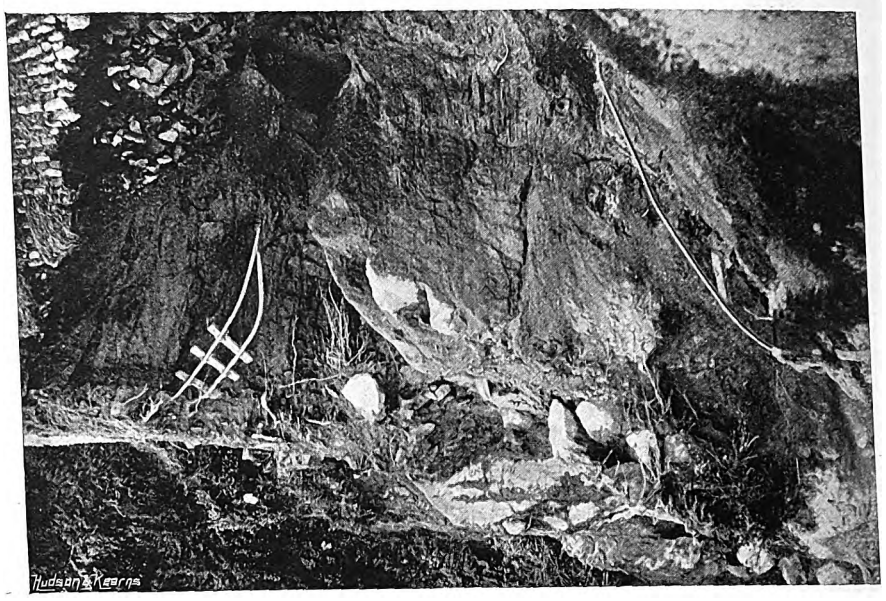
The Disaster at Darjeeling.

THE cyclone which visited Darjeeling last month did terrible damage, as our illustrations show, though for correspondents to write of the place being in ruins is, of course, exaggeration. It appears that after rain had fallen to the extent of 15-in. in twenty-six hours there came a final storm, in which 14-in. were registered in twelve hours. All the damage done seems to have been caused by the last storm. During the night there were several landslips. On almost every slope large areas fell away, while the water-courses were swollen enormously, and carried down boulders and rocks.

The loss of life caused by the slips was considerable. Among the Europeans all the loss of life was due to two slips on Observatory Hill, which is in the very centre of the station. On the area devastated by these slips there were unfortunately three children's schools, three boarding-houses, and three private houses, occupied by ladies and children. It is wonderful that so many of them escaped. As it was, ten European children were killed—six in one house. Their parents were away on the plains at the time. The house was completely swept away. The other four children killed belonged to one of the schools. The actual loss of life among the natives in Darjeeling itself was 100, while some 300 lost their lives in the surrounding districts. Good work was done by the officers and men of the 2nd Royal Munster Fusiliers in recovering bodies and clearing drains, etc., the men turning to with a will and sparing no pains in their efforts to do what they could towards alleviating the suffering and helping the distressed Europeans and natives. The Deputy Commissioner, Mr. Archdale Earle, organised and supervised the working, and the inhabitants of Darjeeling owe him much for his unsparing labours in guarding against panic, organising relief, and devising a new system of drainage. The railway between Darjeeling and Kurseong, some twenty-one miles down the hill, was badly damaged, the earth being carried away for long distances, and leaving the rails suspended, as seen in our illustration. Of course every effort has been made during the past few weeks to get the railway in working order once more, but, as may be gathered from a glance at the illustration, the task is by no means an easy one.



A VIEW OF THE DAMAGED RAILWAY.
Part of the Line, Showing how the Earth has Fallen Away from it.

IN THE PATH OF THE CYCLONE.
Mary Lodge, One of the Houses that were Wrecked.

Photos. Copyright. *AN ERRAND OF MERCY—MEN OF THE 2nd MUNSTER FUSILIERS DIGGING FOR THE DEAD.*

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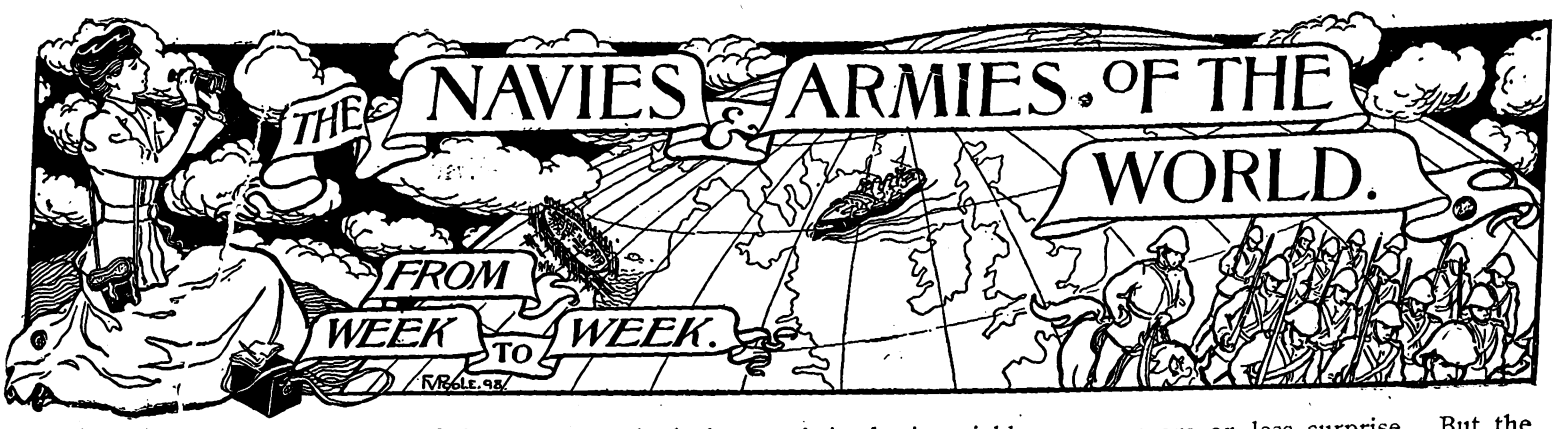

THE usages of war are some of them not very logical. A good deal of indignation has been caused among us by the report that the Boers make use of a white flag to draw our men on. Some of these reports are not very intelligible; but supposing the Boers have done this, it is natural that we should be indignant, since the action is contrary to the accepted usages of war. Yet if the Boers had prepared a number of khaki uniforms and had used them to deceive our soldiers, they would have done nothing irregular, and we should have no ground of complaint. Or, again, if they had shown British colours, that would have been a perfectly legitimate stratagem. To deceive an enemy by the use of false colours is perfectly fair, and has been tried more or less successfully times without number. At sea it was a common device. Numerous instances might be quoted in which British captains showed French or other foreign colours when they were endeavouring to escape from a perilous position, or in order to tempt the enemy to come closer. The French complained of this trick of ours, but they did the same thing themselves. The only restriction imposed by the usages of the wars was that you must not fire on your enemy while the false colours were flying. You must haul them down and hoist your own before actually shooting.

* * * *

Duguay-Trouin tells us in his memoirs how he once used this trick to tempt an English captain to come close. It failed, and the corsair, more in derision than from any hope of hurting our ship, fired while the English flag was still flying. Shortly afterwards he was taken prisoner, and it was recognised that he was the officer who had committed this irregularity. Duguay-Trouin was in danger of very severe usage, and he confesses that he had deserved it, though he had acted in haste and without deliberate treason. Yet the distinction is a very fine one. So is the distinction between using the flag of your enemy to deceive him and using the white flag. There is a difference, no doubt, since the employment of the white flag implies a promise to surrender and an engagement not to strike. But the exact place where legitimate fraud ends and illegitimate begins is not easily defined. After all, if you show your enemy's colours you also profess to be his friend and engage not to hurt him. But this you may do without dishonour, because the use and wont of war has decided that it is fair.

* * * *

Again, the alleged complaint of General Joubert that we use lyddite, which is pretty much the same thing as melinite, has aroused a good deal of derision. It is by no means certain that General Joubert has protested against the use of lyddite, but if he has, he has done a weak thing. The legitimacy or illegitimacy of an explosive does not depend on its power. Yet if an enemy of ours made use of curari, the poison employed by the savages of South America, which kills by producing tetanus, we would complain, and would also make reprisals. Why should it be fair to kill an opponent by scorching him to death, and not fair to give him tetanus? The distinction appears to be almost absurd. In reality it is not, because the general opinion of the world has condemned the use of poison in war, and it is the opinion of the world which decides what is right and what is wrong. Still it is rather illogical to make these arbitrary distinctions, and it is also not very sensible to laugh at the opponent whose code is not identical with one's own. People are, however, rarely impartial in these matters. In the Peninsular War, Massena shot the Portuguese Militia whom he captured, on the ground that they wore no uniforms, and were not real soldiers. The Duke expostulated, and reminded Massena that he had himself gained great honour in the early revolutionary wars in command of soldiers who wore no uniforms. When Wellington invaded the South of France, and the peasantry began to take up arms against him, he threatened to treat them precisely as Massena had treated the Portuguese.

* * * *

It does not say much for the knowledge of our Naval history possessed by most of us that the landing of a Naval brigade invariably causes more or less surprise. But the Navy always has landed men to co-operate with the troops. All through our Civil War the crews of the Parliament's ships were landed for service, as, for example, at Lyme, and at the taking of Bristol from Prince Rupert. In the deplorable attack on the Spaniards at San Domingo, which was a scandalous defeat for us, the only part of the men landed which behaved well was the sailors' regiment commanded by Admiral Hopson (or Hopsonn). Clive had a Naval brigade with him when he went up the Hooghly to revenge the taking of Calcutta and the Black Hole on Surajah Dowla. There was a Naval brigade at the unsuccessful siege of Pondicherry in that same war. But, in fact, there are innumerable instances of the use of Naval brigades, and it is quite reasonable that there should be, since a war-ship always carries far more men than are needed to work her, because they are wanted to fight. There is only one reason for not employing them on land, and it is that if your enemy also has war-ships he may come down on your ships while the Naval brigade is absent. The Admiralty was not pleased when Nelson sent men from his ships up to Capua, as the French fleet was not so completely broken that it could not appear in force in the Mediterranean. If Bruix had turned up on the Coast of Naples when our men were up country the position of the squadron might have been disagreeable.

* * * *

It was to be expected that military men would not be pleased altogether with the talk about the sufficiency of a Militia such as the Swiss possess to protect a country. The *Army and Navy Gazette* says that the Swiss Militia has never prevented the invasion of Switzerland since Morgarten. I am not sure that this is the way to put it. Until the sixteenth century the Switzers were not, in the proper sense of the word, a Militia at all. They were the best regular soldiers in Europe. War was their trade. A young Switzer who wanted to earn a little money went as a matter of course to serve as a soldier. The export of mercenaries was the chief industry of the country, and it was done openly, on a huge scale, and under the direction of the Governments of the Cantons. The fact is that until recently few people in Europe possessed so large a proportion of thoroughly trained soldiers as the Swiss. At any rate, a large proportion of the men who went out to seek their fortunes in this way returned home, so that their knowledge and experience were always available for the defence of their country and for the training of younger men. Swiss regiments were formed in the armies of France, Spain, and the Italian States till far into this century. Neither do I know that Switzerland was much invaded till the revolutionary wars, and then the masses of men employed were overwhelming—to say nothing of the fact that until Napoleon sickened them by his tyranny there was a large pro-French party among the Swiss.

* * * *

Meanwhile their example is of no great value to us. We do not want a number of men to fight invaders on shore here, but soldiers to be sent all over the world. Now men employed for that kind of service are not Militia. From the mere nature of their work they are not, and we should be no better off than we are if we had a million of them. The question for us is not how to get more Militia, but how to meet the call for more professional soldiers, which will certainly be louder than ever in the coming years. A considerable garrison will certainly be required in South Africa, for some years at any rate, and it can only be found by adding to the Army. Moreover our luck has, as usual, been amazing. Our "little" wars have once more been so good as to follow one another and not to coincide. But that may not always happen. Let us suppose that at the present moment some burning Venezuelan patriot were to think he saw a fine opportunity for bursting into British Guiana. The thing might perfectly well happen, and if it did our difficulty would not be small.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

NOVEMBER 19, 1779.—Capture of the Spanish "Nuestra Senora del Bueno Consejo," 64—armed *en flute* 26 guns—by the British "Hussar," 28, off the coast of Spain. The action lasted 45-min.

November 20, 1759.—Hawke's great victory over the French Brest Fleet, under Conflans, in Quiberon Bay—Trafalgar of the Seven Years' War—fought in a storm among the shoals and hidden reefs of a coast of which the existing charts were quite untrustworthy.

November 21, 1739.—Reduction of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon, with six ships of the line. The Spaniards, though their forts and batteries were immensely strong, were taken by surprise, and offered but a feeble defence. The news of Vernon's success with so small a force, however, coming as it did at the outset of a war, and after many years of peace, gave it an adventitious fame which has lasted till to-day.

November 22, 1799.—Capture of a French squadron—an 18-gun corvette, a 20-gun store-ship, a 12-gun brig, and an 8-gun schooner—by the "Solebay," 32, off St. Domingo. The "Solebay" attacked the squadron at anchor, engaging ship after ship, and making each surrender in turn.

November 23, 1758.—Destruction of the French "Alcyon," 50—armed *en flute*—by the "Hussar," 28, and the "Dolphin," 24, in the Channel. The "Alcyon," after being dismasted, suddenly went down, not a soul of her crew being saved.

November 24, 1758.—Capture of the French "Bien Acquis," 36, by the "Chichester," 50, and "Sheerness," 24.

November 25, 1793.—Capture of the "Inconstante," 36, by the "Penelope," 32—the "Iphigenia," 32, in company—in Leogane Bay, St. Domingo. The two frigates chased the "Inconstante" into the bay, and then the "Penelope" ran in and attacked her smartly, the "Inconstante" fighting until the "Iphigenia" came up, when she surrendered.

———

NOVEMBER 19, 1777.—Capture of entrenchments at Red Bank—American War. On the approach of a force under Lord Cornwallis and Sir Thomas Wilson the enemy spiked their guns and retreated, leaving a quantity of stores behind. The entrenchments were demolished, and our force rejoined the army at Philadelphia.

November 20, 1776.—Successful sortie from Fort Cumberland, Nova Scotia. The rebels having summoned Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Goreham to surrender, the latter ordered a sortie to be made. This service was entrusted to Major Batt, who succeeded in destroying the enemy's works, capturing some of their cannon, and compelling the besiegers to retire.

November 21, 1854.—Gallant exploit before Sebastopol. The Russian advanced posts having occupied a position in which they caused many casualties to our men in the trenches, Lieutenant Tryon was directed to dislodge them in the night. This was done with great gallantry on the part of our men, but with some loss, and at the cost of Tryon's life. 1878.—Capture of Ali Musjid—Afghan War. Fortress taken after some sharp fighting by the 51st and 81st Regiments, aided by two native regiments.

November 22, 1897.—Reconnaissance to Dwatoi—Tirah Campaign. A trying march over very rough country, in bitterly cold weather, to this dangerous defile was followed by a successful attempt to force the pass, and an equally successful withdrawal of our troops from the heights afterwards.

November 24, 1759.—Submission of the Dutch at Chinsurah. A Dutch squadron, with reinforcements for Chinsurah, had seized some small English ships on the river Fulton, and so began hostilities. Three of the Company's ships attacked the seven Dutch ships, and compelled them to surrender. Meanwhile, Colonel Forde had routed the Dutch troops which had landed.

November 25, 1759.—Reduction of Fort Duquesne. A British advance party, without supports, having been repulsed with the loss of 300, including the commander, taken prisoners after severe fighting, Brigadier Forbes advanced rapidly on the fort. The French thereupon dismantled the place and withdrew. Forbes took possession of it, and renamed it Pittsburg.

———

IN our last issue we were unable, owing to a delay in reproduction, to give portraits of those heroes whose story was told in the column headed "The Gallant Dead," on page 211. They are the forerunners of the many who will perish in the noble end the British Empire has set itself to achieve—the task of making South Africa an integral and fairly-governed unit of the great Empire over which the Union Jack floats, and of giving equal rights there as it is already assured in every other portion of Her Majesty's dominions.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

ON another page are illustrated the officer commanding and the senior troop of that fine regiment, the 21st Lancers, which, by its gallantry at Khartoum, earned for itself the proud title of "Empress of India's," and has now returned to England after a service of twelve years in India and Egypt. Raised just after the Mutiny from volunteers of the Bengal European Cavalry, when the forces of the Honourable East India Company were transferred to the Crown, the regiment did not see active service until it took part in the Khartoum Expedition. The glorious charge the regiment made at the battle of Khartoum is still fresh in our memories, and its gallantry and consistent good work throughout the whole trying campaign earned it special reward. Not only did the Queen confer her own Imperial title on it, but as a special favour allowed it to resume its old facings of French grey. Prior to its being turned from Hussars to Lancers, the regiment had worn French grey busby-bags and a French grey silk stripe in the centre of the officers' gold lace belts, a distinction of which it was proud, being the only regiment in the Service wearing this colour. When the regiment was made Lancers, scarlet facings, as common to several Lancer regiments, were given to it. Now, however, the old regimental colour has been restored, and, as the regiment is quartered at Shorncliffe, the pretty uniform will not unfrequently be seen in the London streets.

* * * *

"JUDGE."—As regards your query concerning the custody of confidential books in the Navy, I must refer you to the new edition of the "Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions," p. 912, art. 2,003. With reference to the case of the missing signal books at Portsmouth, which you specially instance, the regulations state that confidential books when not in use are to be kept locked up, and that "signal books when kept on deck are to be under the charge of the officer of the watch, who is to satisfy himself on relieving the deck, and on being relieved, that they are in the box provided for the purpose." This box is lined with lead, so that if thrown overboard it would sink.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In the issue of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for June 4, 1898, page 257, you give a list of the English regiments that fought at Culloden, April 16, 1746. Allow me to make a few remarks in correction of errors in this list. The 14th Foot at this time was Price's, and the 34th Cholmondeley's—these names are reversed in the list. Fleming's regiment was the 36th, and not the 35th as stated, while the colonels of the 37th and 48th at this time were Dejean and Conway, who had replaced Munro and Ligonier respectively. From the 'Succession of Colonels' in the Army List for 1790, it would seem also that the 20th Foot at the date of the battle was really Sackville's, and not Bligh's, but in the list given in the 'Life of H.R.H. William, Duke of Cumberland,' evidently contemporary, the colonel's name is given as Bligh. Besides the 10th and 11th Dragoons, the Duke of Kingston's regiment of Light Horse was present at the battle, rendering great service in the pursuit. This regiment was disbanded after the suppression of the rebellion."

* * * *

THE *China Gazette* is responsible for the following humorous story of Sir John Phillimore's conflict with the Admiralty on the question of paint allowance to ships: "Sir John painted one side of his old yellow frigate black and white, and used the rest of the black paint in printing on the other side, in large letters, 'NO MORE PAINT!' The Navy Board wrote to call his attention to the impropriety of his conduct, and signed themselves, as they did officially, 'Your affectionate friend.' To this Sir John replied that he could not obliterate the objectionable letters unless he was given more paint, and signed himself in turn, 'Your affectionate friend, John Phillimore.' The Navy Board then called his attention to the impropriety of the signature, to which Sir John replied, acknowledging the letter, stating that he regretted that the paint had not been sent, and ending, 'I am no longer your affectionate friend, John Phillimore.' His frigate was allowed to retain her original yellow."

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I noticed in your Transvaal Crisis Number of October 7, on page 53, you say the Cape Mounted Riflemen is a corps with a distinguished history, but in the next paragraph you observe that it was formerly a Mounted Police Force, and styled the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police. The regiment of Cape Mounted Riflemen in which I was from 1865 to 1870 was disbanded in the year 1870, and all the men were brought home in detachments, and discharged at home, but the regiment was totally distinct from the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police which I remember there. The old Cape Mounted Riflemen were disbanded because the colony would not bear the expense. The old Cape Mounted Riflemen will be found in the Army List up to about June, 1870. I just mention this, being an old Cape Mounted Rifleman."

* * * *

"W. C. A." (Malvern).—If, as I gather from your letter, you are not a sailor or marine engineer, you cannot enter the Royal Naval Reserve. Lieutenants and sub-lieutenants must possess master's certificates, besides other qualifications, while midshipmen must have either put in two years on board one of the mercantile marine training-ships, or have served at sea as apprentices on board a first-class British ship. Engineers and assistant-engineers must be correspondingly qualified in their own departmental line. If you write to Commander W. C. Crutchley, R.N.R., hon. secretary of the Navy League, 13, Victoria Street, S.W., he will give you full particulars regarding this organisation. An annual subscription of one guinea entitles one to full membership of the League, and a payment of 5s. per annum enables one to become an associate.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes *re* a note which appeared in this paper on September 16: "The Southern Cross can be seen at Aden 12-deg. from the Equator at some periods of the year; therefore I do not see why it should not be visible at Khartoum."

* * * *

"BOB THE NAILER" asks me if there is any formality used in the dockyards at the laying down of the keel of a man-of-war. It was customary, he tells me, under the old East India Company for some personage of rank to drive the first nail in the keel of new Indiamen, "the silver nail," as it is described in a Calcutta letter to the old *Naval Chronicle* dated November, 1808. Does anyone, he asks, know of an analogous practice in our own dockyards either in old times or nowadays?

THE EDITOR.

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The Queen's Shilling.

By Merton Lee.

A BARRACK square in an Irish town; a fair-haired subaltern of three-and-twenty looking into it with a troubled face and exclaiming despairingly, "Why, and O why, did I ever enter the Service? The Queen's Shilling will be the ruin of me." He held in his hand a note, which ran as follows:

"Dublin, April 5, 188—.

"To Lieutenant F. Swanston,
"North Yorkshire Fusiliers.

"Dear Sir,—Our Mr. Amos Jones will call upon you to-morrow about 3 p.m. with reference to that little account of £45 10s., which we must really insist on having paid without further delay. Hoping you will not compel us to have recourse to disagreeable measures,

"We are, yours faithfully,
"L. and A. Jones and Co."

"What's up, my boy?" said a hearty, cheery voice, as an older man entered just in time to hear Frank Swanston's mournful ejaculation, "Some infernal dun, I suppose; but never say die."

"It's not only a dun," was the reply, "but the mischief of it is there's a Jew fellow coming from Dublin to beard me at 3 p.m. and my uncle is to be here at four—the uncle, you know, who gives me my allowance, and who'd never forgive me if he knew I was in debt. Well, it's no use struggling against fate. I must make a clean breast of it some day, and if the worst comes to the worst there's the Indian Staff Corps to fall back on. Only I do wish I could have lasted a few months longer."

"That's right," broke in Blake. "Now I don't want to preach, but I fancy you are blaming fate for your own folly, as we all do, and showing repentance by wishing you had the opportunity of sinning a little longer. Still, we mustn't lose our best bowler if we can help it; so tell us all about it."

In a few minutes Blake had extracted from Swanston a schedule of his debts, the total of which was more than five times the amount of Messrs. Levi and Amos Jones's little bill, and had pitched in some rough comments on the same, summing up to the following effect: "Look here, old chap, we've always been pals since I first took you up at Winchester, but, hang me, I must let you have it straight. You'll lose your bowling in India to a certainty, but you won't learn self-denial there if you despise it here. Now just promise to put on the drag, as I've told you, and I'll look in at three and see if I can induce 'our Mr. Amos' to give you a little more time over this bill."

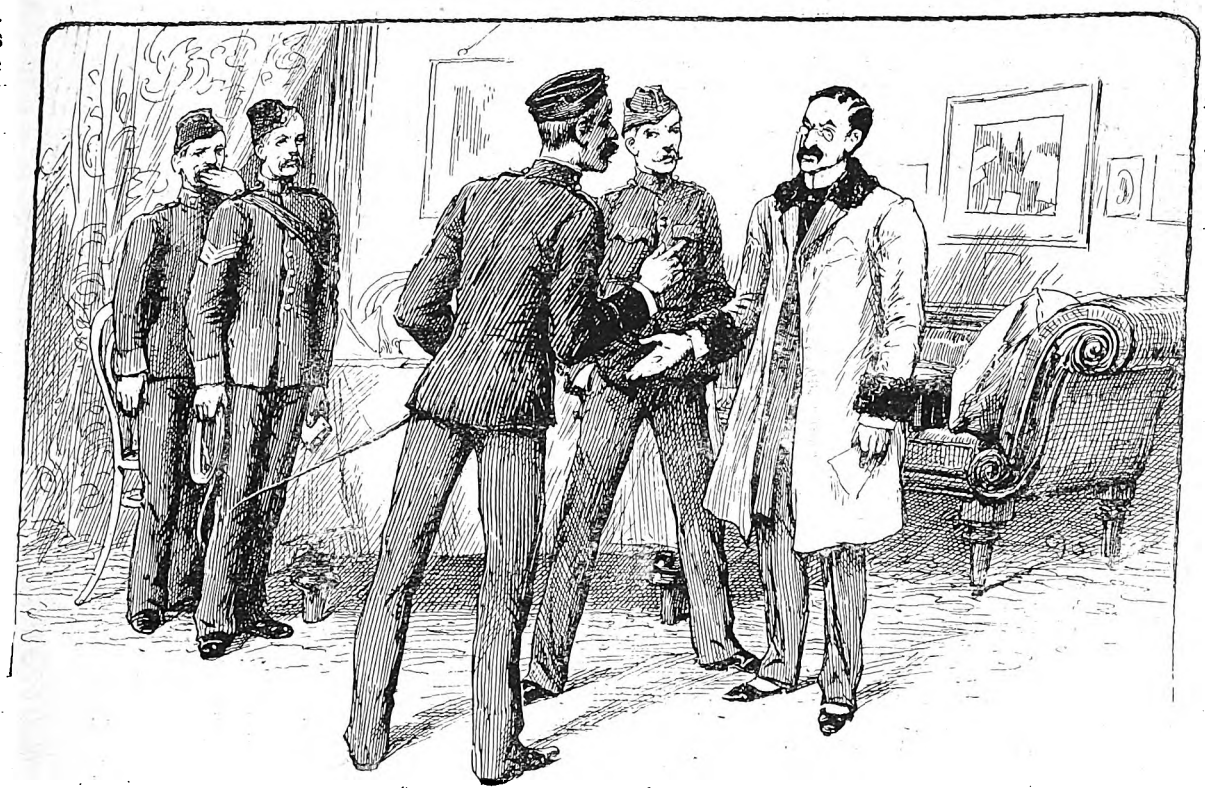
Mr. Amos was true to his appointed hour, but remained unmoved by the blandishments of his victim, who at half-past three glanced nervously out of the window from time to time, and then at the clock, revealing thereby to the trained eye of the money-lender, which had noticed unusual preparations for tea on the table, that a visitor of importance was expected.

"It's no use, Mr. Swanston, we 'ave waited and waited; but you 'aven't kep' your promise, and I must jest take up my quarters 'ere till you provide the ready."

Young Swanston was in an agony of suspense.

Suddenly Blake appeared on the scene. Having noticed that Mr. Amos, a tall, burly, and, though vulgar, fairly good-looking Israelite, was vain of his personal appearance, he began to play on this weak point, addressing him as "Major," and after a few remarks, when undeceived as to Mr. Amos's title to that appellation, expressed surprise and said he could have sworn a man of such magnificent chest measurement was in the Service. This led to his asking permission to measure Mr. Jones both as to height and chest, a request which the money-lender gladly acceded to. Leaving the room for a minute to fetch a tape, Blake returned with a sergeant and private, by whom the necessary measurements were written down, Mr. Jones being evidently flattered by these proceedings. His amazement, however, was beyond description when they terminated by Blake giving him a warm shake of the hand and leaving behind in his open palm a shilling, the gift being emphasised by the following extraordinary words: "Mr. Amos Jones, I enlist you as a full private in the gallant North Yorkshire Fusiliers, and shall endeavour to have you posted to my own company. Sergeant, march him off to the barracks. Positively no time for another word—ta ta, Swanston—must be off—pressing engagement." Saying which Mr. John Blake hurried away.

When he recovered speech Mr. Amos Jones affected to treat the matter as a joke or mad freak, but the sergeant assured him that he and Private Robinson had been called in to measure him and had seen him take the Queen's Shilling.



"I enlist you a full private."

In two minutes the amazed money-lender found himself hustled off and in the open air, breathing anathemas against the whole of the N.Y.F., and vowing he would have compensation for the insult to which he had been subjected. An hour later his mood had cooled, and he artfully suggested to his custodians that they should all wet their whistles at the Station Hotel. He reflected that there was a train to Dublin in half-an-hour, and he might be able to give Sergeant Jenkins and Private Robinson the slip if he could keep them engaged over a bottle of champagne. This ruse he managed to accomplish with great success, though he would doubtless not have been quite so proud of it as his train steamed out of the station if he could have heard Sergeant Jenkins say to his comrade, "Well, that's a good job over. I was wondering how we were to get rid of him decently, according to Mr. Blake's instructions, and never dreamt he would stand a bottle of fizz and try to hoax *us*."

Swanston's relief can be imagined. When Mr. Amos disappeared, he broke into a roar of laughter and began to quote from "The Recruit":

"O 'e's bin and 'ad 'is 'air cut, 'as 'Arry,
Yes, they've cropped 'im to the skin, by Jove;
O it's foine to 'ave yer 'air cut *har lar militaire*,
And to feel you are a military cove."

Uncle duly arrived, was entertained at tea, and afterwards at Mess, where his veins were stirred by generous port to such degree that he left behind to his grateful nephew a cheque for £50, which the young scapegrace would doubtless have frittered away had not Blake insisted on his settling L. and A. Jones's account out of it. Mr. Amos kept the story of his compulsory enlistment a profound secret, never even divulging it to his partner for fear of ridicule, and a vague notion that he might possibly be charged with deserting the colours; though, of course, he took all the credit of having made Frank Swanston pay up.

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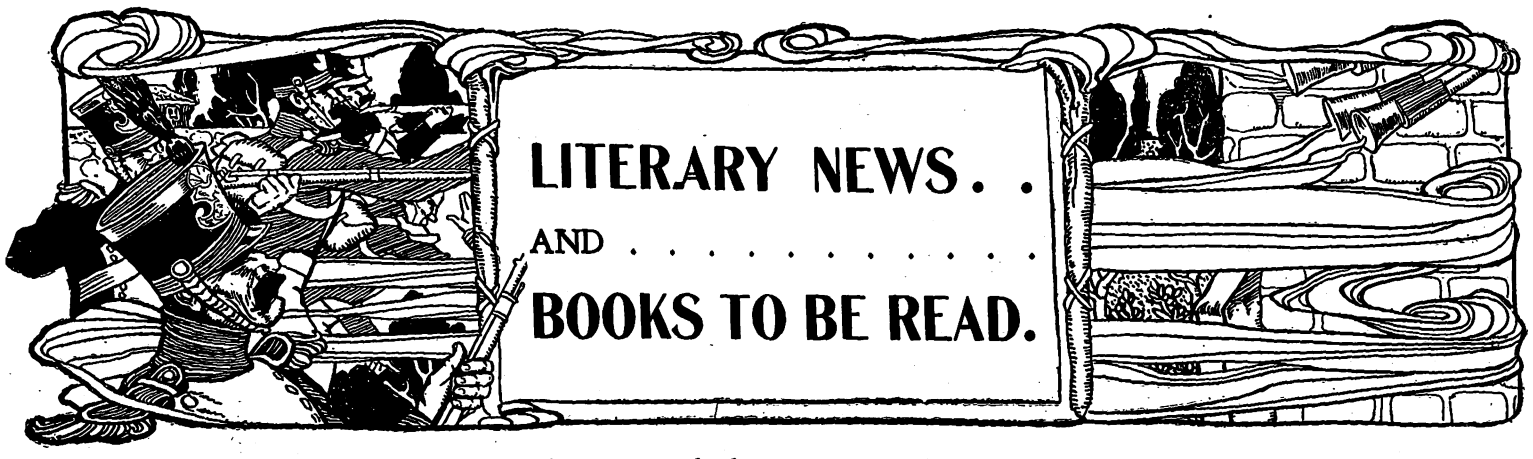

WHILE events of very stirring note are happening at one end of Africa, volumes are appearing concerning important matters relating to the other. Three books upon Egypt have passed lately through my hands, and of one of them I shall say something here. I have already spoken of Mr. Arthur Silva White's uncompromising proposals for a protectorate. Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill has written the best account, for the general reader, of the reconquest of the Soudan that has yet appeared. He, rather curiously, entitles it "The River War" (Longmans, 2 vols.), and I have no doubt would share Mr. White's views. Mr. Churchill, as all the world knows, has found the pen mightier than the sword, and is now representing a morning paper in South Africa. As a soldier, he desired to share in the work he describes in his book, and he was attached to the 21st Lancers in the advance from the Atbara, on conditions laid down by the War Office that he should pay his expenses to and from Egypt. Two considerable volumes are the outcome of his experiences, of which the first contains an account of the recent history of the Soudan, and the second the fruit of the author's own observations. Both are excellent, for Mr. Churchill is a brilliant penman, and is never dull. He has a remarkable facility in painting pen-pictures, which he does with a superabundant wealth of language that sometimes leads him to extremes. Not seldom he expresses original views, and he does so with so much frankness and freshness that the reader is almost carried away by his breezy enthusiasm. The only things that can be taken exception to in the book are a certain bumptiousness of assertion, and a readiness to appraise the qualities of men, even senior officers, that seems almost reckless. And the author is still a young man, and was only a subaltern during the events he describes.

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But whatever faults of manner there are in the book, are far outweighed by its solid value and its admirable descriptive style. It is just the kind of book to interest people in the theme, and that is saying very much. Of the first volume, I shall only say that it contains a carefully compiled and altogether excellent account of the Mahdist rebellion, of our early inconclusive fighting, of the years of preparation, and of the events up to the battle of the Atbara. To begin with, the genial author has no patience with the rummagers in the dust-heaps of the past, the archæologists who set their ban upon vast irrigation works at Philæ, in order "that professors may exult and tourists find some space on which to scratch their names," and he turns to the cavalry squadron, "the real world of honest effort and common-sense." It would be easy to fill all my space with an outline of Mr. Churchill's admirable account of the operations. He describes the concentration and the final attack on Khartoum with a lucid accuracy and clear understanding that could not be bettered. I had almost said that he is laboriously careful—which would be true—but that I might give a wholly wrong impression of his bright and breezy style. The account of Omdurman is exhaustive, and every move of the battle can be followed on the plans. I extract this from Mr. Churchill's account of the famous charge of the 21st Lancers: "On this occasion two living walls had actually crashed together. The Dervishes fought manfully. They tried to hamstring the horses. They fired their rifles, pressing the muzzles into the very bodies of their opponents. They cut reins and stirrup-leathers. They flung their throwing spears with great dexterity. They tried every device of cool, determined men familiar with cavalry; and, besides, they swung sharp, heavy swords which bit deep." I can say no more about this book save that the reader who desires to know the character and meaning of our operations in the Egyptian Soudan, up to Fashoda, or to understand the incidents, can have nothing better, for the book is readable from beginning to end, generally quite absorbing in its interest, and very full of information.

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It was a very good idea of Mr. Charles Gibbs to compile a narrative of "The Cruise of H.M.S. 'Grafton'; a Record of her Commission on the China Station, April, 1896—September, 1899," which has been published by the well-known military publishers, Messrs. Gale and Polden, who I think have hitherto issued few Naval works. There is always a spirit of true comradeship among those who serve through a foreign commission, and nearly always the time spent together is looked back to with affectionate pleasure. Not seldom, indeed, the comradeship is not allowed to die, but is kept alive by gatherings from time to time. The cruise of the "Grafton" was not eventful, but one supposes all who served in her will like to possess this pleasant little book, while the civilian reader who desires to know what life in the Service abroad is like—a matter this paper is always conscientiously endeavouring to expound—might do worse than read the book. It is intelligently compiled and well written.

* * * *

Admiral Dewey is one of those men who take the world by surprise. I learn from his "Life and Glorious Deeds," by Joseph L. Stickney, of Chicago, the Admiral's "aide" (a book published in America, upon which I find no publisher's name), that, though his name was unknown, he had been preparing all his life for just the opportunity that came to him. The gallant officer has now entered the bonds of wedlock, and here again has taken the world by surprise, but I seize the opportunity, as I am sure I may on behalf of the readers of this paper, of congratulating him. Mr. Stickney was the Admiral's "aide" during the battle, and was with him on the fore bridge of the "Olympia." He has written well for popular readers, and Americans who know where to procure the book have certainly welcomed it. One of the interesting things in it is a translation of Captain-General Augustin's proclamation to the Filipinos, in which the too confident officer described the American squadron as "manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline," and as coming with the "ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honour, and liberty—vain designs! ridiculous boastings!" Mr. Stickney is, however, convinced that, if Dewey had had Montojo's squadron and Montojo Dewey's the Stars and Stripes would still have floated over Manila. What we may say is that probably Dewey would have succeeded in inflicting loss upon the assailant as he entered Manila Bay, perhaps by ramming one of his ships. The Admiral's "aide" was appointed to take status with him on the forward bridge only on the day before the battle. It was a post for which he had been burning, and Dewey said to him, with a quizzical twinkle in his eye, "Satisfied?" Another remark that the Admiral made is noteworthy. The Spanish torpedo-boat was seen coming out with intrepidity, that was almost foolhardy, from behind Sangley Point. "You look after her," he said; "I have no time to bother about torpedo-boats; let me know when you've finished her." Altogether it is a very brave story told in a picturesque way, and no one will dissent from Mr. Stickney's view that Dewey's name deserves "to go down to posterity as one of the noblest of this century."

* * * *

Under the title of "The Last Boer War" (Kegan Paul, 1s.), Mr. Rider Haggard has reprinted his account of the Boer Rebellion of 1881, its causes and results. He took a considerable part in the operations, and penned his significant story when the issue of the trouble drove him home to England. I believe no one can read this telling brochure without recognising that the war of 1899 is the result of the revolt of 1881. The arrival of the "wealth-engendering hordes" of Uitlanders, now so much despised, was to the Boers on the verge of bankruptcy what a copious fall of rain is to the sun-parched veldt. "For quite a long period they lived at ease in their dorps and on their farms, while the dwellers of Johannesburg, delving like gnomes in the reefs of the Rand, provided them with magnificent and never-failing supplies of cash." But when the Uitlanders claimed burgher rights, the Boers foresaw the swamping of their class, and they set up the restrictive bars we are now preparing to break. The fatuous and hopeless raid was, as Mr. Haggard says, better to the Boers than the legions of Germany. They held up their hands in holy horror that such things could be, just as if they had never heard of the protective mission of Sir Charles Warren to the plains of Stellaland against their incursion, nor of the stretch of country that once belonged to the Zulus, nor of the ineffective trek into Rhodesia, nor of the illegal extension of authority over Swaziland. As to the practical and moral evils of the retrocession upon British, Boer, and native minds, Mr. Haggard leaves no doubt. His narrative is excellent, and his views are forcibly expressed.

* * * *

Another booklet concerning the war is a second edition of Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. E. Brunker's "Boer War, 1899: Chart Showing Organisation and Distribution of the British Forces" (Clowes, 1s.). The excellence of the little volume is that it gives in diagram form a complete account of the various units composing the Natal Field Force, the Army Corps, the troops for the line of communications, etc. There is also something like a reprint of the Army List, so far as the forces engaged are concerned; and the second edition includes a diary of events, notes on the Boer tactics, and some other matter. The book is practically useful, and has evidently proved a success. With this before one it is possible to check the arrival of troops and to locate them with their own commands, so that a certain confusion which not unnaturally arises disappears.

* * * *

Still another publication which I will commend in relation to the operations is "The *Strand* War Map of South Africa" (Newnes, 6d.). It has been printed by Messrs. Bartholomew, at the Edinburgh Geographical Institution, and, like all the work from that establishment, is excellent in all respects. In the first place the colouring is effective and practically valuable, while the local particulars and the lines of railway are given in the clearest possible fashion. It is astonishing how much information has been crowded into this little sheet, and yet everything in it is indicated with remarkable clearness. On the back of the sheet is a summary of recent statistics concerning the territories now involved.

* * * *

Those who love artistic books and look for handsome volumes produced in the best style of which England is master, should procure Messrs. Bell's Christmas List. It is itself a pleasure to turn over, and, while war's alarms are arousing the world, it is gratifying indeed to turn to the placid achievements of art. The old painters, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Rossetti, and the pre-Raphaelites, Lord Leighton, William Morris, and Burne-Jones—these are but a few of the men whose claims to honour are illustrated in the delightfully illustrated works published by Messrs. Bell.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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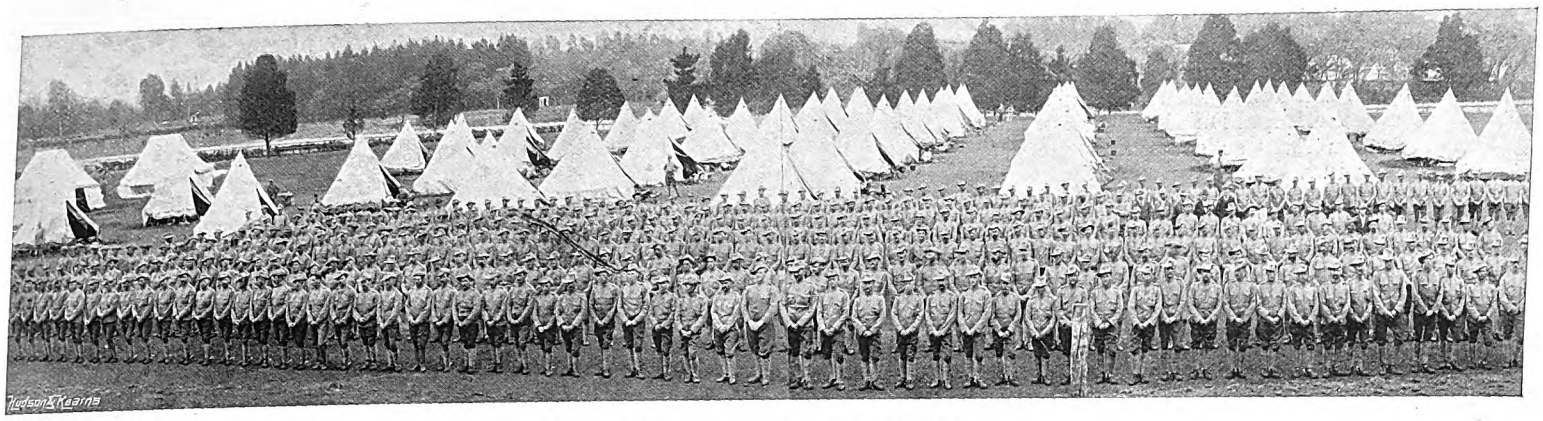
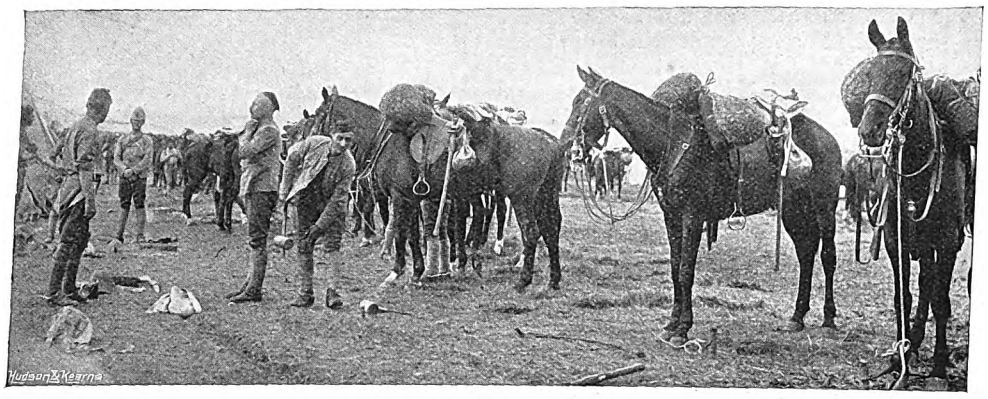
With the Troops at the Front.

Illustrated by Photographs Taken by Special Correspondents at Dundee, Ladysmith, etc., etc.



THE IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSE.
Formed in Natal by the Late Colonel Chisholme. Now at Ladysmith.

IT is with considerable pride and satisfaction that we present to our readers the highly-interesting series of pictures reproduced on this and following pages. They are the result of special and careful arrangements made many weeks since in anticipation of the outbreak of war, and not only are they themselves of great and timely value, but they may also be taken as a sample of the manner in which we shall continue to illustrate the operations in South Africa. From our correspondents at the front we have in most cases received accompanying letters, but have deemed it on the whole more satisfactory to incorporate these into one homogeneous narrative, extracting from time to time such specially graphic passages as would lose by any but verbatim reproduction.



A REMINISCENCE OF DUNDEE.
Horses Packed with Two Days' Rations for Outpost Patrol along the Buffalo River.

The first picture shows a parade of the Imperial Light Horse, the regiment which was raised mainly from the Uitlanders who had fled from Johannesburg into Natal at the commencement of hostilities. Our correspondent at Ladysmith writes: "You can have no conception of the eagerness with which the chance of entering this corps has been seized, not only by the Uitlanders from Johannesburg, but also by scores of other fine fellows desperately anxious to get to the front somehow or other. The corps is 500 strong and under the command of Colonel Scott Chisholme—(Killed at Elandslaagte when gallantly leading the corps into action.—ED. N. & A.)—and the majors are Wools Sampson and Karri Davies, of Reform Committee fame. The photograph I send you was taken only seven days after enrolment."

Photos. Copyright. *SHARPENING PENKNIVES,* H. W. Nicholls.
And Painting Scabbards Khaki Colour to Prevent the Sun-glint.

After an interesting and characteristic little picture, showing cavalry horses at Glencoe, and also how the British soldier makes ready his weapons for war, we come to a picture of the very squadron of the 18th Hussars which was captured by the Boers after the battle of Dundee. The circumstances in which this unfortunate incident took place are sufficiently fresh in our readers' minds to preclude the necessity for any recapitulation here. But a glance at the accompanying picture will show that

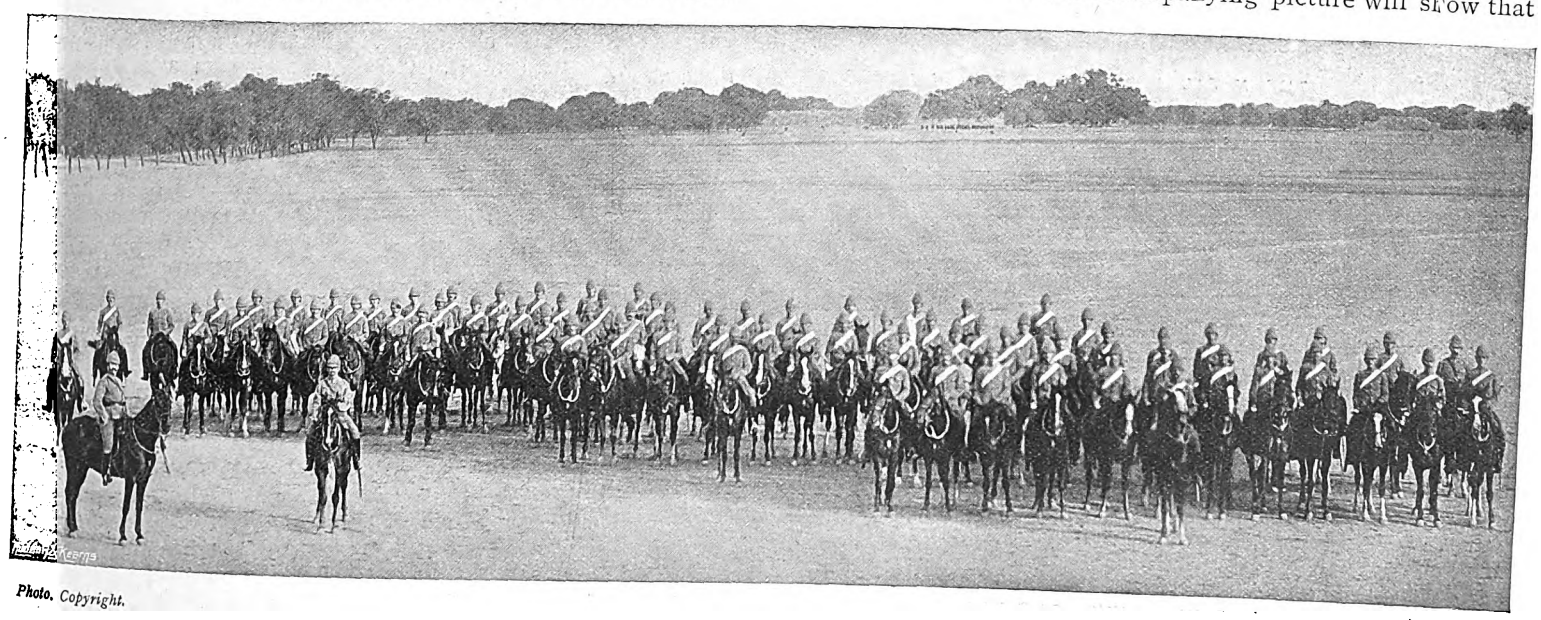


Photo. Copyright. *THE CAPTURED SQUADRON.* "Navy & Army."
B Squadron 18th Hussars, Taken Prisoners During the Fighting at Dundee.

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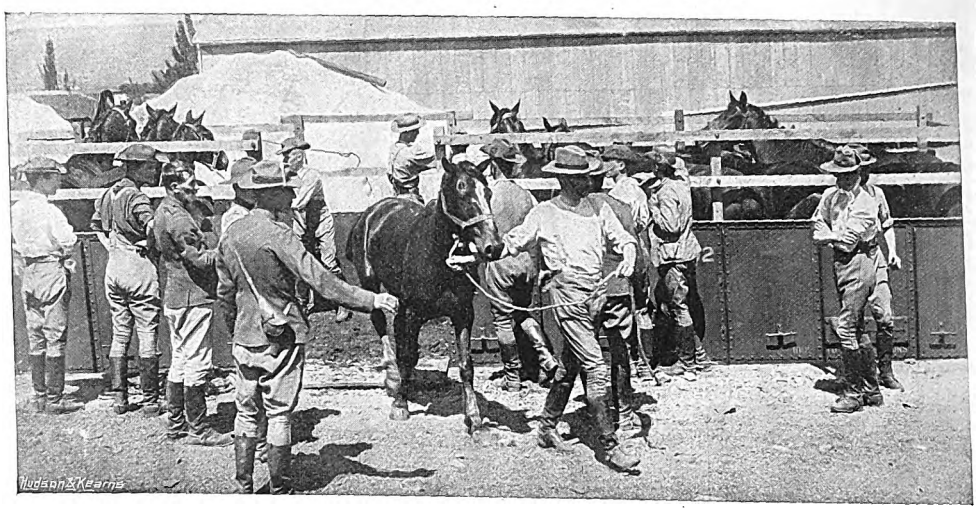
the squadron is not composed of men likely to allow themselves to be taken prisoners unless the odds against them were simply overwhelming.

The heliograph is shown working at Dundee, and very useful it must have proved during that memorable engagement in which the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the King's Royal Rifles, and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers distinguished themselves so greatly by the brilliant manner in which they rushed an almost inaccessible position. The sun flashes by which the heliograph conveys messages in the Morse Code are likely to be largely superseded by Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy. But the heliograph has done yeoman's service, and will probably continue for many years the only apparatus used amid the storm and stress of the actual battle-field.

SIGNALLING AT DUNDEE.
The Heliograph Working in the Camp of the Advanced Column.

In three consecutive pictures are shown fresh types of the Natal colonial forces. The Border and Mounted Rifles have been so frequently described of late that no further detailed allusion to them seems necessary. But a special word of commendation must be given to the Natal Field Artillery, which, it will be remembered, took a distinguished part in the battle of Elandslaagte, and has since been on several occasions heavily engaged. Although somewhat handicapped by the small calibre of their 7-pounders, the Natal Volunteer Gunners have worked most manfully, and may indeed be congratulated on having fought side by side with their comrades of the Royal regiment.



FIGHTING VOLUNTEER GUNNERS.
Natal Field Artillery, Heavily Engaged at Elandslaagte.

Our next picture is of rather more mournful interest. It shows the officers of the 1st Gloucestershire Regiment embarking at Calcutta in the steam-ship "India" as part of the Indian contingent. The illustration was taken ten minutes before the ship, rechristened for the nonce "Transport No. 5," sailed for Durban, and one can see that the prevailing note was one of happy anticipation of the glories of the coming campaign. Alas! for the vanity of human wishes. On October 30 the Gloucesters, after having fought manfully at the action at Rietfontein some days previously, were associated with the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers and the 10th Mountain Battery in a detached column sent to occupy Nicholson's Nek, near Ladysmith, with a view to turning the enemy's flank. The story is told in detail elsewhere. It is sufficient here to say that the column was surrounded in the hills, and, after losing heavily, was forced to surrender. The melancholy interest lent to our picture by this unfortunate occurrence is heightened by the fact of casualties as to which we have at present no reliable return.

Photos Copyright. *THE NATAL BORDER MOUNTED RIFLES.* *H. W. Nicholls.*
Arriving at Ladysmith and Shifting Their Kit from Train to Waggon.

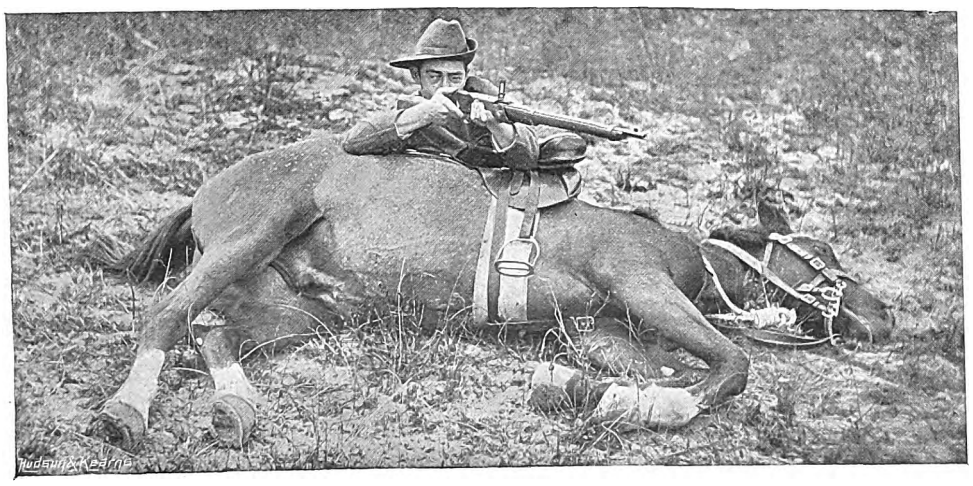


Photo. Copyright. *A LIVING BREASTWORK.* *Spradbrow.*
Natal Mounted Riflemen on Detached Duty.

The "Powerful" was certainly not intended, nor is ever likely to act, as a troop-ship, but has recently proved of great incidental use in this important capacity. On her way from the China station to the Cape she dropped in at Mauritius, and picked up the headquarters and four companies of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry then stationed on the island. The "kolis," as they are sometimes called by way of affectionate abbreviation, are here shown grouped on the "Powerful's" decks. They were under the command of Colonel Baster, Major Ottley being second in command, and Captain Wells-Cole adjutant. "As soon as the embarkation was completed," writes a correspondent on board, "the 'Powerful' left Port Louis for Durban, distant about 1,600 miles. She accomplished the distance easily in less than four days, steaming at over 17 knots an hour for the voyage, and on arrival at Durban was at once ordered to Cape Town, at which place she arrived early on the morning of October 13, and found that hostilities had already begun. At Cape Town she was put in quarantine for a short time, plague being rife at Mauritius during her stay at that place, but *pratique* having been obtained, she disembarked the troops next day. These were at once ordered to the front to join the other half battalion of their regiment, which, in consequence of the Boer hostilities, had been moved up to De Aar, a town at the junction of the railway in proximity to the southern border of the Orange Free State." They are evidently looking forward with keen satisfaction to "effecting a junction" with the

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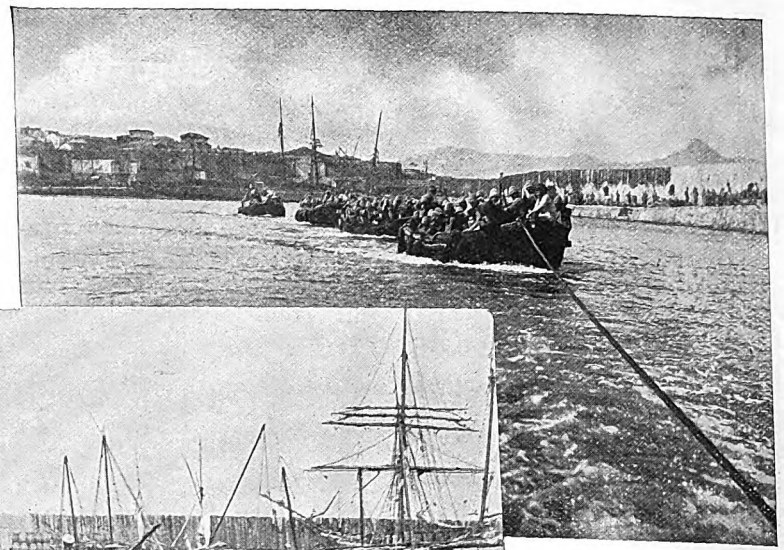
More Embarkations.

THE pictures we give this week serve to vividly and graphically continue the pictorial narrative which we commenced some time back in order to illustrate the manner in which the embarkations of reinforcements for South Africa were carried out. But we do not think our readers will fail to appreciate the additional live interest which these scenes derive from the fact that the troops portrayed are, if not actually in the thick of the fray in Cape Colony or Natal, at any rate within measurable distance of being so.

The 2nd Rifle Brigade, for instance, is now well at the front, although only a very few weeks have elapsed since the embarkation took place to which the first two of the accompanying pictures refer. This is the battalion that took part in the advance on Khartoum, and on its return was, by way of a left-handed reward for its excellent services, shipped from Alexandria to Crete. Here we see the "Sweeps" on the point of going aboard at Candia, distinctly pleased, we may be sure, to exchange the weary routine of duty in Crete for the lively possibilities of a South African campaign.

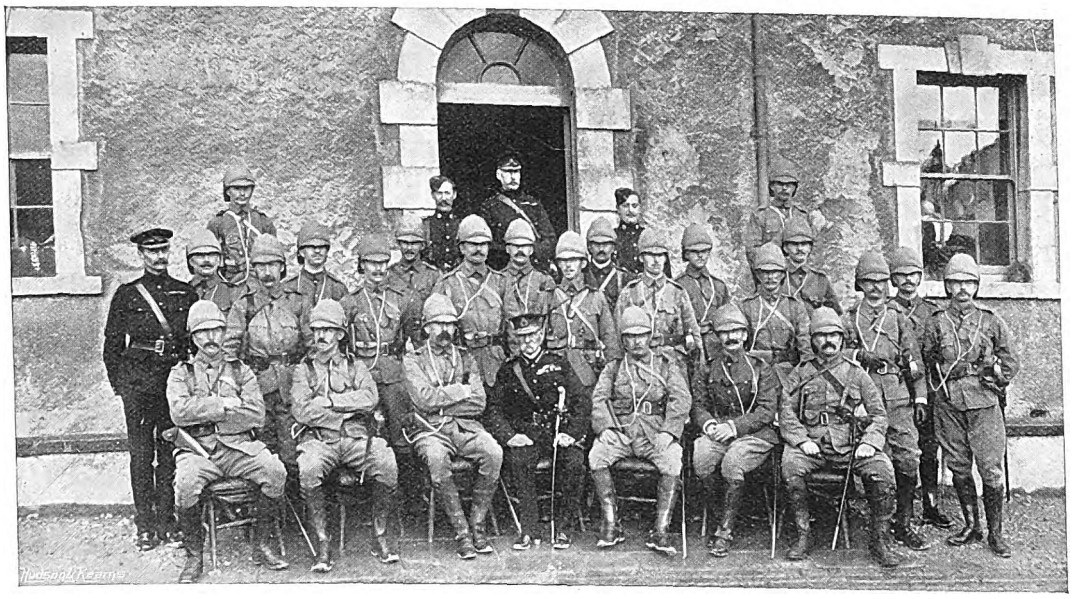
A second picture shows the barges conveying the "Green Jackets" from the shore to the transport "Jelunga" being towed by the picket-boat of the "Anson," the Bluejackets of which must have been very full of envy of the luck of their soldier comrades.

A pleasant trio of these embarkation pictures is marked by the presence of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, commanding in Ireland, who, like the glorious soldier that he is, made a special point of seeing as many regiments as possible either at the moment of or shortly before their departure. In two instances the battalions in question are Irish ones, in which Lord Roberts is not unnaturally inclined to take a special interest. The 1st Battalion of the Connaught Rangers, the old 88th, in the centre of the officers of which Lord Roberts is here presented, is literally "familiar in men's mouths" as a "household word." As Rudyard Kipling showed most graphically in one of his sketches, there are few more quaint and exhilarating sights than that of an Irish regiment when told that it has to go to the front. The most unruly battalion suddenly develops the most astonishing orderliness, and every sort of internal disturbance is immediately hushed, lest any untoward ebullition may spoil the "rig'mint's" chance of seeing what Mr. Terence Mulvaney would call some "sumpshous fightin'." The 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, whom Lord Roberts is shown in the act of addressing, is the old 27th, with which, it is interesting to note, General Sir George White fought as a subaltern in the Mutiny, leaving it in

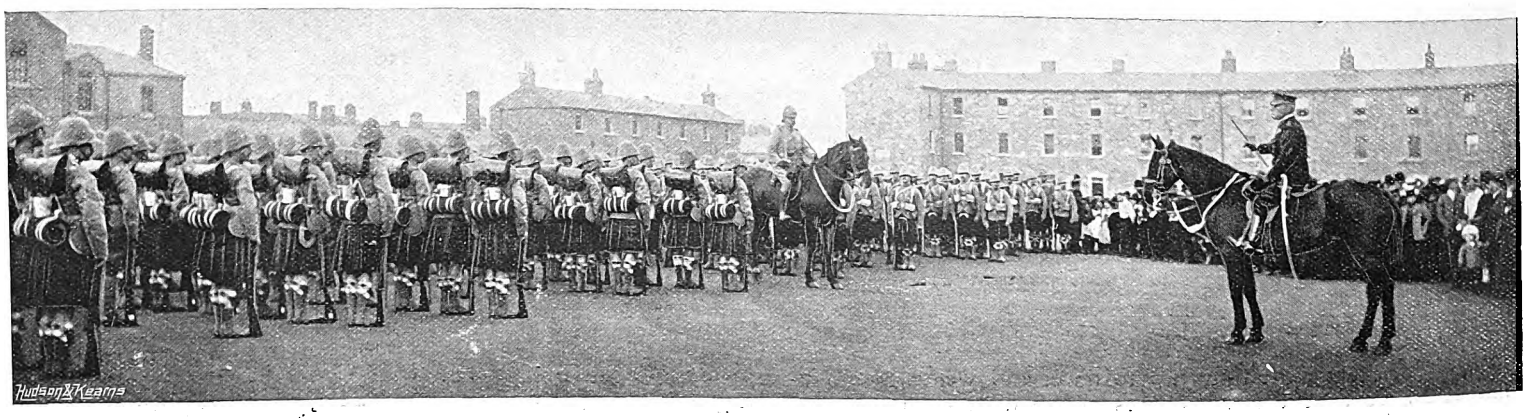


THE NAVY LENDS A HAND
Barges Conveying Rifle Brigade Towed by the "Anson's" Picket-boat.

Photos. Copyright. *THE "SWEEPS" FROM CRETE.* *"Navy & Army."*
The 2nd Rifle Brigade Embarking at Candia for South Africa.



AN IRISH GATHERING.
Lord Roberts and Officers of the Connaught Rangers.



Photos. Copyright *Roche*
THE OLD 91st—LORD ROBERTS ADDRESSES THE 1st ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

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Photo. *Russell.*
CAPT. JOHN DURNFORD, C.B., D.S.O., R.N.
Recently Awarded a Good Service Pension.

THE Good Service Pension of £150 a year, vacant by the promotion to flag rank of Captain J. R. E. Pattisson, has been conferred on Captain Durnford, whose portrait is here given. And it has been well earned, for Captain Durnford is known as one of the ablest captains in the Service, and has only recently relinquished one of the most important of captains' commands—that of the "Vernon," the Torpedo School ship at Portsmouth. Captain Durnford has seen much war service in Burma. On the outbreak of the Burma War, in 1885, Durnford was commander of the sloop "Mariner," then on the East Indies station, and landed to serve with the field force on the staff of Sir Harry Prendergast, and afterwards with the Naval Brigade. For his services in the 1885-86 campaign he earned special mention in despatches and received the D.S.O. In 1887 he commanded a Naval brigade and flotilla of launches employed in the suppression of dacoity, again earning mention in despatches and the approbation of the Admiralty, whilst his services were especially acknowledged by both the Viceroy and the Secretary of State for India. He was made a C.B. on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. Since 1895 he commanded the "Vernon," and was last month appointed to the command of the "Jupiter," one of the Channel Squadron battle-ships.

Photo. *Fradelle & Young.*
LT.-COL. W. H. DICK-CUNYNGHAM, V.C.,
Who Commanded the Gordons at Elandslaagte, and was Severely Wounded.

COLONEL DICK-CUNYNGHAM, V.C., succeeded to the command of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders in 1897, after serving in the old 92nd exactly a quarter of a century. He saw much hard fighting as a subaltern during the Afghan War, and it was in this campaign that he won his V.C., in the fighting around Cabul, for boldly exposing himself in order to cheer on and encourage his men, staggered for a moment by a furious inrush of an enormously superior enemy. Colonel Dick-Cunyngham's bravery averted what might have been a disaster. Immediately after the close of the Afghan Campaign Dick-Cunyngham became adjutant of the Gordons, and in that capacity accompanied the regiment to South Africa in 1881, so that he does not now meet the Boer as an antagonist for the first time. Besides the V.C., the Afghan medal with clasps for Candahar and Cabul, and the Cabul to Candahar star, Colonel Dick-Cunyngham has been granted the Diamond Jubilee medal. The gallant officer's wound—in the arm—is reported as severe, but we sincerely hope that before a forward movement takes place he will be sufficiently recovered to take his place at the head of the regiment he led so gallantly at Elandslaagte.

Photo. *Fradelle & Young.*
SIR W. MACCORMAC, Bart., K.C.V.O.,
President of the Royal College of Surgeons, who has left for South Africa.

NO more striking proof of patriotism has occurred in connection with the war we are now waging than the assent of the President of the Royal College of Surgeons to place his talent and surgical skill at the service of the nation and the Army. Sir William MacCormac is, like many other distinguished citizens of the Empire, an Irishman both by birth and education. He has had a very large experience of active war, for he was chief of the Anglo-American Ambulance during the Franco-German War. It would take a column to detail the services he has rendered to his profession, but his is probably the most world-renowned name on its rolls. He was knighted in 1881, made a baronet and surgeon-in-ordinary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in 1897, and in 1898 became a K.C.V.O.

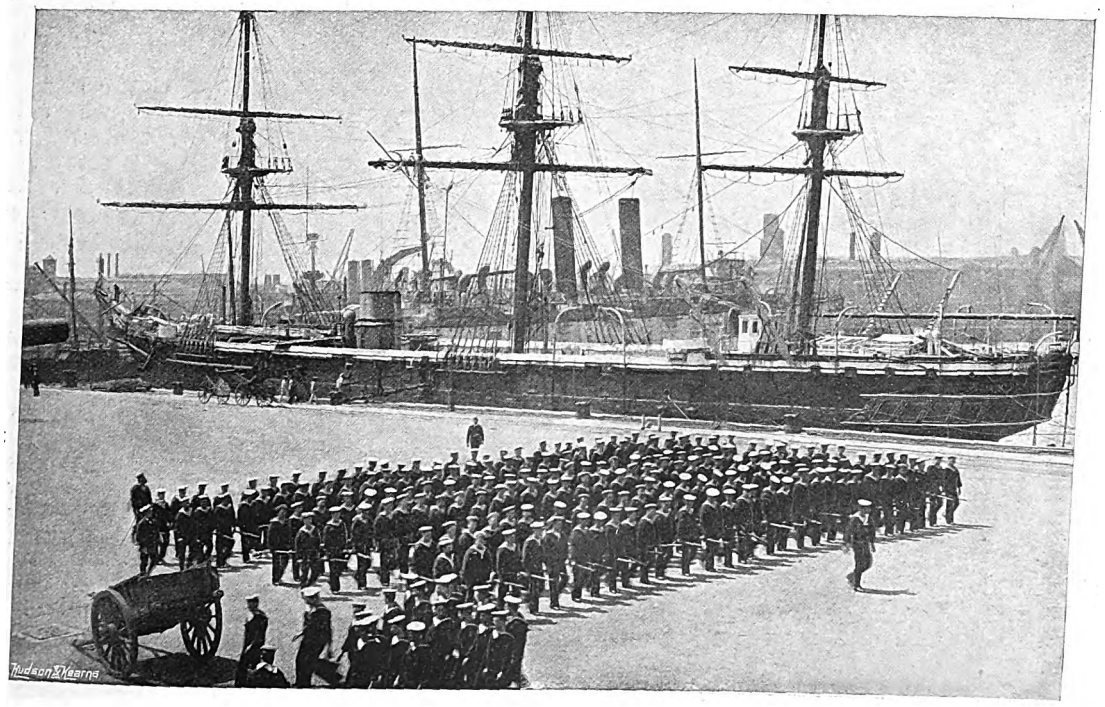

Photo. Copyright. *Cozens.*
BLUEJACKETS TO THE FRONT.
A Naval Brigade Landed for Active Service.

AS was only to be expected—for is it not almost always the case?—it has not been long before "the British Blue" has been called upon to aid his brethren of the land Service in the war we are now engaged upon.

Lambton's Brigade was in the thick of the fighting around Ladysmith, where poor Egerton, the gunnery lieutenant of the "Powerful," was killed. Also on the Cape Frontier there is now a Naval

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Photo. Copyright. Horne.
H.S.H. PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK.
Who has Left on Active Service for South Africa.

contingent doing good service.

The task of so rapidly getting to the front and mounting four 4·7-in. and six long 12-pr. quick-firers was a Herculean job that none but British Bluejackets could have accomplished in the time.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF TECK is the third son and youngest child of H.S.H. the Duke of Teck, a first cousin once removed of Her Majesty the Queen, and the brother of the Princess May. Born in 1874, he has only just passed his twenty-fifth birthday, though he has already nearly six years' service to his credit. Promotion has been slow with Prince Alexander, for it was only a few months back that he obtained his promotion to lieutenant after a service of over five years. Though the 7th Hussars, the Prince's regiment, does not go to South Africa, he himself is fortunate in being attached to the Inniskilling Dragoons, forming one of the regiments in the 2nd Cavalry Brigade. Nor will he see service for the first time in the Dark Continent, for he served with his regiment throughout the Matabele Campaign of 1896. Our artist has snap-shotted him in field-kit prior to his embarkation. The Prince, who is most popular in the regiment, had an enthusiastic send-off from Norwich, the regimental band attending at the station to play out the train that took him to the port of embarkation.

FOR the first time since October 21, 1805, Nelson's glorious old signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty," was, on October 21, 1899, hoisted once more on board his flag-ship, the "Victory." No wonder the ship was covered with bunting, for to make the signal no less than thirty flags were required, each word taking three, except "duty," which needed six.

Moreover, there was flying at the mizen-royal his favourite signal, No. 16, the two flags of which convey the order "Engage the enemy more closely."

Never has Trafalgar Day been more enthusiastically celebrated than it was this year, when it found us engaged in a struggle of more importance to this Empire, perhaps, than any since the great war.

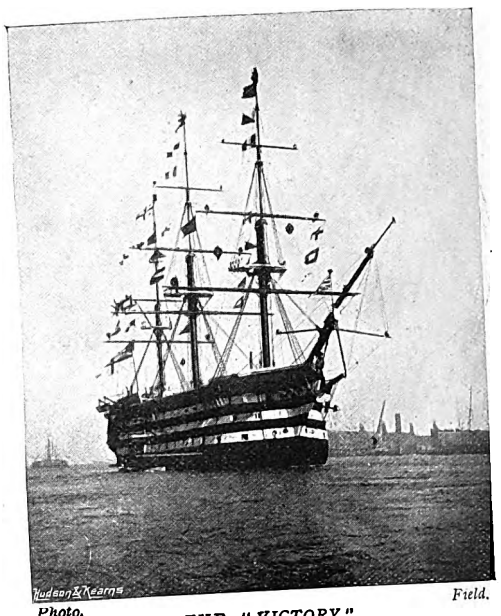

Photo. Field.
THE "VICTORY."
Nelson's Signal Hoisted for the First Time since Trafalgar.

THE branch of the National Aid Society (British Red Cross Society) of which the Princess of Wales is the head has handed over to the Central British Red Cross Committee the balance of a sum of money collected at the time of the Egyptian Campaign of 1885.

H.R.H.'s wish was that the money should be used for the purpose of providing a hospital ship. This has been carried out by chartering the well-known passenger yacht, the "Midnight Sun," which in honour of H.R.H. has been re-christened the "Princess of Wales." From her own private purse the Princess supplies £1,000 to provide luxuries and comforts for the invalided soldiers.

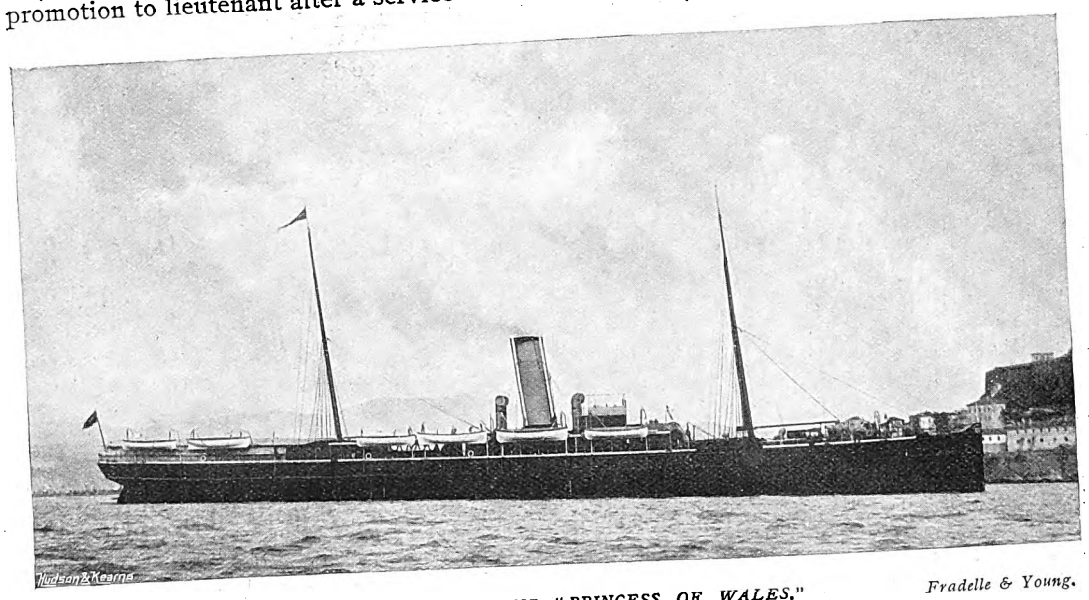

Photo. Fradelle & Young.
THE HOSPITAL SHIP "PRINCESS OF WALES."
Provided by H.R.H. and Her Branch of the Red Cross Society for the Wounded in South Africa.

UNFORTUNATELY for romance, but undoubtedly most wisely, regiments nowadays do not carry their colours with them on active service. When the 2nd Royal Berkshire was ordered on service it was quartered at King William's Town, the capital of old British Kaffraria, and at the request of Colonel Evans-Gordon and the officers and men of the battalion, Mr. Dyer, the Mayor of the town, has, on behalf of the burgesses, accepted the custody of the colours while the regiment is on active service. The ceremony of handing over the colours forms the subject of our illustration, the moment chosen being that in which they are being transferred by the colour party to municipal custody. At the same time a valued regimental relic, an old drum from the battle-field of Maiwand—where, it will be remembered, this battalion, then the 66th, was almost annihilated—was also placed in the Mayor's charge. The close touch between our colonies and the Mother Country is well emphasised by the incident we illustrate. Mr. Dyer is one of those sons of Greater Britain of whom we in the Mother Country are so proud, and the gallant Berkshires have been glad to leave their valued possessions in his care.

Photo. Copyright. G. H. Dersley.
A SOLEMN CEREMONIAL.
Handing Over the Colours of the Royal Berkshire to the Mayor of King William's Town for Custody during the War.

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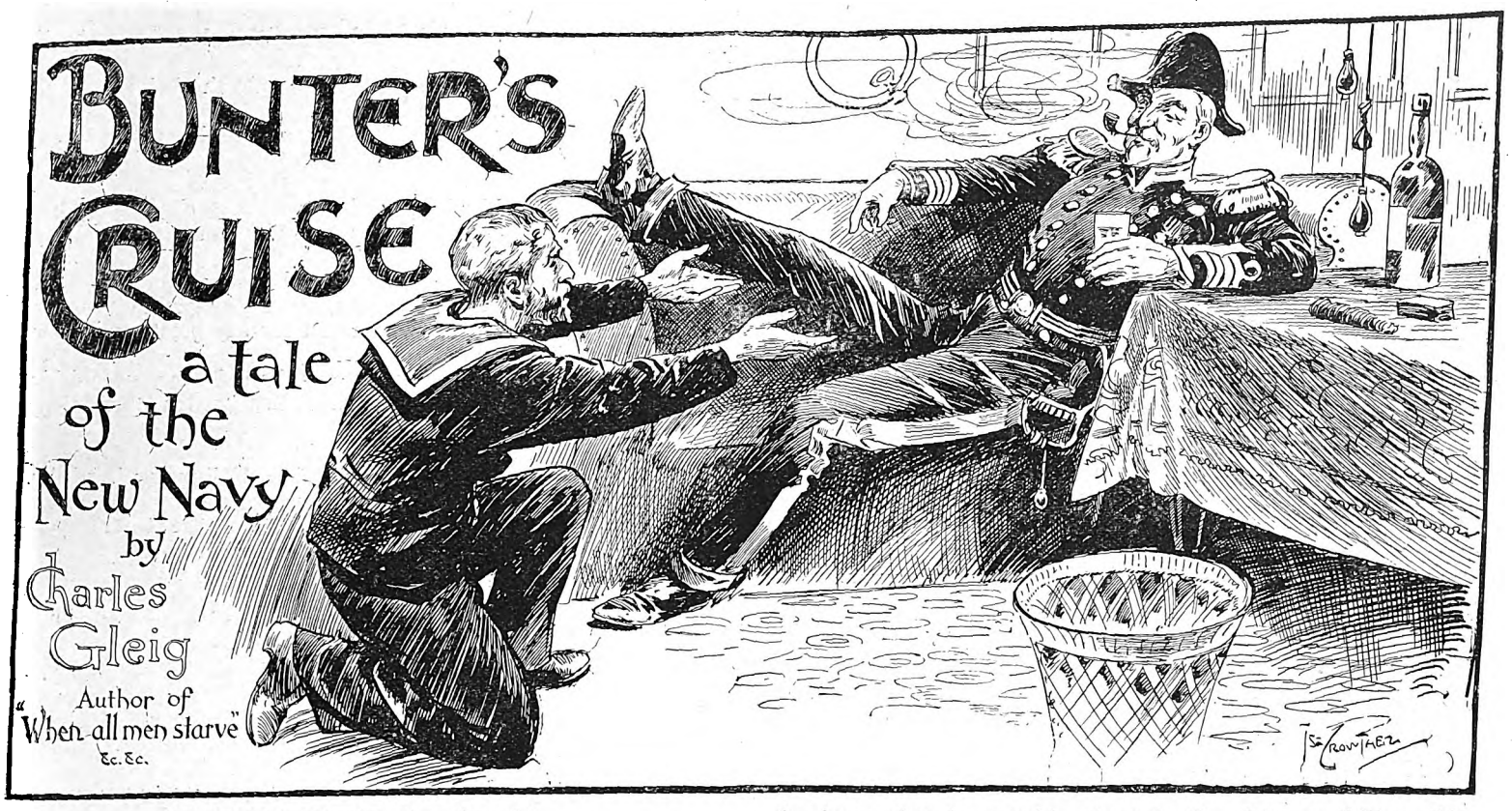

CHAPTER XXIII. *(continued.)*

"THERE'S no other way of getting you ashore that I can see," said Bunter. "We can't trust any of the boatmen, and you've got to be landed somehow. As for being shook up, we can serve your knees over with bandages, and you can have some rugs to lie on."

After a while, Laxdale grew reconciled to the plan and recovered his temper. "It is very good of you to take all this trouble," he said, humbly. "I will do exactly what you advise."

"Now you talk sense, sir," said Bunter, with conviction. "Just lend me a hand to drop my curios overboard."

They carried all the parcels aft and lowered them into the water through the stern port. Heavy as they were they caused no splash, for Bunter had secured some feet of stout line to each, and they did not release the parcels until they were below the surface.

"Anyone that likes to dive for my blooming curios can have them," said Bunter, as the last parcel sank to the bottom. "What d'you think was in them?"

Laxdale shrugged his shoulders and wiped his brow.

"Holy-stones," said Bunter, with a grin. "Wouldn't old Filmore be sick if he knew we'd wasted all that deck-cleaning truck?"

Some two hours later in the evening, when the sun was low in the west, and the heat of day relieved by a grateful breeze, a scene was enacted on board the "Grunter" that testified in no small degree to the popularity of the bluff impostor. Squib took no share in it, for he and some of his friends of the port watch were regaling themselves with bad liquor in the local grog shops.

The steam cutter lay alongside in readiness to convey the "captain" to Algeciras. His baggage, including the great box of "curios," had been carefully deposited in the boat; and it was remarked that the captain displayed needless anxiety over that bulky packing-case, guiding its descent with his own hands. When it was safely bestowed in the stern of the cutter, he mounted the companion-ladder and ordered Filmore to send the men aft, in order that he might say a few words to them.

The men, with serious faces, clustered upon the quarter-deck, and, as the captain addressed them in his ringing, hearty tones, many of them removed their hats. "My lads," he said, "family troubles are taking me back to England, and it's more than likely you'll get a new skipper. I've only held command for a week, but I fancy you've taken a liking to me, in spite of that. Anyway, I've taken a liking to you, and to the officers here, who've been friendly and done their jobs better than I've done mine. I'm no hand at a speech, but I just want to wish the 'Grunters' good luck and a happy commission. I've left plenty of beer behind, 'cause I can't very well take it with me by train, and I've told the first lieutenant to serve out a bottle apiece all round for you to drink my health in, if you want to."

He waved his hand to the crew and descended the companion-ladder. With the officers he had previously shaken hands; and he had parted with genuine reluctance from his two friends, Lyle and Parr. Both had expressed the hope that he would return to the ship, or, failing this, that they would meet him again in England; but Bunter knew that his pleasant relations with these worthy gentlemen could never be resumed. And the thought depressed him, for he had learned to regard them as friends.

The cutter shoved off, the artificer started the engines, and the boat glided slowly away from the parent vessel. Bunter stood up in the stern-sheets and looked back regretfully at the trim hull and slender spars of his first command. As he watched her, the rigging grew black with men, and lusty cheers rang out from a hundred manly throats. It was a token of goodwill from the crew.

Bunter sprang upon the curio-box and waved his hat in acknowledgment. There were tears in his eyes when he resumed his seat; and he did not look back at the "Grunter" again until her outline had grown quite dim in the fading light of day.

When the cutter reached Algeciras twilight had deepened into night, and bright stars shone down upon the stagnant little town and its background of green hills and orange groves. Half-an-hour later Bunter reached the picturesque inn where he had arranged to spend the night, and Laxdale was released from the packing-case.

After Bunter had rubbed his cramped limbs, Laxdale discarded his Bluejacket dress and resumed the garb of an English gentleman.

"I think we've done pretty well, sir," said Bunter, as they sat down to supper in a private room. "There isn't a living man aboard the 'Grunter,' except that swab Squib, that knows the ins and outs of this rum start."

"And Squib?" said Laxdale, anxiously.

"He can take his choice between holding his jaw and being put down as a blooming liar," said Bunter.

"You have managed admirably," said Laxdale, as he helped himself to a plate of mutton and garlic.

Next morning, having purchased the silence of the inn-keeper, they began their homeward journey.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"NONE BUT THE BRAVE . . . ."

ON a certain bright afternoon in the following December, the church of St. George's, Hanover Square, was filled by "a large and fashionable assembly." A lengthy report of the interesting ceremony that attracted so much beauty and fashion to the church will be found in the exciting columns of the *Daily Coronet*, so that it will suffice to record here a few trifling details that escaped the attention of the reporters.

A decent interval having elapsed since the decease of Lord Winnstay, the successor to the title, better known to readers of this history as Roger Laxdale, was leading to the altar the beautiful Lady Sybil Norrington, daughter of the ancient house of St. Pancras. The marriage service, it need scarcely be said, was "fully choral"; for fashionable ladies seem to regard an unmusical ceremony as little better in point of legality than a leap over a broomstick. "Fully choral" was this "marriage in high life," and, as though to render the ceremony doubly binding, it was performed by a portly Bishop to boot. But here, to be sure, we are trespassing upon the familiar preserves of the journalists, so

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must refrain from all description of the bride's dress, the costumes of the bridesmaids, or the manly appearance of Lord Winnstay the second in his Naval uniform.

These interesting details cannot be adequately described in a mere tale of adventure, for fashionable weddings are so strikingly dissimilar that to each must be accorded the half-column of the expert reporter.

One little detail may fittingly be culled from the picturesque account in the *Daily Coronet*. The gallant bridegroom, we read, wore upon his right breast the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society; and several newspapers devoted a portion of their valuable space to brief accounts of the act of daring which Lord Winnstay had performed when captain of the "Grunter." The experienced gentlemen who penned these accounts stimulated the gallantry of their male readers by reminding them that beauty was the lawful prize of the brave; though one pessimistic print hinted that heroes were getting so common in England that there was scarcely enough beauty to go round. Perhaps it was this fragment of Grub Street cynicism that inspired those spirited articles on "The Wives of Our Heroes" that soon afterwards appeared in a popular railway journal. In the fashionable world, however, the fads of the Lady Sybil were well known; so that some indigent aristocrat was able to earn a guinea by retailing the frothy gossip of a passing hour to the Society journals. Thus the benighted millions who drag out a miserable existence beyond the pale of good society came in time to learn that the "Lily of St. Pancras" had been won by the conspicuous humanity of her lord. There were some spiteful women who said that she was influenced by the death of the elder brother; but who, in this sorry world, can escape the venomous darts of calumny?

Lord and Lady St. Pancras were "at home" to their exclusive circle of friends after the ceremony, and these flocked to Belgrave Square to criticise the presents and to estimate their value. As most of them had been obtained on credit, they might well have spared themselves the trouble.

The time came when the fair bride had to prepare to bid a decorous farewell to the ancestral home. She retired to her room to dress for the journey. The happy bridegroom was exchanging the usual pleasantries with a few of his male friends, when a gorgeous footman entered the smoking-room and presented a card of unusual proportions.

"What's this?" said the bridegroom, testily. "I can't be bothered by tradesmen's touts to-day."

"The person is waiting in the hall, me lud," said the footman. "I told him your ludship was engaged, but he requested me to take in his card, me lud, and said he thought your ludship would see him for a minute."

The bridegroom took up the card, and his manner changed as he deciphered it. "Is he alone?" he asked.

"No, me lud; there's a young female with him."

"Excuse me," said Winnstay, turning to his friends; "this is a humble friend of mine, who has come some distance to see me." He took his way to the hall, and found Bunter and a pretty girl seated upon the extreme edge of an oak bench.

Bunter rose and grinned widely. "You'll excuse the liberty, my lord," he said.

Winnstay held out his hand very cordially. "I can guess who this lady is," he said, playfully, "though we have not met before."

The lady blushed, and Bunter was about to reply, when Winnstay silenced him with a warning look. "Come in here," he said, opening the door of an empty room. "We can talk here more privately. And now introduce me," he added, politely.

Bunter coughed and looked sheepish. He also nudged his companion and winked.

"Where's your manners, Ned?" said the lady, sharply, edging away from him.

"Well, sir—my lord, I should say—this is my gal; and we've just looked in for half a jiffy to wish you joy, and a large family."

Miss Pratten blushed again, not that she was at all shocked, but by reason of her swain's familiarity with so exalted a person as a real lord.

"Thank you, Bunter," said Winnstay, quite gravely. "I owe my happiness to you; and I am very glad to have this opportunity of thanking you again for the great service you rendered me."

"I tells him he oughter be very thankful to your lordship for not having him punished," said Miss Pratten, plucking up courage to address a lord.

"Well, so I am, Nelly," said Bunter.

"We'll say no more about that," said Winnstay, hurriedly.

"We're going to be spliced to-morrow," continued Bunter, with a grin. "I can't do better than follow the senior officer's motions."

"You're a lucky fellow," said Winnstay, gallantly. "I see from your letter that you have taken the inn."

"Thanks to your lordship's kindness," said Miss Pratten.

"It's a snug little house, sir," said Bunter, "and we oughter do a good trade, for my gal, here, understands the job. I thank you, kindly, sir, for what you've done for us; and if you should happen to find yourself near the Watch Below, my lord, we'd be proud to have you in our best room."

"I shall not forget the invitation," said Winnstay. "By the way," he added, as he searched his pockets, "I've some good news for you, Bunter."

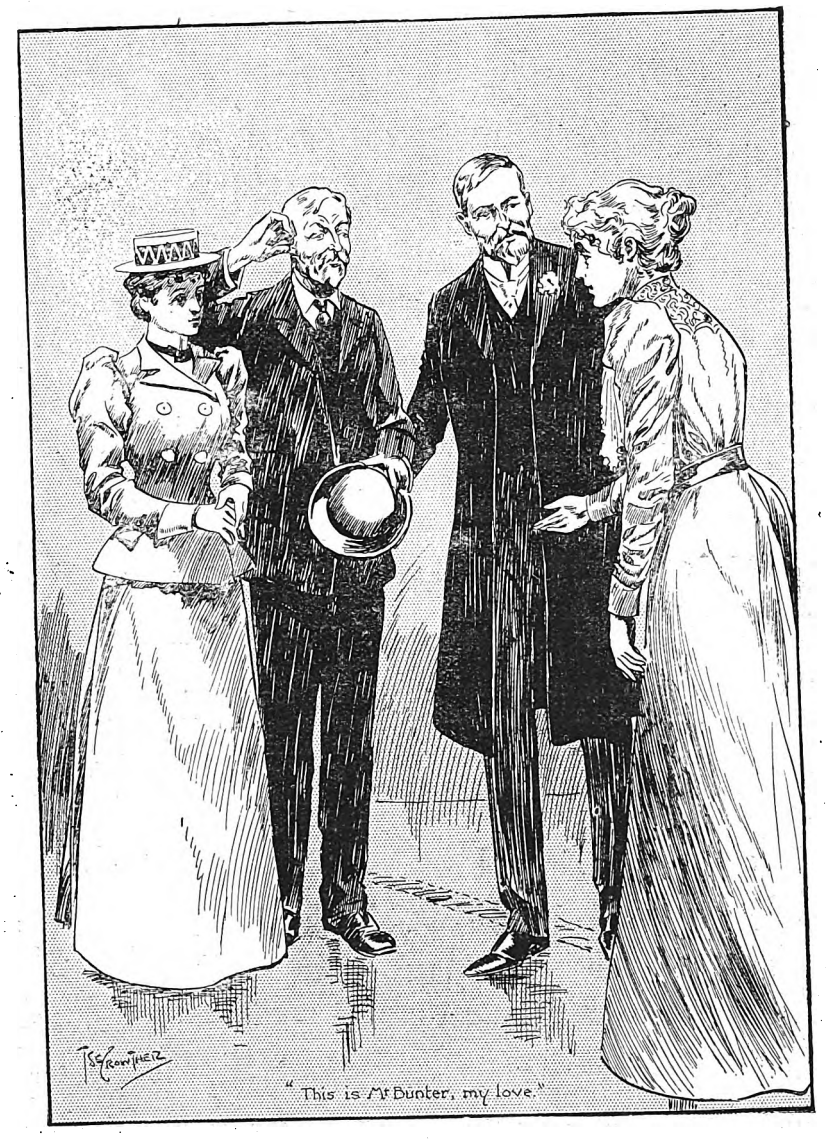
"Have you, sir?" said Bunter, eagerly.

Winnstay produced a letter, and handed it to him. "You can keep that, and read it through at your leisure," he said. "Your discharge is being made out by the Admiralty clerks, and I shall be able to send it to you in a few days."

"Then I'll be able to run the inn under my own tally, after all, sir," said Bunter. "I'm real grateful to you, sir; for I didn't like the notion of shipping a sham one. And now, sir," he added, "we'll just drink your health and be moving."

"Ned!" exclaimed Miss Pratten, severely.

"To be sure," said Winnstay, smiling, and he touched the bell.


"This is Mr Bunter, my love."

Whilst they were waiting for the champagne to be brought, the bride, who had been looking for her husband, entered the room. She stopped short on seeing the visitors, and looked enquiringly at Winnstay.

"This is Mr. Bunter, my love," he said, "and the lady is his *fiancée*. Mr. Bunter formerly served under me, and they have kindly come here to congratulate us."

The bride offered her hand to Bunter and smiled graciously. She turned to Nelly Pratten and scanned the girl's pretty face. "So you are going to marry a sailor, too," she said, brightly. "Sailors are always brave fellows, and when they unite humanity with courage they are the truest gentlemen of all." She looked admiringly at her husband as he handed her a glass of wine.

"My lady," said Bunter, gallantly, "here's your health and happiness. I wish you joy and——"

He was about to repeat his amiable wishes for the continuation of the Laxdale family in the direct line of descent, when Nelly Pratten interposed.

"And the same to his lordship," she added, discreetly.

[THE END.]

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Cruisers as Troop-ships.

By NEMO.

CONSIDERABLE criticism has from time to time been levelled at the policy of the Admiralty in building such mammoth vessels as the "Powerful" and "Terrible," not only on account of the heroic departure taken in the system of building these ships, but likewise because of their enormous size. Sir William White, the present Chief Constructor of the Navy, in his address at the meeting of the British Association this year, fully explained the advantage of large dimensions of cruisers in obtaining economy of power for the production of speed, as well as the superiority in sea-keeping qualities of large vessels over smaller ones.

If any other justification were needed, not only for the existence of the two cruisers just mentioned, but also for vessels of the "Leviathan" and other classes now under construction, it may be found in the latest performance of the "Powerful." This vessel was ordered home from China recently, and left Hong Kong on September 17 last.

She had just previously returned to Hong Kong from Wei-hai-Wei and Japan. She was told to proceed, *viâ* the Suez Canal, to England, steaming at about 300 miles per day, and arrived at Singapore on September 22. Here, however, she received orders directing her to go to the Cape, calling at Mauritius *en route*. Leaving Singapore on September 24, after replenishing her bunkers, she made a fairly fast passage of about 400 miles per day to Mauritius, reaching the latter place after nine days from Singapore. In the meantime the "Terrible," which was under orders for China, had also been directed to proceed *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope, and left Spithead on September 19.

On the arrival of the "Powerful" at Mauritius she again coaled ship, and the news as to affairs with the Transvaal being of a rather warlike character, it was determined to embark the half battalion of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry which had been stationed at Mauritius for a few months, and take it on to South Africa, where the other half battalion of the regiment was already. Accordingly as soon as a telegram from the home authorities sanctioning the transfer of the troops was received at Mauritius, they were embarked on board the "Powerful"; they consisted of 450 officers and men, with their field equipment and baggage.

Fairly rough weather was experienced on the passage of the ship between Mauritius and Durban, but on the night after leaving Durban it blew a hurricane, and some transports which were on their way to Cape Town were obliged to put back, one of them, which was conveying horses for a Lancer regiment, having suffered so severely that she lost no less than eighty-five of these animals. Here the advantage of size in our cruisers became at once apparent, for the "Powerful" was able to steam through the gale, easing down only to a speed of about 12 knots through the worst part of it, and increasing speed again as soon as the weather moderated.

The whole of the soldiers embarked were accommodated on the mess deck, a certain number being allotted to each seaman's mess, where they quickly "shook down"; while the officers, of whom there were twelve, were berthed in spare cabins and cots, and messed with the ward-room officers of the ship. So little was the presence of the soldiers felt that there remained ample room on the large upper deck of the cruiser for another battalion at least. "Tommy" and "Jack" always endeavour, when they are thrown into company for a time, to make the best of circumstances, and form rapid friendships. The present case was no exception, and smoking concerts and variety entertainments in the evening served to beguile the voyage, officers as well as men of regiment and ship contributing their songs and speeches. As soon as the disembarking tugs at Cape Town pushed off from the cruiser cheers from both soldiers and sailors rent the air and testified to the good feeling existing between the two Services, the sailors regarding the departure of the troops for the front with envious feelings.

The "Powerful" immediately afterwards left Table Bay for Simon's Bay, where she arrived the same evening, and found at anchor the sister ship "Terrible," which had reached the bay a few hours earlier. Here the two large cruisers will remain awaiting orders, and as the complement of officers and men of each vessel is about 900, exclusive of any reliefs either ship may be carrying, it will be seen that a very respectable contingent for a Naval Brigade can be furnished from these two ships alone. This again is another point in favour of large cruisers; and the wisdom of the Admiralty in directing two such ships to meet each other at a critical point in a critical time is too obvious to need comment.

A Veteran of the Sea.

By EDWARD FRASER.

PARTICULARLY interesting indeed is the fighting story of the old "Belvidera," and the more so, also, owing to the fact that it curiously happens that everybody, whether at Portsmouth or anywhere else, has quite forgotten, or at least overlooked, all about the brave little ship. Yet once all England rang with her name.

The "Belvidera" was launched at Deptford Dockyard on December 22, 1809—on a Friday, by the way. Within seven months she was having her first fight up the Baltic, as one of the frigates attached to the fleet of Sir James Saumarez, of which the "Victory" was the flag-ship. The "Belvidera," indeed, served her first commission in the fleet in which the "Victory" served her last. The "Belvidera's" first brush with the enemy took place on July 22, 1810, off the coast of Norway. She was sounding in a bay when two Danish armed schooners and a sloop had the impertinence to open fire on her. The "Belvidera's" reply was to order out her boats, with those of another frigate, the "Nemesis," and attack. In half-an-hour the two Danish armed schooners were ours and the gun-boat had been blown up. But it is for her work elsewhere that the "Belvidera" particularly deserves remembering.

Ordered across the Atlantic on June 23, 1812, she was cruising off New London, looking out for a notorious French privateer, when the following adventure befel her. War had been declared by America with us a week before, but none of our ships on the station had had time to get news of it. Nevertheless they had all been warned of its probability.

"At break of day," says Captain the Hon. Richard Byron, commanding the "Belvidera," "the officer of the watch informed me the upper sails of five vessels were seen in the S.W. I stood towards them to reconnoitre, and when about six miles from us they hauled to the wind by signal in chase of the 'Belvidera.' I tacked from them, and made sail in consequence of their not answering the private signal. At 11.30 a.m. we hoisted our colours, and the strange squadron showed the American flag. The breeze falling light with me, but still favouring them, brought their van ship, which I believe to have been the 'President,' within point blank distance on our weather quarter. At 4.20 p.m. she opened her fire from her foremost guns. I had given the most positive orders to my lieutenants to prick the cartridges, but not to prime the guns.

"Although ignorant of the war, we were of course prepared, and about five minutes after opened ours with two 32-pounder carronades and two long 18-pounders from the stern. I thought it my duty to make a firm retreat from three frigates of the largest class, accompanied by a small frigate or sloop and a brig of war, two of which bore broad pennants. At 10.30, by the good office of the master, I shifted the course at once six points to starboard; the enemy hauled up after us, but with less decision, evidently apprehensive of losing some of her consorts, and at 11.30, there being a fine moon, we saw her wear and heave to on the opposite tack, also her second and the other frigate, and I conclude the two sternmost did the same as they came up. The retreat was painful to everyone on board the 'Belvidera.'"

This "Belvidera" incident was the first fight of the war, and the news of it created an immense sensation—"The wonderful escape of the 'Belvidera,'" as the affair was spoken of.

The smart handling of the "Belvidera" enabled her to get off with only two men killed and twenty-two wounded. But that was not all that Captain Byron did. When the fighting began, as he well knew, a very large Jamaican convoy valued at an immense sum was not far off, and weakly guarded. In his manœuvres he managed to draw off the Americans clear out of the track of the convoy, thus enabling it to reach England safely. The Americans, in fact, had come out to take the convoy.

A fortnight later came an incident of the war of which all good Americans for years after used to talk—the escape of the "Constitution" from the British squadron on the station. It was a long chase and a stern chase in nearly a flat calm, except for occasionally light breezes, which helped the Americans better than they did us. Captain Broke, in the famous "Shannon," was the senior officer in command of the pursuit, and the ship which led it, and had practically all the British firing to herself, was the "Belvidera." The "Belvidera," on our side of the Atlantic, and the American "Constitution," so carefully preserved to this day across the water, are now the only two survivors of the war.

From first to last throughout the American War—for the "Belvidera" served in it to the very end—she captured six American war vessels and privateers, or from ten to eighteen guns, and when she returned to England the C.B. was awarded to Captain Byron for his services.

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The Story of the War.

THE military position in regard to South Africa generally may be said to have completely changed during the last week or ten days. This is not perhaps the case with the situation either in Natal or Cape Colony individually considered, but, as will presently be seen, the time has at last arrived when the preparations which we have been making at home may be expected to bear early fruit, in a general assumption of the offensive on a large and comprehensive scale. Before this, however, can be accomplished some preliminaries have to be got through, and a brief glance at the condition of affairs at Ladysmith and elsewhere will be necessary before turning to a new chapter in the history of the war.

The investment of Ladysmith, which may be said to have commenced on the 2nd inst., has not proved by any means an effective one. Notwithstanding an intermittent bombardment, to which our Naval guns have from time to time effectively replied, no impression seems to have been made on the defenders, and here and there some brilliant sallies have been made by the cavalry, Mounted Infantry, and Field Artillery at Sir George White's disposal. Not only this, but communication has been kept up with Estcourt by means of runners; and at the end of last week a subaltern of the 5th Lancers who had arrived from home at the latter place, and wished to join his regiment at Ladysmith, passed through the Boer lines without difficulty. In fine, it would seem that the investment has from the first been much looser than the Boers intended it to be, and that in locking up the bulk of their troops in order to enclose a large and vigorous force, such as that commanded by Sir George White, the Boers were really playing into our hands. The same remark applies to the isolations of Kimberley and Mafeking, where repeated attempts at bombardment, and considerable demonstrations of armed strength, have utterly failed to effect the reduction of active and watchful garrisons under gallant and sagacious commandants. The extraordinary efforts made by the Boers to bring their heavy artillery to bear upon these three towns have failed to an extent which must have been more than irritating to the enemy. There are indications that their inability to achieve any substantial result in any of these directions has proved really disheartening, and that a fortnight ago many Boers would have been sincerely glad to throw up the sponge and return to their homes.

At one time it seemed as if a marked diversion was about to take place on the northern borders of Cape Colony, and that considerable detachments would be drawn from the forces round Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking in order to effect a southerly movement on a large scale. It would seem, however, that this operation had only been projected in a very half-hearted and fragmentary fashion, with the result that, beyond our evacuation of a few centres of no particular importance, the Boers, except in Natal, made no appreciable impression on the districts lying beyond the Transvaal and Orange Free State frontiers. Our own position on the Orange River has been considerably strengthened, and on the 10th inst. a reconnaissance was made from the camp near Orange River Station, which resulted in a sharp skirmish lasting three hours between a force of two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, a battery of Field Artillery, and one and a-half companies of Mounted Infantry, under Colonel Gough, and about 700 Boers. A sad result of this action, which was otherwise inconclusive, was the death of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel Keith-Falconer, Northumberland Fusiliers, and Lieutenant C. C. Wood, Loyal North Lancashires. The former had distinguished himself greatly in various Soudan campaigns; the latter, a grandson of Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, was the first ex-cadet of the Kingston Military College to be killed in action.

Meanwhile, two great factors in the situation have come into play, namely, the presence of Sir Redvers Buller at Cape Town, and the arrival of the transports. The General Commanding-in-Chief has very promptly shown himself able to appreciate the immediate requirements of the position, and has tackled the question of the relief of Ladysmith, as well as the organisation of the main advance, in characteristically vigorous fashion. A number of transports have been intercepted as they were about to enter Cape Town Harbour, and ordered to proceed to Durban, where, by the time these lines are in print, some thousands of excellent troops simply "spoiling for a fight" will have been disembarked. Precisely what will occur during the next few days it would be premature to attempt to forecast. But it is obvious that the first step to be taken will be the relief of Ladysmith, and it is confidently anticipated that this will be effected without much difficulty. The tide has turned; and now that our numerical, as well as moral, superiority is swiftly becoming an accomplished fact, a considerable alteration is naturally taking place in the state of tension to which the public mind has for some weeks been subjected.

Notwithstanding the fact that some 60,000 troops have been despatched to South Africa since the beginning of August, further preparations are in progress. At the Lord Mayor's banquet Lord Wolseley announced that a Fifth Division was about to be mobilised, the details of which have since been published. The infantry battalions are the 2nd Royal Lancaster, 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, 1st South Lancashire, 1st York and Lancaster, 2nd Royal Warwickshire, 1st Yorkshire, 2nd Dorsetshire, and 2nd Middlesex. The 19th, 20th, and 28th Field Batteries are detailed as Divisional troops, and the 14th Hussars as Divisional cavalry. In addition to this supplementary Division, there is in preparation at Woolwich a siege train of 6-in. howitzers and medium quick-firing guns. With these, if necessary, the bombardment of Pretoria will be effected in a manner which will probably surprise those optimists among the Boers and their friends by whom the forts built around the capital of the Transvaal, under the supervision of Dutch and French engineers, have been regarded as impregnable. With the arrival of this imposing ordnance the last hope of Boerdom will vanish, and it is earnestly to be hoped, in the interest of humanity, that the services of these weapons will not actually be required.

Since writing the above, news has come in of the renewed bombardment of Ladysmith, which was completely surrounded by the enemy's guns. Further fighting near Mafeking was also reported, the enemy having again been repulsed, but with the loss on our side of two officers killed—Captain Pechell of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and Lieutenant the Hon. Douglas Marsham of the Bedford Militia.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards	Ladysmith, Natal
5th Lancers	Ladysmith, Natal
9th ,,	Cape Frontier
18th Hussars	Ladysmith, Natal
19th ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
New South Wales Lancers	Cape Frontier

ROYAL GARRISON ARTILLERY.

10th Mountain Battery*	Ladysmith, Natal
14th Company Western Division	Cape Town
23rd ,, ,, ,,	Kimberley

ROYAL FIELD ARTILLERY.

13th Battery	Ladysmith, Natal
18th ,,	Cape Frontier
21st ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
42nd ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
53rd ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
62nd ,,	Cape Frontier
67th ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
69th ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
75th ,,	Cape Frontier

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	Pieter Maritzburg, Natal
1st Devonshire	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Leicestershire	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Gloucestershire*	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Border	Estcourt, Natal
1st North Lancashire	Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	Nauwpoort, Cape Colony
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	De Aar, Cape Colony
1st King's Royal Rifles	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd ,, ,, ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Manchester	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers*	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers	Estcourt, Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	Cape Frontier
2nd Devon	Ladysmith Relief Force
2nd West Yorkshire	Ladysmith Relief Force
2nd West Surrey	Ladysmith Relief Force
2nd East Surrey	Ladysmith Relief Force

NOTE.—The regiments whose station is given as "Cape Frontier" are those which have been sent forward to hold the three main railway lines running north from Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London, and the junction lines which connect them.

The position of the troops and the strength at the various strategic points can be seen at a glance by a reference to the map on page 59 of the Double Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of October 7. The regiments that have left or are immediately about to leave by this date are as follows: Cavalry—Composite Regiment Household Cavalry, 12*th Lancers*, 14*th Hussars*, 10th Hussars, 6*th Dragoons*, 2nd Dragoons, 1st Dragoons, 6th Dragoon Guards, 13th Hussars. Artillery—R.H.A., *R*, *O*, P, and G Batteries; R.F.A., 7*th*, 14*th*, 66*th*, 73rd, 64th, 63rd, 79th, 77th, 74th, 4th, 38th, 78th, 19th, 65th, 61st, and 37th Batteries; No. 4 Mountain Battery; 15th Co. W. Division, and 20th Co. S. Division, R.G.A. Infantry—3*rd Grenadier*, 1*st Coldstream*, 2*nd Coldstream*, and 1*st Scots Guards*, 2*nd Black Watch*, 1*st Highland L.I.*, 2*nd Seaforth*, 1*st Argyll and Sutherland*, 1st *Durham L.I.*, 2*nd Scottish Rifles*, 3rd K.R. Rifles, 1st Rifle Brigade, 1st R. Inniskilling Fusiliers, 2*nd R. Irish Rifles*, 1st Connaught Rangers, 1st R. Dublin Fusiliers, 2*nd R. Irish Fusiliers*, 2*nd Royal Fusiliers*, 2*nd R. Scots Fusiliers*, 1*st R. Welsh Fusiliers*, 1st Welsh, 2*nd Northampton*, 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers, 1st Gordons, 2nd Shropshire L.I., 2nd Cornwall L.I., 2nd Somerset L.I., 1st Suffolk, 1st Essex, 1st Sherwood Foresters, and 1st R. Scots.

Of the regiments whose names are printed in italics some may and others probably will arrive before November 18 at Cape Town.

* Troops marked thus formed the force that surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

NOTE.—Naval Brigades are now at Ladysmith, De Aar, Nauwpoort, and Durban.

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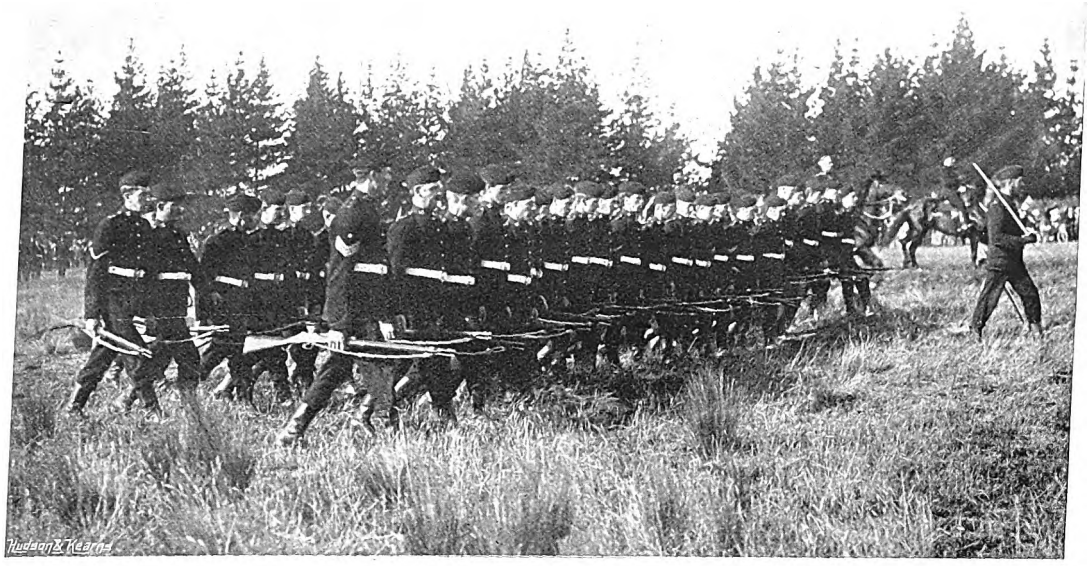
Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—VI.

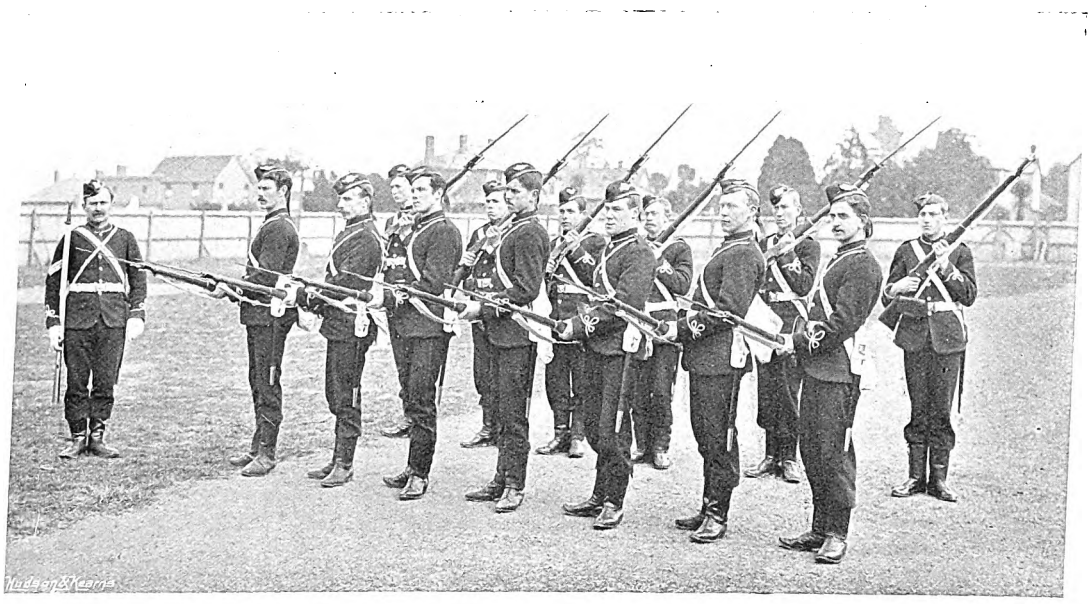
As regards inspections the E Battery referred to in our last article has always received the praise of commandants both for work, drill, and discipline, and several Imperial officers who have visited New Zealand during the past fifteen years have expressed very favourable opinions of the corps. The present officers are Captain Donald and Lieutenant McNicoll, both zealous soldiers. The chief non-commissioned officer is Sergeant-Major J. Treleaven, of whom it is often said "he is the finest Artillery non-commissioned officer that New Zealand has ever produced."



CHRISTCHURCH CITY GUARDS.
March Past.

At present the battery is armed with six 9-pounder Armstrong breech-loaders, but it is contemplated to re-arm the whole of the Field Artillery shortly with a much heavier and more modern weapon. The maximum establishment of the battery is sixty-three, but this is to be shortly increased.

A large number of the Permanent Artillery have been drawn from the E Battery, and as showing the spirit in which the men work, it is only necessary to say that they are always amongst the first to volunteer for service against the Maoris whenever there is a sign o' disturbance. At the time of the Parihaka rising in 1880 a large number volunteered, as well as for the more recent rising at Rawini. Other photographs of the battery will appear in a subsequent issue of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.



CHRISTCHURCH CITY RIFLES.
"Charge Bayonets."

Volunteering in New Zealand experienced a "boom" at the beginning of the present year, and in point of physique and general appearance the force has never been the equal of what it is to-day.

Corps are springing up all over the colony, and the multitude of applications for corps must be very embarrassing to the defence authorities. As a result of this the annual camps of exercise held at the different centres at Easter were far larger than they had been previously, and the work done on all sides proved that officers and men alike were anxious to get all the benefit they could out of the four days spent under canvas.

The defence authorities have made an arrangement, and a very good one too, that all camps of exercise must be held in the neighbourhood which the troops would be called upon to defend in the event of an attack. And the site chosen this year for the camp of the Canterbury Volunteers was about a couple of miles west of the large stretch of New Brighton Beach, which is looked upon as a likely landing-place. The situation was an ideal one for a camp, as the stretch of country around gave splendid chances for the work of all arms. The camp was situated about six miles from Christchurch, and the tactical idea throughout was the repelling of an attack on Christchurch. The encampment was divided into two sections, the larger one containing the infantry and engineers, and consisting of North Canterbury Rifle Battalion: Major Day in command, with Captain Charlewood, adjutant, and Lieutenant Sandford, quartermaster.

Photos. Copyright. *CHRIST'S COLLEGE RIFLES.* *J. N. Taylor.*
Champion Bayonet Exercise Squad.

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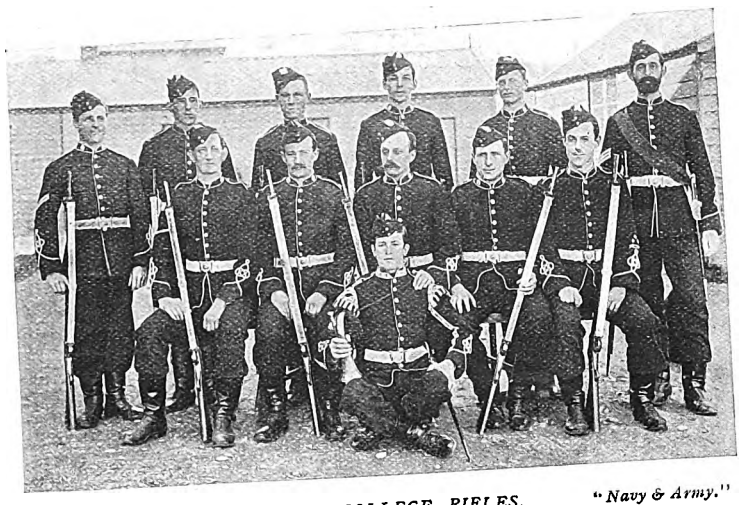

Photo. Copyright. CHRIST'S COLLEGE RIFLES. "Navy & Army."
Champion Squad, 1898.

Photo. Copyright. CHRIST'S COLLEGE RIFLES. A. F. L. Moore.
A Happy Family.

Engineers, Captain Dougall, 39; City Guards, Captain Creswell, 50; College Rifles, Captain N. L. D. Smith, 28; City Rifles, Captain Fairburn, 40; Kaiapoi Rifles, Captain Millar, 20; Rangiora Rifles, Captain Helmore, 33; Imperial Rifles, Lieutenant Marciel, 49; Sydenham Rifles, Captain G. J. Smith, 46; Linwood Rifles, Captain Horsley, 45; Cycle Corps, Lieutenant Finnis, 23; Medical Staff Corps, Surgeon-Captain Parsons, 24; Garrison Band, Bandmaster Merton, 18; staff, 5; total, 420. South Canterbury Rifle Battalion: Lieutenant-Colonel Moore in command, Captain Beckingham as major, Lieutenant Bourn as adjutant, and quartermaster Captain Cutten. Timaru Rifles, Lieut. Foden, 45; Timaru City Rifles, Captain Gillies, 41; Timaru Port Guards, Captain Thomas, 39; Temuka Rifles, Captain Richardson, 43; Ashburton Rifles, Captain Dolman, 38; Waimate Rifles, Captain Coltman, 40; Garrison Band, Sergeant Cameron, included in the above; staff, 5; total, 251—and the smaller one the Mounted Corps with the Artillery. This consisted of Mounted and E Battery: Major Slater, V.D., in command; Captain Wright, as major; Lieutenant Rhodes, adjutant: Captain Palairet, of the Reserve, D.A.A.G.; regimental quartermaster, Sergeant Lewin; regimental sergeant, Major Berland. Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry, Captain Lindsay, 19; Canterbury Mounted Rifles, Captain Snow, 25; Ellesmere Mounted Rifles, Captain Boag, 26; South Canterbury Mounted Rifles, Captain Hayhurst, 37; E. Battery, Captain Donald, 41; staff, 5; total, 153.

It will thus be seen that there were about 900 men of all arms under canvas. The combined camp was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, who had with him as his staff Major Jowsey, divisional brigade-major; Major Wright, orderly officer; and Surgeon-Captain Parsons, of the medical staff. Lieutenant-Colonel Francis, V.D., was brigadier in charge of the Infantry Brigade, which was composed of the North and South Canterbury Battalions; he had with him Captain Hobday as brigade major.

Photo Copyright. CHRISTCHURCH CITY RIFLES. A. F. L. Moore.
Bayonet Exercise.

When New Zealand Volunteers go into camp their routine is a stiff one, and this was adhered to on this occasion.

The daily routine of the infantry was as follows: Réveille, 5.30 a.m., rations, 6.15 a.m.; guard mounting, 6.30 a.m. and 8.0 p.m.; breakfast, 7.30 a.m.; dinner, 12.30 p.m.; tea, 5.30 p.m.; retreat, at sunset; first post, 10.0 p.m.; last post, 10.30 p.m.; and lights out, 10.45 p.m. For the mounted corps it was: Réveille, 6.15 a.m.; stables parade, 7.0 a.m.; breakfast, 8.0 a.m.; guard mounting, 8.45 a.m.; mounted parade, 9.30 a.m.; camp inspection, 12.30 p.m.; luncheon, 1.0 p.m.; mounted parade, 2.30 p.m.; stables and guard mounts, 7.35 p.m.; first post, 9.30 p.m.; last post, 10.0 p.m.; lights out, 10.30 p.m.

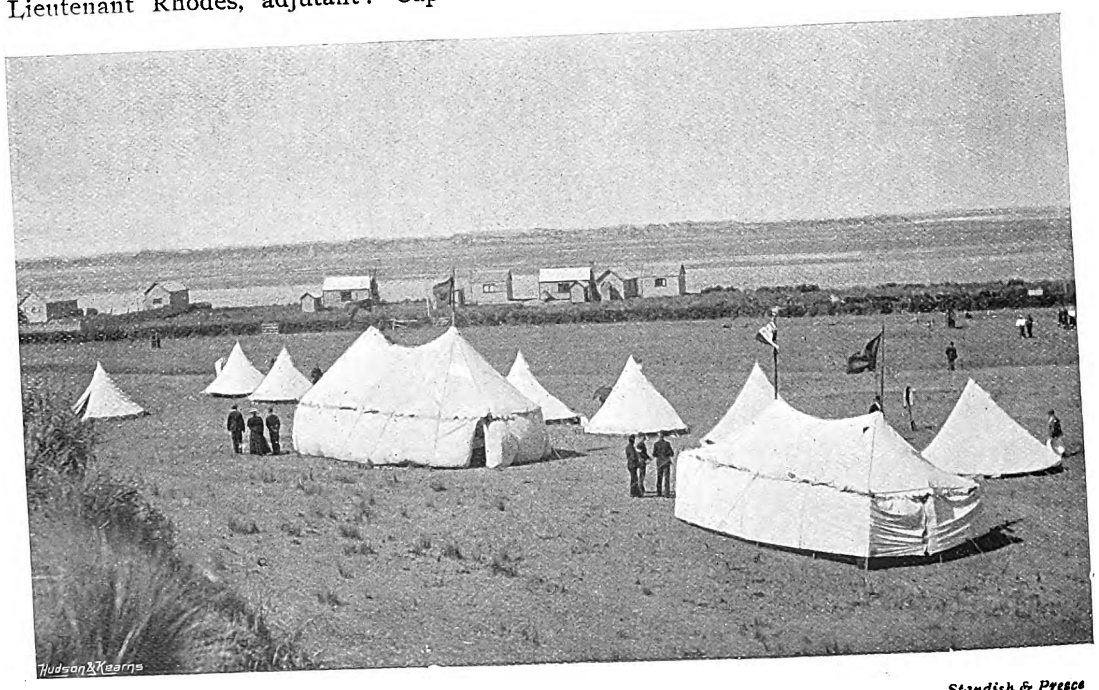

Photo. Copyright. CHRIST'S COLLEGE RIFLES UNDER CANVAS. Standish & Presce
General View of Camp.

The work done principally consisted of field movements and outpost work, each branch taking up their special duties. The country thoroughly tried the qualities of all.

The Medical Staff Corps, which had only been formed a couple of weeks previously, did excellent work under Surgeon-Captain Parsons, who is an old British Volunteer. The field hospital attended to over thirty cases during the four days.

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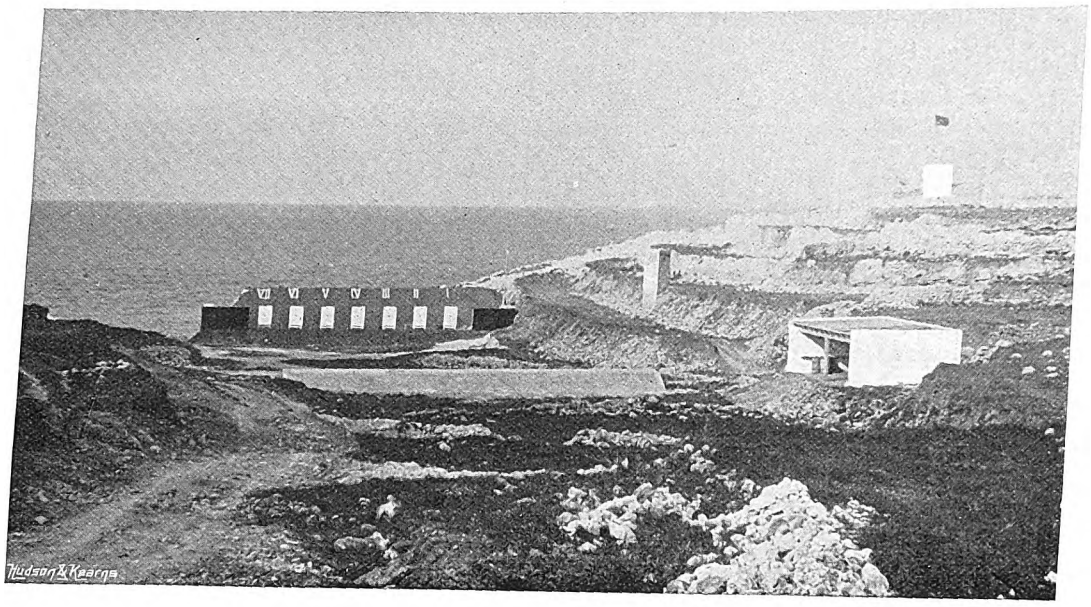
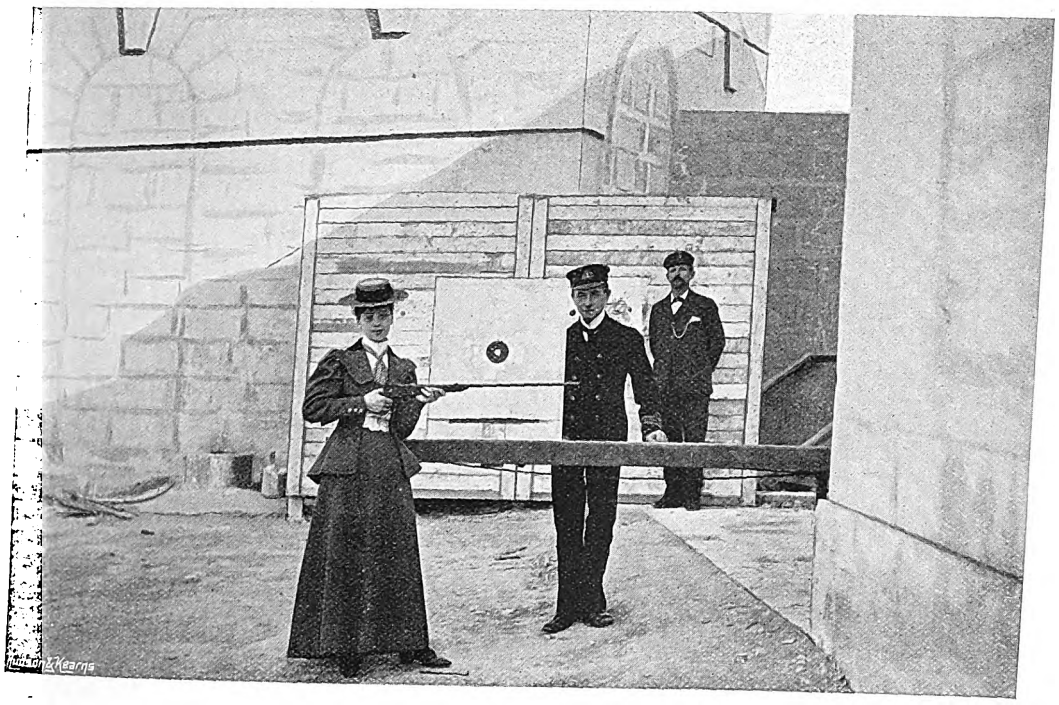
Small Arm Training for the Sea Service.

THE big gun is naturally the Navy's weapon, but nevertheless training in the use of the small arm is not neglected. Naval rifle teams from the Whale Island Gunnery School, from the "Cambridge" (the Gunnery School at Devonport), and from the Royal Marines—Artillery as well as Infantry—can hold their own at Bisley as well as they do at the more purely military rifle meetings. And when our Bluejackets go abroad to serve on foreign stations, their training in this respect is not allowed to grow slack, and the men do their musketry course on selected ranges in whatever part of the globe they may happen to find themselves.

"Jack" at Ladysmith has been gaily pounding away with his guns at the Boers' "Long Tom," of which we have heard so much lately; but we may be quite sure that in the "Powerful's" brigade there are some marksmen as good as any amongst the Boers with the rifle. These men got their practice with the rifle on the ranges at Hong Kong or Wei-hai-Wei, but the range here illustrated is that at Malta, where the men of the Mediterranean Squadron are now put through their musketry courses. One of our illustrations shows the range from the 600-yds. firing point, while another shows the new 200-yds. range. When one considers the strength of the Mediterranean station, and the large number of seamen and marines on the station, it is evident that the upkeep of a Naval range at Malta is of no small importance. On board the "Hibernia"—the hulk that flies the flag of the Admiral-Superintendent—an officer of Royal Marines is borne for service as musketry instructor, whilst on the books of the flag-ship on the station a gunnery lieutenant is borne for special duties, amongst which is included the musketry instruction of the Bluejackets. This latter officer was until the other day, when he came home to take up the appointment of gunnery lieutenant in the "Niobe," Lieutenant G. E. S. Petch. Our picture of the ladies' rifle range shows Lieutenant Petch and his wife and the chief gunnery instructor. Lieutenant Petch is a gunnery officer of mark, for he is what is known as a four-one man, having as a sub-lieutenant gained four first-class certificates in his five subjects, thereby earning immediate promotion to lieutenant.

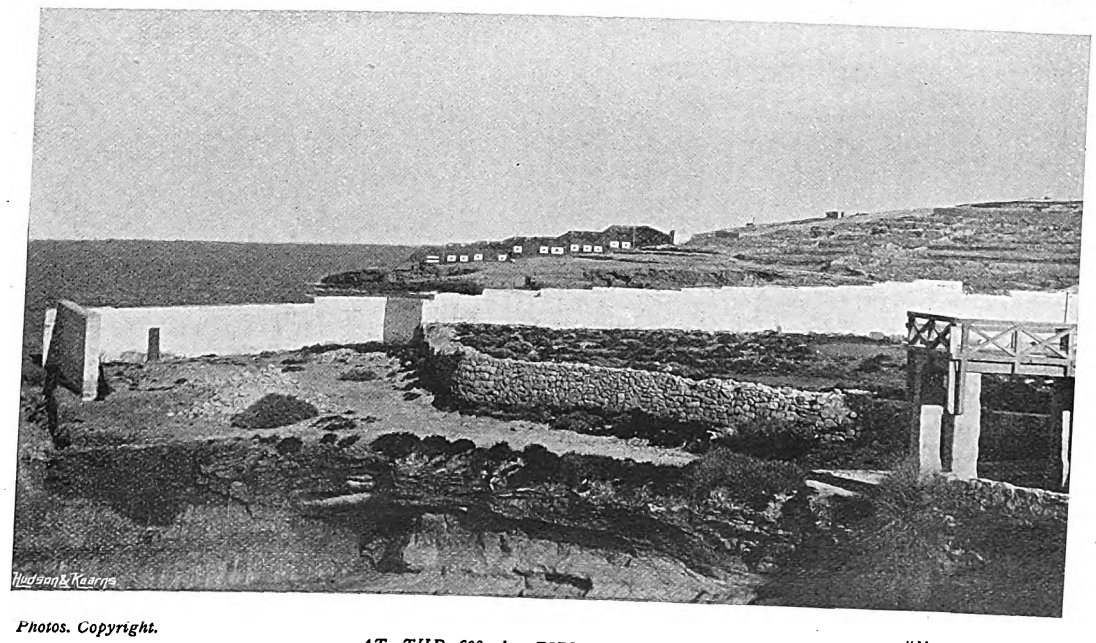


THE NEW 200-yds. RANGE.
Recently Opened at Malta.



AN EXPERT MARKSWOMAN.
Mrs. Petch at the Ladies' Rifle Range.

And he has imbued his wife with his own military ardour, for during the Malta season of 1898-99 Mrs. Petch was the best lady shot in the island. The post just vacated by Lieutenant Petch is now held by Lieutenant H. R. Veale, who is borne as extra gunnery lieutenant on the books of the "Renown," the flag-ship Sir John Fisher took with him from the North American to the Mediterranean station. The duties the musketry officer for Royal Marines has to carry out on the station are of no small moment, for the Mediterranean Squadron must be in a condition to land a strong battalion of Marines whenever necessary, and their musketry instruction is of the highest importance. This post is now held by Captain Drage, an officer who has obtained the Hythe extra certificate in musketry, and has passed in Army signalling. The new 600-yds. range has, according to a correspondent, proved satisfactory in every way, and a good deal of practice goes on in front of it.



Photos. Copyright. *AT THE 600-yds. FIRING POINT.* *"Navy & Army."*
On the Naval Rifle Range

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Three Old Ocean Warriors.

FEW of us are aware probably of the number of old men-of-war still existing on harbour and other service in our dockyards and ports that have helped in their day to make Naval history. As a fact, there are more than a score of such, and some of them are to be found to-day in the most unlikely places. Three of these we here illustrate, and some of the others may be dealt with later on. Of the three, the "Hibernia" comes naturally first. She is, perhaps—indeed, she must be certainly—the oldest British man-of-war in existence after the "Victory." For present purposes the old "Implacable," attached to the "Lion" training-ship at Devonport, does not count. The "Hibernia," in point of fact, was launched a few months before Trafalgar, and hoisted her first pennant and admiral's flag a few months after that battle. She was a sister ship to Collingwood's favourite old flag-ship, the "Caledonia," long since gone to the ship-breaker. The "Hibernia's" first cruise was in 1806, as flag-ship of the Channel Fleet, with the Union at the main of the famous Earl St. Vincent. She flew St. Vincent's flag during the old chief's last service afloat, and after it was hauled down on board the "Hibernia," St. Vincent's flag was never again hoisted in any man-of-war. In the closing years of the Napoleonic war the "Hibernia" served in the Mediterranean, and in the various small affairs that our ships blockading Toulon under Lord Exmouth had she took a part. After lying up for years in the Hamoaze, the "Hibernia" went to the Mediterranean in the forties as flag-ship to Sir William Parker, "the last of Nelson's captains," and there, with the exception of two brief returns to England to refit, she has remained ever since. The "Eagle" is another Napoleonic war veteran, dating from 1808, and she did some very smart fighting service indeed off the Coast of Spain and in the Adriatic down to the close of the Great War. Her list of principal battle honours is as follows: Duke of York's victory over Dutch, 1665; victory over French off La Hogue, 1692; capture of Gibraltar, 1704; Rooke's victory over French, 1704; Hawke's victory over French off Finisterre, 1747; actions in East Indies, 1782. The old "Belvidera" frigate is the last of the old shipmates, in the most literal sense of the term, of Broke's famous "Shannon," with whom she served through the American War of 1812. It was the "Belvidera" who fired the first British shot in the war, and her adventures were many and notable, a brilliant and spirited page of our Naval story, were there space to do more than briefly allude to it as we close.

The "Hibernia" is the flag-ship of the Admiral-Superintendent of Malta Dockyard; the "Eagle" serves as a drill-ship for the Royal Naval Reserve at Liverpool; and the "Belvidera" acts as receiving ship at Portsmouth.

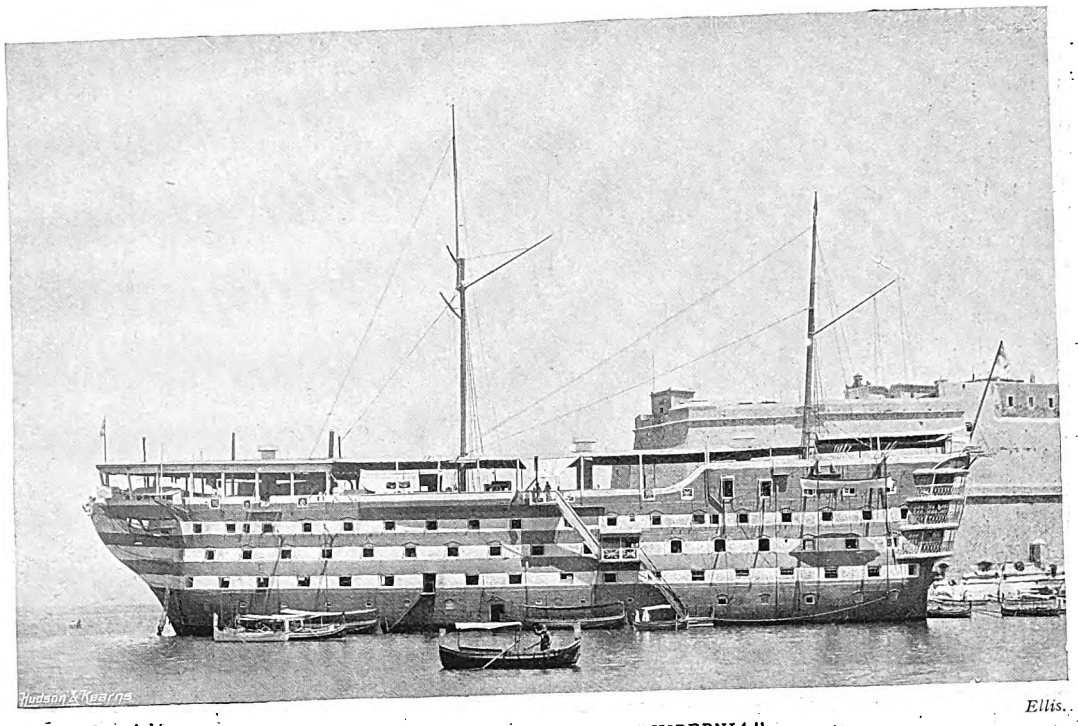


Photo. Copyright. THE MALTA RECEIVING SHIP "HIBERNIA." Ellis.

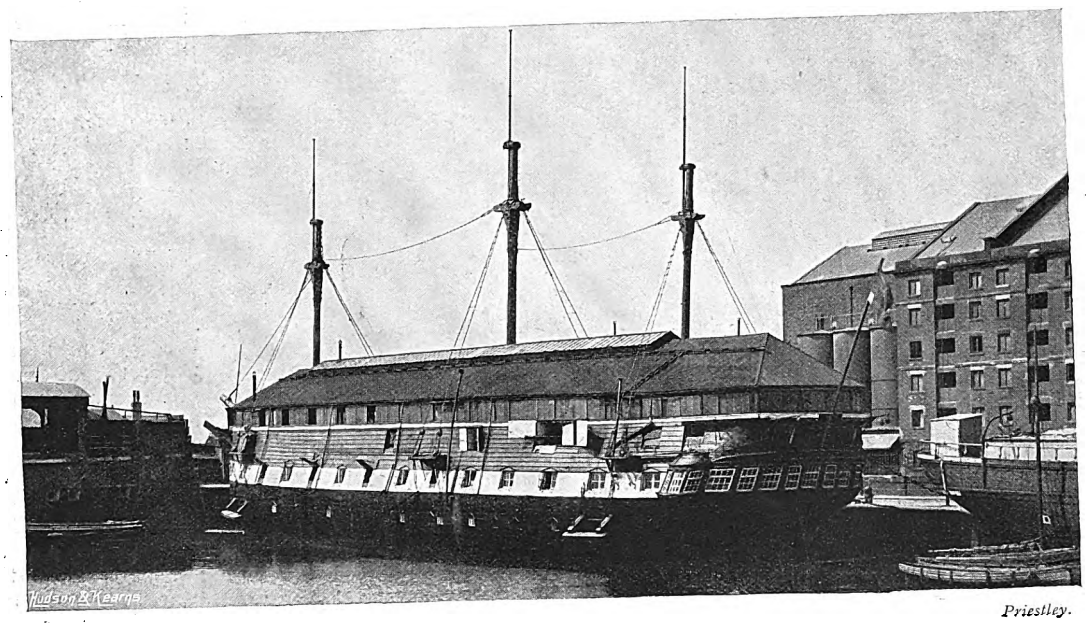
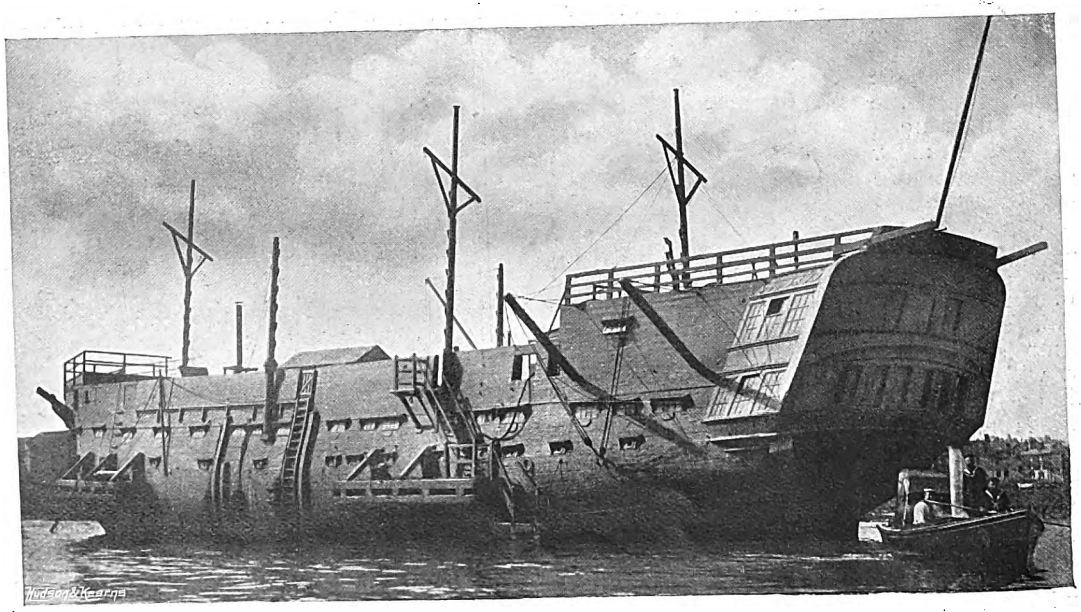


Photo. Copyright. THE LIVERPOOL RECEIVING SHIP "EAGLE." Priestley.



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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 147.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25th, 1899.

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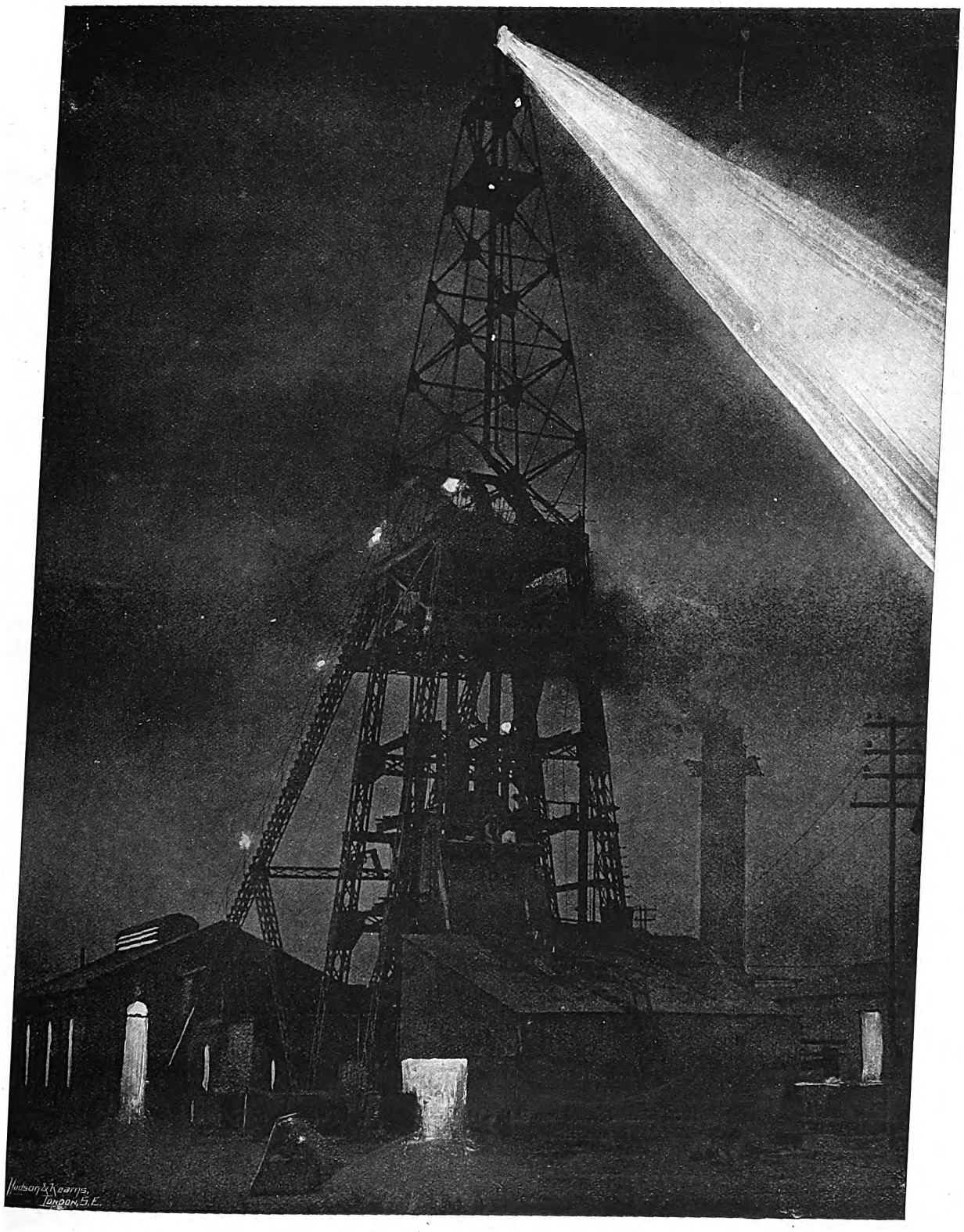

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army"

KIMBERLEY ON THE DEFENSIVE.

The heroic defence of Kimberley will stand out as one of the most notable events of the war in which we are now engaged. By day an attack is well prepared for, and if the enemy attacks at night, the country for miles around is lit up by the powerful electric search-light installed on the De Beers shaft-head, now used as a military signalling station.

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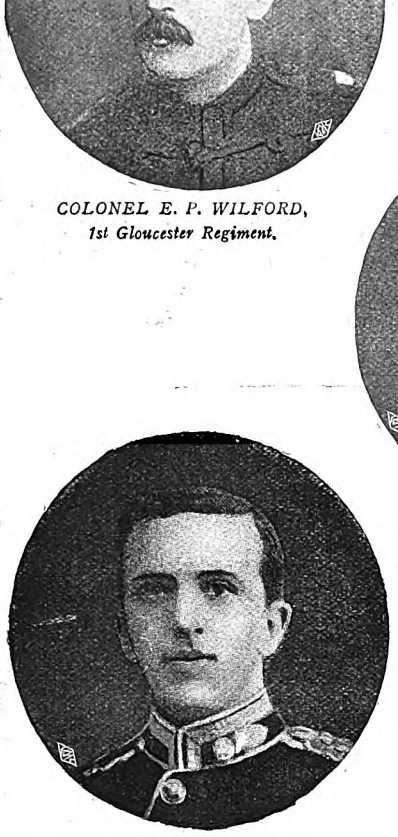
The Heroes We Mourn.

COLONEL E. P. WILFORD,
1st Gloucester Regiment.

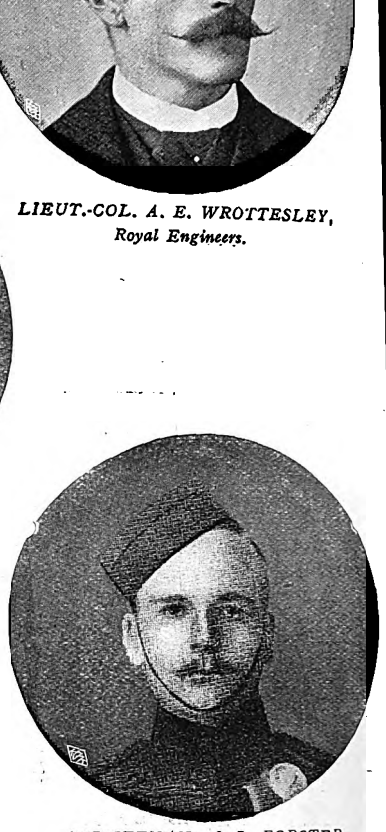
LIEUT.-COL. A. E. WROTTESLEY,
Royal Engineers.

MAJOR EDWARD GREY,
Royal Army Medical Corps.

MAJOR W. J. MYERS,
King's Royal Rifles.



CAPTAIN G. A. WELDON,
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



LIEUTENANT J. L. FORSTER,
2nd King's Royal Rifles.

COMMANDER F. G. EGERTON, R.N.

LIEUTENANT J. A. CAMPBELL,
2nd Gordon Highlanders.

LIEUTENANT L. B. BRADBURY,
2nd Gordon Highlanders.

LIEUTENANT J. T. MACDOUGALL,
Royal Artillery.

LIEUTENANT N. J. HAMBRO,
1st King's Royal Rifles.

LIEUTENANT R. C. BARNETT,
1st King's Royal Rifles.

LIEUTENANT W. HANNAH,
1st Leicester Regiment.

Our Gallant Slain.

Photos. W. Coles, Watford; Barraud; A. Debenham, Ryde.

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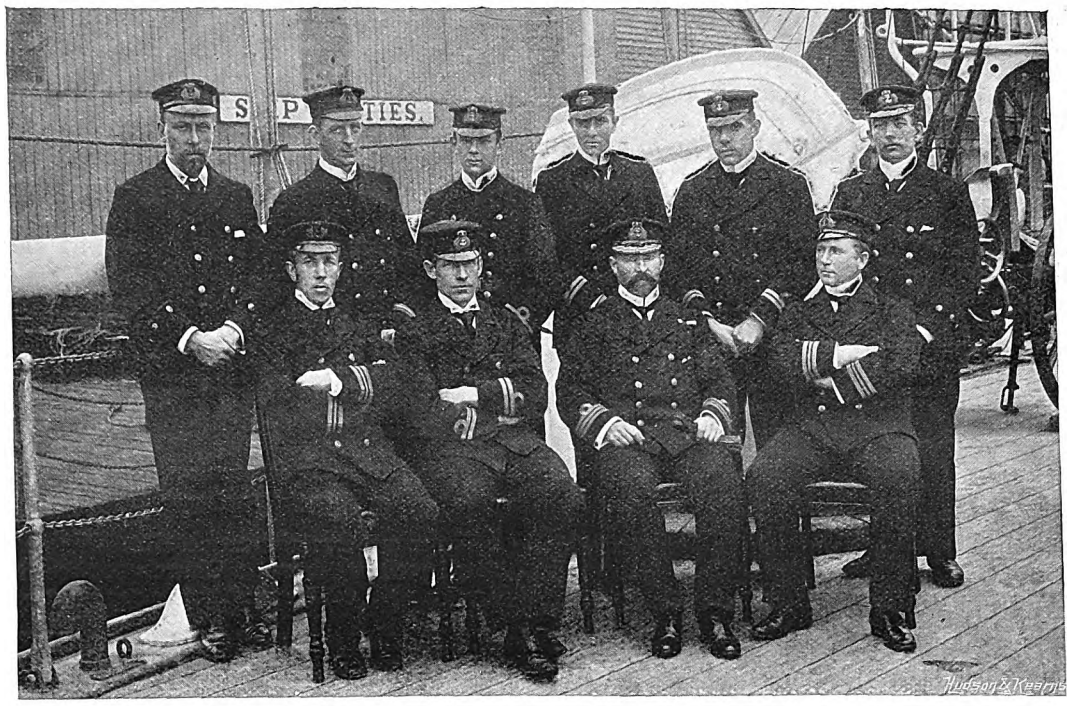
To Destroy an Enemy's Commerce.

THE THIRD-CLASS CRUISER "BARHAM."

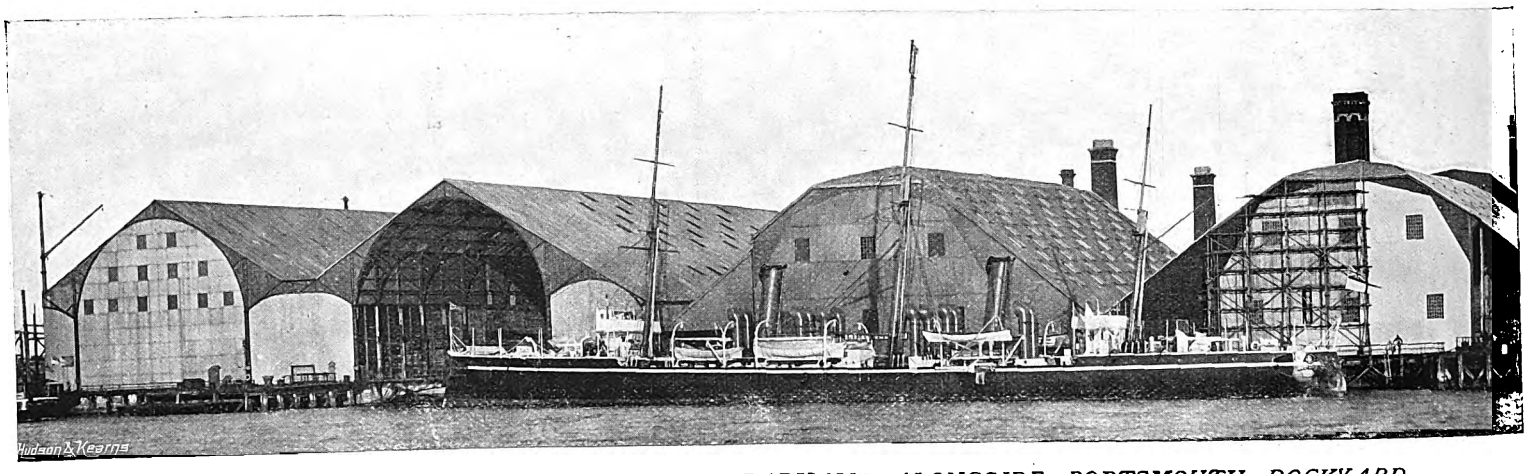
THE "Barham" is a third-class cruiser of very moderate dimensions, according to modern ideas, being of only 1,830 tons displacement. She was built in 1889, but was supplied last year with Thornycroft water-tube boilers, by which, no doubt, her speed has been increased. She carries six 4·7-in., and four 3-pounder quick-firers and two machine guns, a modest armament enough; but, as her total complement is only 160, it is probable that men could not be spared to work more guns. The problem of finding adequate accommodation for the officers and men is greatly increased in a small vessel, as the engines and boilers occupy much more space relatively. For instance, to drive her at 19 knots, the "Barham" requires 2·6 indicated h. p. per ton of displacement, while the monster "Terrible," for 22 knots, is content with 1·7—a very great difference.



THE OFFICERS OF THE "BARHAM."

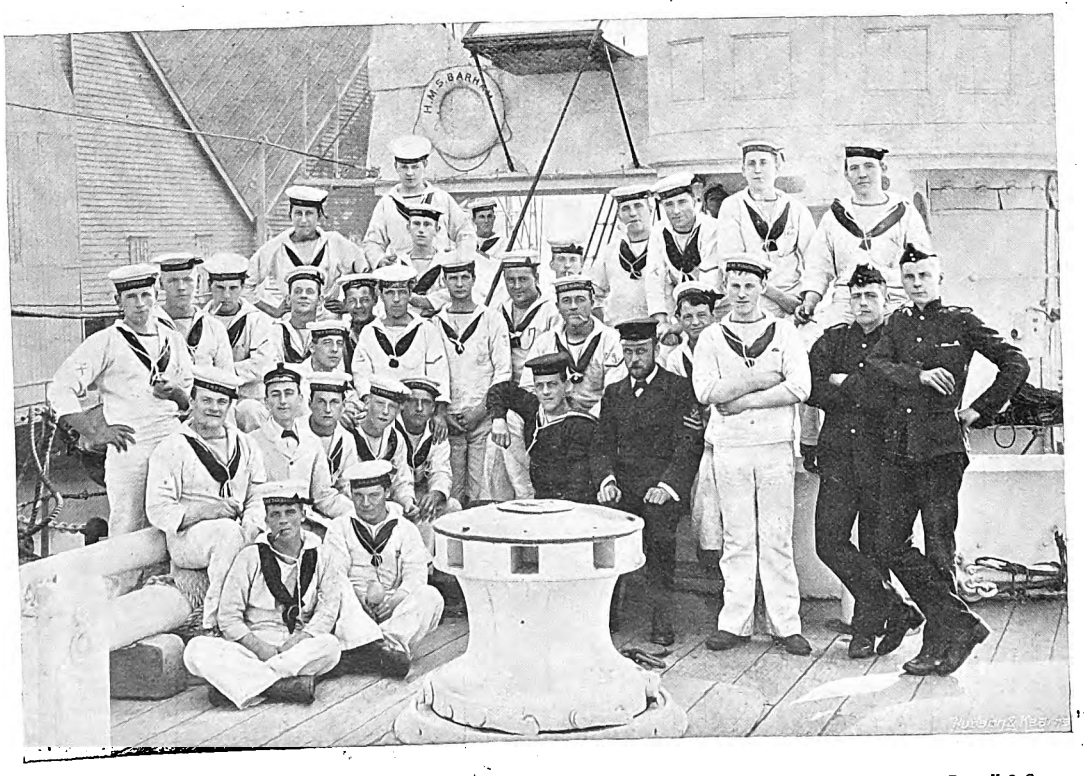
The "Barham" has been commissioned to relieve the "Salamander" in the Mediterranean. She is in charge of Commander H. L. Tottenham, whose portrait is given, together with his officers, in one of our illustrations. He was promoted to lieutenant for services during the Egyptian War of 1882, and served subsequently in the Naval Brigade, under Sir F. Bedford, landed on the Coast of Africa in 1895, the scene of so many of those "little wars" in which the Navy has done good service on land, and which have afforded opportunities to officers and men of gaining distinction.

The picture of the "Barham" alongside the dockyard shows a workmanlike little vessel, very handy, and well adapted for the purposes of scouting and destroying the enemy's commerce, for which she is intended. The vessel she replaces is only a gun-boat of 735 tons, so the station gains in strength by the exchange. The newer third-class cruisers are captains' commands, so Commander Tottenham probably considers himself fortunate in his appointment; very important work may be required of such a vessel in war-time.



A WORKMANLIKE LITTLE VESSEL—THE "BARHAM" ALONGSIDE PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

The ship's company seated round the steam capstan on the forecastle make a small display; a good many must surely be absent, probably on duty in the dockyard. The Royal Marines are only represented by two men. The working hands, including stokers, probably number nearly 140.



Photos. Copyright. SOME OF THE CREW OF THE "BARHAM." Russell & Sons.

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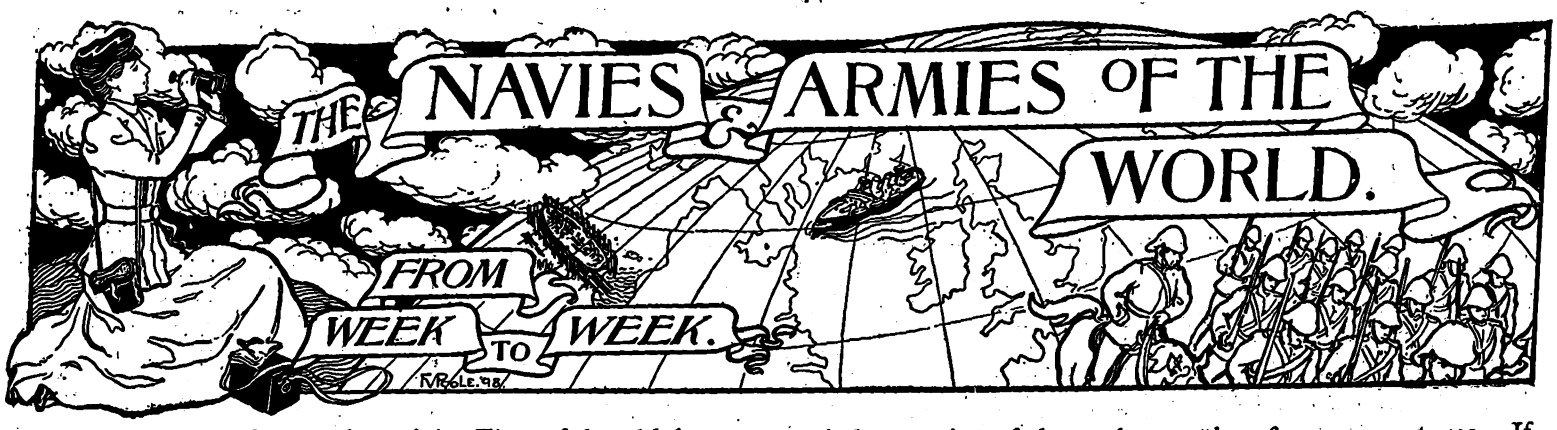

SOME, at least, of the readers of the *Times* of the 16th inst. must have wondered whether the correspondent who signed "R. N." was joking or in earnest. If there is a jest in his letter he is a trifle cryptic. To say that the Navy is of opinion that by this time next year we shall need 100,000 more mobile troops, and perhaps 300,000, is not necessarily serious. Why should the Navy know better than the Merchant Service, or the Woods and Forests, or our esteemed but illusive friend the man in the street? But if "R. N." is serious, then, like the immortal fat boy, he wants to make our flesh creep. A hundred thousand more mobile troops means, presumably, an addition of that amount to the permanent standing Army. Now, if we do need this, to say nothing of 300,000, there is a very serious prospect before the nation. Can anybody believe that even the lesser of these two numbers could be added at a blow to the Army by voluntary enlistment, even supposing that the pay and allowances are greatly increased? Even if that were the case, the addition would make a colossal difference to the Budget, for it is clear that the new scale of pay could not apply only to the new men. Those we have on foot would have to share it. Besides, there is the pay of officers to be considered, and arms, and clothing, and the certain addition to the non-effective vote. The country would soon be on the way to Army Estimates of fifty millions or thereabouts, without including India. Cynical persons are already looking for the change which will come over many good Imperialists' faces when the inevitable additional twopence is put on the income-tax. The length to which they would stretch if "R. N." is right is fearful to think of.

* * * *

But it is idle to talk of increasing the Army in anything like these proportions by voluntary enlistment. We have got pretty well to the end of our tether as it is. If we go a little further there will be an absolute need for conscription. We may hear it suggested that there might be a compulsory service for the militia or home army, and voluntary enlistment for the regulars. But that would never do. What we want is an Army which can go all over the world. If it is to be much larger than it is now we shall need conscription for it. When that is introduced there will be no question of better pay; quite the contrary. The British Army is the best paid, fed, clothed, and treated in all ways in Europe, because it is a voluntary army, and men must be tempted to come in. When they can be got by force there will be no need to make things much more comfortable than they are in France or Germany. Even so the increase in the cost of our Army will be immense, and the prospect will not be pleasing to the taxpayer. He is extremely likely to come to the conclusion that there is such a thing as paying too much even for the Imperial whistle. We have had a very easy time of it hitherto, because we have been able to do with a great Navy and a comparatively small Army. If it is really the case that we shall need an Army on the same scale as our Navy, for that is what an addition of 300,000 men to the mobile troops means, we may make up our minds to one thing, and it is that the present Imperialist hot fit will speedily be followed by a cold fit of icy intensity. The obligation to be very strong both on sea and land was the ruin of Holland, and made France utterly unable to cope with us on the sea, which she might have done if Louis XIV. had not, very kindly for us, plunged into a career of conquest on land which made Europe too hot to hold him. If we assume the double obligation we shall be overtaxed as others have been. But we shall not, because so soon as it becomes probable that Imperialism is leading us in that direction we shall swing back, as surely as any pendulum, to the sentiments of forty years ago.

* * * *

The letter of "Navalis" in Monday's *Times* on "The Question of the Training Squadron" is well calculated to make its gravity clear to all readers. As he says, the matter is of more importance than any dispute as to the relative value of training in sailing or steam ships. What is at stake is the whole question of the early practice of our men at sea. If they are to be sent at once into the larger vessels they will get comparatively little practice on blue water. There are many good judges who are of opinion that our crews are not so much at sea as it would be for their good to be. Now all experience certainly goes to show that you cannot make a real sailor by any amount of drilling in port. Seamanship, in the full sense of the word, is not purely, is perhaps not even mainly, a matter of knowledge, it is a habit. As Sir Richard Hawkins said centuries ago, the land is natural to man and the sea to fishes. The human race has to be fitted to live on the unfamiliar element by special training, which must be got young. Steam makes no difference as to that. Now, if a steam-ship takes the young sailor less to sea than the sailing-ship, it will make him proportionately a less good seaman. But it is almost certain that this is precisely what it will do. The vessel which is moved by the help of coal is a very much more costly affair than one which depends on her sails. She burns money every minute. If, then, we have a Training Squadron at all, we shall tend to secure its constant practice at sea by making it as cheap as we can. That argument is, of course, of no value to those who think that an acquired habit of living at sea is of less importance than book knowledge, and what is known by the imposing name of "scientific" instruction. But can you make a sailor on shore?

* * * *

The German Emperor is probably the most convinced believer in sea power now living, and never misses a chance of confessing the faith that is in him. He has just congratulated Admiral Werner on his energy in delivering a lecture on the theme "Our Future Lies on the Sea." It would be interesting to read that lecture, but one can make a fairly confident guess at the heads of the admiral's discourse. Germany is not naturally rich, or at any rate great parts of it are not, and it has a growing population. Where can its people turn except to the sea? Admiral Werner may have enforced his moral by showing that the Germans have begun to do it already. The increase in their merchant shipping, and also in their fisheries, has been very considerable, and will be still greater. Some of them seem to be rather frightened at the prospect, but the natural tendency of a race to turn to where it can find the means of living will be too much for the timid alarmist. Meanwhile, this sudden outburst of the old instinct for the sea in that part of the Teutonic races is a very significant sign. We hear much outcry now and then over the goods made in Germany which compete with ours, but nothing is said about the sailors who are being made in Germany, at a time when the number of Britons who prefer to live by the sea is certainly not increasing.

* * * *

There is something which is not very creditable in the manifest wish of a good few among us to discover that the Boers are committing "barbarities." All we know for certain as yet is that the prisoners taken by them are fairly treated. Against this there is so far only to be set off unproved stories of misuse of the white flag, general charges of plundering, and reported threats to retaliate ferociously if one of their spies is shot. How is it that if this last tale is true we have not been told it on official authority? We should not give the enemy any information by publishing the truth. Is it not also strange that if the Boers made an unfair use of the white flag at Dundee, the *Times* correspondent should only say that there was a misunderstanding about an armistice? As for the Boer bugler who sounded the English "cease fire" at Elandslaagte, that is the kind of trick which has been played by regular armies times without number. The most unreasonable charge against the Boers is that which accuses them of wanton destruction of property. After what was done in our own time by Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, and Sherman in the march from Atlanta to Savannah, this is surely nearly childish. Every general will deprive his opponents of the resources of the country if he can.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information, of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

**** On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VIII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

NOVEMBER 26, 1817.—Battle of Seetabaldee. A British force of 1,350 attacked by 18,000 of the Rajah Appah Saib's troops. The enemy was ultimately driven off after two days' fighting. The victory was largely due to a brilliant charge made by Captain Fitzgerald against the Mahratta Horse; not only did he disperse them, but also cut to pieces a body of infantry, and took two guns. One-fourth of the British force was killed or wounded.

November 27, 1781.—Sortie from Gibraltar. Successful action by General Ross. The enemy were driven from their fortifications, their guns spiked, and their magazines blown up.

November 28, 1753.—French attack on Trichinopoly defeated. The French attempted a surprise, but failed through the gallantry of Lieutenant Harrison, who was in command, Captain Kilpatrick being incapacitated by wounds. Three hundred and sixty prisoners were taken, and the enemy lost about 100 killed and wounded. 1879.—Secocoeni's stronghold at Water Koppje successfully stormed by Sir Garnet Wolseley, the chief himself being captured and sent to Cape Town.

November 29, 1759.—Wandewash captured from the French. After two days' siege the place surrendered. The French had five officers, 100 Europeans, and 500 natives taken prisoners. Only British troops were used on our side. 1803.—Battle of Argaum. Rout of the Mahrattas by Wellesley, followed by the submission of the Rajah of Berar.

December 1, 1814.—Capture of the fort of Kalunga. Sir Robert Gillespie having been killed in an attack on this place on October 31, and our force having retired, Colonel Mawby, of the 53rd, again invested the place, and on December 1 compelled Balbudra Sing to evacuate the fort and fly. 1824.—Repulse of the Burmese at Kemmendine. Repeated attacks by the enemy were frustrated by our troops. Some fire-ships were launched by the Burmese, and sent down the river to destroy our warships, but they were run ashore by our seamen and did no damage.

December 2, 1825.—Heights of Napadee stormed. Burmese position carried at the point of the bayonet. The enemy were routed, and their army was practically destroyed. Between forty and fifty pieces of artillery were taken by our men.

NOVEMBER 26, 1796.—Action off Anguilla, between the "Lapwing," 28, and the French "Decius," 20, and "Vaillante," 6-gun brig, the latter with 200 troops on board. The "Lapwing" took the "Decius" after a twenty minutes' action, and then following up the "Vaillante," who had made off at the first shot, drove her ashore and totally destroyed her.

November 27, 1811. — Capture of the French 40-gun frigate "Corceyère" — armed *en flûte* — by the British "Eagle," 74, in the Adriatic. Another French 40-gun frigate and a gun brig who was with the "Corceyère" managed to escape.

November 28, 1808.—Capture of three vessels in Mahaut Harbour, Guadaloupe, by the boats of the British 16-gun brig "Heureux." Besides the vessels a strong shore battery was stormed and taken by our men, but the arrival of a large force of French troops on the heights above the harbour turned the tables, and our boats had to leave the prizes, and only got clear with difficulty.

November 29, 1652.—Action off Dungeness, between Blake with forty ships and Tromp with eighty ships. After a fierce and bloody action, Blake withdrew, and anchored first in Dover Roads, and then in the Thames.

November 30, 1803.—Surrender of the French squadron at Cap Francois, St. Domingo, with troops under General Rochambeau, to Sir J. B. Duckworth's squadron.

December 1, 1652.—Recapture of the "Phœnix" frigate from the Dutch, under Cornelius Tromp, in Leghorn Roads. The affair was carried out at night in a very dashing manner by Captain Owen Cox, of Commodore Badiley's squadron, and was a complete surprise. Tromp escaped by jumping out of a cabin window and swimming to another Dutch ship moored astern.

December 2, 1793.—Action between the "Antelope" packet, six 3-pounders, and twenty-one men and boys, and a large French privateer, the "Atalante," eight guns, off Cuba. A consort was with the "Atalante," but was outsailed. The "Atalante" chased the "Antelope," and repeatedly boarded her, having upwards of seventy men at disposal, but the assailants were each time beaten back, and in the end the "Atalante's" men called for quarter and surrendered.

A Way They Had in the Navy.

By EDWARD FRASER.

HERE is an excursion along a byway of Navy lore that I think has not been trodden before; and it is one out of which some entertainment may be got also. Foreign names of British men-of-war, and how they have fared in the Navy—so we may conveniently set forth our subject.

There were in old times, as a rule, four regulation ways of dealing with the man-of-war names of foreign origin, which used to be plentifully sprinkled about the Navy List. Most of them were, of course, the names of ships captured in battle and added to the fighting strength of our own Fleet.

The oldest way was to take the name of a captured ship just as it stood and enter it on the Navy List in English, with a prefix before it giving the original nationality of the ship. Thus, to name two famous old prizes of Charles II.'s time, the "French Ruby"—the original name of the ship being "Le Rubis"—and the "French Victory"—her name originally being "La Victoire." The next way, which was in existence about the same time, was one generally adopted when there was some special circumstance to render the capture memorable. It was to strike out the ship's name and enter the new comer on the list by the name of her captor, with the affix "prize" attached. Thus we had the "'Sweepstake' Prize" for one captured ship, the "'Dover' Prize," the "'Chatham' Prize," the "'Triton' Prize," the "'Swallow' Prize," the "'Speedwell' Prize," the "'Rochester' Prize," the "'Salisbury' Prize," the "'Advice' Prize," the "'Seahorse' Prize," and so on, for others. These two methods of naming captured ships in the Navy were greatly in favour with the authorities from the reign of Charles II. to the time of George I., after which they are seldom found. A third way, that came into vogue with the Admiralty about William III.'s or Queen Anne's time, was to enter the new prize names on the Navy List translated into their nearest English equivalents, as, for instance, the "Thunderbolt" for our first captured "Foudroyant," a frigate of Louis XIV.'s Navy. This was the usual practice where the name in the original had an unusually jaw-breaking appearance about it. It had the further commendation of being in keeping with our common Navy practice of the times. In all published official lists of foreign Navies it was usual to give the names of the ships translated into English, in preference to reproducing the actual foreign names of the ships in question. Instances of these translated names abound in Navy papers presented to Parliament, especially in the times of William III. and Queen Anne. We find them, too, in private lists of foreign men-of-war drawn up by Naval officers for their own information, which may still be met with. They are amusing reading, for the disguised form under which the translated names figure is often absolutely grotesque. Imagine, for instance, Mr. Goschen presenting a Parliamentary paper to the House of Commons with a list of the French Navy, translating the ship names in this style—the "Rash," for example, for "Le Téméraire"; the "Without Danger" for "Le Sans Pareil"; the "Undertaker" for "L'Entreprenante"; the "Jolly" for "Le Joli"; the "Fire" for "Le Fier"; the "Fiddle" for "La Fidelle"; the "Turkish Lady" for "La Turquoise," and so on. All these names are actually taken from a report of the French Navy that was laid on the table of the House of Commons in March, 1693, and that may be read to-day in the printed Commons' Journals.

Then came a more natural method of dealing with prize ships' names, which was in use in George III.'s time, from the Seven Years' War onwards. This system took the foreign names of the captured ships and transferred them directly to the British Navy List in the form in which they were originally spelled and written. It was, perhaps, the best way of all, but it had one drawback. It left Jack to fight with the pronunciation of the names in his own way. How he did so there is ample record in contemporary newspaper paragraphs, and in letters still existing. How ample we may show here at some little length.

To take a few of these "sea changes," as we may call them, at random, jotted down from the sources indicated. "Belliqueux," for example, was a French ship name originally bestowed on a French man-of-war taken by us in George II.'s time. During the half-century that the name

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figured in the British Service—from the Seven Years' War to some years later than Camperdown—the ship was to our sailors always and only the "Billy Squeaks." "Dedaigneuse," the name of one of Napoleon's frigates captured at the beginning of the century, became in the British Navy the "Dead Nose." This, for its part, however, was not exactly unhappy. The frigate on which it was bestowed, as a fact, was perhaps the very slowest tub we ever took from the French. Here, also, are some other rearrangements of equal authenticity. "Sans Pareil," for instance, the name of a big French eighty-gun ship that Lord Howe took on the "Glorious First of June," was always, during the forty odd years that the ship existed on the British Navy List, the "Sam Perry." "Généreux," the name of the French commodore's ship captured by Nelson in the "Foudroyant" off Malta in 1799, was always amongst our tars to the end of the chapter the "Jenny Rooks." Simpler marine variations on the original pronunciation are "Shields," for "Achille"; "Sparshot," for "Spartiate"; "Horse Shoe," for "Oiseau"; "Uneet," for "Unité", "Bonny Pheasant," for "Bienfaisant"; "Immortalight," for "Immortalité"; and "Imperooze," for "Impérieuse."

Here are two cases in which ships of our own Navy, to which particular names were given for special reasons, were overhauled by Jack in his own way. One is the name "Barfleur," a name originally introduced into the British Navy in 1697, in a British-built ship named to commemorate the great victory of May, 1692. For some reason or other each of our various "Barfleurs" has ever been from first to last the "Bare Flower" to those on board her. The other was the "Beaulieu" frigate, named, in the case of the first ship so called, after Beaulieu in the New Forest, where she was built at the famous old ship-building yard of the Adams family. To the tars of the Nelson time—one of the "Beaulieu's" men, by the way, died some six years ago at Sittingbourne, in Kent, after celebrating his hundred and fifth birthday—the "Beaulieu" was always the "Bowley."

But more than that, indeed. We have at least three cases of the tail wagging the head, of the lower deck converting my Lords of the Admiralty to their ideas of a name's proper pronunciation. The actual name, for instance, of our first "Gleaner" was "Gulnare," until, owing it is said to Jack's persistence in calling the ship "Gleaner," Whitehall gave in to Portsmouth Point, and the name was officially changed to its present form. "Jaseur" again bears its French origin on its face, and so does "Chasseur," the name of a recently existing old wooden man-of-war hulk. As an adaptation of the lower deck pronunciation of these two captured ship names, a former Board of Admiralty amalgamated them and introduced a "Chaser" into the Navy. But more curious still is what happened in the case of the "Ville de Milan," a slashing 44-gun frigate captured by us in 1805, and added to the British Navy under her original French name. The Admiralty, says Captain Basil Hall, finding the seamen incorrigible in calling the ship the "Wheel 'em Along," actually, after the "Ville de Milan" had been in commission for some years under that name, "unslipped the Wheel," and directed the name to be altered and re-registered in the Navy List simply as the "Milan."

There is yet another bypath here to explore—as to certain other strange names of British men-of-war not captured from any enemy. The men of Rodney's day, as we know, played strange pranks with another set of names. These were the Latin and Greek names that Lord Sandwich, who was First Lord of the Admiralty early in George III.'s reign, brought into the Navy List out of Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary." Wicked people of the time said that Lord Sandwich used to read queer stories out of Lemprière to his fellow Lords in the board-room when Admiralty business only ought to have been proceeding, and always consulted it whenever he had a new ship to name. Lord Sandwich's collection of man-of-war names, so got together, provided our tars of Rodney's time with a fine field for their fancies. Here are some of the "sea changes" or salt-water christenings that Lord Sandwich's selections underwent on the lower deck. There was, to begin with, "Billy Ruff'n" for "Bellerophon," as most people know; "Eggs and Bacon" for "Agamemnon"—Nelson's favourite ship, by the way; "Polly Infamous" for "Polyphemus," and "Let Alone" for "Latona." "Euryalus" became "New Royalist" (partly owing to the fact that there was a "Royalist" already in the Service when the first "Euryalus" was named); "Niobe," the "Nobby"; "Ariadne," the "Hairy Annie"; "Minotaur," "Minny Tar"; "Polycrates," "Polly Crates"; "Dædalus," "Deadlies"; "Bacchante," "Back Shant"; "Atalanta," "Hat and Lantern"; "Æolus," "Ale House," or "Ale 'us." And the list could be added to.

Here we may relate a good yarn attaching to one of these Sandwich names which is actually true. A sailor at Portsmouth during the Great War at the beginning of this century was being rowed out to a new ship at Spithead for which he had volunteered. He was half drunk at the time, and as the waterman's boat which he had hired to take him to the frigate passed under the vessel's stern he looked up at her. His eyes fell on the name, read backwards, but being "no scholard" also, the man took it as it read, and proceeded to spell it aloud—"N—o—No, G—r—o—g—Grog—No Grog!" The idea was enough. "No grog!" the man repeated; "no grog!" Turning to the boatman, the sailor broke out, "Here, you d——d son of a sea cook, back water and set me ashore again! No grog, you scuttler; that ain't the ship for me!"

How Foreign Ships' Names were Captured for the Navy.

As a fact, though, neither the man-o'-war's man of a hundred years ago nor his officers took kindly to Lord Sandwich's system of nomenclature. Jack did not like them, being jawbreakers and outlandish names that he could neither understand nor pronounce; the officers because they were, to them, senseless, and displaced the famous old-time names they had been brought up to hear about and know. "What do we want," grumbles one old officer in a letter to the Editor of the *Naval Chronicle*, "with these heathens in our Navy List; what business have they got with the sea? We wish the Admiralty would do away with these names such as Doris, and Penelope, and Ariadne—they were only a lot of old Greek soldiers' trulls." "Why not," says another writer in the same journal, "displace these Pagan History names for those of our own Naval officers who have died in battle, in the service of their country? It would be the noblest tribute to their memory, and would be felt throughout the whole profession." There is a hint here that might be useful in high quarters even in these days. Latterly, such names as "Bulwark," "London," "Drake," and "Essex" have been revived, indications of a return to the names under which our forefathers fought and won so many victories.

Two interesting "sea changes" of our own times may close the list. The present third-class cruiser "Magicienne," now at the Cape, during her last commission with the squadron on the North American station always enjoyed the sobriquet of "Black Maria," and, in the same way, the destroyer "Virago," now at Esquimault, on the Pacific station, used to go, before she left England for the Pacific, by the equally peculiar sobriquet of "Jane Cakebread."

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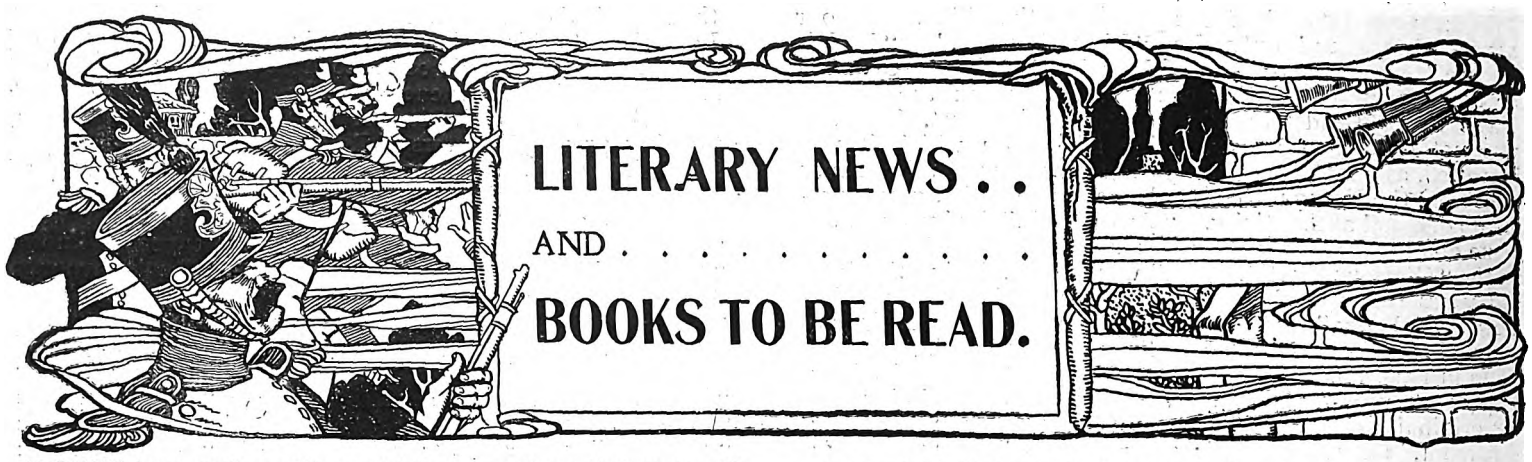

I HAVE been reading with great interest a volume that many will scrutinise eagerly. "Some South African Recollections," by Mrs. Lionel Phillips (Longmans), embodies the experiences and the opinions of a lady of much courage and of very conspicuous ability. Her husband was prominent among the Reformers of Johannesburg, greatly concerned in the affairs of the Rand, and he suffered, along with Mr. FitzPatrick and others, at the hands of President Kruger. Mrs. Phillips's book has a double interest. It embodies the Reformers' view of the Jameson Raid, and it contains a very vivid series of pen pictures of the Boer, the Hollander, the Afrikander, and the Kaffir elements of the Transvaal population, with a scathing account of the ways of President Kruger. In so far as the first part of the book is concerned, it is a defence of the Johannesburg Reformers and a denunciation of Dr. Jameson. There is no disguising that the Johannesburgers were driven to desperation, that they determined to resist, to seize the arsenal at Pretoria, with outside help, and to hold the place until Kruger gave way or help came from England. Whether they miscalculated their means it is now, perhaps, idle to enquire; but what is quite certain is that Jameson acted prematurely, with force altogether inadequate, and that his ill-advised raid was an inevitable fiasco, which wrought great damage to our cause in South Africa. According both to Mrs. Phillips and Mr. FitzPatrick, the Reformers invited Jameson under the condition that the Transvaal flag should be hoisted. Of course, in great part the book is a defence of her husband.

* * * *

More interesting at the immediate moment is what this discerning lady has to say about Kruger, his government, and his people. Oom Paul is to her neither a monster nor a saint. His character is a compound of strength of will and cunning, with "manners none and customs beastly." In all his ways he is an autocrat, and his "Christianity" devoid alike of charity and truth. In stubborn untrustworthiness he has made many promises, but he has never kept them, and has never done any good for Johannesburg except under pressure, and he never will do anything unless forced. In Mr. FitzPatrick's pages will be found the full story of the utter corruptness of the Transvaal Government. Mrs. Phillips is no doubt right in ascribing the great curse of the Transvaal to Hollanders in the beginning, and Germans later, and the two names of Leyds and Lippert head the list. Leyds is now sufficiently notorious. Lippert was the man to whom the dynamite concession was granted; it is a pitiful story; and when the concessionnaire had amassed a huge fortune, entirely out of the pockets of the Uitlanders, he returned to Germany before the storm broke. Under such influences, with a crowd of place-hunting Hollanders comfortably installed, the case of the Uitlanders grew from bad to worse. Life and property were endangered, and the Kaffir menace loomed large. As a woman, Mrs. Phillips speaks indignantly, and it is impossible to read her pages without bitter resentment at the shameful misgovernment which suffered these unutterable things to be. We at home do not realise what the native danger can become under such a corrupt and selfish system as Kruger has allowed to prevail, and, as Mrs. Phillips says, with this danger looming ahead, it is all the more reason that the less difficult one of the Dutch in South Africa should be settled once for all.

* * * *

In regard to the Boer—the peasant farmer, the man who fights, and who has an inherited hatred of us—I have noted a significant remark in this book. The man, we read, is a fatalist, recognising himself as a chosen instrument destined for victory; but in a losing cause his fatalism tends to discouragement; he is in the hands of Providence, and he loses heart when he suffers defeat, not from cowardice, but from fatalistic resignation. But does this explanation interpret the whole effect of this informing spirit? Is not the fatalist as likely to regard himself as wholly committed to a cause whatever may result? The future of this war alone can determine. Certainly the Boer is no coward, and he admires pluck and courage in others; it galls him to be subject to a people to whom he denies these qualities, and his dense ignorance makes it impossible for him to see beyond Majuba and Doornkop. Hence the supreme necessity for enforcing our supremacy now for good and all. A thorough defeat in a pitched battle would do far more to restore our credit than the despatches and magnanimous negotiations of years. "The one great necessity for England in South Africa is to show that she is the paramount Power in more than name." That is the work we are now engaged upon, and we are confronted by a determined adversary, who so far has fought in the conditions best suited for his particular conditions of warfare. Mrs. Phillips gives a striking picture of the boorish habits of the Boer farmer, but he is a ready man, easily mobilised. His rifle hangs in his parlour, and, while he is catching his horse in the kraal, his *vrouw* packs his kit with clothes and provisions for days, and within half-an-hour he is ready to start. I have not read any book lately that gives such a vivid picture of the conditions of life and the types of character in the Transvaal as this. Mrs. Phillips writes brilliantly and with convincing force. It is not easy to lay her volume down, and one feels, after reading it, that one knows the South African problem better than before. The illustrations of scenes and characters are extremely good.

* * * *

It has been remarked more than once, that useful as "pigeongrams" and "Kaffirgrams" may be in the course of our operations, Marconi telegraphy would be a great deal better. The almost fantastic hopes indulged by Professor Ayrton concerning the electro-magnetic voice and the electro-magnetic ear, which should enable distant friends to converse at will, have encouraged large hopes. I, therefore, took up a "History of Wireless Telegraphy," by J. J. Fahie (Blackwood, 6s.), to find it a sober volume of record and experience. It is very largely a compilation, and avowedly a mile-post on the road of progress, but it contains a great deal of information concerning the inception and practice of the system of wireless telegraphy, giving credit to the pioneers, and, I am glad to see, not overlooking the success of Captain Jackson, R.N., though what he has done is treated with extreme brevity. One naturally turned to what Mr. Fahie has to say concerning the use of Marconi telegraphy, so to call it, for use in war. There is the disadvantage that privacy no longer holds good, since anyone provided with the necessary apparatus can receive the signals at any point within the circle of which the sending station is the centre. Secret codes might, of course, render the signals unintelligible to all persons not possessing the key, but Mr. Fahie looks for progress in the direction of syntony or resonance, limiting the communications to similarly attuned instruments, and towards this Dr. Oliver Lodge and others are working. An apparently greater difficulty lies in the ability of others to set up wires in the vicinity of the Marconi apparatus, confusing the effects and making correct signalling impossible. However, the impression received from Mr. Fahie's excellent volume is that we are in the mid-course of progress, and that much may be expected. He has written to very good purpose.

* * * *

Those who know how well Mr. Frank T. Bullen writes of the sea always look out for the emanations from his pen. His life is something of a romance, and he has been for fifteen years a seafarer in almost every capacity except that of a master, and he now writes of what he has seen with a knowledge that is only matched by his descriptive power. He writes, in a word, as well as Kipling, Clark Russell, or Cutcliffe Hyne, but he records fact, and not fiction. "The Log of a Sea-Waif" (Smith, Elder) contains his recollections of the first four years of his sea-life, when he was a boy, gathering a rich hoard of hard but valuable experience. The fact that the cabin-boy became an accomplished writer is discovered, or further enforced, in these pages, and the reader is set wondering. To those who do not know Mr. Bullen's descriptive powers, I commend the book emphatically, adding a brief extract from a stormy experience as the "Sea Gem" neared home from Havana, after encountering gale after gale: "The weather grew thicker, but the gale was unabated, and still we flew before it. Suddenly we were all startled by the report of a gun, and out of the fog on the starboard bow loomed the figure of a light-ship with three ball-crowned masts. Our leader had disappeared. As we passed the light-ship she fired another gun, and a lift in the fog showed the name on her side—'Coningsbeg.' Still we kept on, all hands watching the skipper's troubled face. But a sudden roar of 'Breakers right ahead!' sent all hands flying to the braces. Hard down went the helm, and round came the ship on her heel, the spray from the heavy following sea flying high over our topsail-yards, while the tender vessel heeled over until the lee-rail was under water. Not a moment too soon, for the furious roar of the baffled breakers roared deafeningly as their fleecy crests boiled and foamed under our lee only half-a-dozen cables' lengths away. Slowly, slowly, we clawed off that ugly reef. For more than an hour the issue was in gravest doubt, then hope began to revive as the good ship's weatherly qualities became manifest, and it was plain to all that we were drawing clear." This is excellent description, and it is typical of Mr. Bullen's admirable book and style.

* * * *

We do not have anything in England exactly like the *Almanach du Drapeau* (Hachette), a wonderful volume difficult to describe. It is the "booklet of the patriot, the seaman, and the soldier," admirably printed, abundantly illustrated, with more than 400 pages, and yet not too big to put in the pocket. It has little in common with our annuals, being in fact an encyclopædia answering to every form of curiosity, and a very practical volume at the same time. There are hundreds of pictures, many of them no bigger than postage stamps, showing the flag of every French regiment, portraits of officers, figures of uniform, French and foreign, signals of all kinds, ships, scenes of life in barrack and on board ship, diagrams of the strength and distribution of forces, of the soldiers' food, of guns, rifles, and a multitude of things that interest the soldier and seaman. There is a diary, with brief spaces for notes, and every corner is filled with some fact or quotation—the maxims of Napoleon and Bismarck, of Euripides, of Victor Hugo, of Lacordaire; here and here a quotation from Lord Wolseley; how to make or sling a hammock; what are the duties, pay, and privileges of the soldier, his drill and exercise, his training establishments, and much else. The history of France is shown in diagrams, as is the distribution of army corps; there is a history of the Franco-German War; there are prayers for night and morning; blank spaces for the man's personal souvenirs; prizes offered for the alert; amusement provided for the dull. In short, this extraordinary volume is the soldier's and sailor's literary pemmican, so ingeniously compiled that it is always instructive and everywhere interesting.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Queen and Her Soldiers.

Photo. *Russell.*
LIEUT.-COL. A. D. NEELD,
Commanding the Household Cavalry Regiment for South Africa.

"I HAVE asked you, who have always served near me, to come here, that I may take leave of you before you start on your long voyage to a distant part of my Empire, in whose defence your comrades are now so nobly fighting. I know that you will always do your duty to your Sovereign and country, wherever that duty may lead you, and I pray God to protect you and bring you back safely home." Such were the simple, beautiful, and touching words which Her Majesty addressed to the Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry paraded for her inspection at Windsor on the 11th inst. Except for the special reference to the personal service of the Household troops, we may be sure that the Queen bids the same farewell to each individual unit of her Army as it embarks for service in South Africa.

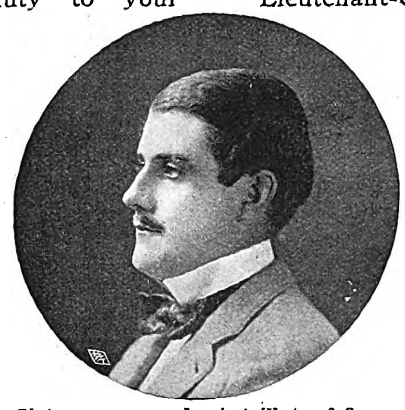

Photo. *Lambert, Weston, & Son.*
CAPTAIN R. T. ELLISON, 2nd L.G.,
Adjutant of the Household Cavalry Regiment for South Africa.

The particular occasion referred to was a singularly impressive one. Three squadrons, one from each of the Household Cavalry regiments, were drawn up on the Spital Barracks parade ground, in khaki and dismounted, their appearance contrasting strangely with that of the guard of honour and other members of the Household Cavalry present in the ordinary full dress of the Life Guards and the "Blues." After a careful inspection Her Majesty saw the Composite Regiment march past, and then addressed it in the memorable words quoted above. After the officers had been presented to her, three cheers for the Queen were called for. The accompanying picture was taken at this happy instant, when the men, according to time-honoured custom, emphasised their loyal burst of enthusiasm by hoisting their helmets on their carbines while they cheered their aged Sovereign to the echo. The Composite Regiment is under the charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Audley Dallas Neeld, commanding the 2nd Life Guards. Colonel Neeld has been a 2nd Life Guardsman throughout his military career, having entered the regiment as a cornet in 1871. He is sincerely to be congratulated on his good fortune in obtaining this fine command, composed as it is of the *crême de la crême* of the British Army.

Photo. *Lambert, Weston, & Son.*
LIEUT.-COL. T. C. P. CALLEY, 1st L.G.,
Second in Command of the Household Cavalry Regiment for South Africa.

The two other officers whose portraits are here given are Colonel Calley, 1st Life Guards, and Captain Ellison, 2nd Life Guards, respectively second in command and adjutant of the Composite Regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Calley, who is second in command of the 1st Life Guards, commenced his soldiering in the 7th Dragoon Guards, in which he served for a year before he joined the 1st Life Guards in September, 1877, being then barely twenty-one years of age. As a subaltern of his corps he served through the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and took part in the actions at El Magfar and Mahsameh, the midnight charge at Kassassin, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the cavalry march on and occupation of Cairo.

Captain R. T. Ellison was appointed to the 2nd Life Guards in 1889, and was last year selected as adjutant, a very decided proof of

Photo. Copyright. *Russell & Sons.*
THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN.
The Composite Household Cavalry Regiment Cheering Her Majesty at Windsor.

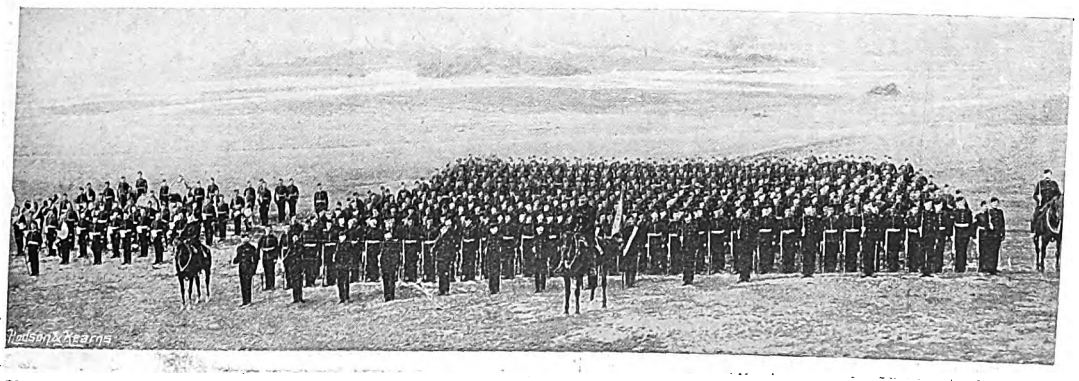

Photo. Copyright. *Eldridge.*
GOING TO LOOK FOR THE OTHER BATTALION.
2nd Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers.

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his ability, now endorsed by his selection for the same important post on the staff of the Composite Regiment.

The remaining pictures of this interesting series have been specially selected with a view to illustrating the attractive and instructive diversity which characterises the embarkation of a complete Army Corps, with added troops, for foreign service.

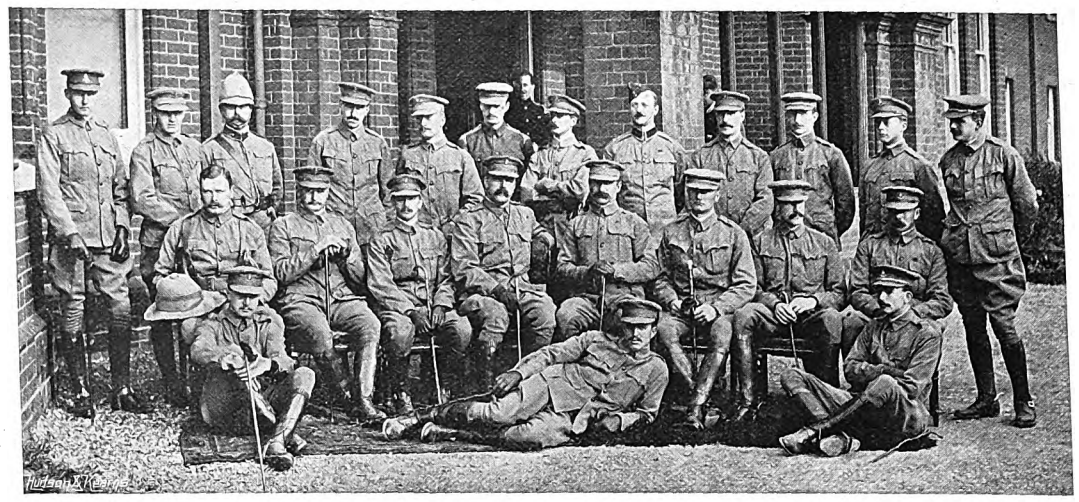

Photo. Copyright. THE CARABINIERS IN SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD KIT. *Lambert, Weston, & Son.*
Lieutenant-Colonel Porter and Officers of the 6th Dragoon Guards, lately at Shorncliffe.

Here we have cavalry, infantry, and guns, departmental corps, and baggage train, as well as a decidedly graphic picture showing the manner in which shells are loaded on board a transport. The spectacle of that conglomerate mass of potted destructiveness swinging in mid-air is a truly impressive one, and conjures up a dreadful picture of what may happen not very many weeks hence when these massive projectiles may be winging their deadly way into the obstinate enemy's capital. Those shells are charged with lyddite, one of the most terrible of modern high explosives,

Photo. Copyright. *J. P. D'Arcy.*
TO REPLACE CASUALTIES.
No. 4 Mountain Battery which relieves No. 10 in Natal.

Photo. Copyright. MEDICAL AID. *Elliott & Fry.*
Officers 9th Field Hospital and 9th Bearer Company.

and it is not too much to say that the little bunch of them here represented would, if properly fused and placed, blow the fine transport into which they are being hoisted literally "to smithereens."

As "obstinate as a mule" has all the hoary antiquity of a proverb, and its truthfulness is well evidenced in the two illustrations which we give below. When a mule doesn't want to do a thing it requires considerable persuasion to get him to do it, and he often evinces a marked disinclination to get inside a moving vehicle, whether it be a railway truck or an ocean transport. How his stubbornness is overcome is well shown in our pictures, which speak for themselves, and which were taken on the occasion of the embarkation of 680 mules in the s.s. "Southern Cross" at the New Mole at Gibraltar, for service in South Africa.

The two cavalry regiments of which groups are given are fine examples of medium and light cavalry respectively. The field service kit of the Carabiniers, with the forage cap resembling the new one now worn by the staff, is neat and workmanlike, and the regiment, which has always been noted for solid efficiency, will surely give as good an account of itself in South Africa as it did in the Afghan War and the Indian Mutiny. The 14th Hussars are not new to South Africa, having served there at the close of the last Boer War, and they were sadly

Photos Copyright. EMBARKING MULES AT GIBRALTAR FOR SOUTH AFRICA. *"Navy & Army."*
"He can't Kick, Poor Beggar!" *"It's no Earthly Use Sitting Down."*

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disappointed at the prospect of being deprived of a chance of taking part in the fighting.

Of the infantry battalions shown, all of them Irish ones, two have battalions already in South Africa. Both the 2nd Dublins and 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers fought splendidly at Dundee, and the 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers are probably burning to wipe out the memory of the misadventure which befel their gallant comrades of the 1st Battalion at Nicholson's Nek on October 30. The same remark applies to the 4th Mountain Battery, which is relieving the 10th, now prisoners of war at Pretoria.

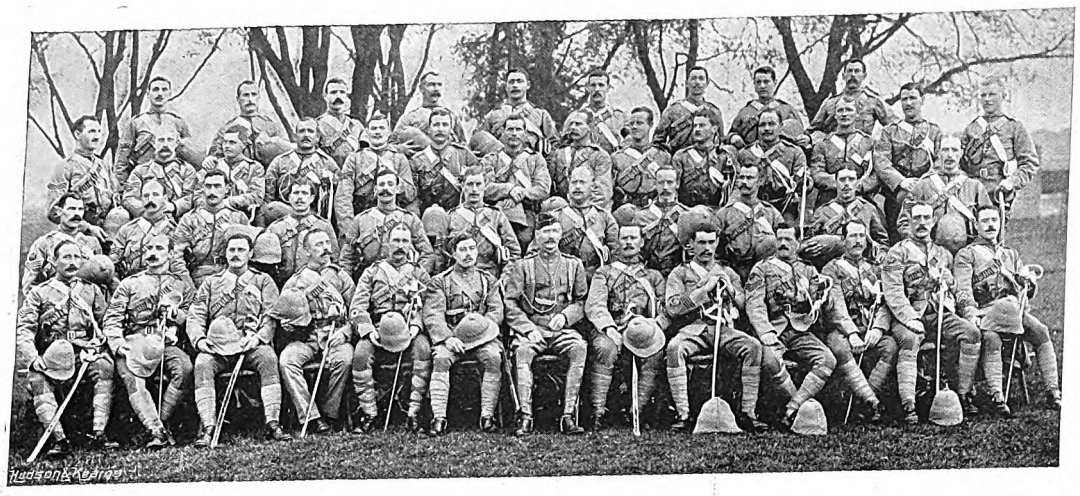


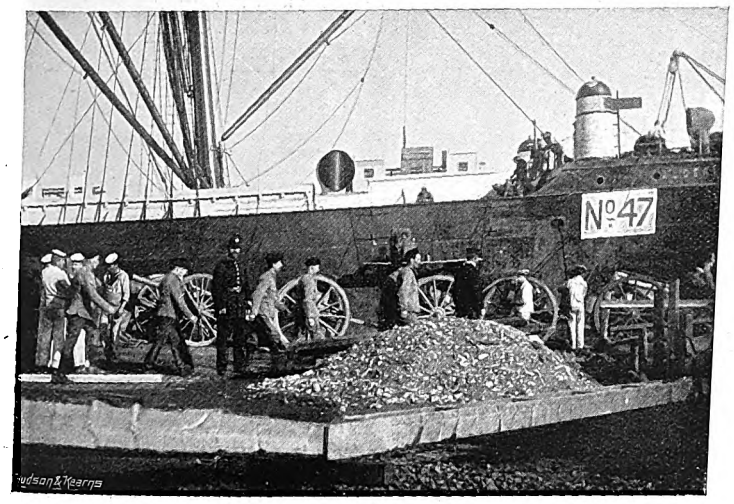
Photo. Copyright. **KING'S HUSSARS.** *P. Charlton & Son*

Colonel Hamilton, Staff-Sergeants, and Sergeants of the 14th.

The above embarkations may be said to represent a sort of transition period in our war preparations. It will be noticed that none of the troops or war material belong to the earlier despatch of transports, the arrival of which we were all so eagerly awaiting about the 12th inst. The 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers and 1st Connaught Rangers will probably be actually at the front not long after the 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers and the 6th Dragoon Guards, since on landing there will necessarily be a good deal to be done in the way of organisation by divisions and brigades before any comprehensive advance can be made. The 14th Hussars are the divisional cavalry for the 5th Infantry Division, now being mobilised under the command of Sir Charles Warren. An infantry division usually has but one squadron of cavalry attached to it, so that there will be a considerable surplus of the 14th for general service.

IMPEDIMENTA.

Baggage Train Arriving Alongside the "Idaho."



Photos. Copyright. **AWAITING SHIPMENT.** *J. Fuller.*

The "Algeria" about to take in Guns, etc.

Photo. Copyright. **AN EXPLOSIVE BUNDLE.** *Cribb.*

Hoisting in Shells on Board the "Scot."

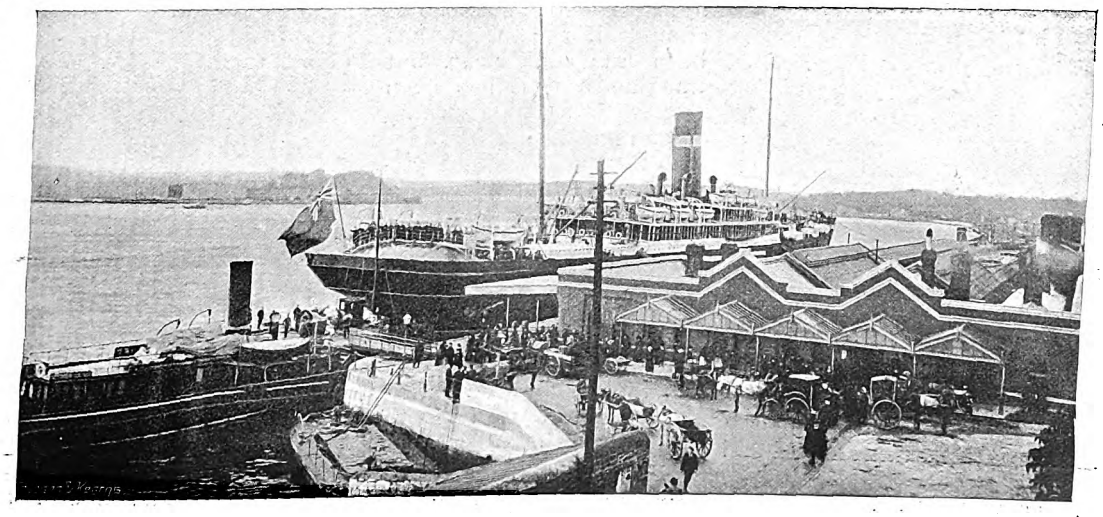


Photo. Copyright. **AN IRISH CONTINGENT.** *Roche.*

The "Bavaria" Embarking the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers and the 1st Connaught Rangers

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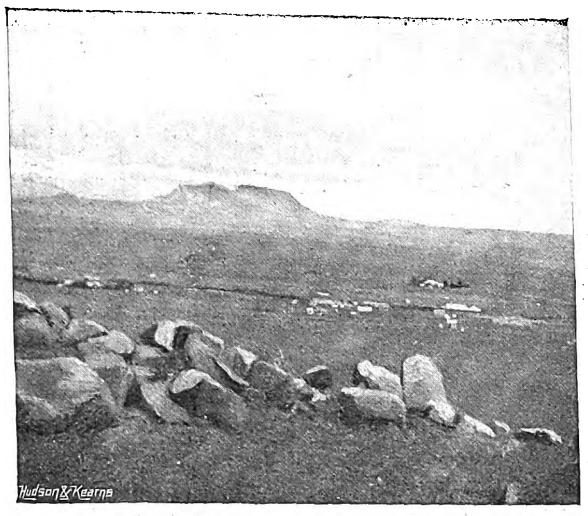
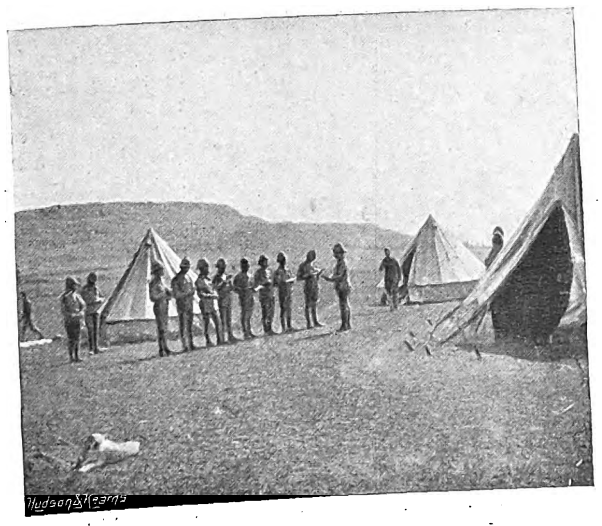
With the Natal Field Force.



OUR OUTPOST IN NATAL.
Glencoe Junction and the Line to Dundee

WATCH AND WARD.
A Patrol of Mounted Infantry of the Leicestershires.

"WHAT IS HE GOING TO FORGET?"
Soldier Servant Packing an Officer's Valise after a Night's Bivouac.

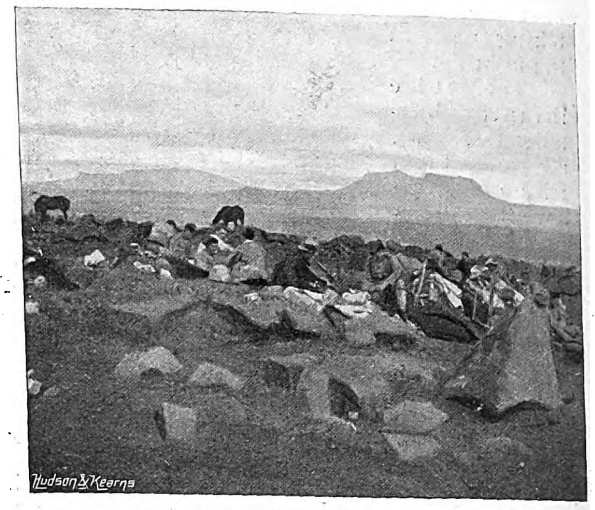


TELLING OFF THE GUARD.
Regimental Sergeant-Major Giving Details to Orderly Sergeants.

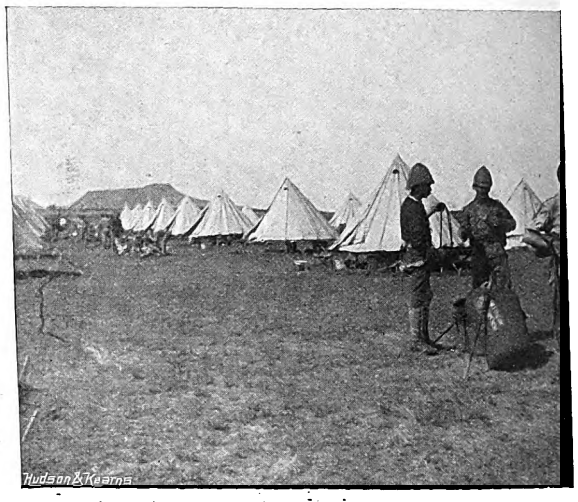
THE accompanying illustrations are probably the first that will appear in this country that have been taken on the spot by officers who have seen the hardest of the fighting in which Sir George White's force has so pluckily held its own against an overwhelming numerical superiority. They give one a truer and more vivid idea of the life and work of our men when campaigning than could the best of word painting. The first picture shows the station at Colenso, from whence the short railway line runs to the coalfields at Dundee, the strategic point which our weak force held until the numerical superiority of the enemy compelled a retreat to Ladysmith. In the next picture a company of the Dublins out on picquet duty is seen endeavouring to enjoy a dinner of tinned beef, under the shelter of a rocky laager that would on our Indian Frontier be known as a "sangar." The hill in the background is worth noting, for it is the highest ground in Natal. The method of mounted infantry working is well shown in another picture, where our artist has snapped from a passing train a patrol of the Leicestershire engaged in guarding the line.

In the next picture we see how our "Tommies" on the warpath are accommodated in their canvas homes when the day's work is over—if the work does not keep them out all night in the open. This is by no means an unfrequent occurrence, and the next two pictures show scenes on the open veldt. In one an officer's servant is shown packing his master's valise after a bivouac. "What has been forgotten?" is probably his master's thought when the "fall-in" bugle sounds. In the other a lean-to has been rigged for a wounded officer—comfortable enough if the night has been fine and clear, but imagine it if it has been one with a cold, cutting wind and driving rain.

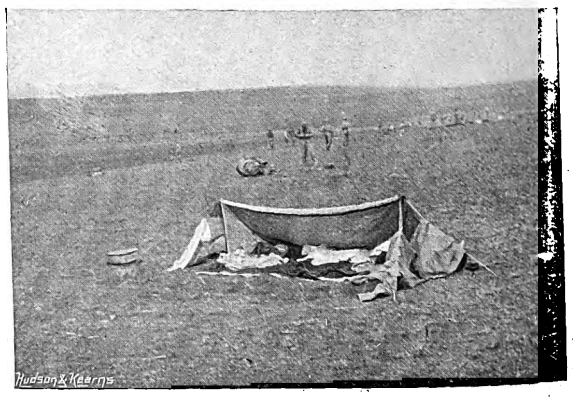
Our last pair of pictures represent phases of getting the camp in order for the night. In one the regimental sergeant-major is seen issuing orders and details to the orderly sergeants, who will tell off the men of their respective companies for their various guards and duties. In the other the main guard is seen mounting for inspection before going on very responsible duty.



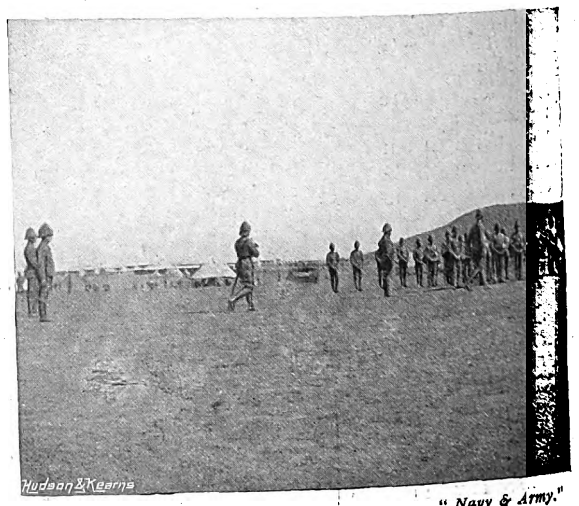
A WELL-EARNED MEAL.
Picquet of the Dublin Fusiliers Dining within a "Sangar" at Glencoe.



HOME, SWEET HOME.
Camp of the Dublins at Dundee.



A NIGHT ON THE VELDT.
Lean-to Bivouac Rigged Up for a Wounded Officer.



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

KEEP A GOOD LOOK-OUT.
Mounting Guard in the Camp at Dundee.

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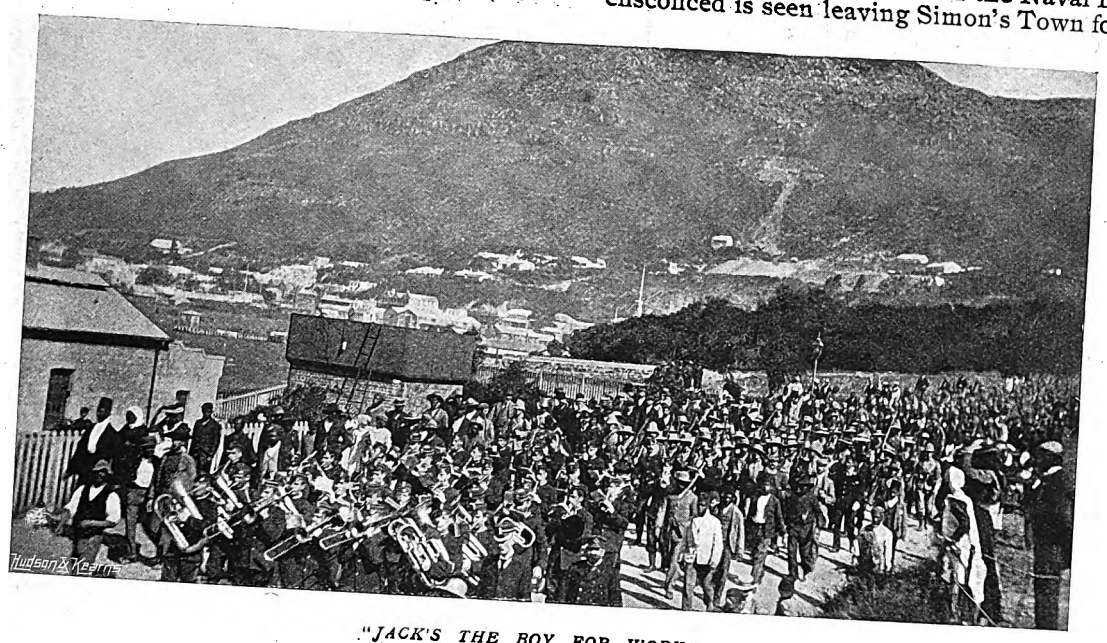
Sailors of the Queen.

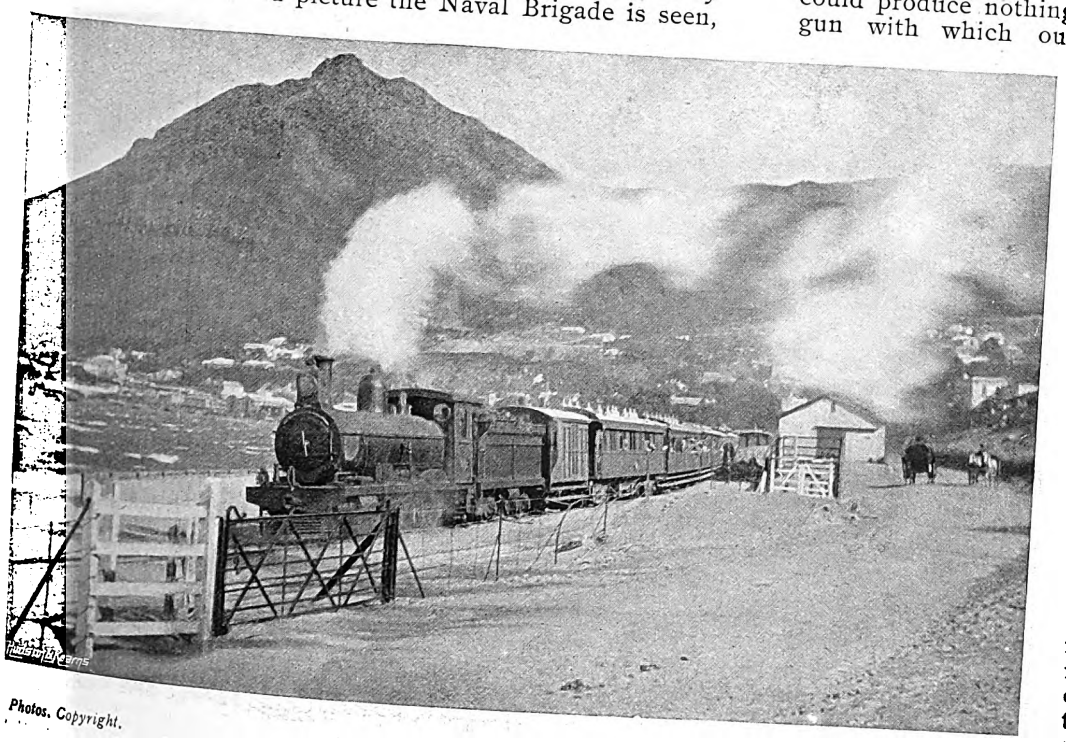
As usual, the Navy is to the fore when the Empire has to put its backbone into a job. And it would be hard to over-estimate the work it is doing. It is scarcely overrating its value to say that the Naval Artillery has been Sir George White's mainstay in the tough task he has had in holding his position at Ladysmith against the bombardment by the heavy guns mounted by the Boers on the surrounding hills. The work the Bluejackets and Marines have done on the Cape Frontier is equally important. It was indeed fortunate that the admiral on the Cape station had at his disposal two such cruisers as the "Powerful" and "Terrible," with the large number of men they carry available for action on the outbreak of war.

FROM SHIP TO SHORE AT SIMONSTOWN.
The Naval Brigade from the "Terrible" Landing for Service on the Frontier.

The series of illustrations here presented are reproduced from photographs taken at the time of the landing of the first Naval Brigade at Simon's Town. The brigade is shown landing from the steam launches, barges, and pinnaces which have been towed in from the "Terrible," which lies out in the offing. The great charm about the sailor is his handiness. He is always ready. Landing a field party is just as usual an evolution to him as is "man and arm ship," or "close water-tight doors." He is constantly being practised at it, and when he has to do it in earnest, and for work from which some of the mess may not return, he does it with the same celerity and alertness as if he were going ashore for a route march or musketry practice. In our second picture the Naval Brigade is seen, headed by its band, marching off to entrain after landing, and in the third the train with the Naval Brigade comfortably ensconced is seen leaving Simon's Town for the front. These are the Marines and Bluejackets who were sent up to Colesberg, De Aar, and Nauwpoort, and are now doing good work on the Cape Colony frontier. The next two pictures will, if studied, instruct the reader, for they show at its best the marvellous ingenuity and resource of the seaman as a fighting man on land as well as on his own element. As against the heavy artillery the Boer has brought into play against our troops in Natal, we could produce nothing more powerful than the 15-pounder gun with which our Field Artillery is armed. Our ships carry a short description of 12-pounder for landing purposes, these guns being of a light nature capable of being dragged by the men. But a gun of the same calibre, but much longer and of infinitely more power, is a prominent feature in the secondary armament of all the recently-built cruisers, and of these guns with ammunition there are many in the Cape Squadron. They, however, are only fitted on standing Naval mounts, and are not meant for use on shore. Here the ingenuity of the Naval man came in. Captain Percy Scott, of the "Terrible," an eminent gunnery expert, conceived the idea of building a landing carriage on which these guns could be moved with rapidity and utilised in the field. As we now know, he succeeded completely in carrying out his design, and the method of it is well shown in our illustrations. By the proper adjustment of a heavy trail he has succeeded in adapting the carriage of the field gun for use with the more powerful and much heavier sea service gun. The field 12-pounder weighs 8-cwt. (the same weight as



"JACK'S THE BOY FOR WORK."
The Naval Brigade Marching to the Railway Station.



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OFF TO THE FRONT.
The Naval Brigade "Special" Leaving Simon's Town for the Frontier.

J. Mowlem.

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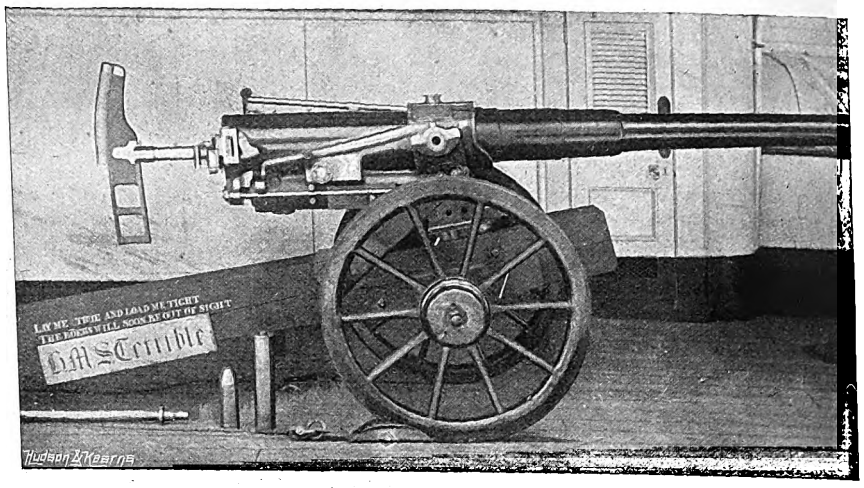
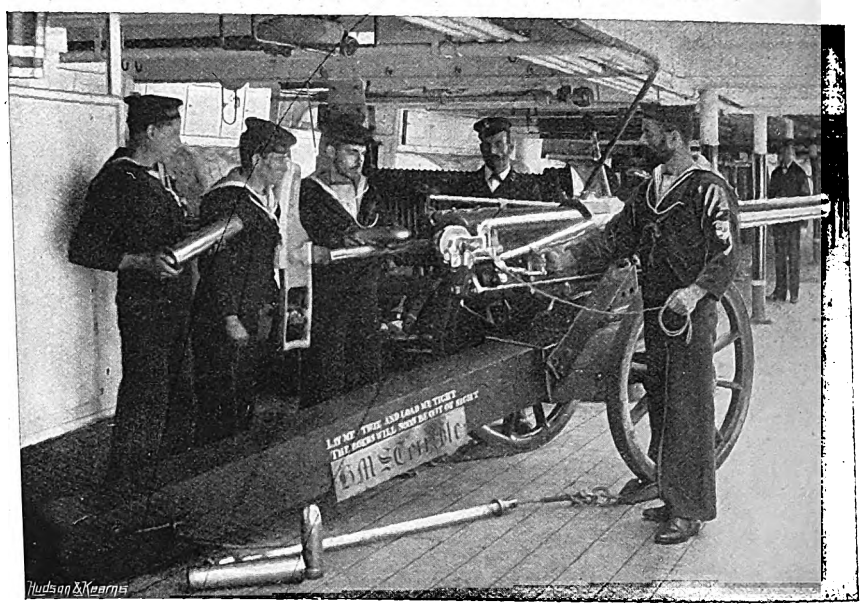
the sea service 6-pounder), the sea service gun weighing 12-cwt. The landing gun has a muzzle velocity of 1,584 foot-seconds, a muzzle energy of 218 foot-tons, and can perforate 5-in. of iron. The sea service gun, that Captain Scott has now transformed into a field piece, has a muzzle velocity of 2,200 foot-seconds, a muzzle energy of 423 foot-tons, and can perforate over 8-in. of iron. To Captain Percy Scott the credit of the idea, which has been of such aid, appears to belong, and he has been ably assisted in carrying out his plans by his subordinates. Mr. F. J. Roskruge, senior assistant engineer, with two engine-room artificers, made the drawings and superintended the construction of the metal work, while Lieutenant Ogilvy and three carpenters looked after the woodwork. The carriage was designed, the parts made, the whole built, and the first gun mounted on it in less than forty-eight hours. Thus once more the importance of the Navy as a support to the Army, even in operations on shore, has been demonstrated. The men who man our ships to-day are, in truth, worthy descendants of the men who manned the batteries during the siege of Sebastopol and the men who dragged Peel's guns to Lucknow, and never are we engaged on a campaign in which the usefulness of the Navy is not brought into striking evidence, not alone by its giving us undisputed command of the sea and thus allowing us to transport our armies wheresoever we wish, but as superb Artillery for service in the field or behind fortifications.

The appearance and get-up of the men who are now representing the Royal Navy at the front, both in Natal and the Old Colony, is shown in another picture. The Marines have their backs to the reader, and are in ordinary rig as "soldiers of the Queen." Some of the Bluejackets face the reader in the foreground. The men have been fitted out with military khaki jackets, and their straw hats have in most instances been covered with khaki-coloured canvas, while the petty officers are supplied with helmets. The tall officer on the right (as you look at the picture) is Fleet-Surgeon Porter, of the "Doris," who saw a considerable amount of hard work ashore with the Naval Brigade in Egypt from 1882 to 1885, and was more recently charged with the medical supervision of the "Britannia" cadets. The Naval Brigade takes its own stretcher parties with it, for the medical officers of the Fleet have allotted stoker squads, properly drilled and instructed, to carry out these ambulance duties. That the men had a hearty send-off from their comrades left behind goes without saying, and no doubt the chief thought in the mind of the latter was regret that they also were not bound direct for the front.



CAPTAIN SCOTT'S CHEF D'ŒUVRE.
The Long Navy 12-pounder Mounted for Field Service at the Cape.



Photos. Copyright *READY, AYE, READY.* *"Navy & Army."*
Testing the Experimental Gun Mounting on Board the "Terrible."

Photo. Copyright. *HELP FOR THE WOUNDED—PRINCIPAL MEDICAL OFFICER AND STAFF.* *J. Mowlem.*

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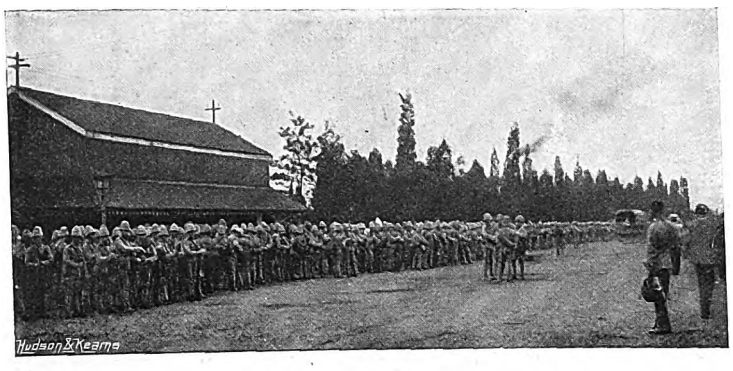
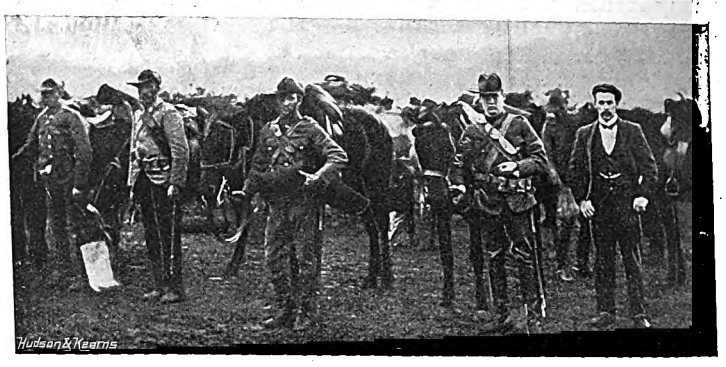
A MOVE FORWARD.
5th Royal Irish Lancers Leaving Pieter Maritzburg.

WAITING TO ENTRAIN.
Natal Carbineers Time—Sunday Morning, 6 o'clock.

5th Royal Irish Lancers had been some little time in Natal when the war broke out, and were as efficient as a first-rate commanding officer and local experience could make them. They were quartered at Pieter Maritzburg, and are here shown passing through Longmarket Street on their way to the station, where they subsequently entrained for Ladysmith. In the fighting round Ladysmith the 5th Lancers have had frequent opportunities of distinguishing themselves, and at the battle of Elandslaagte the manner in which, in the gathering shades of night, they charged through



Photos. Copyright *ANXIOUS TO BE THERE.*
1st King's Royal Rifle Corps Entraining at Pieter Maritzburg.



SINGLE TO LADYSMITH! *"Navy & Army."*
Natal Carbineers Who are Leaving for the Front.

and through the retreating Boers is described as truly terrific. As an instance of the soldierly spirit which animates the officers of this fine corps, we may quote the fact that during the investment of Ladysmith a subaltern of the 5th Lancers arrived at Estcourt from home seeking to rejoin the regiment. The Boer lines extended right round the town, but this fact did not daunt the gallant young Lancer, who, with a Natal policeman, contrived to make his way through the cordon, being heartily welcomed, we may be sure, by his beleaguered comrades.

Of the 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps it is sufficient to say that this is the battalion which fought so splendidly at Dundee, losing its commanding officer, Colonel Gunning, who was shot dead while gallantly leading his men.

We are specially glad to be able to illustrate the departure of the Natal Volunteers for the front, because all the corps here illustrated have since done excellent work in the field. The scouting performances of the Natal Carbineers have throughout been conspicuous, and have more than once elicited Sir George White's outspoken approval. We have so frequently alluded to this gallant and efficient corps in previous numbers that we need do no more here than briefly record the fact that its participation in this campaign has been marked by heavy losses. In the picture which shows the Volunteers leaving Durban amid tremendous enthusiasm it will be noted that the Natal Naval Brigade is leading. The destination of this sturdy little corps was Estcourt, of the garrison of which it formed with its two guns for some time the chief part. The company is about 100 strong, and it may safely be said that the medals which the members of it will bear on their manly bosoms at the end of the war will stimulate recruiting for the future.

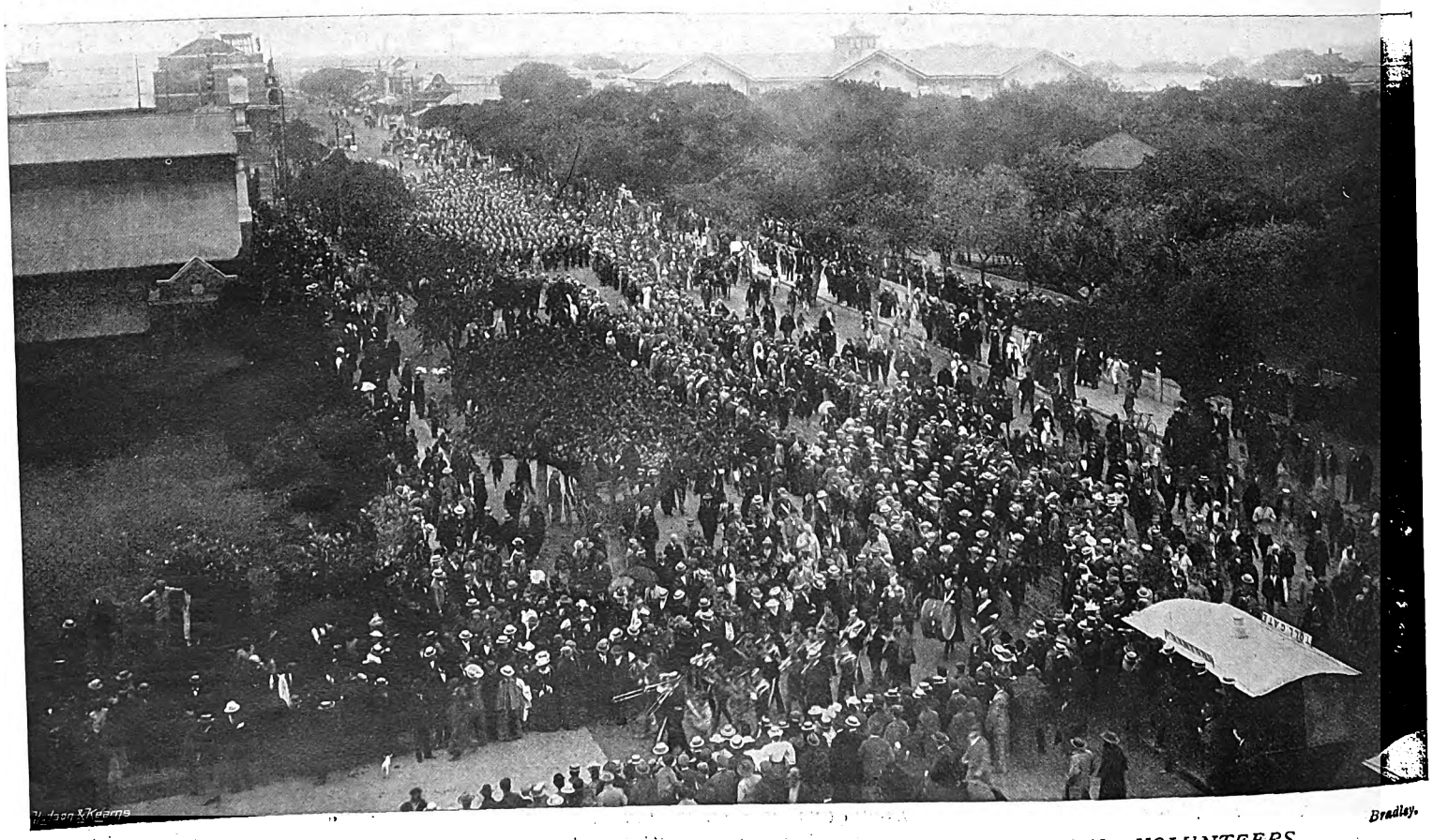


Photo. Copyright. *A GOODLY SEND-OFF—DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT OF THE DURBAN VOLUNTEERS.* *Bradley.*

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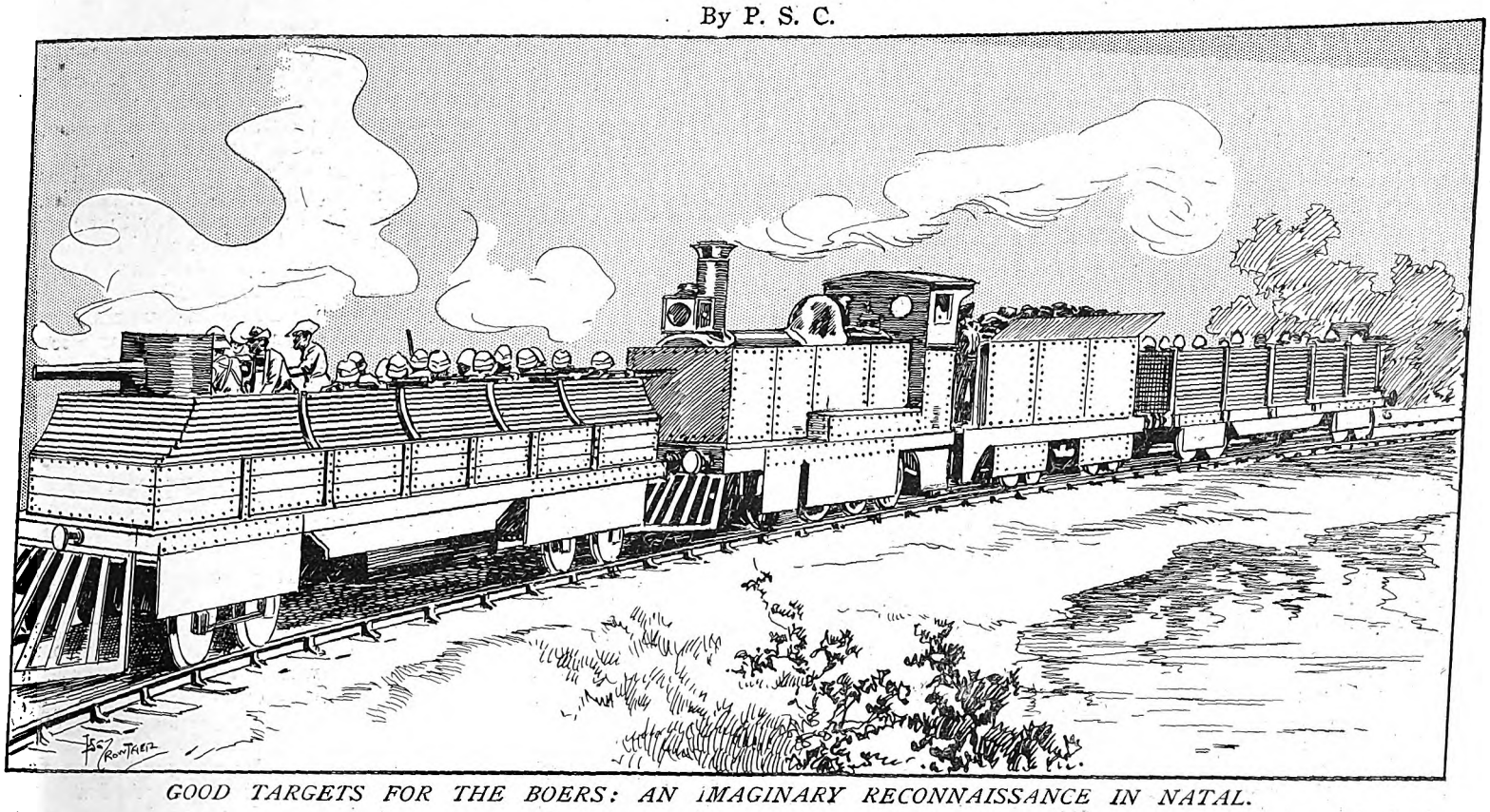
Armoured Trains—Real and Ideal.

By P. S. C.



GOOD TARGETS FOR THE BOERS: AN IMAGINARY RECONNAISSANCE IN NATAL.

As armoured trains have played a very important part in the defence of the eastern frontier of Cape Colony and Rhodesia; as the first episode of the war was the disaster to a small train, one armoured carriage for infantry only; and as the eager public have been treated to a series of imaginative sketches of impossible trains, which are obviously ridiculous, being everything an armoured train is not, and nothing that it is, perhaps the following short account of how they are evolved, with the accompanying sketches, will help to enlighten the public.

The foundation of an armoured carriage is, as a rule, in fact always, a flat platform carriage, which is strong enough without further preparation to carry the platforms and mountings of the quick-firers or machine guns. An armoured carriage must give reasonable cover to the defenders, must allow a free field of vision and fire, and present as small a target as possible to artillery fire, which is what they most have to fear. These conditions are fulfilled if you have an armoured or protected side and end 3-ft. high for men kneeling. These sides and ends may be composed of railway sleepers, strengthened by boiler plates, bolted outside and inside, with, of course, vertical supports, or of rails laid one on top of the other, with vertical supports of short lengths, or of steel plates strengthened by longitudinal strips of triangular iron. For men standing, the carriage composed of sleepers could be built up to 4-ft. 6-in., and sand-bag head cover up to 6-ft. provided. This, however, is undesirable, as the target is increased, and men are more comfortable and steadier in the kneeling position. Loading also is easier. I have before me a very interesting photograph of an actual armoured truck, and also a sketch of some armoured petroleum tanks published in an illustrated paper. In the sketch the engine is clad in heavy white armour, like a war horse of the fifteenth century, and the safety valve is carefully sealed. The humour is obvious. All the carriages are armoured on top against "fire from heaven" or asteroids, and the view front and rear is carefully obscured. Further comment is superfluous, except to remark that in a description of an armoured train in one of the dailies the writer stated that Maxims were sometimes placed on the roof. Now armoured carriages are roofless *always*, so the thing was magnificently absurd. The poor gunners on top would have rather a rough time of it; but better a Boer bullet than asphyxiation from sulphur and cordite fumes—the inevitable end of the victims beneath this never-was-and-never-will-be roof.

THE CAPTURE OF THE "MOSQUITO" AT KRAAIPAN.

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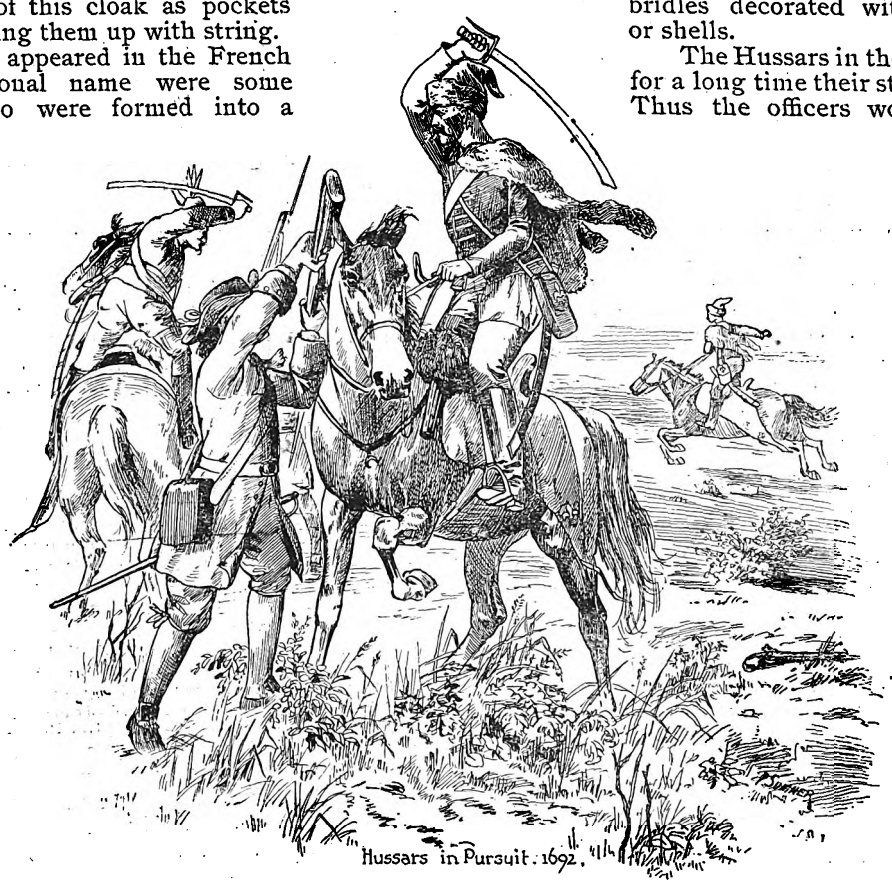
"The Gallant Gay Hussar."

By P. Sumner.

HUSSARS were originally light horsemen raised specially to protect the frontiers of Hungary and Poland, their name being derived from the Hungarian "Usz," signifying twenty, and "ar," pay, because under Matthias Corvinus one man in every twenty was levied for this service, the family supplying him also providing for his subsistence. With the Polish Hussars, however, we have little to do, as they were really Lancers, their dress and equipment being entirely different from those of the Hungarians.

The picturesque uniform of the Hussars had its origin in the national dress of Hungary, and this point is well brought out in a book of engravings by Abraham à S. Clara, published in 1703. At this epoch officers were distinguished by a leopard-skin worn over the right shoulder and a brass-socketed feather ornament in their furred caps. The dress of the Hungarian Hussars in 1710 was comparatively plain, the coat being for the most part of a dark green or blue colour, and the looping very simple in form. The Hussar private had many points in common with the country peasant; his cloak corresponded to that still worn by the Hungarian peasant, and, like the latter, the Hussar seems to have used the sleeves of this cloak as pockets by the simple process of tying them up with string.

The first Hussars who appeared in the French Army under their national name were some Hungarian deserters, who were formed into a regiment in 1692. The text of an old engraving published about the beginning of the eighteenth century says: "They do not differ from the Imperial (Hungarian) Hussars, except that in their caps is a fleur-de-lys. A wolf-skin serves them for a cloak, and they carry an axe on the saddle-bow. The short stirrup serves to raise them when fighting, and to give them a better purchase in cutting at their enemies' heads, in which they are very adroit." Besides the axe they were armed with a very heavy sabre, a carbine, pistols, and a slender kind of sword 5-ft. in length, called panzer-stecher (or armour-piercer), which they used for thrusting only, and carried attached to the saddle along the body of the horse. This weapon was in general use among the Hungarian and Polish Hussars only; in the French Service it was not often met with. The officers, who were very richly dressed, wore silver balls at their necks as a sign of nobility. The housings (or saddle-cloths) were rounded in front and pointed behind, and this form of shabracque has always been traditional in the Hussars.



Hussars in Pursuit. 1692.

Père Daniel, writing early in the eighteenth century, says of the Hussars: "Their usual way of fighting is to surround a squadron of the enemy and frighten them with their cries and rapid movements. As they are very adroit in managing their horses, which are of small size, and their stirrup-leathers being very short and the spurs near the flanks of the horse, they force it to run much more quickly than in the heavy cavalry; they rise in their saddles, and are dangerous above all to fugitives. They are rallied very easily, and can pass a defile with great celerity. What renders the horses still swifter is that having only bridoon reins they are able to breathe more freely, and can feed at a moment's notice without being unbridled. When the Hussars are halted after hard riding they pull the ears and tails of their horses, in order to refresh them. The saddles are of very light wood, rising high before and behind. Their trumpets are very small, with scarcely more sound than postilions' horns. Their standards are pointed; the housings are the same; and, in order to be less known in the enemy's country, they roll up the housings on the back of their horses and furl the standards. The discipline is strict and the punishments severe, the most general being the bastinado on the back and legs. These troops are very useful as advance or rear guards, and in covering foraging parties, because they are very light; but, for the same reason, they cannot hold their ground against heavy cavalry."

For a long time this latter opinion was accepted as an axiom in military circles; but, on the advent of Seidlitz, the Prussian Hussars were trained so excellently that they often charged successfully in pitched battles, a thing which had never before been thought possible. Some of the Hussars in the French Service had iron heels to their boots. Later on this became a peculiarity of the Prussian Hussars, who, under Frederick the Great, had simply semi-circular pieces of iron or steel in the place of heels. The cap at the beginning of the eighteenth century was a cloth hood with a fur border, from which it is easy to trace the modern busby. Most of the Hussars shaved their heads completely, except for a tuft of hair on the right side. Moustaches were worn by all; and this feature was copied by the troops raised in imitation of these original Hussars by the various European Sovereigns. A leather despatch-bag, or sabretasche, was carried, strapped up very short, and the officers' horses had bridles decorated with gold and silver studs or shells.

The Hussars in the French Service preserved for a long time their strange Hungarian customs. Thus the officers would not dare to order a charge before obtaining the consent of their men, which was accorded by a shout or a sign of the head. At first many Hussars had on their caps a number of little golden feathers, signifying how many heads the wearer had cut off. After a time this practice was discontinued, under the pretext that the expense was too heavy. The field officers of the Zieten Hussars of Frederick the Great, it may be remarked, wore an eagle's wing on a gilt rod in their fur caps, evidently in imitation of the golden feathers.

Hair-powder seems to have been used only by officers, and when regiments of Light Dragoons (who were practically Hussars) were introduced into the British Army, it was the custom for the Light Dragoon to wear no powder in his hair except on Sundays. In the Hungarian regiments about the middle of the eighteenth century the trumpeters wore cocked hats. This was also the regulation in France, and was copied by our regiments of Light Dragoons.

For many years a cylindrical black felt cap with a long flying "wing," or "banner," was much in vogue among the continental Hussars. This cap, also of Hungarian origin, was worn by our Light Dragoons in field day order during the closing years of last century.

Off duty and when in camp the officers of the Hungarian regiments wore the cocked hat as head-dress, a fashion which remained in vogue till the time of Napoleon. In the Czar's Service it has always been traditional for the pelisse to be worn at the back, instead of over the left shoulder, as the general custom was in other armies.

The first regiment in the British Service to be officially styled Hussars was the 10th Light Dragoons, and it is curious to note how this distinguished corps has copied two distinctive features of its uniform from the Prussian Zieten Hussars. One of these details, the edging of white lace round the looping on the breast, has been obsolete for many years, but the other point, viz., the cowrie shells on the officers' bridles, is well known to most people. Shortly after the conversion of the 10th, the 7th, 15th, and 18th Light Dragoons were also made Hussars. In imitation of the Prussian fashion they had high fur caps, and their shabracques were also after the Prussian style, which had a vandyked border.

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Heroes We Mourn

A FURTHER series of portraits of those who have fallen in the service of their country is given in this week's issue. Four of the heroes that fell at Dundee are amongst them: Weldon, of the Dublin Fusiliers; Hannah, of the Leicestershire; and Barnett and Hambro, of the King's Royal Rifles. As our readers will remember, it was the Dublins and the King's Royal Rifles that took such a prominent part in rushing the Boer position. Weldon was only 33, although he was one of the senior captains of the battalion, and it was not his first active service, for he had served with his regiment through the Burmah Campaign of 1887-89. He came of a military stock, for his father and three of his uncles were officers in the Indian Army. Barnett and Hambro were only 24 and 21 years of age respectively. Hambro, indeed, was the junior second lieutenant of his battalion, he having only joined the regiment as recently as last February, from the 3rd Militia Battalion of the Derbyshire. Poor Hannah will be sincerely mourned at Brighton, of which town his father is vicar, and with whom much sympathy is felt. Especially is this the case amongst the Volunteers, for since 1883 the vicar has been chaplain to that strong corps, the 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery Hannah also was a youth, for he was only 23 when he met a soldier's death. The loss of very young officers is one of the most marked features in all the casualty lists, and speaks volumes for the pluck and grit of the young men who are now joining the Service. Of the thirteen officers of the Gordons who were either killed or wounded in the plucky rush on the Boer position at Elandslaagte no less than eight were subalterns, and the senior of them had only a little over five years' service. Of the two officers of the Gordons whose portraits are given, Bradbury was not 22, though he had put in nearly three years' service. Poor Campbell, who eventually died of his wounds, was a year older, but had only completed some eighteen months' service. The Gloucestershire had a heavy loss in the action at Rietfontein, for in it their commanding officer, Colonel E. P. Wilford, was killed. Colonel Wilford had put in all his service with the fine old corps, for though his first commission was to an ensignecy in the 8th Foot, he was transferred a fortnight later to the regiment at the head of which he has now died, after serving in it for nearly thirty-five years. It was only last July that Colonel Wilford completed his four years of command, and so well had he done in his appointment that he obtained a year's extension and a brevet as colonel, only, poor fellow, to fall the first time he saw fighting in all the many years of his service. Amongst those who fell at Farquhar's Farm none will be more sincerely mourned than Major W. J. Myers, the well-known and most popular adjutant of the Eton College Volunteers. As a tribute to his memory, the school corps took no part in the public schools' field day. Myers, though at his death in the Militia (7th Battalion King's Royal Rifles), was an old King's Royal Rifle Corps man, for he belonged to that regiment from 1878 to 1888, and saw his first active service with the 3rd Battalion in the Zulu War of 1879. He had also seen much service, both in Egypt and on the North-West Frontier of our Indian Empire. Another of the officers of the King's Royal Rifles who was killed in the fighting at Farquhar's Farm, in which both the 1st and 2nd Battalions suffered so heavily, was Lieutenant J. L. Forster, who was only promoted from second lieutenant a few months back.

In the person of Major E. W. Grey the officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps lose the first of their number to fall in this campaign, as also do those of the Royal Artillery, for though several Artillery officers were wounded at Rietfontein, the wounds were in every case slight. Lieutenant J. T. MacDougall, of the 42nd Battery Royal Field Artillery, is the first officer of the regiment to be killed in action. The Engineer officer, Major Wrottesley, did not live even to reach the scene of the action, for he was drowned from the steamer on his passage out to join Sir Redvers Buller, to whose staff he had been gazetted as Director of Telegraphs, with the local rank of lieutenant-colonel whilst so employed. Major Wrottesley was at the time of his death not 44 years of age, and had just completed twenty-five years' service. It has not, moreover, been long before the senior Service has had to pay her tale to the reckoning, and the earliest death the Navy has had to mourn is in the person of one of the most popular and promising of young gunnery officers, Lieutenant F. G. Egerton. We say "Lieutenant," as he had only added the half-stripe to his sleeve a few months before his death; but he died a commander, for he was promoted immediately on the report of his being so seriously wounded. Let us hope that the news of his reward reached him to gladden his last moments. Many noble families in England will be placed in mourning by Lieutenant Egerton's death, for his mother is the sister of the Duke of Devonshire, and his father, Admiral the Hon. F. Egerton, is uncle to the present, and brother of the late, Earl of Ellesmere.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

"A READER."—One or two decayed teeth would not, I think, prevent your enlisting in a cavalry regiment. Of course, if you have a tendency to lose your teeth the doctor would not pass you. I have known men in Lancashire with four or five teeth missing—they were knocked or kicked out—duly accepted. The doctors are not quite so strict in the matter of teeth as they used to be. Cartridges have no longer to be bitten, as in old days. At the same time, good teeth are most important, and no man with really bad teeth would be accepted, the reason, of course, being that health is so dependent on good digestion, and the man who has lost several molars, or appears likely to lose them, is sure to be dyspeptic sooner or later. A short time ago an order was issued to the effect that would-be recruits who were not passed by the doctor on account of their teeth could be examined by a dentist to see if anything could be done to render them fit for service. My advice to you is to try to enlist, and to have your decayed teeth seen to at once, for neglect will soon make the others decay.

* * * *

"G. V."—Your having no experience of steam and the steam engine would certainly debar you from passing into the Royal Navy as an engine-room artificer, as a knowledge of these subjects is included in the syllabus of requirements. You need not be at all discouraged, however, as you have from two to nine years before you for preparation; you have ambition, and, moreover, the degree of proficiency expected in the subjects is such that it can be acquired easily. Get an elementary text-book on the steam engine, and seize every opportunity of watching engines at work and of obtaining information from those who are in charge of engines. It may be mentioned that preference is given to engine fitters who are both turners and fitters, which appears to be your case.

* * * *

"H. J. S."—The eagle worn as a collar badge by the 1st (Royal) Dragoons has nothing to do with the fact that the German Emperor is colonel of the regiment. It is a battle honour, and commemorates the capture at Waterloo of an eagle surmounting the staff and tricolour. In one of the cavalry charges of that battle the eagle of the French 105th Regiment of the Line was captured by Captain Clark (afterwards Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Kennedy Clark-Kennedy) and Corporal Stiles, of the Royal Dragoons. The flag bore the inscription, "L'Empereur Napoléon au 105me Regiment d'Infanterie de la Ligne; 'Jena, Eckmuhl, Essling, Wagram.'" The flag and the eagle were lodged at Chelsea Hospital, but they were, it is believed, stolen at the time of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington in 1852.

* * * *

"H. J. S." also asks whether it is more accurate to speak of a private or of a trooper of a cavalry regiment. Neither of these designations can be called wrong. Perhaps trooper is more generally used, but private is the official name. The word trooper is unknown in the Queen's Regulations. If "H. J. S." will look at official lists of killed and wounded in the battles against the Boers, he will notice that while men of the 5th Lancers are referred to as privates, the men of the Imperial Light Horse are mentioned as troopers. The latter word would seem to be the officially correct term in speaking of the rank and file of a colonial corps.

* * * *

"H. J. S." remarks on the fact that some of the Guards' Reserve men appeared in uniform in the streets the day after reporting themselves, and asks how it is that they seem to get their uniforms at once. "H. J. S." would understand this rapidity if he remembered that all articles of a soldier's uniform are issued ready-made from the Army Clothing Department, Pimlico. The uniforms are made in sizes, and it is the soldier's business to adapt himself to one or other regulation size. A trifling alteration by the regimental tailor may here and there be ordered by the quartermaster or other officer who superintends the fitting of a man's uniform, but otherwise the garments are quite ready for the man when he reports himself. Formerly the clothing for the Reserves was all kept in London, but Lord Wolseley altered that arrangement, which, of course, caused much delay, and ordered that the outfits for the Reserve men should be kept at the regimental depôts. The result has been that, as "H. J. S." points out, the Reserve men have been equipped the day after reporting themselves, which is certainly highly satisfactory and a credit to the authorities.

* * * *

"K. T." writes to ask me "What are the National Standards respectively of the Orange Free State and the South African Republic?" The flag of the Orange Free State is orange and white, in alternate horizontal stripes of equal width, three of orange and two of white. Cantoned in the first quarter, *i.e.*, the upper quarter next the pole, is the Dutch tricolour, red, white, and blue, in horizontal stripes. The flag is the only one that has orange in it, and the colour is, of course, an allusion to the name of the State, while the tricolour canton refers to its Dutch origin. The Transvaal flag also displays the Dutch colours, for it is a red saltire, or diagonal cross, with a white fimbriation, or bordering, imposed on a blue ground. It is, in fact, curiously enough, what the Union Jack would be if the red cross of St. George, with its white fimbriation, were removed from the flag. If you draw and colour the two flags you will note that the imposition of the St. George's Cross will add enormously to the effectiveness and healthy appearance of the flag.

* * * *

"L. E. M."—A lad can present himself for the educational examination for engineer student in the Navy between the ages of 14½ and 16½. He would join the Training College immediately after passing, provided he were physically fit, and he would pass his final examination after a course of five years' study, so that he could reckon upon becoming a probationary assistant engineer between the ages of 20 and 22, and twelve months later he would become a duly qualified assistant engineer. Executive officers below the rank of commander are not usually addressed personally by their title; they are called "Mr.," but a letter would be addressed "Lieutenant Blank, R.N.," and the captain when sending for him would say, "Tell Lieutenant Blank I want him." A lieutenant in command of a vessel has no recognised official title in addition, but is usually spoken of as "Lieutenant-Commander." He would be spoken to as "Mr.," though his own crew would speak of him as "the captain," and might sometimes even address him so. A letter would be addressed "Lieutenant Blank, R.N., commanding H.M.S. 'Dash.'"

THE EDITOR.

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The Story of the War.

THE story of the war during the last ten days has been a chapter not so much of events as of situations, some of which are now beginning to develop in a highly dramatic fashion. One incident has, however, occurred which deserves special record, although, it is unsatisfactory to add, it was by no means to our advantage. It will be remembered that since the isolation of Ladysmith and the subsequent appearance of the Boers in considerable force to the south of that place, it became necessary to evacuate Colenso and retire across the Tugela River to Estcourt. On November 13 a patrol from Estcourt on arrival at Chieveley, a station some eight miles south of Colenso, found a party of Boers engaged in the destruction of a culvert, an operation which they hastily abandoned on the approach of the patrol. Two days afterwards an armoured train was sent out containing a company of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, a company of the Durban Light Infantry, and some sailors with a Naval gun, to reconnoitre to Chieveley.

On its return this train was "held up" near Frere by a party of Boers, estimated at 1,000, with three guns. A shell from one of the latter hit the truck on which the British Naval gun was mounted and completely wrecked it. The Dublin Fusiliers and Durban Light Infantry thereupon disembarked from the train and, under command of Captain Haldane, of the Gordon Highlanders, advanced against the enemy. Meanwhile, the engineer being wounded, Mr. Winston Churchill, who was accompanying the party in the capacity of war correspondent, succeeded with some volunteers in clearing away the wreckage under fire and in getting the engine with some of the wounded as far as Frere. He then very gallantly returned with a rifle to assist the others, and was subsequently taken prisoner with Captain Haldane and over 100 men. This unfortunate incident caused considerable regret, occurring as it did at a time when the tide was on the point of turning.

Estcourt, which was now under the command of Major-General Hildyard, was not long before it received the pressing attentions of the Boers, who, uplifted by their success in the armoured train affair, were prompt to threaten it in considerable force. On Saturday last a definite attack was evidently contemplated, and the British garrison stood to arms. A single shell, however, from the Naval gun checked the Boer advance. By this time a large number of troops had been disembarked at Durban, and the military command south of Ladysmith had been assumed by Lieutenant-General Sir C. F. Clery.

Meanwhile, communication with Ladysmith by means of runners had continued, and news had been brought of the work of the garrison up to November 15. Between the 9th and the 14th a good deal of desultory fighting had taken place, particularly on the former date, when a brilliant sortie was made and the enemy suffered severely. The bombardment had continued, but had been very ineffective. On our part the Naval guns had from time to time wrought terrible havoc among the Boers, who are reported to have been positively cowed by the bursting of the lyddite shells, and, moreover, to have suffered from sickness and want of supplies. On the 14th a successful reconnaissance took place in the direction of Colenso, the enemy being again driven back.

Turning to the southern and western borders of the States with which we are at war, here we find the situation changing with the gradual steadiness of a dissolving view. At Aliwal North the Boers assumed the offensive to some purpose, the Rouxville commando having entered Jamestown under Commandant Olivier and hoisted the Transvaal and Free State flags. The town has even been renamed in honour of the commandant, but Nemesis, in the shape of British troops, was not far off, and, on the day that the Boer occupation of Jamestown was announced, Sir William Gatacre, commanding the 3rd Infantry Division, was reported to have arrived at Jamestown from East London. It is not unlikely that when Commandant Olivier's commando finds itself threatened by fresh British troops under this vigorous leader it will make a speedy retirement, and leave Jamestown to resume its former name without effective protest.

On the Orange River the situation has been greatly brightened by the arrival of Lord Methuen and a quantity of troops, including the Brigade of Guards, from whom Lord Methuen promptly proceeded to organise a column for the relief of Kimberley. It was not anticipated that this operation would cause much difficulty, notwithstanding the fact that the Boers were said to be massing in the neighbourhood to the extent of some 8,000. In fact the whole British position along the Orange River seems now so strong that it should be possible to pave the way by a few brisk relief movements for a successful general advance. Among such movements the relief of Mafeking would necessarily be included, and the news that the gallant and determined little garrison under Baden-Powell has been secured from further anxiety will be received with warm and general satisfaction. It will be gratifying, too, to open up fresh communication from the south with Colonel Plumer at Tuli, from whom a useful diversion in the north-west may be expected as soon as the general advance has fairly commenced.

In fine, the net has been closing round the Boers, and the beginning may be said to be visible. The shock to the Boers has been a rude one, and from all accounts they are beginning to realise the colossal magnitude of their error. Whether they will now continue to offer an obstinate but fatuous resistance to the British arms remains to be seen. But one thing is certain, namely, that the last phase of this great conflict has been entered upon, and that the foregone conclusion of the second Boer War is already within measurable distance.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards	Ladysmith, Natal
5th Lancers	Ladysmith, Natal
6th Dragoons	Cape Frontier
9th Lancers	Cape Frontier
12th "	Ladysmith Relief
18th Hussars	Ladysmith, Natal
19th "	Ladysmith, Natal
New South Wales Lancers	Cape Frontier

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

R Battery, R.H.A.	
7th Battery, R.F.A.	Ladysmith Relief
13th " "	Ladysmith, Natal
18th " "	Cape Frontier
21st " "	Ladysmith, Natal
42nd " "	Ladysmith, Natal
53rd " "	Ladysmith, Natal
62nd " "	Cape Frontier
66th " "	Ladysmith Relief
67th " "	Ladysmith, Natal
69th " "	Ladysmith, Natal
74th " "	Ladysmith Relief
75th " "	Cape Frontier
No. 10 Mountain Battery*	Ladysmith, Natal
14th Co. W. Division, R.G.A.	Cape Town
23rd " "	Kimberley

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	Pieter Maritzburg, Natal
1st Devonshire	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Leicestershire	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Gloucestershire*	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Border	Estcourt, Natal
1st North Lancashire	Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	De Aar, Cape Colony
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	De Aar, Cape Colony
1st King's Royal Rifles	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd " " "	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Manchester	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers*	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers	Estcourt, Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Devon	Estcourt, Natal
2nd West Yorkshire	Estcourt, Natal
2nd West Surrey	Estcourt, Natal
2nd East Surrey	Estcourt, Natal
1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers	Ladysmith Relief
2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers	Ladysmith Relief
2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers	Ladysmith Relief
2nd Royal Fusiliers	Ladysmith Relief
1st Highland L.I.	Cape Frontier
2nd Coldstream Guards	Cape Frontier
1st Scots Guards	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Irish Rifles	East London
2nd Northamptonshire	Cape Frontier
3rd Grenadiers	Cape Frontier
2nd Black Watch	Cape Frontier
1st Coldstream Guards	Cape Frontier
2nd Scottish Rifles	Ladysmith, Relief
1st Argyll and Sutherland	Cape Frontier
2nd Seaforths	Cape Frontier
1st Durham Light Infantry	Cape Frontier

NOTE.—The troops whose station is given as "Cape Frontier" are those that have been pushed forward to De Aar Junction and towards the Orange River. Those noted as "Ladysmith Relief" are for the relief column at Estcourt.

The position of the troops and the strength at the various strategic points can be seen at a glance by a reference to the map on page 59 of the Double Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of October 7. The regiments that have left or are immediately about to leave by this date are as follows: Cavalry—Composite Regiment Household Cavalry, *14th Hussars*, 10th Hussars, 2nd Dragoons, *1st Dragoons*, 6th Dragoon Guards, 13th Hussars. Artillery—R.H.A., *O*, *P*, and *G* Batteries; R.F.A., *14th*, *73rd*, *64th*, 63rd, 79th, 77th, 4th, 38th, 78th, 19th, 65th, 61st, 37th, 19th, 20th, and 28th Batteries; No. 4 Mountain Battery; 15th Co. W. Division, and 20th Co. S. Division, R.G.A. Infantry—*3rd K.R. Rifles*, *1st Rifle Brigade*, *1st R. Inniskilling Fusiliers*, 1st Connaught Rangers, 1st R. Dublin Fusiliers, *1st Welsh*, *2nd Northumberland Fusiliers*, 1st Gordons, 2nd Shropshire L.I., *2nd Cornwall L.I.*, *2nd Somerset L.I.*, 1st Suffolk, 1st Essex, 1st Sherwood Foresters, *1st R. Scots*, 2nd R. Lancaster, 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, 1st South Lancashire, 1st York and Lancaster, 2nd R. Warwickshire, 1st Yorkshire, 2nd Dorsetshire, and 2nd Middlesex.

Of the regiments whose names are printed in italics some may and others probably will arrive before November 25 at Cape Town.

* Troops marked thus formed the force that surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

NOTE.—Naval Brigades are now at Ladysmith, De Aar, Nauwpoort, and Durban.

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The Navy at the Cape.

COMMANDER ARTHUR H. LIMPUS,
The "Terrible."

CAPT. REGINALD C. PROTHER,
Commanding the Flag-ship "Doris."

COMMANDER A. P. ETHELSTON,
The "Powerful."

LIEUTENANT F. C. A. OGILVY,
The "Terrible."

FLEET-SURGEON J. PORTER, M.A., M.B.,
P.M.O. Cape Squadron.

LIEUTENANT JOHN NICHOLAS,
The "Powerful."

THE OFFICERS WITH THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Photos. Ellis: Symonds & Co., Portsmouth; W. M. Crockett.

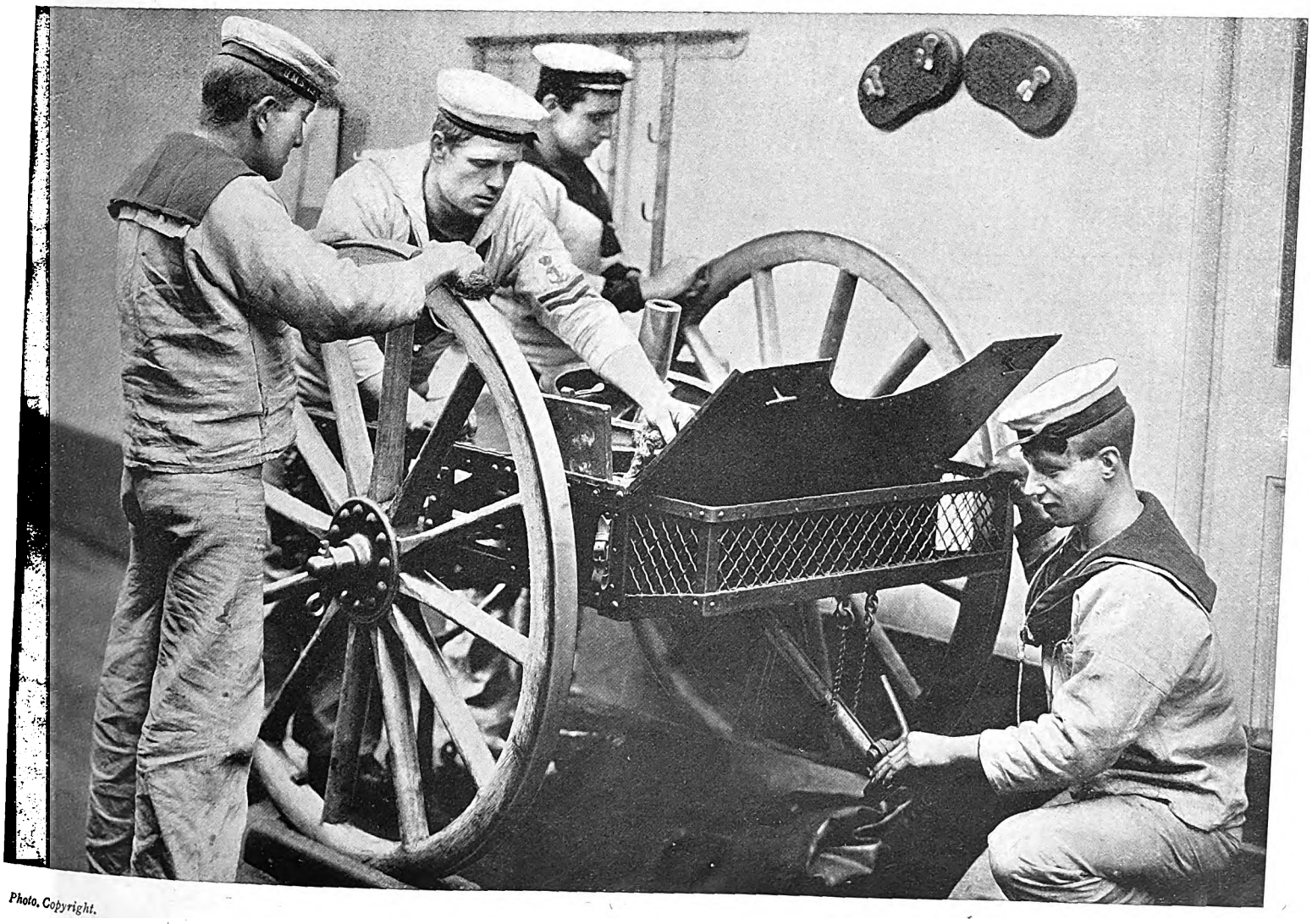

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory.*

PREPARING A MACHINE GUN FOR FIELD SERVICE.

This evolution has been carried out on board the "Terrible" very frequently during the past month.

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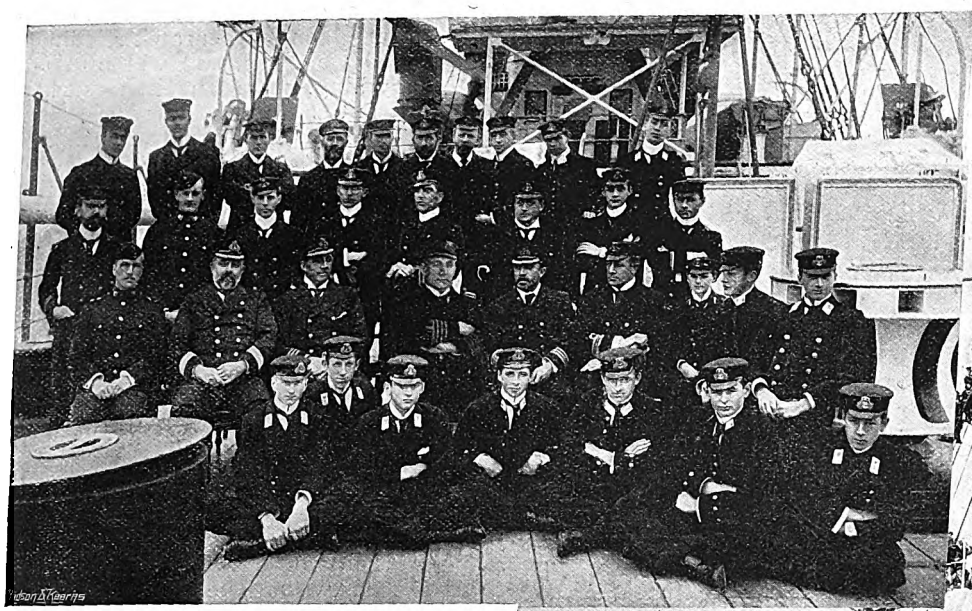
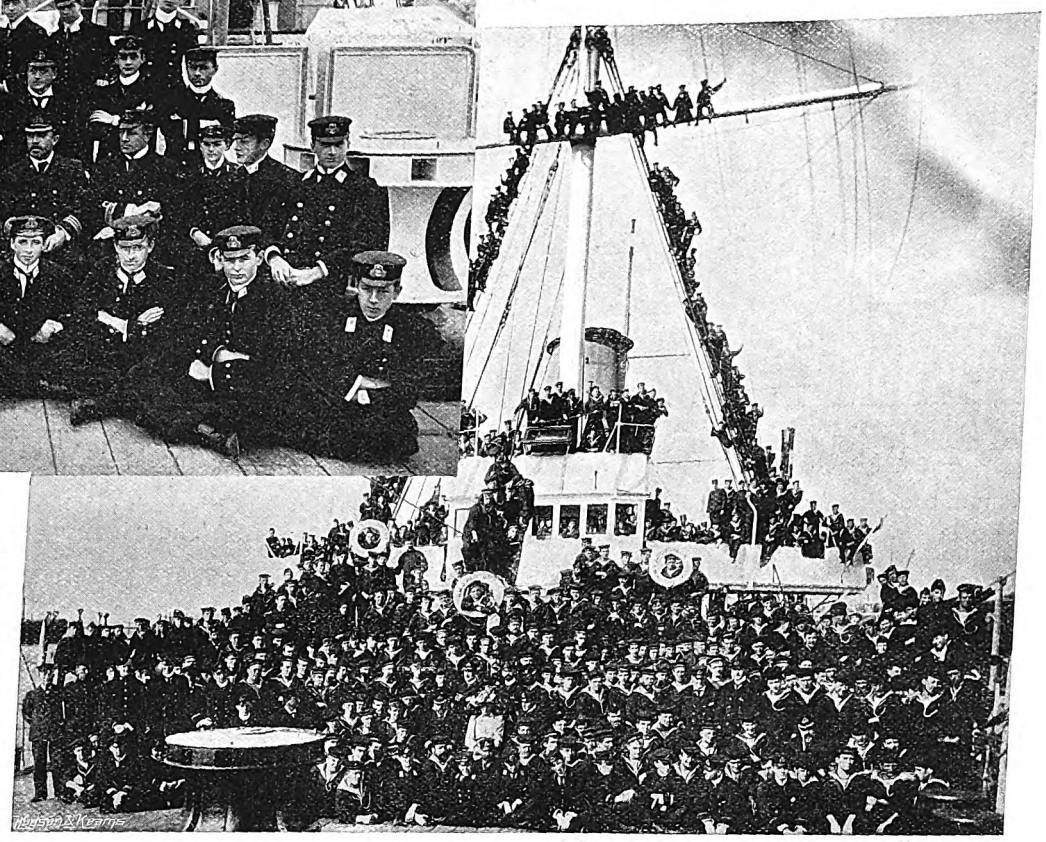
On Board the "Andromeda."



THE OFFICERS OF THE "ANDROMEDA."



A MIXED GROUP.
The Ship's Company En Masse.

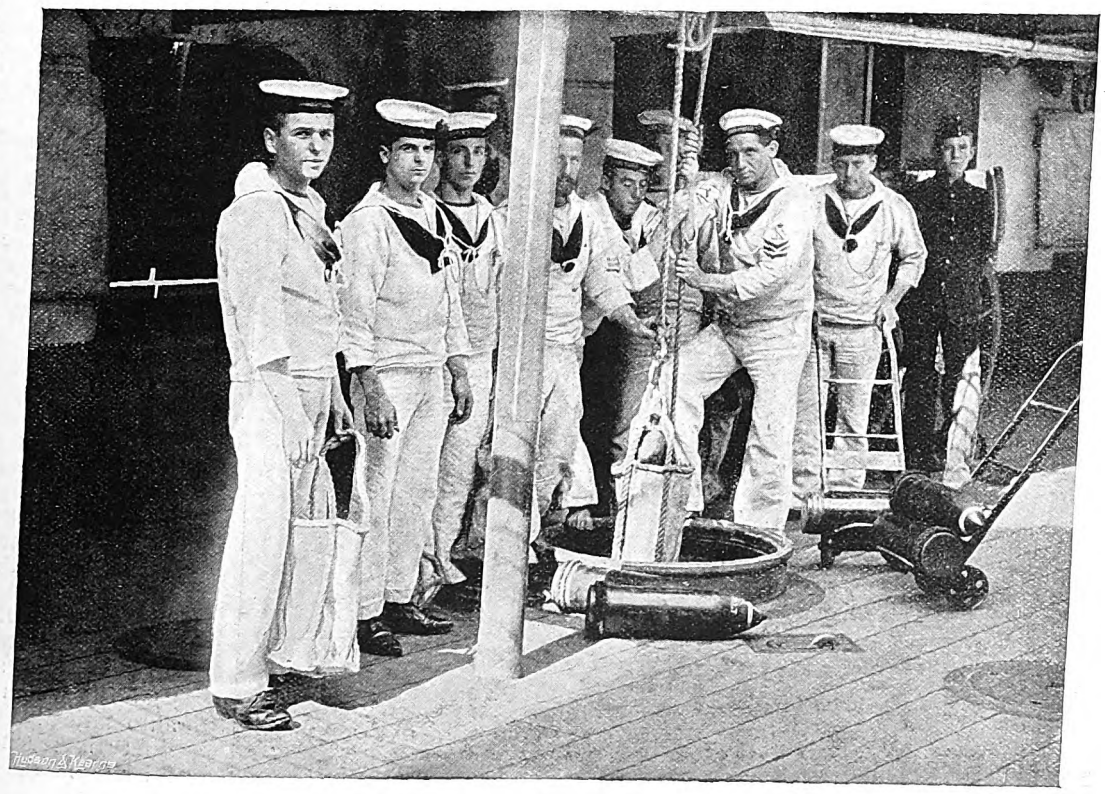
THE "Andromeda" is one of four sister vessels, first-class cruisers of large size, and is practically brand-new, having made her *début* at sea during the Naval Manœuvres this year as a temporarily commissioned ship. She is of 11,000 tons displacement, with a speed of 20·25 knots, and is capable of steaming 10,000 miles at about 12 knots speed. Like all recent vessels, she is fitted with water-tube boilers, an absolute necessity nowadays in order to compete with the ships of other nations in rapidly getting up steam.

This class of boilers, as our readers are doubtless aware, has been unfavourably criticised in some quarters; but experience shows that the chief difficulty lies in the particular method of firing, and when once our stokers become used to this, all will no doubt go well. The "Andromeda" carries sixteen 6-in., twelve 12-pounder, and four 3-pounder quick-firing guns, two boat or field guns, and eight machine guns.

Twelve of the 6-in. guns are in casemates, or little armoured compartments, in which the solitary gun with its crew is isolated, having an ammunition hoist to itself. There is a little "peephole," not bigger than the bottom of a tumbler, through which the gun's crew can be interviewed, and a voice-tube from the conning-tower. This fine vessel was recently commissioned by Captain John L. Burr, and relieved the "Hawke" in the Mediterranean. Captain Burr has seen a considerable amount of service; as a lieutenant he was in the Ashanti Expedition of 1873-74, being twice mentioned in despatches, and subsequently repeatedly received the thanks of the Foreign Office and local authorities for important services performed on the Coast of Africa; he has since been made C.M.G. for services while in command of the "Intrepid."

The picture of the ship's company presents the usual diversity of tastes as to the best position in which to be photographed, some of the men being, as the carpenter in "Peter Simple" said of the main yard, "precarious, and not at all permanent," while a few of the funny men utilise the life-buoys as frames for their beaming countenances.

The picture of the ammunition hoist for the 6-in. guns is interesting, as the supply to these guns is of such immense importance, and there are not wanting those who condemn the existing arrangements as inadequate. Each casemate gun, as has been stated, has its separate hoist; the remaining four guns, two at either end of the ship, have a hoist to each pair, or, more properly speaking, a double hoist working in the same aperture—a necessary arrangement.



Photos. Copyright. FOOD FOR THE GUNS. *Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*
Hoisting Ammunition for the 6-in. Guns

Now it may very well happen that ten out of these sixteen guns will be in action at one time; as they should, with smokeless powder, be able to get off at least three effective rounds per minute, it follows that they will need thirty rounds per minute to keep them going, and this means the raising of 3,000-lb. weight of shell and 400-lb. of cordite an average height of, say, 25-ft. in one minute, or rather in each minute while in action.

The smaller quick-firers and machine guns require a proportionate

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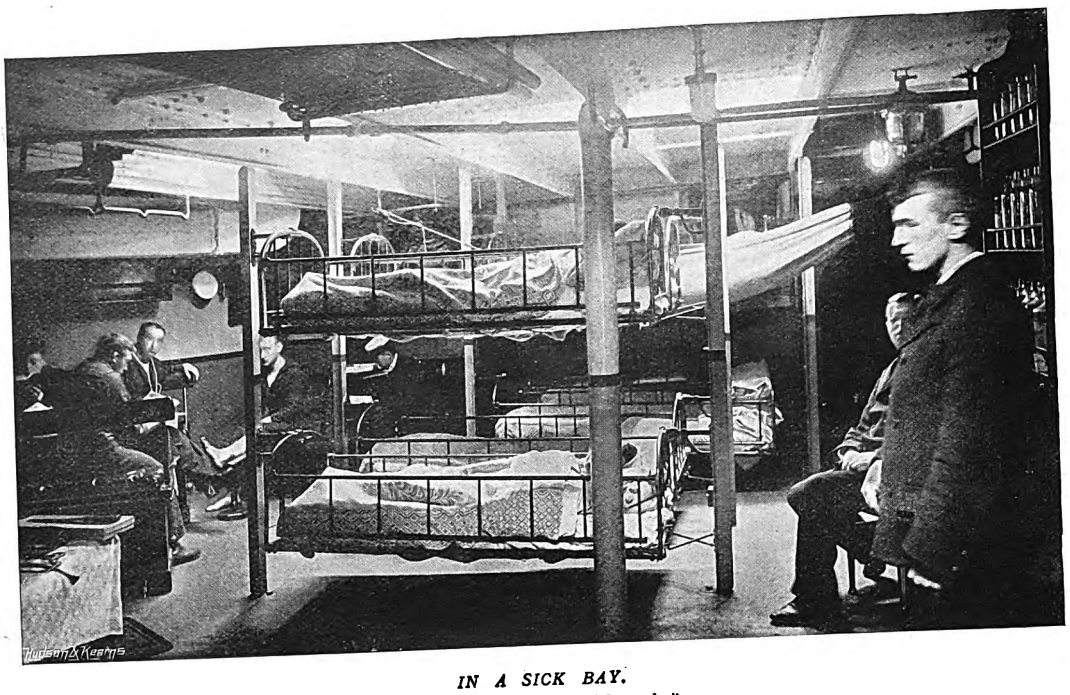


IN A SICK BAY.
The Hospital of the "Andromeda."

amount of labour, and it is held by some theorists that this is too much to be done by hand, and that electro-motors or other power should be supplied.

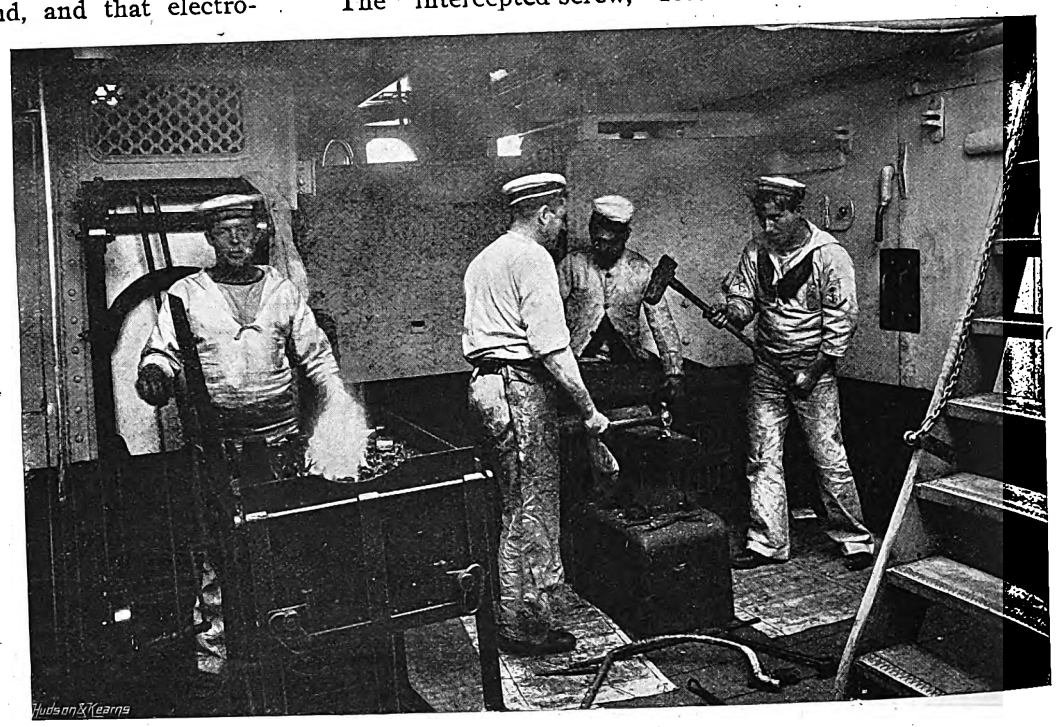
The magazines of the "Andromeda" and her sisters are very well arranged, a roomy passage running right round the ship below the armour deck, with hoists at all necessary points, and an "exchange" of voice-tubes by each magazine for the conveyance of orders.

Probably a slight structural alteration would afford ample space for the accommodation of the machinery, electrical or otherwise, for working the hoists, at least for the 6-in. guns; with larger guns it becomes a necessity, and many Naval men are of opinion that these ships should carry some 9·2-in. guns.

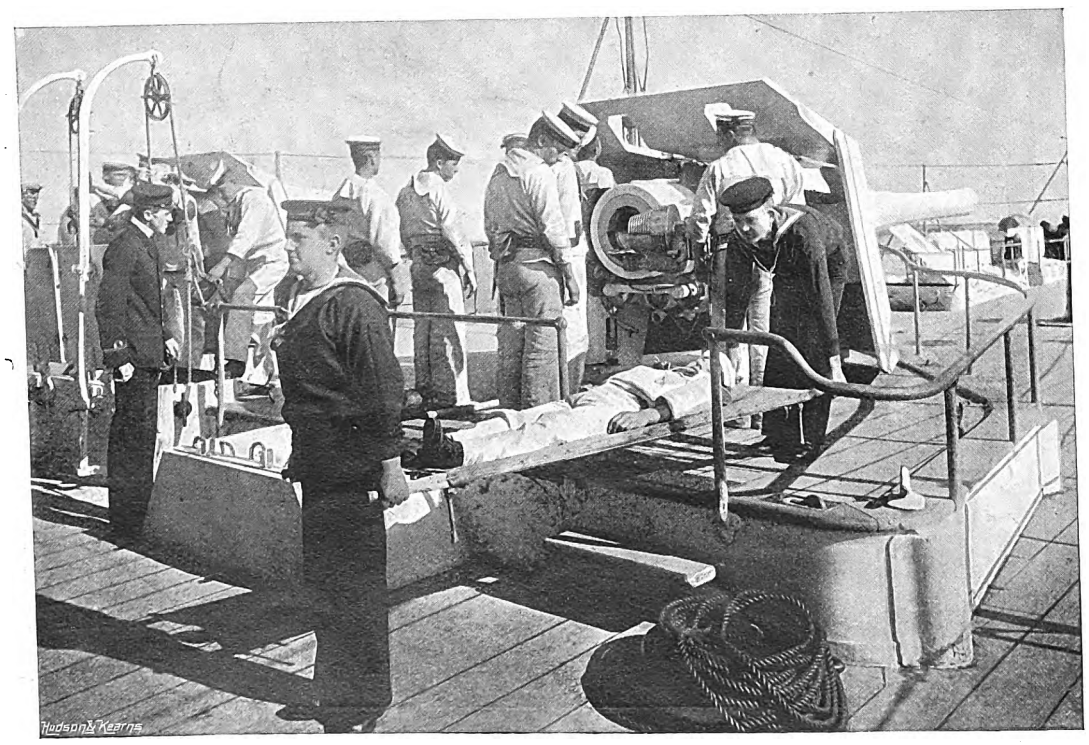
The hospital, or sick bay, as it is called afloat, presents a pleasing appearance of comfort. Bad cases are placed in the neat hanging cots, while others bring in their own hammocks and hang them up. There are, of course, a fair number of out-patients, who attend the doctor once or twice a day for cuts or bruises received on deck; some of these appear to be awaiting the arrival of the doctor in our illustration.

The blacksmith and his mates have often important work to perform. Many of them are exceedingly good workmen, and will turn out anything, from an iron anchor-stock to a tiny hook for some fancy tackle, or an ornamental "fixing" of some kind to delight the eye of the commanding officer; but they must not make ugly marks on the deck with bits of hot iron, or the C.O. will speedily let them know that his eye is not at all delighted; hence the protective mats, etc., so carefully laid down. Taking the men in our picture as representative types, it will be inferred that Naval blacksmiths are not unworthy of comparison with the hero of the village smithy in Longfellow's poem—they certainly look like "mighty men."

The last illustration shows the forecastle of the ship, as seen between the two 6-in. guns—the "bow-chasers." The men are at their guns, in the act of loading, and the breech mechanism of the nearer gun is very distinctly seen. The "intercepted screw," described in detail in some of our former numbers, will be noticed; and the necessary rotation, through one-sixth of a turn, is imparted by a pretty piece of mechanism, in the same motion as pulling out or pushing in the breech-piece. The long oval aperture in rear of the guns is where the double ammunition hoist comes up to supply the pair; the "whips" may be seen leading down from the small iron davits. The guns, as will be noticed, are only protected by bullet-proof shields, and quite unprotected in rear; so that one well-directed shot from a gun of equal, or even smaller, calibre would be sure to put them out of action, at least for a time. An ingenious arrangement permits each gun to be trained at an angle pointing over the other bow, partly across its companion, and also to a considerable angle the other way, which is extremely advantageous; but to avoid accidents there is a "stop" which brings them up automatically when the limit of safety is reached. All danger of mishap is thus averted. To give reality to the exercise a wounded man is being hastily carried off on a stretcher.



THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS MATES.
A "Job of Work."



Photos. Copyright. *LOADING THE "BOW CHASERS."* *Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*
Preparing for Trouble

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The Handy Man.

"Handy afloat, handy ashore, handier still in a hole,
Ready to swarm up a mountain-side, or walk on a greasy pole;
Lugging a gun through a desert, scrubbing a deck milk-white,
Jack is the man for a children's romp, and the awkward hour of a fight."

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE'S spirited little lyric, from which the above lines are an extract, aptly voices the public sentiment aroused by the behaviour of the Naval contingents in South Africa, more particularly in connection with the arrival of the Naval guns at Ladysmith on the eventful morning of October 30. There is no reason to doubt that the appearance of the Bluejackets, with their powerful weapons, at this critical juncture, did in fact exercise a most important influence upon the course of the campaign. Three days later Ladysmith was completely isolated, and vigorous and stout-hearted as was the military garrison under Sir George White, its lack of artillery in any way equal in range and power to the enemy's siege guns might well have proved, if not disastrous, at any rate most seriously detrimental. But Jack and his "Four-point-Sev'ns" were thrown into the balance just when they were most needed, and with their aid a bold front was shown to the enemy, for a time sufficient to allow the reinforcement from home to be effected.

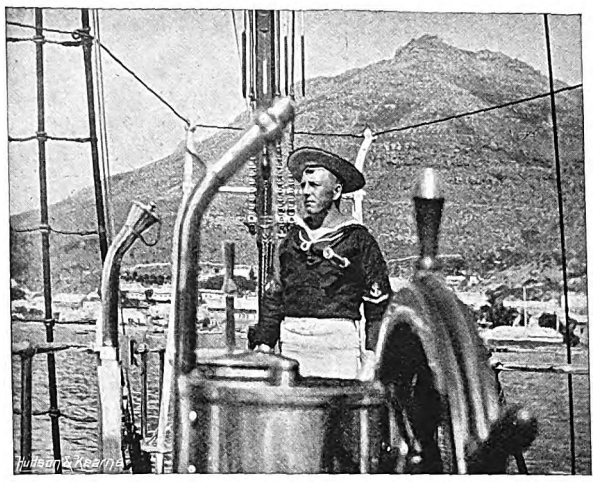
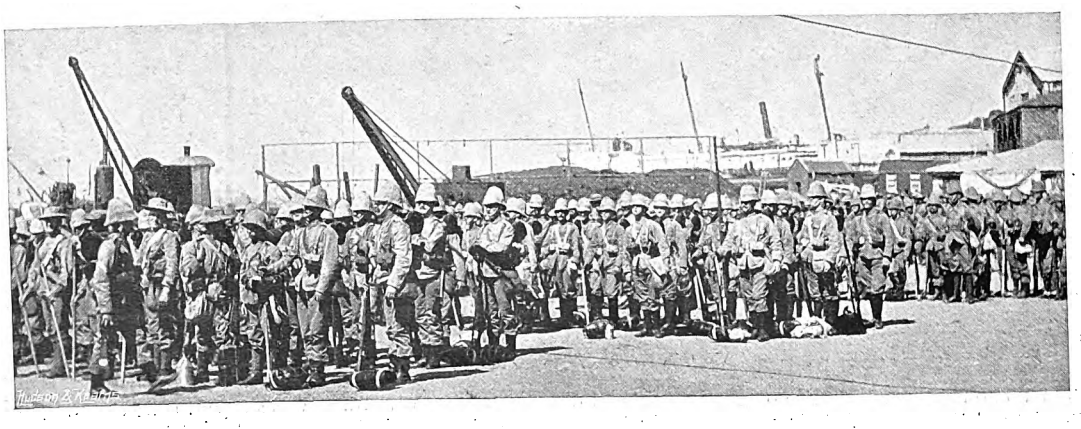


Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
"HIS EYE IS THE EYE OF THE EAGLE."
Signalman on Watch, Cape Squadron.

All this is ancient history, and still more ancient history is the "handiness" of the gallant Tars which rendered it possible. No one but a British sailor could have got these heavy guns to work, under such circumstances, in such an amazingly short space of time. But Jack, in the way of business, is called upon to do so many different things, from working a 110-ton gun to making his own trousers, that it is difficult to know what he cannot do, and do astonishingly well when necessity arises. Led by the finest officers in the world, and not infrequently in association with his gallant comrade "Joe the Marine," Jack, whether afloat or ashore, is all that Mr. Harold Begbie makes him out to be. Brightly, even gaily, he tackles his every job, "doing the thing he is told to do," to the tune of the Four-point-Sev'n."

A LITTLE PICNIC.
Landing Party Putting Off in the Sailing Launch.

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE 'TERRIBLE.'"
Sailing Launch Towed Ashore by the Picket-boat.



Photos. Copyright. *ABOUT TO START FOR THE FRONT.* *Mowlem.*
Landing Party of Bluejackets and Marines Awaiting the Admiral's Inspection.

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Lieutenant Godfrey and the Band of the "Blues."

LIEUTENANT CHARLES GODFREY, the bandmaster of the "Blues," is, of course, a scion of that family whose name is synonymous with first-class Military music all over the world. And in this connection we are able to reproduce here a most interesting portrait of his father, Mr. Charles Godfrey, late the bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards.

The son first joined the Service as the bandmaster of the Scots Fusilier Guards—as the present Scots Guards were then termed—when a lad not yet twenty-one, and a portrait of him in uniform as he appeared at that period we here reproduce. Our other picture of him shows the Lieutenant Charles Godfrey of to-day, so well known to Londoners.

CHARLES GODFREY, SENIOR.
Late Bandmaster Coldstream Guards.

CHARLES GODFREY.
Bandmaster Scots Fusilier Guards.

The musical talent of his family has descended to his children, for his eldest son, Charles, is head of the excellent band at Scarborough; Arthur, the second, is the well-known composer of "Little Miss Nobody"; and Herbert, the third, is conductor of the Military Band at the Crystal Palace. Both of his daughters are also brilliantly clever musicians.

The band of the Royal Horse Guards consists of thirty-three musicians and four boys. It is the favourite band of the Princess of Wales, and a superb portrait of her, autographed and presented by herself, occupies the place of honour in the band-room. Of the thirty-three men no less than ten hold the long service and good conduct medal, *i.e.*, over thirty per cent. The ten oldest soldiers have between them over 214 years' service, and if Lieutenant Godfrey's forty years be added the eleven muster over 250—a wonderful record.

The oldest soldier is Musician Hart, with twenty-nine years and six months' service. In our picture he is seen fifth from the right in the last line but one. Next in seniority of service is Trumpet-Major Finch, third from Lieutenant Godfrey in the first line, who has about twenty-five years' service, and wears the medal and star for Egypt, 1882.

Photo. *Gregory.*
LIEUTENANT CHARLES GODFREY.
Bandmaster Royal Horse Guards.

Through the kindness of Quartermaster-Corporal-Major Halford, who stores the treasure when not in use for State occasions, our correspondent was allowed to have a look at the pride of the band, the magnificent silver kettle-drums which bear the proud inscription: "Given by King George III., April 23, 1805, to the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards as a testimonial of its honourable and Military conduct on all occasions."

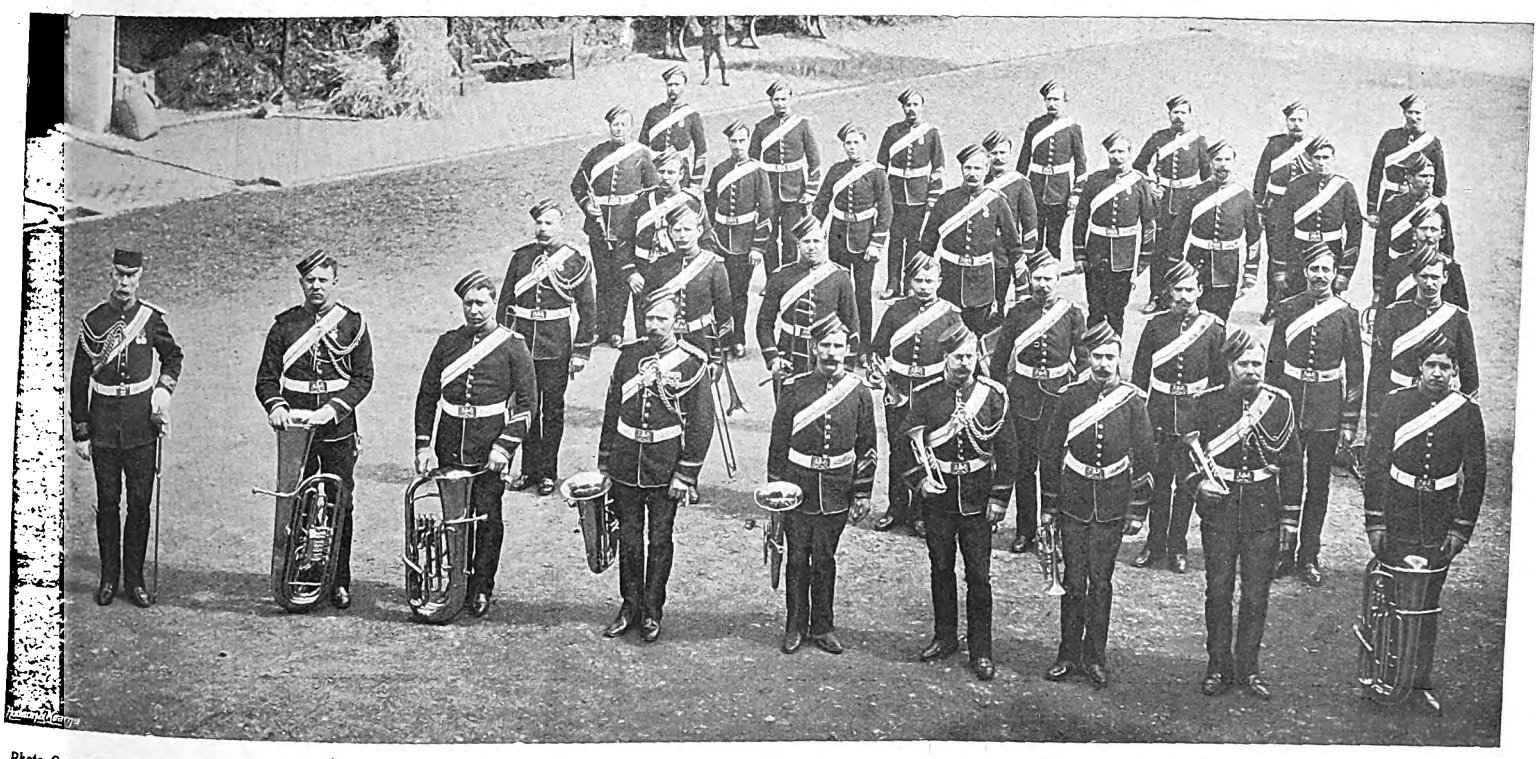

Photo. Copyright. *Gregory.*

THE BAND OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

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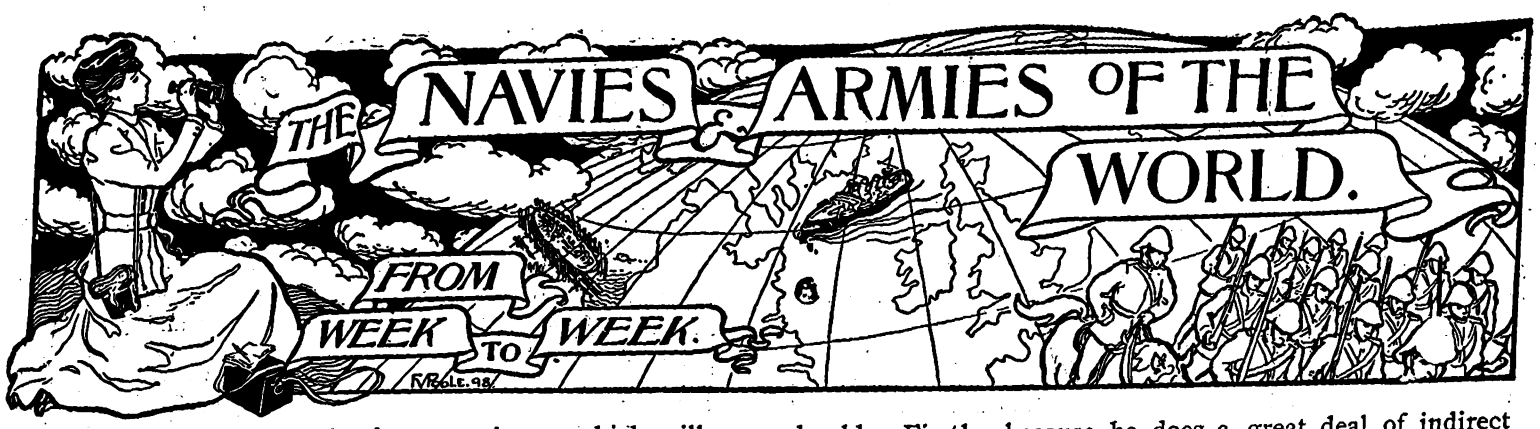

ALL the world knows the famous epigram which will make the name of the author of "Les Guêpes," Alphonse Karr, immortal, "Plus ça change et plus c'est la même chose." One is almost driven to use it by the frequent mention of German commandants acting along with the Boers. If there was one type of man which would appear to have been bound to become extinct in these orderly and in the main peaceful times, it was surely the soldier of fortune. Besides, the armies now maintained by all continental states are so large that those who prefer the profession of arms might be expected to find plenty of occupation at home. Yet no sooner does a war occur which offers him a reasonable chance than our old friend is found to be as much to the fore as ever. It is quite a matter of course that he should be found coming from Germany. The Fatherland always was the great market for the mercenary soldier, from the day when the Romans recruited their legions beyond the Rhine, just as they now hire Pathans. During the Middle Ages anyone who wanted to hire a troop of fighting men had only to go into the market places of German towns to get what he wanted. In later times there was not an army in Europe, from Spain to Sweden, which did not include its regiments of Germans. There were several on the permanent establishment of the old French Royal army, and everybody knows how largely we used them in our eighteenth century wars in America, in India, and even at home. Now the Transvaal is more or less in the position of those countries which for some reason or another could not find all the soldiers they needed at home. It turns to Germany, as the land where soldiering is still the chief national industry, and hires what it needs—apparently in unlimited numbers.

* * * *

There are no politics in this readiness of the German to hire himself out to fight. If national feeling had anything to do with the presence of Colonel Schiel and his like in the ranks of the Transvaal, we should expect to find Frenchmen there also. But we do not, though a large section of them hate us consumedly, and the balance do not waste on us any of their valuable affection. We hear of two colonels who have been taking off their coats and informing the world that they are going to begin in the most impressive style; but they have waited till the time when they could do anything to the purpose is long passed. Politics and national feeling have very little to do with the matter. The German is still the first mercenary soldier in the world because he belongs to a military race, and because he is poor. If we liked we could put the absolute impartiality of the Germans between us and the Boers—or anybody else—to the test with perfect success. We should only have to offer to raise a German legion, and thousands of recruits would be forthcoming for 1s. a day, free rations, a kit, and a promise of £10 apiece when they were disbanded.

* * * *

The answer of "Navalis" to Lord Wemyss on that evergreen subject, the Volunteers and Home Defence, is conclusive; but he has wasted his labour if he wishes to persuade people that a sufficient Navy will make an invasion of this island impossible. They may be argued into allowing that it is so, but they never really believe the proposition. It is not natural that they should, for various reasons. In the first place, it is contrary to the evidence of our senses, just as is the other proposition that the earth goes round the sun, which not one educated man in 10,000 really believes. We see the sun rise and set, and always speak of it as rising and setting. No school teaching will ever outweigh ocular demonstration, though of course nobody worth mentioning goes about saying that Copernicus was all wrong, because nobody has any interest in taking that line. If they had they would do so. Now it is natural to believe that you want an army to meet an army. The fact that there is a sheet of water between you and the enemy is one of those things which do not get into people's minds. They know it is there, but not all it means. Besides, is it likely that a zealous volunteer will ever be got to allow that he is no use, which is the case on the showing of "Navalis"? Neither is it to be desired that he should. Firstly, because he does a great deal of indirect good; and, secondly, he has a real function as part of our defences, though it is neither to leave the British Navy free to go wholly away from the four seas of Britain, nor yet to repel invasion by a large army.

* * * *

The end of the Khalifa has been timed with quite dramatic precision to produce its full effect. It winds up our fight in the Soudan just when we are setting seriously about making a satisfactory settlement at the other end of Africa. With the Soudan settled and the Boer Republics brought to order, the way will be fairly cleared for the Cape to Cairo Railway. The difficulties in the middle can be arranged with authorities more open to persuasion than the late Abdullah and the present Mr. Kruger. Moreover, it comes just at the right moment to remind us of the enormous difference there is between fighting white men and the bravest of the coloured races. Sir Francis Wingate has won his "crowning mercy" with a loss of three killed and twelve wounded. This is less loss than has often been suffered in a street riot in European times of revolution. Yet with this trifling loss the Egyptian soldiers under British officers have destroyed a considerable army belonging to men of a brave race, animated by the most pugnacious fanaticism. That Sir Francis's force was itself composed of blacks does not alter the fact that the fight was between civilisation and barbarism. The directing brain of the Egyptian Army is that of the white man. It is not easy to see why it should be so, but it is the case, as has been proved through thousands of years of fighting, that the Asiatic or African is the inferior in battle of the European, though he is sometimes stronger physically, and is often as brave as it is possible for a man to be. What exactly is it that makes the difference?

* * * *

After protesting the other day against the apparent wish of some commentators on the war to exaggerate the barbarities of the Boers, it is only proper to acknowledge now that there is a basis for the accusation that they use the white flag unfairly as a decoy. Lord Methuen's telegrams put that beyond doubt. The action is highly discreditable both to the morality of those of them who play this trick and to their sense. To appeal to your opponents' generosity and then to strike him is mean. Besides, it is exceedingly silly. The only result of it beyond the very trumpery and immediate advantage gained on the spot must be to cause our men to disregard the signal of surrender in future, and that must of course in the long run be the worse for the Boers. The rule as to the use of frauds and savageries in war is surely very simple. It is that you should never do anything which will lay you open to reprisals, and which will turn the balance of loss against yourself in future. In his ironical advice to young sharper, Thackeray strongly counsels him not to cheat his associates unless he can do it for a very substantial sum of money, which would make him independent. This is the great underlying principle which ought to be carefully kept in mind when you are considering the casuistry of war—the use of false colours, of false letters, breaches of conventions, and so forth. For, after all, war is no longer conducted after the example of the knights (if there ever were many such persons) who scorned to take an advantage over a foe. The allied Sovereigns in 1813 refused to confirm the convention made with Saint-Cyr at Dresden, because it would have given Napoleon what he very much wanted, namely, a large body of officers to drill his new levies. It was a breach of faith they committed, but on the whole they were right, because he could not retaliate, and it would have been folly to increase his forces. But a large intelligent irregularity of this kind is a very different business to the species of small swindle perpetrated by the Boer who ties a pocket-handkerchief to the end of his rifle, tempts an Englishman into showing himself, and then shoots him. The game is both wicked and not worth the candle. It is impossible to believe that the Boer leaders, who have rather shown a wish to conduct the war manfully and humanely, can approve of this.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

DECEMBER 4, 1810.—Reduction of the Isle of France by a British squadron of one 74, twelve frigates, four sloops, with transports carrying 10,000 men. In Port Louis were taken five French 40-gun frigates, a corvette, a brig, and twenty-four French merchantmen, three British Indiamen being recaptured.

December 5, 1776.—Capture of the American 10-gun brig "Washington" by the "Fowey," 24, off Cape Ann.

December 6, 1782.—Capture of the French "Solitaire," 64, by the British "Ruby," 64, after an action of forty minutes' duration. Captain John Collins, of the "Ruby," was knighted for the exploit.

December 7, 1810.—Capture of the French "Maradeur," 14, by the British "Rinaldo," 10, off Dover, after a sharp fight, at the end of which the French vessel was taken by boarding. A French consort of the "Maradeur" was present during the fight, but the "Rinaldo" was able to cut the "Maradeur" off and take her without interference.

December 8, 1780.—Cutting out of a number of armed vessels in the service of Hyder Ali of Mysore by the boats of Sir Edward Hughes's squadron in Mangalore Roads. All were destroyed except one gun-brig, which got away up the shallow harbour by throwing her guns overboard.

December 9, 1809.—Capture of the "Grand Rodeur," a French 16-gun privateer, off Beachy Head, by the British 10-gun brig "Redpole."

DECEMBER 3, 1810.—Reduction of Mauritius. On November 29 a British force was landed on the island, and on December 2 a body of French troops was attacked and routed. On the following day the French capitulated, and the island was surrendered to Great Britain.

December 4, 1824.—Defeat of the Burmese near Poosurdoon. The British force of about 2,000 drove the Burmese from their works, and captured their stores and artillery. 1893.—Disaster on the Shangani River—first Matabele War. The Matabele had sent in overtures for peace, accompanied by a large sum of money, which was infamously intercepted by two men of the Bechuanaland Police. The Matabele, rendered desperate by the supposed refusal of their proposals, fell upon Major Wilson's party in the night, and, though the latter made a gallant defence, they were all killed.

December 5, 1777.—Action at Chestnut Hill — American War. Abercromby routed the Americans. 1794.—Defeat of brigands at Bizzoton, St. Domingo. The garrison of 120 men, under Captain Grant, of the 13th, with Lieutenant Clunes, of the Royals, and Lieutenant Hamilton, of the 22nd, was attacked by 2,000 brigands, who were defeated. Both Clunes and Hamilton were severely wounded.

December 6, 1824.—Defeat of the Burmese near Kemmendine The stockades were successfully defended against a large force of Burmese, thanks very largely to the assistance of Lieutenant Kellett, of the "Arachne," and to a well-directed fire from the "Sophie." 1857.—Victory at Cawnpore. Sir Colin Campbell, having been joined by Havelock, attacked the rebels, numbering 25,000 men. Our force consisted of 5,000 infantry, 600 cavalry, and thirty-five guns. The enemy were routed, and lost their camp stores and ammunition. The 53rd particularly distinguished itself in this action.

December 7, 1824.—Defeat of the Burmese at Dallah. The enemy were driven from their position with the loss of all their guns and *materiel*.

December 8, 1708.—Reduction of Lisle. After a siege lasting from August 11, the garrison surrendered to the allies. The loss of the garrison amounted to 8,000 men, and that of the besiegers in killed, wounded, and incapable to no fewer than 14,000.

December 9, 1813.—Passage of the Nive. General Beresford laid his pontoons on the night of the 8th, and on the following morning the passage was forced under the fire of artillery. There were many skirmishes, but no general engagement, and when the enemy closed the allies retired to their original position, each side having lost about 800 men.

ALTHOUGH it is now more than forty-five years since Miss Nightingale and her band of nurses landed in the Crimea, and though nurses have performed valuable services in subsequent campaigns, the stationing of nursing sisters at all military hospitals has not yet been accomplished. Netley was founded in 1856, and since then nursing sisters have been placed in all the great military hospitals at home. Nursing sisters have also been appointed to hospitals at Malta and in Egypt. In India, the appointment of nurses in military hospitals is quite a late move. It was only in 1888 that a lady superintendent and seven sisters were stationed at Rawal Pindi, and a superintendent and five sisters at Bangalore. More were sent out later, at the suggestion of Lady Roberts, who organised a fund for the purpose.

Medical Comfor's in the Royal Navy.

By OLD MOULDY.

THE invalid seafarer lacks many of the comforts that his more fortunate brother on shore enjoys. Want of space, light, air, and quiet are unavoidable on board a man-of-war; but what he probably feels most is the absence of variety and freshness in his diet. Fresh milk, butter, fruit, and vegetables are not, as a rule, brought round every morning at sea; and, in spite of the heat sometimes experienced, ice is an almost unknown luxury. It has, perhaps, never struck our home-staying readers that in the tropics butter is served with a spoon. This is novel, but it does not tend to make it attractive to an invalid.

When a ship commissions, the medical officer is furnished with the following medical "comforts": Essence of beef, extractum carnis, fluid beef, and bovril (there is variety here, at any rate), concentrated soup, ox-tail soup, prepared soup, and common soup (this reminds one of "new-laid eggs, fresh eggs, good eggs, and eggs"), mutton broth, chicken broth, soup and bouilli, calves'-foot jelly, preserved fowl and mutton, egg-powder, compressed vegetables, preserved carrots and potatoes, sago, rice, barley, dholl (we will leave our readers to discover for themselves what dholl is), arrowroot, preserved milk, brandy, rum, port wine, white wine, ale, porter, lime-juice, pickles, soap, and disinfectants. The inclusion of the two last-named articles in a list of medical comforts is a characteristic touch of official humour.

This is a liberal list; but their Lordships, while authorising the medical officer to provide fully for the comfort of those under his care, yet earnestly warn him to guard against profuse expenditure and unnecessary indulgence. He is to be like John Gilpin's wife, who, "although she was on pleasure bent, yet had a frugal mind." Of course in wartime he would be given a free hand.

A Bluejacket would almost undergo a surgical operation voluntarily if he thought it would secure him a diet selected from the articles named. But he would have to be very ill indeed before being allowed to revel amongst luxuries in this way. Indeed, it is popularly regarded as a bad sign when a patient is placed on "comforts." It is taken to indicate that his end is near. The administration of port wine, in particular, is considered fatal.

This popular superstition, however, is not entirely borne out by facts, as far as the writer's experience goes. He knows of one ship, at least, in which the medical comforts were distributed with a prodigal hand. She was stationed on the Zanzibar Coast, and the crew were attacked by fever, nearly all of them being more or less down with it. The doctor got out his whole stock of extracts, etc., and emptied some of them each day into the ship's coppers to make a gigantic mess of beef-mutton-calves'-foot tea!

It is not, however, generally realised by the men that the doctor is as much interested in keeping down the sick-list as they are. There is another side to this question, of course—the doctor's side—and a very interesting paper could be written round the subject if it could be done without offence. The man, for instance, who feels "all of a tremble" directly he sees "a job of work" is not unknown afloat—he has been immortalised in *Punch* by Mr. Ravenhill—and the doctor has to guard against cultivating him into a sect by injudicious "medical comforting."

Another case of heroic measures in the administration of medical comforts was a personal experience of the writer's. He was once on the sick-list, suffering from a severe cold, and during the whole time was supplied with two bottles of stout a day, as medical comforts, one at dinner-time and one for supper. He was allowed no supper to eat with it, it is true; but that is a detail. The great fact was that twice a day, at sea, in a lower-deck mess, a bottle of stout stood on the table beside him. Men would come from all parts of the ship to see it; and the sick-list was nearly doubled in a few days, most of the cases being severe colds.

It is hardly fair, however, to take this as a sample case, as the treatment was due to quite a special cause, viz., a slight disagreement between the senior and junior surgeons. The former declared that the writer's lungs were affected, while the latter maintained that they were perfectly sound. To settle the point he was kept stripped morning after morning, in bitterly cold weather, while they tapped and sounded him in turn. Fortunately for him it was the senior surgeon who thought the lungs diseased—it is twenty years ago now, and he has felt no inconvenience from it since—as the dispensation of comforts rested with that officer. He was so excited by his patient's critical condition, battling with a fell disease and an incompetent junior surgeon, that he went to the extreme length referred to.

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Prisoners of War.

By H. G. Archer.

By the laws, or recognised principles, of war, the entire people of a vanquished town, state, or nation become the absolute property of the victors. In ancient times the treatment of prisoners of war was very severe; and although the wholesale massacres of adult male prisoners became gradually less frequent, they and their families were commonly reduced to slavery down to the thirteenth century. During the past nine decades a great advance in the humanity of the rules relating to prisoners of war has been made, and it is now universally recognised among civilised nations that, beyond certain exceptional cases, armed men only should be treated as such, and that these are in the power of the Government of the captor, not of his troops or of individuals. The prison-ships of the beginning of the century are gone for ever; the horrors of Libby and Andersonville, in the American War of Secession, can never shock society again; and the harsh and penurious treatment which the Germans meted out to their French prisoners in 1870 would, if repeated to-day, be sternly reprobated.

The right of killing an armed man exists only so long as he resists; as soon as he submits he is entitled to be treated as a prisoner of war. Quarter should never be refused to men who surrender, unless they have been guilty of some such violation of the customs of war as would of itself expose them to the penalty of death; and even when so guilty they should, whenever practicable, be taken prisoners and put on their trial before being executed, as it is seldom justifiable for a combatant to take the law into his own hands against an unresisting enemy. The object of taking prisoners is to prevent them participating again in the operations of war. As much restraint, therefore, and no more, should be applied as is sufficient for the purpose. They cannot be compelled to aid their captors in military operations, but they may be employed in any other manner suitable to their condition, the money which they earn by such work being placed to their credit, after deducting the expense of board. For example, when the Germans invested Paris, they made prisoners of the artisans of the Northern Railway Company, and compelled these men to work, at their ordinary daily wage, in the locomotive and waggon shops, repairing the invaders' rolling-stock and plant for the lines of communication. A prisoner of war cannot be ill-treated or punished for refusing to give information as to the forces to which he belonged, or, indeed, for giving wilfully false information. The primary obligation to support prisoners of war lies with the captor, and he should maintain them in a manner suitable to their condition, keeping the officers entirely distinct from the men. A prisoner of war, unless he has given a pledge or promise not to escape, is justified in making the attempt. He may be shot or otherwise killed in the act of escaping; but, if retaken, he is not punishable by death for having made the attempt, as the customs of war do not regard an attempt to escape on the part of a prisoner as a crime. A recaptured prisoner who has violated his parole may be punished with death; but the modern practice is to abstain from the infliction of the extreme penalty, except in an aggravated case, and to substitute strict confinement, with severities and privations not cruel in their nature or degree. A rising amongst prisoners, with a view to effect a general escape, may be rigorously punished, even with death in a case of absolute necessity, as self-security is the first law of the conqueror.

Prisoners of war are not unfrequently released on parole, or a declaration made on personal honour to observe certain conditions imposed by the captor. The usual pledge given is not to serve during the existing war, but the pledge only extends to active service against the enemy. It does not refer to internal service, such as recruiting or drilling recruits, quelling civil commotions, or fighting against belligerents unconnected with the paroling belligerents. Again, the parole is a voluntary contract entered into between two parties. The captor is not obliged to offer a parole to a prisoner of war, and a prisoner of war cannot be compelled to give his parole. For instance, Colonel Schiel is reported to have bitterly complained that Sir Redvers Buller did not offer him his parole. He had, however, no legal ground for complaint. A prisoner of war has no authority to pledge himself never again to serve against a particular enemy. The parole must be confined to a limited time, as he cannot divest himself wholly of a duty which he owes to his sovereign and country. The right of a prisoner of war to give his parole may be still further limited by the laws of his own country, and if he makes an engagement which is not approved by his Government he is bound to return and surrender himself to the enemy. The general rule in the British Army is that a commanding officer has an implied authority to give his parole on behalf of himself and the officers and men in his command, while an inferior officer ought not to give parole either for himself or men under him without the authority of a superior officer, if such an officer be within reach. Lastly, a soldier cannot give his parole except through a commissioned officer.

Bound for the "Penelope."

Exchange is an ordinary mode of releasing prisoners of war; but a nation is not guilty of any breach of the customs of war in refusing to exchange its prisoners, and may detain them till the close of the war. Notwithstanding frequent exchanges, however, large numbers of prisoners always accumulate during war.

Retaliation is military vengeance. It takes place where an outrage committed on one side is avenged by the commission of a similar act on the other. For example, an unjust execution of prisoners by the enemy may be followed by the execution of an equal number of prisoners by their opponents. It should also be noted that any combatant—officer or soldier—in uniform, however nearly he approaches to the enemy's lines or fortifications, or however closely he observes military movements, is not a spy, and if taken must be treated as a prisoner of war. With a view to prevent an officer who may have been taken prisoner through his own neglect or misconduct from obtaining any of the advantages laid down in the Royal Warrant relating to pay, the Queen's Regulations ordain that a court of enquiry is, as soon as possible, to be assembled by order of the G.O.C., to investigate the circumstances in which the capture took place. At the close of the investigation the court records its opinion as to whether the officer was taken prisoner by reason of the chances of war to which he was exposed, or through neglect or misconduct on his own part.

The Manual of Military Law lays down that every person subject to military law who on active service is taken prisoner by want of due precaution, or through disobedience of orders, or wilful neglect of duty, or having been taken prisoner, fails to rejoin Her Majesty's Service when able to do so, shall on conviction by court-martial be liable to suffer penal servitude. Death is the punishment for harbouring or protecting an enemy not being a prisoner of war.

By the terms of the Geneva Convention, the medical staff, though forming part of the armed forces, chaplains, nurses, and other persons employed in hospitals and ambulances, are considered as neuter during the period of their employment, and exempt from being made prisoners of war. Further, belligerents recognised after their wounds are healed as incapable of serving shall be sent back to their country, and not detained as prisoners of war.

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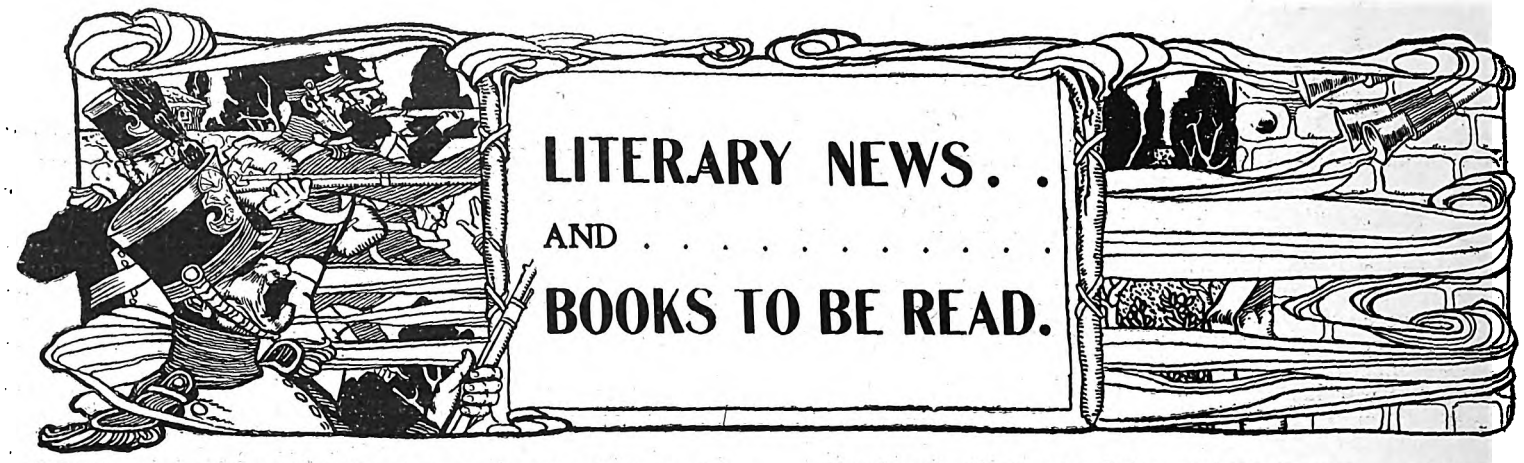

THE colour of khaki is at this time very popular throughout the land, and, having gained new fame on the battle-fields of South Africa, I suppose we shall soon find it prominent in the costumes of ladies. I am, however, concerned with it as the costume for books, for there are two khaki-covered volumes on my table, both published *apropos* of the war. I made first acquaintance with "The British Army" (Sampson Low) in a German volume, for it was written for the illumination of the Fatherland, where most perverse views exist in the popular mind as to what the British Army is. The author, who is simply described as a "Lieutenant-Colonel," is a keen soldier, known to very many, who was officially connected with our Embassy in Berlin. His treatment of the subject was nothing less than admirable, and one could not but envy the Germans in possessing an advantage denied to ourselves. If we except "The Army Book," which has never reached the public, and which is not quite on the same lines, and is by no means so useful, there is nothing like this staff officer's book, and it is a source of satisfaction that it now appears in an English dress. The German illustrations, taken from English sources, were excellent, particularly those of colours and standards, uniform, regimental distinctions, devices, etc., printed in colours, and they are reproduced in the English edition. I believe the author has himself rendered the text into English. In any case it bears not a trace of the Teutonic original. The book is a perfect account of what the Army is. If you want to know the organisation of our military forces, how they are recruited and maintained, what is the character of the training, or what are the duties, pay, privileges, and retirement regulations of the Army, how the troops are armed, what is the mechanism of the Lee-Metford rifle or the converted field gun, or what gun accompanies the cavalry, how the forces are distributed, commanded, and mobilised, what are the tactics of the three arms, or, indeed, if you seek an answer to the hundreds of questions that throng into the mind, I think you will find the answer in the information in "The British Army." The book is not historical, though it has a brief historical introduction, but an account of the existing state of the Army. The South African Campaign will be understood much better by those who possess it, for it explains admirably the constitution of the units now in the field, the manner of the grouping in regiments, brigades, and divisions, the principles of the march, the attack, and so forth. In short, it is a valuable encyclopædia describing the Army, as a German would say, by word and picture.

* * * *

The other khaki-covered volume is much smaller—fitted, indeed, for the breast pocket or the kit-bag—"The Knapsack Bible," published by Mr. Henry Frowde (2s. 6d.). It is one of the Oxford Bibles, printed on exceedingly thin and yet perfectly opaque paper, with clear type, and the khaki cover closes neatly with an inserted flap, enclosing a pocket. The weight is about 4½-oz., and the volume is admirably adapted for the use of soldiers and sailors. It will be an excellent thing to send out to the forces now in the field, for it is strong and serviceable in form, and the cover will not be damaged by exposure.

* * * *

We are getting so much accustomed to hear ourselves denounced by our friends across the Channel for rapacity, deceit, and hardness of heart, to be told that we are the canker of Europe and the blight of other continents, and to be upbraided with the reproach that liberated people from the Atlantic to the Indus would greet with delirious shouts of triumph our final downfall, that such Chauvinistic utterances almost pall upon our ears. It is, nevertheless, good to remember that we are people who have done much for the world, and that though our campaign against the Boers is merely a dastardly financial enterprise to some purblind continental critics, the war we are waging is really a war of liberation, because we are breaking a reactionary monopoly, and are doing so for the advantage of foreigners as much as for ourselves. It is also good to know how we have served the cause of freedom in the past, when we broke the iron dominion of the Corsican tyrant. Mr. Fitchett, author of "Deeds that Won the Empire" and "Fights for the Flag," is telling the story in four volumes, entitled "How England Saved Europe" (Smith, Elder), of which the first volume has just been issued. Mr. Fitchett is a writer who knows exactly how to cater for the popular taste. His history, though generally accurate and always careful, is not at all of the dry-as-dust character. He strikes a note that finds an echo in the patriotic heart, that arouses keen interest in popular deeds, and that awakes generous sympathy with the struggles of nations. The saving of Europe, to which he now addresses himself, is the work accomplished in the great war (1793-1815), and his first volume is devoted to the events of the Low Countries and Egypt, that is, to England and the Revolution, to our peril during the mutiny in the Fleet, and to Napoleon's great adventure in the East, including the battle of the Nile. I suppose no one but Mr. Fitchett would have opened a history of these events with a chapter entitled "The March of the Guards." This exactly illustrates his method. He begins with the parade of the Guards in 1793 and their march to Greenwich, and proceeds with incident and episode. "As the long line swung into column for its march there stretched unseen before its files a hundred fields of battle. The roll of its drums was to sound half across the world. The tramp of the disciplined feet ran forward through twenty years, till it deepens into the mighty tumult of Waterloo. Those three battalions, in a word, head the great procession of gallant soldiers, who for the next twenty years, in strange lands and under strange skies, were to fight and die for the cause of England against the wild menaces of revolutionary France and the world-threatening despotism of Napoleon." Then, as a living contrast, he takes us on board the "Bellerophon" in July, 1815, where Napoleon is demanding of Lord Keith and Sir Henry Bunbury, more than twenty years later, that he may become "an English citizen." The tale is a stirring story—"a resounding epic," says Mr. Fitchett, "rather than a drab-coloured page of pallid and slow-moving history. An Iliad of battles, sieges, and invasions"—with great figures moving upon the stage, great events shaking the world, passions, heroisms, and virtues, all on the great antique scale, and the central figure "a soldier with genius equal to Alexander or Hannibal, and with an ambition more ruthless than either Alexander or Hannibal knew." This is the light in which Mr. Fitchett reads his animating story. He does not, therefore, write for students; they are the humble drudges, as Johnson would have said, who prepare the roads upon which he rides forward to these conquests and glories. But he does not falsify history; rather he adorns it; and he writes mainly, I suppose, for the wide classes and the young, in whom he cannot but implant broad ideas of the duties and honours of Britons. Particularly at the present time is such a book acceptable. For though the scene is different and the scale is smaller, the war we are waging in South Africa is, in its essence, the same as that we waged 100 years ago—a war of empire making for freedom and enlightenment—for the saving of the southern part of a continent which is dark no more. Excellent portraits add to the interest of the book.

* * * *

Among the war maps that have been published many are good, although it cannot escape the attention of the observer that places that spring into importance are often not to be discovered. The fact, of course, is that these places have ephemeral importance thrown upon them, and importance that cannot be foreseen. Hatting Spruit and Rietfontein are but the types of many more such places. I will not aver that every place is to be found in Messrs. W. and K. Johnston's 1s. coloured "Map of the Transvaal," though it is certainly a very good map, and it possesses not less than seven inset maps of particular regions. The size of the sheet is 35-in. by 28½-in. An additional feature is a box of British, Transvaal, and Orange Free State flags, also sold at 1s., for the marking of the positions of troops.

* * * *

So seriously has the attention of most people been engrossed by the events of the war that lighter literature must have suffered to some extent, though I do not mark any diminution of its volume. Indeed, I have quite a formidable array of novels and beautiful Christmas books before me, but these must await another opportunity. The Christmas numbers are mostly very successful. I wish to draw special attention to that of the *Ladies' Field*, a journal now known in every English home where taste and refinement dwell. Everything that can interest ladies, or practically concern them, is provided for, whether it be dress, amusements, or other pursuits, and the illustrations are superb. These features are strongly emphasised in the Christmas Number, which is bound to secure wide popularity.

* * * *

That I may not entirely be silent on the subject of fiction this week, I seize the opportunity of saying that Messrs. Ward, Lock's very satisfactory edition of Whyte-Melville's novels (3s. 6d. per volume) is progressing, having now received the addition of "Satanella" and one or two other volumes. The paper, print, and illustrations are of the best, and the only fault I find is that dates are omitted from the titles, and that the unlearned may even imagine that the stories are new to the press, for I find no mention of the fact that these are new editions, except in an advertisement bound in at the end.

* * * *

An Egyptian book on my table, "Under Queen and Khedive," by Sir Walter Miéville (Heinemann), might have been styled "The Vexations of an Anglo-Egyptian Official." The author was a consular officer stationed at Suez, and destined, owing to his good service there, for the Consulate at Khartoum. But, according to the account he gives, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society distrusted him. He was too young; a fault which has been attributed to Mr. Churchill, as to a former famous statesman. So Khartoum fell through; but Mr. Miéville was at Alexandria at the time of the bombardment, and is able to give a very intelligent account of what occurred. He afterwards was greatly concerned with the cholera administration, and after having been a delegate on the Quarantine Board, became its President. He seems to have gained the whole-hearted dislike of the *Bosphore Egyptien* and the reptile Press of Egypt by his steadfastness in furthering the commercial interests of England, which he thought, considering the vast bulk of her commerce, ridiculously under-represented. The book contains some extraordinary accounts of the extreme virulence of which its author became the object, but his services were appreciated at home, and Sir Walter Miéville gained the reward of the K.C.M.G. The book is overweighted with small *personalia*, which cannot interest the ordinary reader, but otherwise it certainly contains an excellent account of the *coulisses* of Egyptian administration, and of the manner in which the mixed control enabled disaffected people to make the lives and service of officials a misery. Sir Walter Miéville, like Mr. Silva White, sighs for a British protectorate in Egypt.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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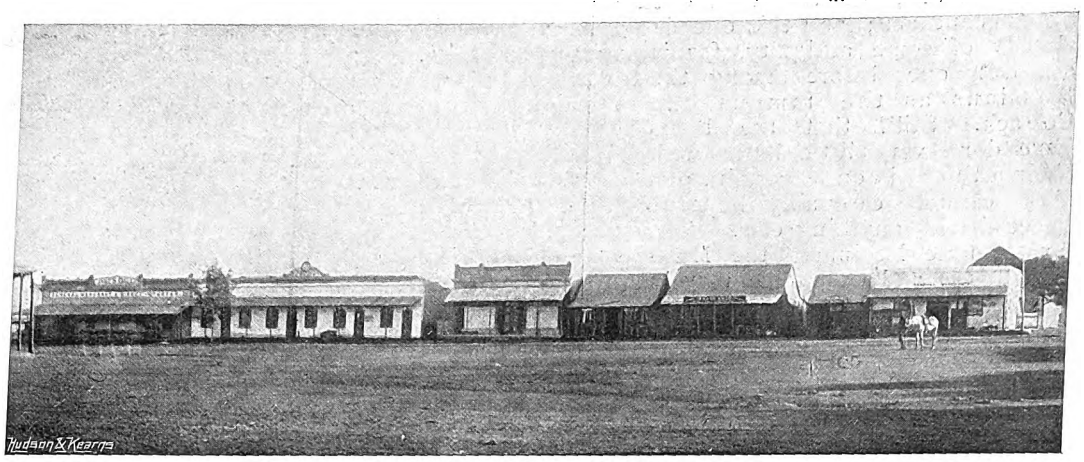
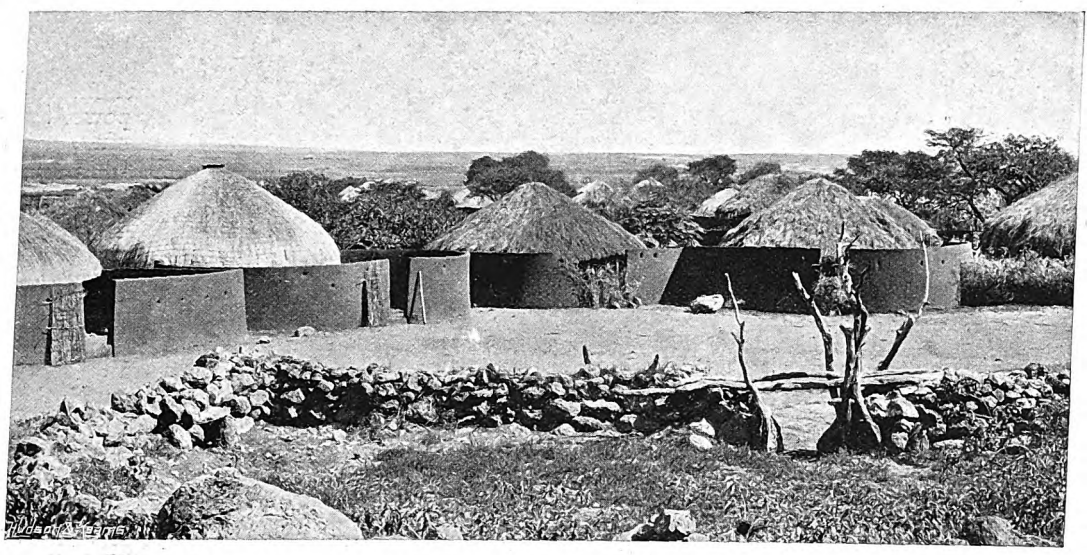
In and About Mafeking.

MAFEKING is a place which has had greatness thrust upon it. Five years ago those who knew its name were a very select body. To-day it is familiar as household words not only to South Africans and Englishmen, but to half Europe. It figures in all newspapers, in all tongues, and is the centre of general observation. Its renown is of some three years' standing, and, in fact, dates from the day when it was used as the taking-off place of Dr. Jameson and his misguided (and misguiding) friends who made the raid. Now it is enjoying all the honours of a siege, in such form as the Boers can contrive to bestow. We are informed that they are besieging it, and also Kimberley, from motives of sentiment. They want the second because it contains Mr. Rhodes, and the first because it was the headquarters of the raiders. As a reason for spending men, time, and ammunition on a siege this seems insufficient, more especially when the prospect of success is manifestly of the slightest. The buildings surrounding the piece of open ground dignified with the name of market square in our illustration, do not appear to indicate that the town is of much splendour. Here is certainly one merit in the market-place of a besieged town, namely, that a very considerable number of shells could explode in it without doing any damage worth speaking of, unless it were to the wandering dog which is understood to have fallen a victim to the Boer bombardment. Neither is the native Staadt, or Black Town, of Mafeking the kind of place of which the destruction would deserve to be called irreparable. The collection of beehives which compose it might, one would think, burn, and yet the event be described as of no consequence, even to the native householder. It could not give much trouble or employ a great mass of material to run it all up again. The white garrison is another matter. Though Mafeking is not exactly a fine city, the loss of it would be a serious concern, because it would entail the loss of the defenders. We do not, however, expect to hear that they have been compelled to surrender, still less that they have been overpowered by a storm.



THE MARKET SQUARE.
The Business Centre.



Photos. Copyright. *IN THE NATIVE STAADT.* *Tricker.*
The Black Town of Mafeking.

The familiar joke of the one dog, or one peacock,

Photo. Copyright. *THE PROTECTORATE REGIMENT—THE DEFENDERS OF BECHUANALAND.* *Taylor, Mafeking.*

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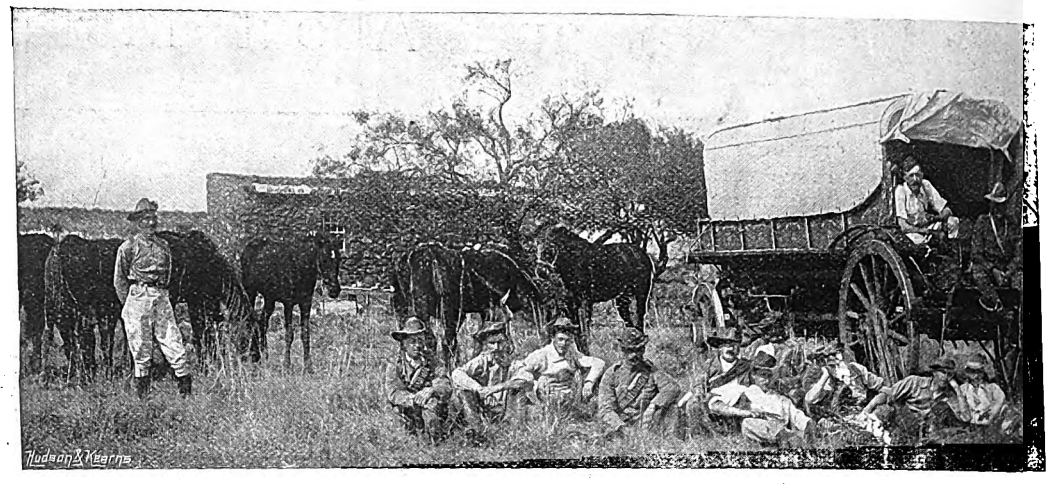
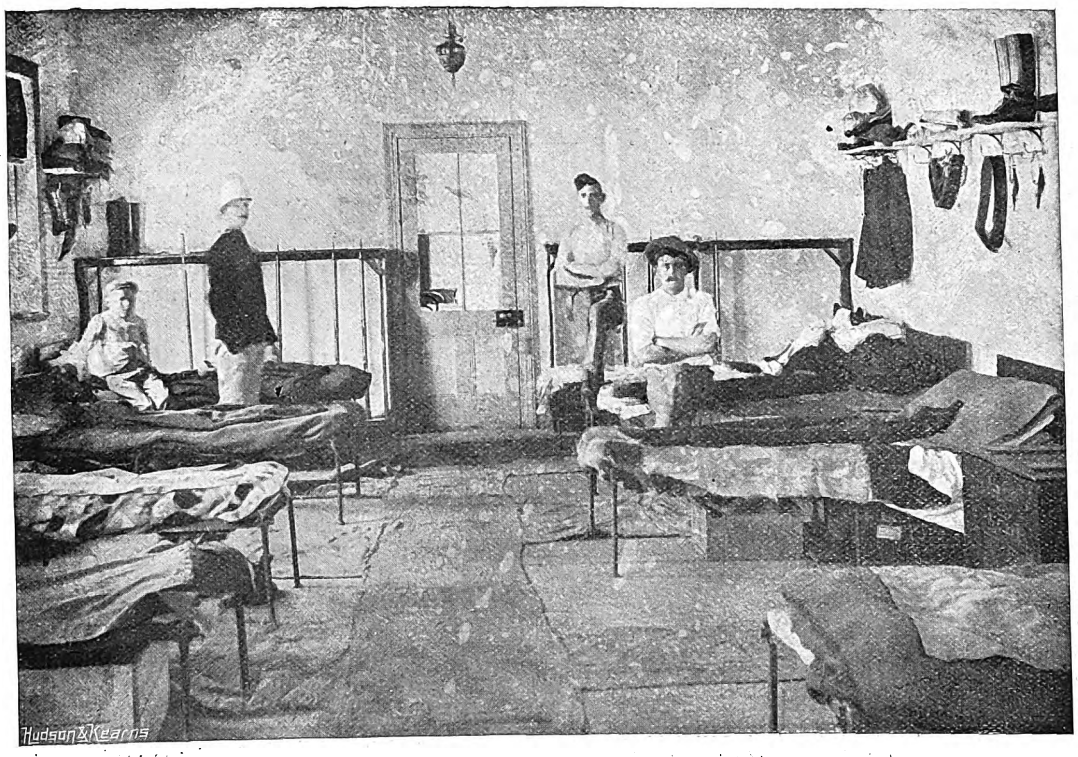
or one what not killed by the Boer artillery may in the end be worked to death. Jokes are like the rifling of guns—they wear out by constant use; and this one is already of some antiquity, for it did duty once before among the Russians as the famous one Cossack. Still, that the Boers have done very little harm with their artillery is quite certain, and they cannot reasonably hope to succeed with anything else. The Protectorate Regiment, the Mafeking Rifles, and the police may be implicitly trusted to answer for an assault.

They have, in fact, answered for all the fighting there has been to do hitherto, and that not by keeping behind entrenchments, but by making sorties, which is the more spirited method. The end of every sortie may be, as has been remarked before, to go back home; but while one can be made at all, the enemy has clearly not mastered the garrison.



MAFEKING RIFLES.
Keeping Watch and Ward.



Photos. Copyright. *INTERIOR OF CAPE POLICE BARRACKS.* *Tricker,*
The Residence of Authority.

Though the Boers continue to push their entrenchments nearer, and to shell the place steadily, Colonel Baden-Powell has no doubt of his power to hold out. The "few successful sorties" which he reports from time to time must tend to keep up the spirits of the defenders, who probably agree with the old Scots leader when he said that he loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep—loved, that is, better to campaign in the open than to defend castles. Their portraits as we give them here have much the look of those of men more familiar with the open veldt and the saddle than with sap and mine and counter-mine. Still, they have to do the duller duty, because luck and the Boers have so decided, and have done it gallantly. We may rest fairly well assured that they will do it with all attainable success.

To Relieve Kimberley.

THE relief of Kimberley will very soon, and perhaps even before these lines are published, have taken place. The division which undertakes this work is commanded by Lord Methuen; but he does not take it with him as it was when he left England.

One of his brigades, the "English," comprising battalions of the East and West Surrey, the West Yorkshire, and the Devons, has been, as our American friends would say, "switched off" to reinforce the troops in Natal. He has, however, a second brigade ready to hand in four battalions, some of which have for weeks past been holding the frontier junction lines.

These are the "Fighting Fifth," the North Lancashire (only half a battalion strong, for a half battalion is garrisoning Kimberley), the Northamptons, just landed and sent to the front, and the Yorkshire Light Infantry, half a battalion of which regiment was, thanks to the services of the "Powerful" as a transport, recently brought round from the Mauritius. Two of the photographs here reproduced were taken while the great cruiser was engaged on this most useful work.

In one are shown the sergeants of the battalion, and in the other the officers, together with several officers of the "Powerful," including Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, Commander A. P. Ethelston, and Fleet-Paymaster W. H. F. Kay.

Particular interest attaches to these three Naval officers, for they have since gone to the front, Captain Lambton and Mr. Kay to Ladysmith and Commander Ethelston to De Aar.

Photo. Copyright. *READY FOR THE FRONT.* *Fyne.*
Officers of the Cape Town Highlanders.

The second battalion of the K.O.Y.L.I. is the old 105th, one of the old East India Company's regiments, incorporated into the Imperial Service after the Mutiny, and now for the first time seeing service outside the Asiatic continent.

But the battalion has a record behind it that we may be quite sure it will live up to, and very probably enhance.

Other illustrations are those of the two

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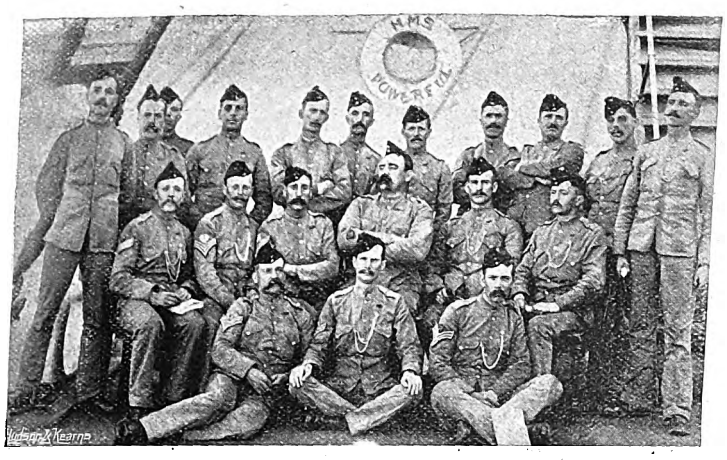

Photos. Copyright. *SERGEANTS OF THE 'KOLIS."*
Now Forming Part of Methuen's Division.

BRETHREN IN ARMS. *Sharpe.*
The Officers of the K.O.Y.L.I. and Officers of the "Powerful."

principal Volunteer corps raised in Cape Town, now actively employed at the front. They are not now seeing service for the first time, for many of them, both officers and men, have taken part in native wars. It is, indeed, a strong characteristic of the colonial corps that many of them have been actively employed, either as regulars or—and this is more generally the case—in some of our many wars against native races in South Africa.

One of our pictures shows the officers of the Cape Town Highlanders in a group outside the office of the Commandant of Colonial Volunteers.

Scotchmen always muster strong when a national corps is enrolled, and the Cape Town Highlanders is one of the strongest and most efficient corps in the Colony. Our other illustrations are of another fine corps, the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, which is shown both on parade and marching past the saluting-point at the review which took place prior to its leaving for the front. The corps numbers in its ranks many who have seen war service, some as far back as the Basuto War, and turns out a strong and smart company of mounted infantry. Both corps are intensely eager, and, if their services are required at the extreme front, will render an exceedingly good account of themselves, and come back covered with glory.

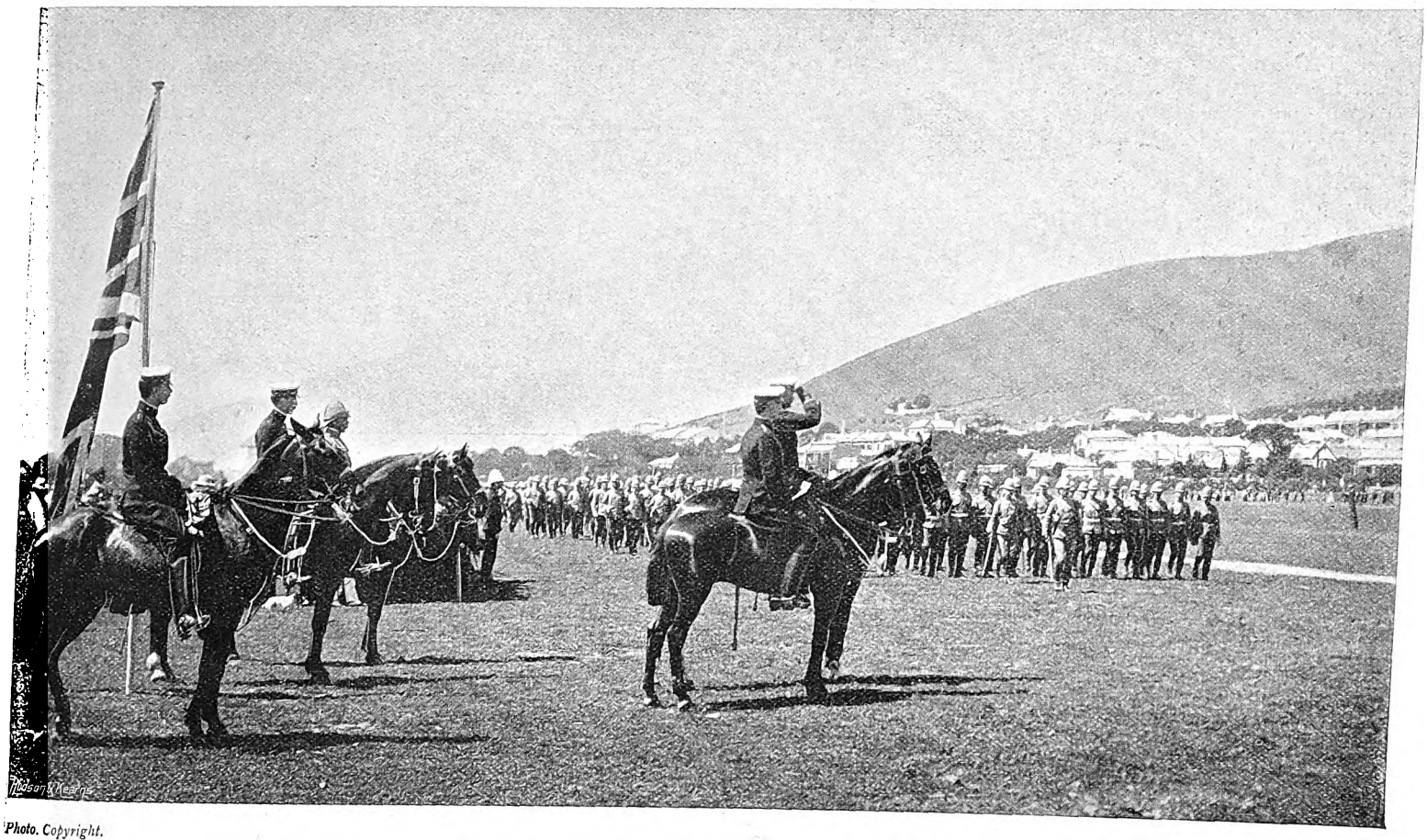

Photo. Copyright. *PASSING THE SALUTING-POINT—REVIEW OF VOLUNTEERS AT CAPE TOWN.* *Fyne.*

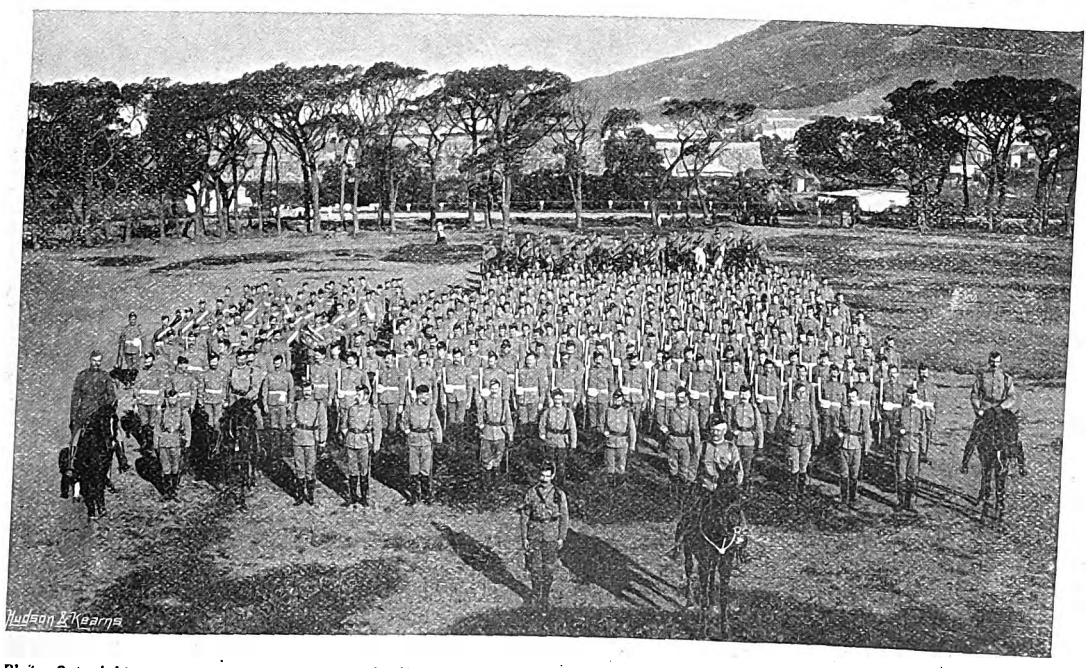

Photo. Copyright. *A USEFUL REINFORCEMENT.*
The Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles. *Peters*

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Two Very Modern Implements of War.

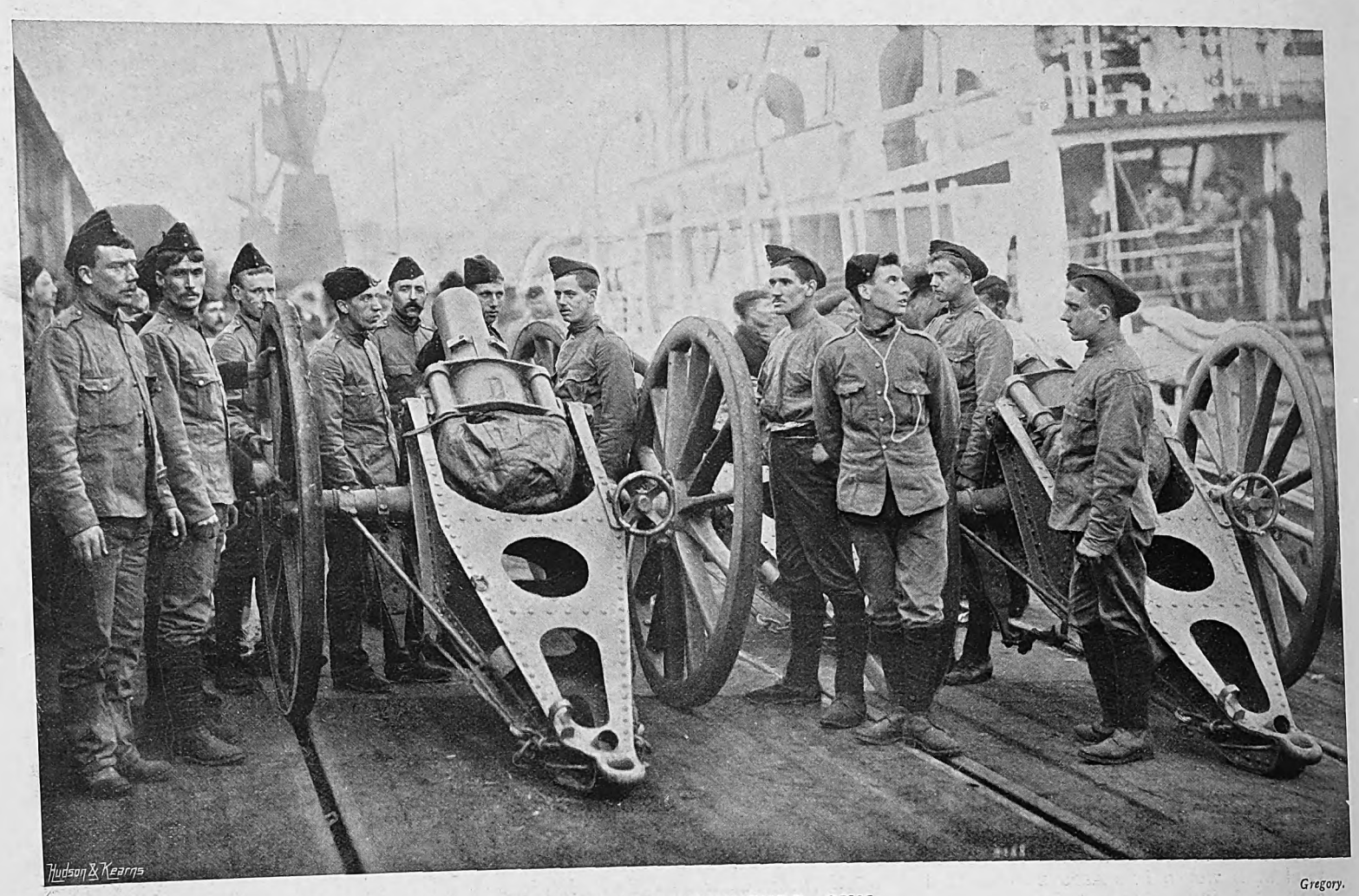

Photo. Copyright. Gregory.

THE NEW HOWITZER GUN.

This is the gun from which lyddite shells are to be fired at the Boers. It was used with much success in the late Soudan War.

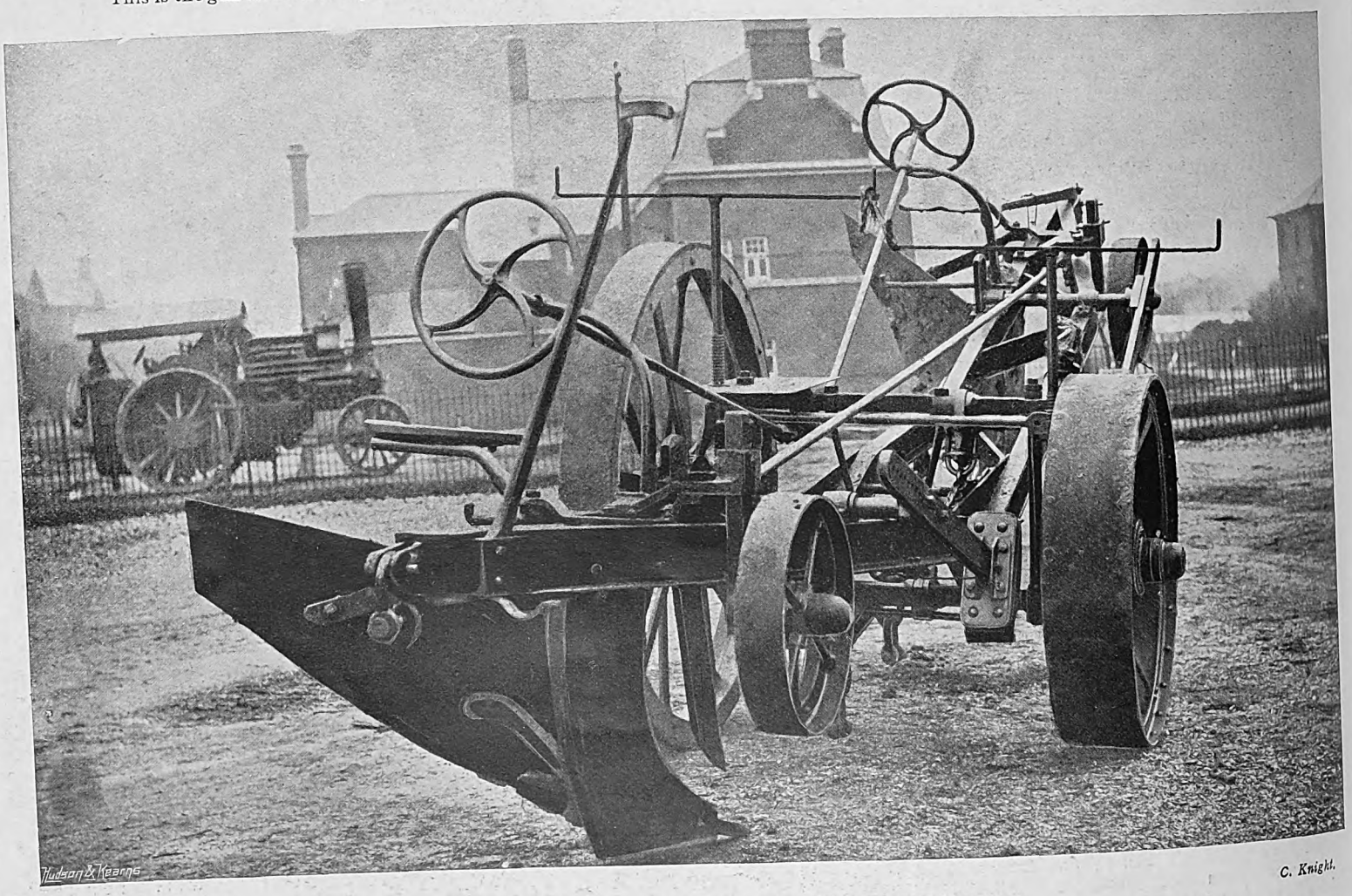

Photo. Copyright. C. Knight.

A STEAM PLOUGH FOR MAKING ENTRENCHMENTS.

This immense steam plough has been used by the Engineers at Aldershot with such success that several are going to the Transvaal. The cutter, by means of a thread movement, is inclined downward at any angle into the soil, and drawn by the traction engine (seen in the background), at a great rate throws up a 4-ft. entrenchment for the protection of infantry; so that besides enabling troops to dispense with carrying their spade equipment, the plough will, in about a tenth of the time, provide breastworks without any labour. What will Kruger say?

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The Struggle Round the Tugela.

THE Tugela River, which separates Zululand from Natal proper and runs into the Indian Ocean some seventy miles north-east of Durban, has many historical associations connected with the Zulu War. But these will in future be largely obscured by the deeper interest which has been attached to this important stream by the course of events in the present campaign. For since the isolation of Ladysmith the Tugela, more especially at Colenso, has become of great strategical significance. It will be remembered that on November 2 the Boers succeeded in passing round Sir George White's flank, and that, in addition to surrounding Ladysmith, they caused the evacuation of Colenso, and themselves for a short time occupied that town. The garrison of the latter retired upon Estcourt, the position of which has since become extremely interesting. Before being surrounded, Sir George White had sent to Colenso some Dublin Fusiliers and at least a portion of the Natal Field Artillery. When the Colenso garrison, therefore, retired on Estcourt the latter was well defended, the command being at the time held by Brigadier-General Wolfe Murray, a distinguished staff officer who had accompanied the Indian contingent, and who substantively occupies the post of A.A.G. for Intelligence at Indian Army Headquarters. The command of Estcourt soon became a highly-responsible and onerous one, for the Boers menaced it, and began operations upon the Mooi River in its rear. Between it and Ladysmith lay a belt of Boers, through which it was necessary to send native runners for the purpose of maintaining communication. Moreover, considerable anxiety was caused by the fact that near Colenso the important railway bridge of the long lattice girder variety, which is shown in one of our illustrations, spanned the Tugela River. If it had been possible, it would have been a grand thing for us to keep the railway communication open beyond this point. This, however, proved out of the question, since the Boers, not content with investing Ladysmith, very soon turned their attention to Estcourt, and proceeded to threaten it in no uncertain fashion. It was evidently beginning to dawn upon them that the reinforcements from England would soon turn the tide of the campaign, and they accordingly made a desperate effort to block the path of the advance at this important point of concentration.

Photo. Copyright. *ON THE TUGELA'S BANKS.* *Schwake.*
British Camp Overlooking the River.

DURBAN LIGHT INFANTRY.
These Served in the Armoured Train Affair on November 15.

To begin with, the garrison consisted of the Natal Mounted Volunteers, as well as Mounted Infantry of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, but was rapidly reinforced by troops sent up from Durban. On November 13 a patrol discovered the enemy in the act of

Photos. Copyright. *NATAL FIELD ARTILLERY—SERVED AT CHIEVELEY AS WELL AS AT ELANDSLAAGTE.* *Bradley.*

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destroying a culvert at Chieveley, about eight miles south of Colenso. The Boers on the approach of the patrol retired hastily, but the fact of their presence south of the Tugela was a premonition of what has since occurred. On November 15 an armoured train was despatched to Chieveley on a reconnaissance. On board the train were a company of the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers and a company of the Durban Light Infantry Volunteers, together with ten sailors from the "Tartar," and a 7-pounder Naval gun, which was mounted on the leading truck. Parenthetically it may be mentioned that it is usual in an armoured train for the engine to have trucks both in front and in rear. The reconnaissance was under the command of Captain Haldane, of the Gordon Highlanders, and the party was accompanied by Mr. Winston Churchill in his capacity of war correspondent of the *Morning Post*.

The story of what followed is sufficiently fresh in the public mind to render any detailed recapitulation needless. It is enough to briefly mention that the train on its return from Chieveley was attacked by Boers, and that only the engine and a few stragglers succeeded in finding their way back to Estcourt, upwards of 100 falling into the hands of the enemy as prisoners. A most regrettable affair this, but one which brought into strong relief the grit not only of the British regular infantry, but also of the Natal Volunteers, who gallantly seconded their comrades in a hopeless attempt to withstand an altogether overwhelming attack. The Boers were naturally elated at this success, and a few days later made what was intended to be a comprehensive attack upon Estcourt, which, from the fact of their not having been attacked by way of reprisal for the armoured train incident, they doubtless judged to be in a hopelessly weak condition. But in the meantime reinforcements had been coming up from Durban, and Major-General Hildyard had taken over the Estcourt command. Moreover, Captain Percy Scott of the "Terrible" had sent up some of the long-range Naval guns which had already contributed to the salvation of Ladysmith. On the approach of the Boers the garrison stood to arms, and, by way of an initial welcome, one of the Naval guns, at a range of 8,000-yds., threw a shell into the advancing enemy and caused a speedy and undignified retreat.

It was quite expected that the Boers would make Estcourt an object of attack, and they have since boldly advanced in some force to the south. Meanwhile a tremendous explosion had been heard near Colenso, which, it was thought, betokened the destruction of the railway bridge over the river. The bridge was actually blown up on November 15, and the disadvantage to us cannot be other than considerable. At the same time the Tugela is generally fordable, and in any case our Sappers may be trusted to repair the bridge or build a new one at short notice. The subsequent operations round the Tugela and Estcourt belong to another phase of the campaign, and therefore they must be left for future and separate treatment, pictorial and otherwise.

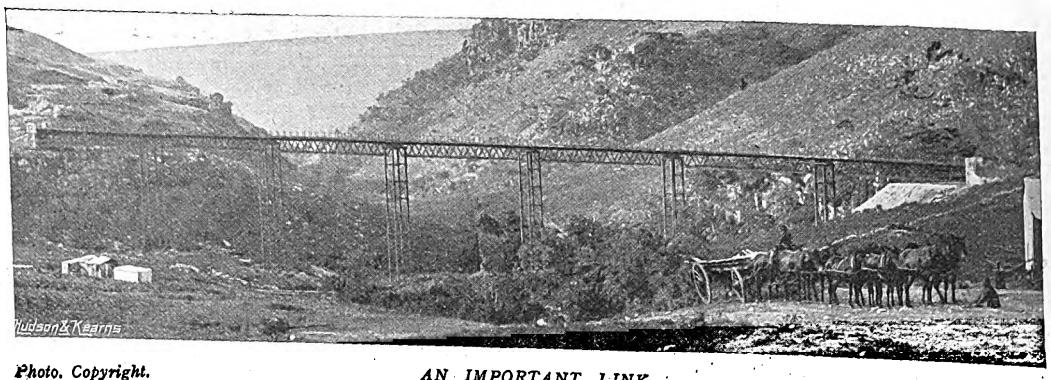

Photo. Copyright. **AN IMPORTANT LINK.** *Schwabe*
The Bridge Over the Tugela near Colenso.

Photo. Copyright. **VOLUNTEER CAVALRY SIGNALLERS** *Bradley.*
Natal Mounted Rifles.

Photo. Copyright. **SEVEN-POUNDERS IN ACTION.** *"Navy & Army."*
Natal Field Artillery.

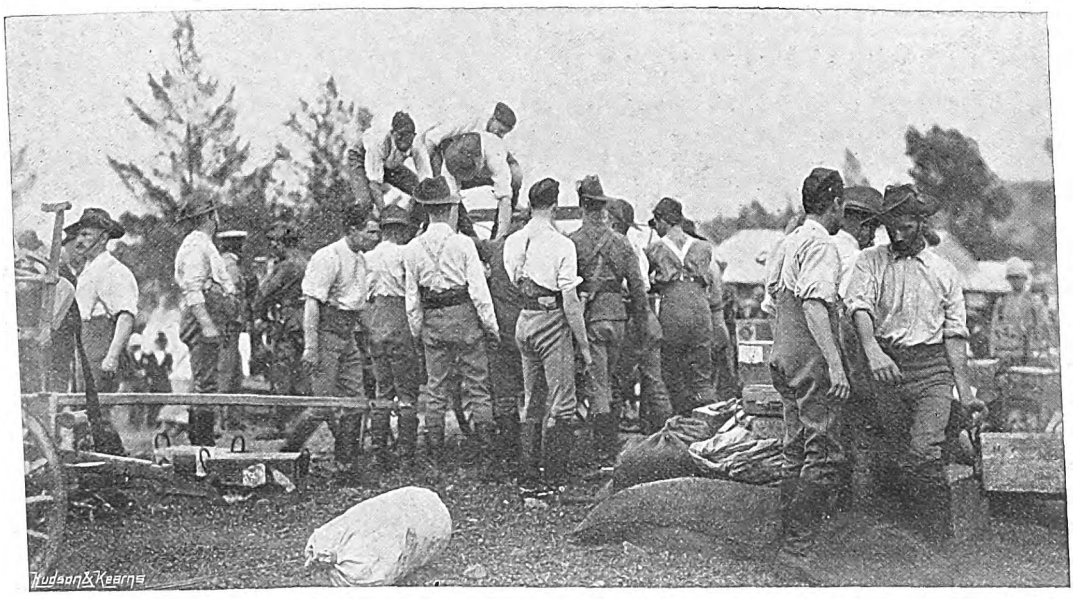

Photo. Copyright. **LOADING UP AMMUNITION.** *Nicholls.*
The Natal Carbineers at Estcourt.

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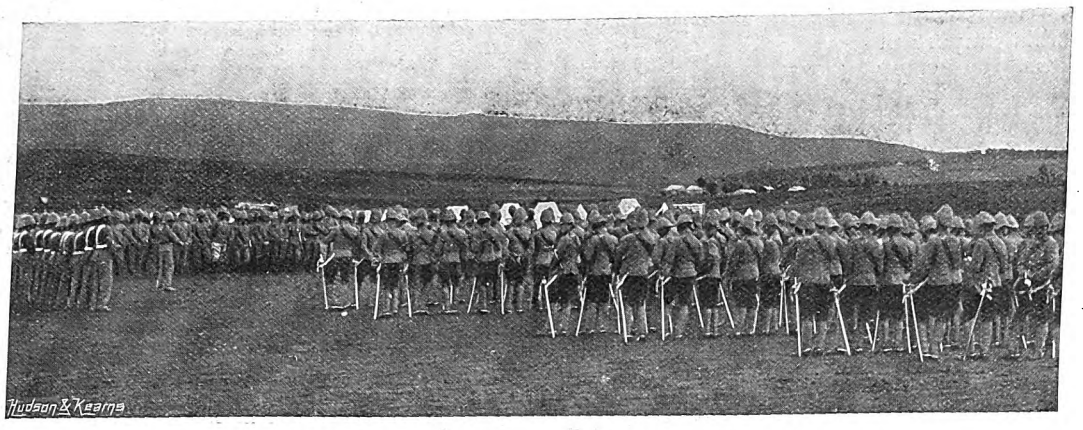
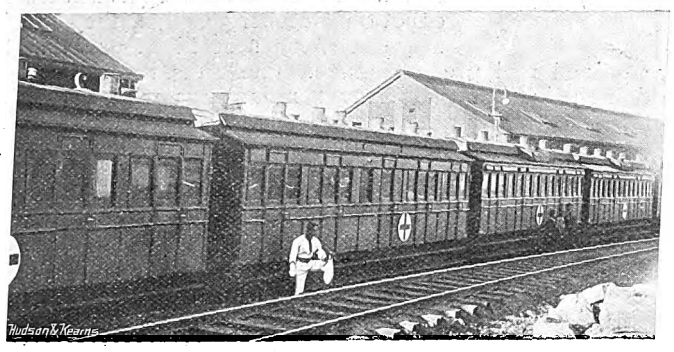
Beleaguered Ladysmith.



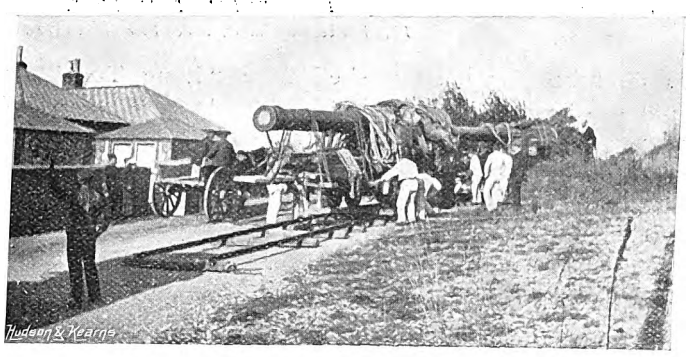
SUNDAY IN SIEGE-TIME
5th Lancers on Church Parade at Ladysmith

WHEN the history of the siege of Ladysmith comes in due course to be written, it will assuredly be a narrative full of stirring episodes and striking situations. The position of the beleaguered town is unusual, and it is by no means an easy place to defend against an enemy armed with big guns. Low-lying itself, it is surrounded by eminences from which long-range artillery can bombard the town without fear of effective response from the field-guns of the besieged. Indeed, it is easy to conceive that if the garrison under Sir George White had not been a strong and active one, it might have been compelled to succumb to the enormous pressure which the Boers put upon it. As it was, that garrison, so far from yielding, was constantly on the alert to strike a blow wherever possible, and did so on several occasions with marked effect. Several affairs both to the south and north of Ladysmith between November 2 and 15 testified to the excellent spirit of the troops under Sir George White's command, and their readiness to make the Boers "sit up" on every possible opportunity.

With all these diversions, however, the siege must have been a somewhat dreary business for the fine force enclosed within the Boer cordon. To rest inactive in the presence of an enemy of not greatly superior numbers is exasperating, if not humiliating, to the British soldier and his officers, and when this performance has to be carried out to the harassing accompaniment of a bombardment, however desultory and ineffective, a feeling of combined weariness and irritation is certain to supervene. Nor is such a frame of mind likely to be improved by such sights, or the recollection of such sights, as that of the ambulance train here depicted in the act of carrying south, at the commencement of the siege, its sad freight of wounded and dying, who but a few short days back had been in the full vigour of fighting manhood.

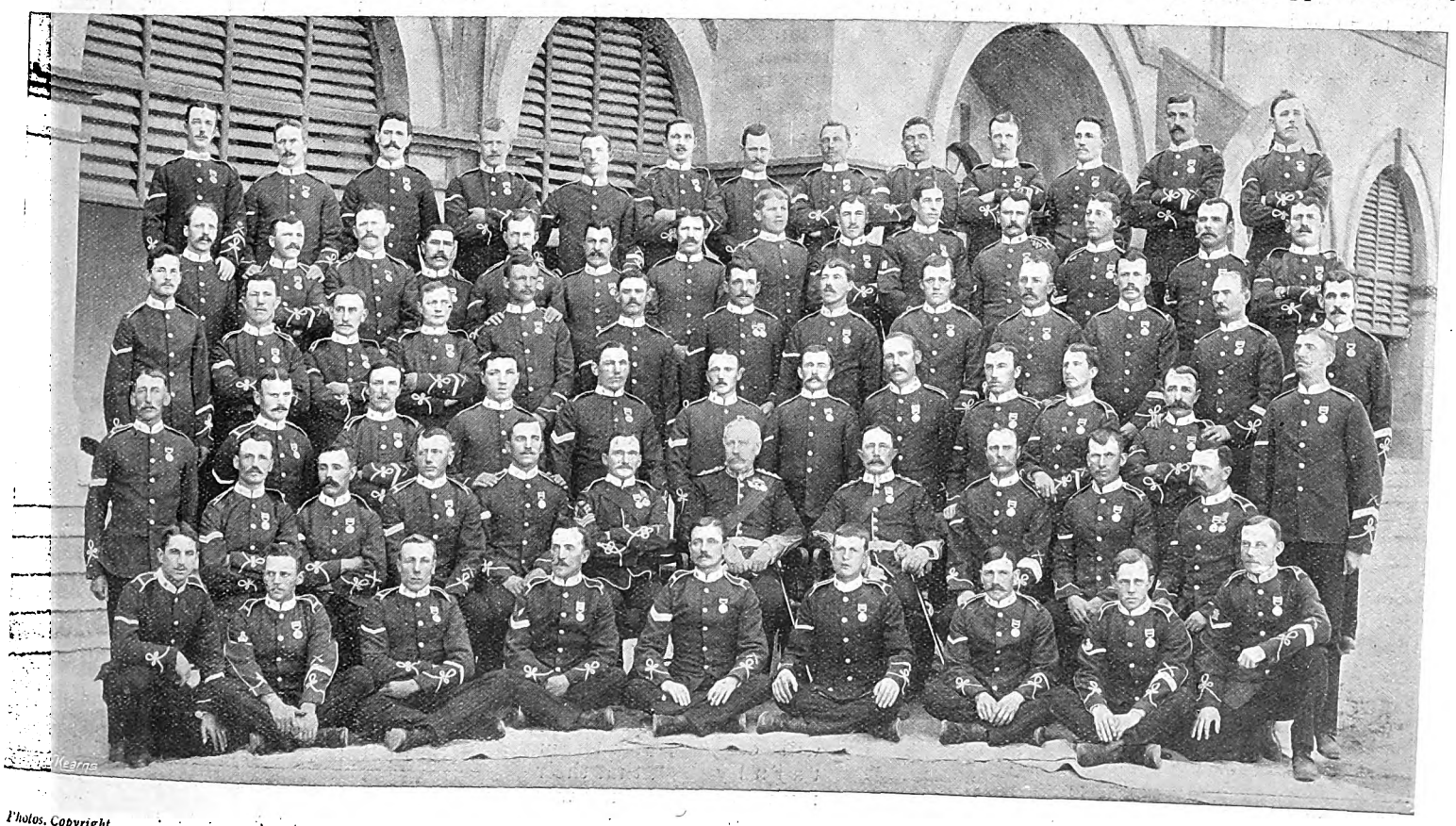


THE FIRST BATCH OF WOUNDED
Ambulance Train en Route to Maritzburg



HOW BIG GUNS ARE MOVED
Siege Artillery being Hauled Along Rails

Amid the tedium of an investment, varied by the scream of an occasional shell and the relaxation of a brisk and successful sortie, the Ladysmith garrison appear to have



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

GENERAL YULE AND HIS OLD CORPS—THE 1st DEVONS WHO WERE ENGAGED AT ELANDSLAAGTE.

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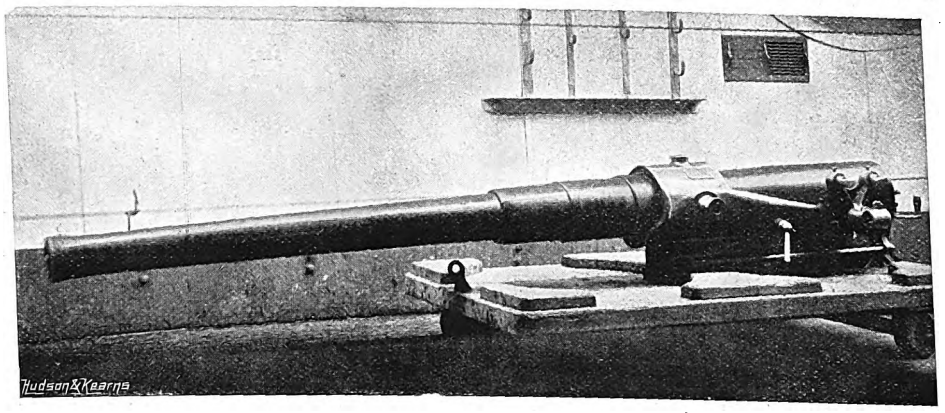
pursued the even tenor of their way with moderate success. One of our pictures shows a regiment on church parade which very likely the next day was engaged in one of those brilliant little cavalry reconnaissances which have distinguished this important siege. Another shows the camp kitchen of the 5th Lancers at Ladysmith, a spot which we may be sure was regarded with considerable interest by hungry men returning after a morning's hard and often deadly work. When one reflects that at any moment these culinary operations might have

CAMP COOKERY.
The 5th Lancers' Kitchen at Ladysmith.

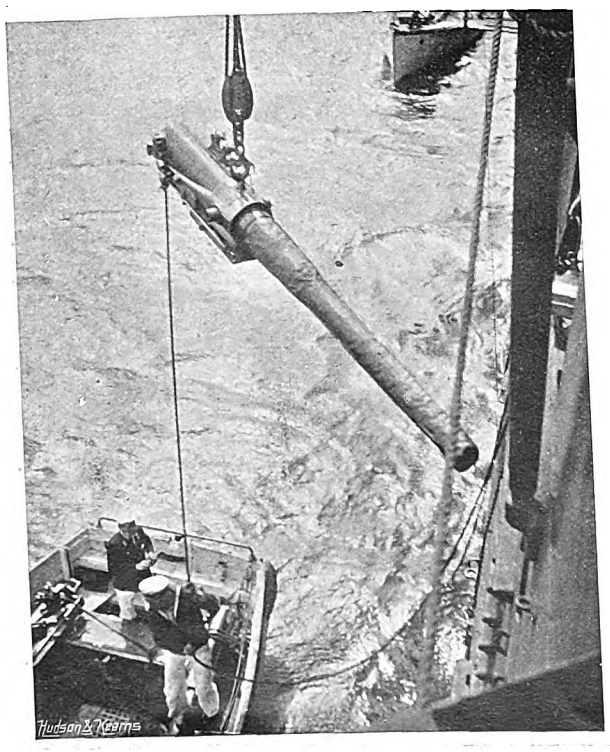
Photos. Copyright. REGIMENTAL TRANSPORT. *Ridley.*
This has been constantly under Fire during the Siege.

been disturbed by a stray shell from "Long Tom," one cannot but wonder whether the menu was always in accord with those advanced theories of Army cookery which have been such a marked feature in our latter-day military development.

The two regiments which are here incidentally illustrated have taken a prominent and most creditable part in the operations round Ladysmith. The 5th Lancers, to which we have frequently had occasion to make appreciative allusion, has distinguished itself in several actions since that of Elandslaagte, while the 1st Devons will take back with them to India an enhanced reputation for smartness and solid fighting efficiency. It must have been deeply gratifying to Brigadier-General Yule, who commanded the battalion when it came out as part of the Indian contingent, to see his corps so continually to the front when hard work had to be done. Of General Yule himself it is sufficient to say that his masterly retirement from Dundee will certainly rank as one of the most satisfactory features of the campaign. Our pictures showing the manner in which the long 12-pounder Naval guns were sent from the deck of the "Powerful" to Ladysmith are of very singular interest. These actually were the guns which came into action with such deadly effect on October 30, when the enemy's siege artillery seemed at one time to have gained real predominance. The guns, it will be seen, are detached from their Naval mountings with a view to being subsequently remounted for land purposes as occasion might require. None but sailors could handle such ponderous toys with such ease and freedom, sending them ashore two at a time in an ordinary ship's boat, and with the sea in apparently a by no means duck-pondy condition. Of the subsequent performances of these guns nothing more need here be said; they having literally spoken for themselves in language which even a Boer could understand! A curious and by no means unsatisfactory reflection in connection with the siege of Ladysmith is that it must have been a complete surprise to the besiegers. As a rule, such an investment is only undertaken by an enemy of superior force, who merely wants to avoid the trouble and certain loss involved by an assault. And the Boers evidently expected Ladysmith to fall an easy prey to their siege artillery. It is now realised by them that their error was a serious one.



THE GUN THAT SAVED THE SITUATION.
A "Long Twelve" lent to Ladysmith by the "Powerful."



Photos. Copyright. LANDING A 12-POUNDER.
Gun being Hoisted Out of the "Powerful."

"Navy & Army."
HEY! FOR THE FRONT.
Taking Naval Guns Ashore at Durban.

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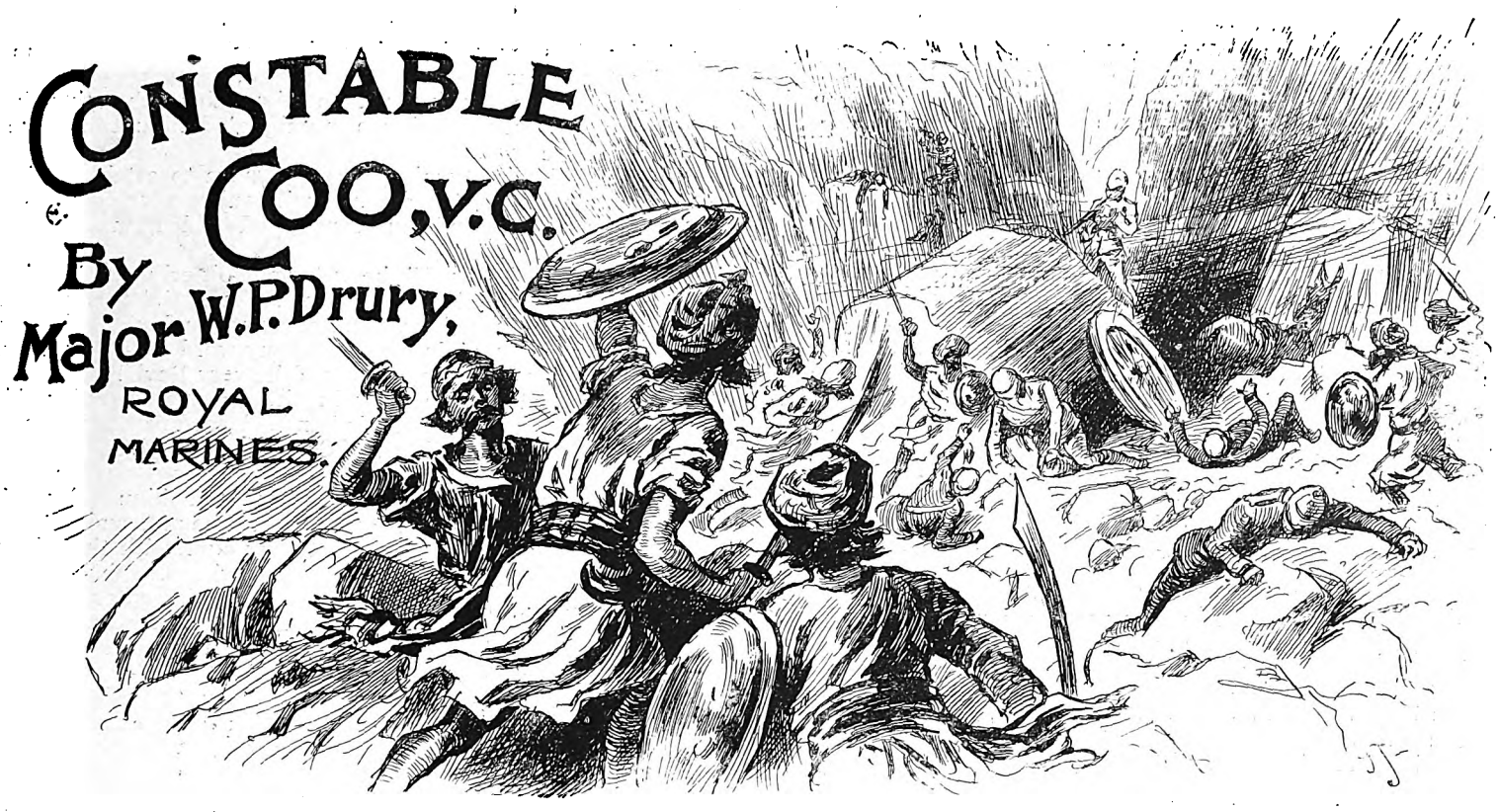

AMONG the notes and sketches that I have accumulated during a twenty years' pilgrimage by land and sea lies my tattered visiting list. Although it may lack the exclusiveness of the Society dame's, it certainly has the advantage of hers in point of variety. No manifolded copies of the same stereotyped pattern are the pilgrims whose names figure in this visiting list of mine. For, jostling the patronymics of several Personages with a capital P are the tallies of simple-minded persons who regard as affectation the habit of washing behind the ears.

By reason of their addresses being scattered up and down the surface of two hemispheres, my visiting (in the story-telling interest) is done perforce in spirit. Pipe in mouth, I thumb the pages of my list, and memory does the rest. To-night at sea I have lugged out the dog's-eared sheets from my table-drawer, and propped them before me against the cabin bulkhead. Running my finger at random down the list, I mark a name wedged between a colonial prelate's and that of a gun-room cook's mate. It is the tally of an ex-policeman; and only yesterday, in the columns of our latest paper, I chanced upon its once familiar syllable.

For reasons which will presently appear, I am, alas! compelled to scratch this name from the respectable neighbourhood of the bishop's and the sea-cook's—indeed, to strike it altogether from my visiting list. Yet for the last ten minutes the hubbub of wind and waves has changed to the roar of the London traffic, and again I have talked of erring men and women with the immaculate guardian of the public morals.

It was on a certain merry morning in the month of May that I first met him. I had set out hot-foot from my lodging in Duke Street, Strand, towards Whitehall; for pent within my breast was a certain grievance, which I burned to lay before the First Sea Lord. Coming presently to the gardens in Leicester Square, I bethought me that my grievance might be better for an airing before it was carried into the great man's presence. Wherefore I brought myself to an anchor on one of the County Council's chaste benches; and, while endeavouring (with indifferent success) to clothe my mutinous thoughts in temperate periods, a big policeman loomed upon the path before me.

"Good mornin', sir," said he; "we're goin' to 'ave a 'ot summer, by the look of it."

He removed his helmet with his left hand, and vigorously bandana'd his face with the other. The half-moon patch on the right of his sunburnt forehead betrayed his acquaintance with another profession and clime.

"A soldier who has served in India," I hazarded, "ought not to mind the warmth of an English May."

"No more 'e would," retorted my friend, "if he was wearin' his Indian khaki instead o' this godforsaken sentry-box o' fearnought." He unbuttoned his heavy overcoat as he spoke. "But, if I may be so bold, what makes you think I've served out o' the force?"

"I've been on foreign service with the colours myself," I replied, as I lit a cigar, "and if I don't know the mark of the field service cap by this time I ought to."

The constabular countenance brightened. "Then, if you're in the Service, sir," said he, "it's likely that you've 'eared of Corporal Coo."

"Quite likely," I admitted, "if you mean the man who blew up the powder waggons. The V.C. has never been more gallantly earned."

He replaced his helmet on his head, drew himself up to his full height of six foot four, and saluted with military precision.

"I am honoured, sir," he said, "by your professional opinion of the deed. I—er"—he coughed modestly behind his hand—"am ex-Corporal Coo, V.C., of the Army Service Corps, now police-constable in the pay of the London County Council."

I rose from the bench and held out my hand. So many and unforeseen are the chances and changes of this mortal life that I never neglect an opportunity of making friends with the force; besides, the bearer of the Queen's commission may, surely, without loss of dignity, shake hands before the world with the humblest wearer of her cross.

"I am proud to make your acquaintance, constable," I said. "It has always been a puzzle to me how you came out of that business with your life. Will you have a cigar?"

My modest hero's tanned complexion turned a thought redder.

"Well, you see," he slowly began, "the way of it was like this. Thank you, sir, I mayn't light up here, but since you're so pressin' I don't mind if I do take a couple" (he meant three, apparently) "to smoke when I get 'ome. As I was sayin', the way of it was like this."

Then, among the English flowers in the heart of the great city, with the twitter of English sparrows and the laughter of English children in my ears, this prosaic County Council policeman conjured up for me a certain bloody scene enacted years before in Northern India. For, as I listened to his tense, low-pitched bass, I plainly saw the distant snow-tipped peaks of the mighty Himalayas, the gloomy gorges among the pine-clad foot-hills, the tiny, sinuous line of men and waggons painfully toiling up the stony road—half track, half watercourse—between them. I heard the hoarse word of command and the shrill bugle-call that rang out suddenly among the rocks; the startled cries of the men as the convoy fell into the ambuscade set for it; the aimless spit of the Lee-Metfords; the exultant yells of the pitiless foe; the hacking and stabbing of the razor-edged sword blades and knives; the shrieks and groans of the wounded. And then, in imagination, the drums of my ears seemed to split with the final terrific din of the wrecked ammunition waggons.

"As regards that there explosion"—he was plainly resolved that there should be no misconception on the matter—"the way of it was like this, you see. We were takin' the stuff to a hill fort which was in urgent need of it, and the waggons were as full o' death as an egg is of meat. There was common and shrapnel shell with their fuses, an' dynamite an' blastin' gelatine for mining an' such like, besides Lord knows 'ow many thousand rounds o' Lee-Metford cordite ammunition. Think what a gawdsend all that ball-cartridge would 'ave been to those 'airy devils with so many stolen British rifles in their possession! There are no 'alf measures about these gentry, I can tell you, when they get to close quarters with their beastly knives; and in five minutes two-thirds o' the convoy were 'angin' all over the waggons like joints in a butcher's shop. The remainder

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took to the nearly perpendic'lar sides of our death trap, and —well, wounded flies bein' licked off a wall by 'ungry, beady-eyed lizards was nothin' to what 'appened to *them*. Phew!"

Again he mopped the perspiration from his face with the bandana handkerchief.

"And where were you all the time?" I presently asked.

"In the butcher's shop"—he shuddered—"along with them 'orrid joints. I stuck to my post in the rearmost waggon, expectin' every minute to be dissected alive; but some'ow the sons of 'Am overlooked me—until it was too late."

"Too late?"

"Aye. You see, in less time than it has taken you to put the eighth of an inch of ash on to that there cigar, I 'ad to decide whether I'd go to kingdom come by way o' the blastin' gelatine or the knife. A sudden rush of the bloody-'anded butchers, as they spotted my 'ead above the waggon tilt, decided me in favour o' the gelatine."

"Of the two methods," I murmured, "it would doubtless have been the pleasanter."

"It was not so much my own private tastes what actooated me," he corrected, stiffly, "as a determination to do my dooty, and send as many of the black-whiskered devils to 'ell as possible. Besides, it would 'ardly 'ave been playin' the game for one's own side, would it, to have let all that murderous stuff fall into the 'ands of the enemy?"

"Certainly not," I said, with decision.

"Certainly not. So I drags a rifle out o' the clutch of a dead man alongside me—one o' the Devons 'e was, who 'adn't had time to fire a single round—and starts emptyin' the charged magazine into the waggon with the blastin' gelatine and the dynamite."

"Well?" I asked, seeing that he paused.

"After the third round," he continued, thoughtfully, "I misremember everything that 'appened till I woke up with a sick 'eadache in the fort 'ospital. A patrol 'ad found me—pretty much as I was born in the matter o' clothes, and pinned under the wreckage of my own waggon. Afterwards they gave me the Cross, and invalided me out of the Service."

My eye wandered to a comely damsel, who for some time past had been hovering with her charges in our neighbourhood. I accepted the hint, and rose to go.

"So now," said I, tendering the inevitable half-crown, "you keep the children off the grass and an eye on the pretty nursemaids. Well, if it is a less exciting occupation than campaigning, it is at all events a less dangerous one."

"Between me, an' you, an' the lamp-post," said Constable Coo, V.C., with a parting salute, "I aint so sure about *that*, sir!"

One afternoon a week later I chanced to be hurrying through the Embankment Gardens, on my way to Charing Cross, when whom should I meet in turning a sharp corner but my gallant friend the policeman. He was whispering in the ear of the prettiest nursemaid in the vicinity, and I wickedly prayed that the other young woman in Leicester Square might hear of it. On seeing me, the ex-soldier hastily removed his arm from the girl's waist and saluted, while the maiden herself fled in rosy confusion.

"I am sorry to interrupt your little *tête-à-tête*," I said, "but I really couldn't help it. So you are looking after the flowers, and the shrubs, and the children, and—er—the rest of them, down here, now?"

"That's about the size of it, sir," he answered, gloomily; "I wanted a change, and asked to be shifted on to this beat. By the by, those were first chop cigars what you give me up in Leicester Square."

I could do no less than present him with another, though, mindful of his liberal notion of "a cigar," I did not this time proffer him the case.

"Well," I said, turning to go, "I have to catch a train, and mustn't stop. I hope you will enjoy your change of scene, constable. And nursemaids," I added, maliciously, over my shoulder.

"Change of scene!" he retorted, bitterly. "I'd give a thousand pounds, if I 'ad them, to be sittin' this blessed minute atop o' that there dynamite waggon I was tellin' you of. As for nursemaids—you take my word for it, sir, they, and all the rest o' womenkind, are the very Devil!"

He walked away slowly in the opposite direction, his chin sunk upon his breast, his hands clasped behind his back. And that was the last I saw of Constable Coo, V.C.

But not quite the last I heard of him. For only yesterday evening — we are outward bound, and were off Ushant at the time—I retired to my bunk with the *Western Morning News*, which had come off to the ship that morning at Plymouth. Now, I know of few pleasanter soporifics than its admirable two-column reports of those Baptist tea-meetings so dear to the West Country folk; and I looked to be sound asleep within five minutes of assuming my pyjamas. Yet for once I was doomed to disappointment.

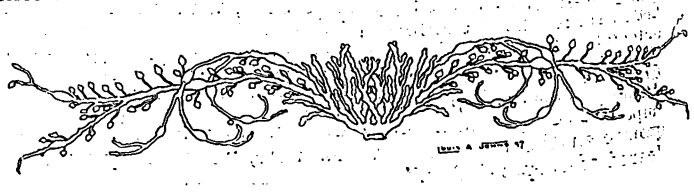
"Whispering in the ear of the pretty nursemaid."

The first headline that caught my eye arrested my dormant interest also. "SAD CASE OF BIGAMY," it ran; "A V.C. HERO IN THE DOCK." Even before I read the ensuing report I knew that the unhappy bigamist could be no other than my immaculate custodian of the public gardens—and morals. Alas! it would seem that he had looked after the pretty nursemaids not wisely but too well; and I made little doubt but I should have instantly recognised the two young women who appeared against him in the witness-box.

Nevertheless, not even the bandaged eyes of Justice herself could be oblivious to that trinket of dull metal on the culprit's breast. 'Tis whispered, too, that the Lady knows and (in secret) loves a brave man—even a reprobate—when she sees him; and it is to this weakness that I am inclined to attribute the reprobate's nominal sentence. Indeed, popular opinion was entirely with the Judge when he remarked that "he did not think he should be charged with a miscarriage of justice if he permitted the prisoner's admirable gallantry in one sense of the word to partially condone his very reprehensible gallantry in the other."

No one applauds this leniency more than I, although in fairness to two highly respectable men I have felt it incumbent upon me to remove the sinner—figuratively speaking—from the companionship of the right reverend prelate and the cook. For, when in life's complex prose the masculine gender singular is found in close juxtaposition with the feminine plural (or dual), the passage usually ends with a big Accusative Case.

Hence, given the case of a constable (masculine, sing., uxorious) with two accusative nursemaids, and the final sentence is obvious.



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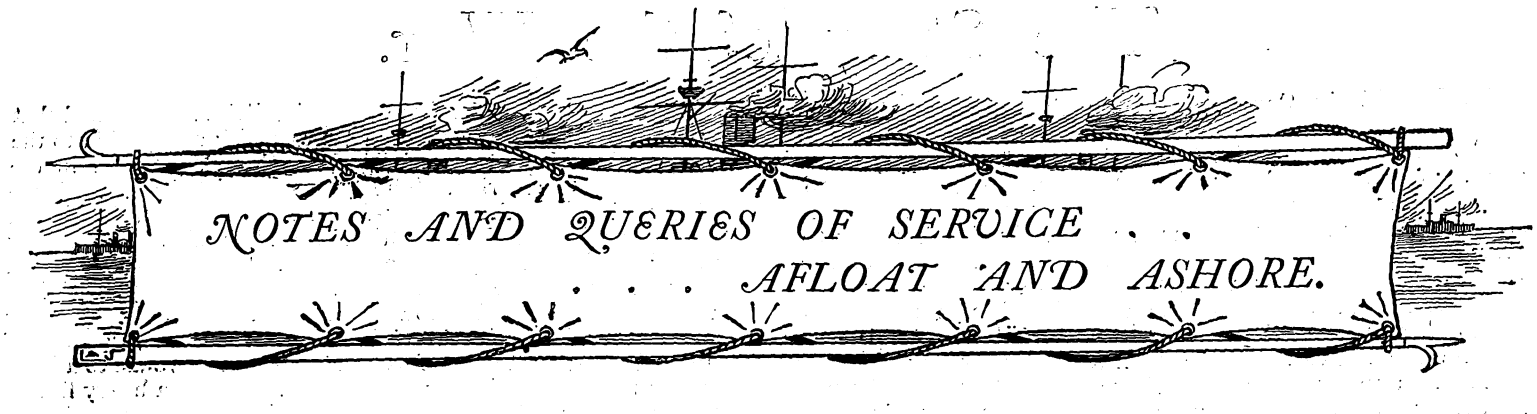

THE view of the "Lazare Carnot" given on another page is taken from aft, and strongly emphasises one of the main characteristics of many of the larger French war-ships, viz., an imposing ugliness. There seems to be no deck space, as the huge superstructure and the immense tumble-home of the sides to a large extent do away with that roomy expanse so noticeable in a large British battle-ship. The "Lazare Carnot"—which forms part of the Mediterranean squadron—is one of the largest and most powerful battle-ships in the French Navy, though not quite of the most recent, for she was launched five years ago. She is, moreover, one of the fastest French battle-ships, as on her trial she steamed 17·86 knots. Her name commemorates: (1) that Lazare Carnot who was Minister of War under the First Republic, and who, on account of his reorganisation of the Republican armies was known as "the organiser of victories"; and (2) his grandson, Sadi Carnot, the President of the French Republic, who was assassinated by an anarchist at Lyons in 1894.

* * * *

THE question by "Colonel, Retired," whether a sub-lieutenant in the Navy should have a private money allowance, is rather a difficult one to answer, as much depends on the station and ship in which the youngster is serving, as well as the way in which the "sub." has been brought up. On certain stations—notably the Mediterranean, Channel, and Australian—it goes hard with a boy if he has not a little private money; entertaining, and visiting places of interest, such as Jerusalem, Rome, the Pyramids, etc. costs money that it is worth while to lay out. On the China, North American, West Indies, the Pacific, East Indies, Cape, and West Coast stations, a "sub." can get along on his pay; but on all stations it is best to pay the "outfitters'" bills, as the youngster's well-being greatly depends on his clothes, instruments, books, etc., being of the best order.

* * * *

J. A. GREEN.—You are quite right. The battle of Sheriffmuir was fought near Dunblane, and not Dumblaine. The latter spelling was adopted by Major Johns and Lieutenant P. H. Nicolas in their admirable work "Naval and Military Heroes," but I find on referring to other books that Dunblane is, as you say, the general spelling. I mention the source of the bad spelling to exonerate our printer, whose withers are unwrung in this case. The blame is due to Southron's ignorance of the spelling of Scottish names.

* * * *

"G. R. C."—It is difficult to give an opinion as to the bravest deed recorded, but one which has always appealed to me as being daringly "useful" occurred during the Franco-Prussian War. A German fusilier during the battle of Gravelotte was creeping out to reconnoitre the enemy's position. The terrible fire from the trenches compelled him to seek shelter in a ditch. Then crawling out, he managed to get across an open field to within 500-yds. of the French lines. Being well provided with ammunition, he lay down behind a knoll and opened fire upon the enemy's ammunition carts, which were engaged in replenishing the men's pouches. Such execution did he do that he drove away the waggons, and drew upon himself a hot fire, which smashed his helmet and tore his tunic. Not until his rifle was foul and his pouch empty did he return, after as glorious a feat of knight-errantry as has ever been recorded. He won the Iron Cross; and he deserved it!

* * * *

REFERRING to a recent note on the procession of boats and the dresses worn by the crews on June 4 at Eton, a correspondent writes to me saying "perhaps it may interest some of your readers to know that the procession is very generally considered to be due to George III., who was born on June 4. In that king's time the Navy was held in great honour, hence the coxswains of the Eton eights (though one boat is a ten-oar) were dressed, as they are to this day, as Naval officers, wearing cocked hats, blue tail coats with brass buttons, gold-laced trousers, and pumps; the crews were dressed very much as the captains' boats' crews of smart ships were generally dressed in those days, that is, in white trousers, white hats, coloured shirts, turned-down collars, with ribbons and ties to match. The colour of the 'St. George' is, and always has been, red; the 'Hibernia,' green; the other boats different colours, but the dress has always been the same. On the return of the boats from 'Tenby Hall' the Naval manœuvre of 'tossing the oars' and standing upright in the boat is always performed when passing the fireworks. This, a difficult feat to perform at any time in a long, narrow, shallow boat that draws but a few inches of water and only about 2-ft. wide, is much more so when executed on a dark night, exposed to the glare of fireworks and after a champagne supper."

* * * *

B. H. D."—Instances of public enmity, but private sympathy, are common enough, but a story told of the Czar Nicholas I. during the Russian War is worth repeating. One morning the chief of the police made his usual report to his august master. He declared that nothing unusual had occurred, but on being pressed he admitted that a man had been arrested for assaulting an Englishman. "Indeed," said the autocrat; "let me see the man." The culprit was brought before the Emperor, who asked if he had any complaint to make against the Englishman. "Oh, no," was the reply, "but the English are our enemies, and I thought it right to attack him." "It is true," was the Imperial answer, "that we are at war with the English, but we have no quarrel with them as individuals. However, as you are so fond of fighting, you shall be drafted off to the Crimea as a soldier." He went next morning.

* * * *

"HUSSAR" writes to ask why the Oriental swords have such small hand-grips. There are two reasons for this. The first, and the least important, is because the hand of the Eastern man is smaller than that of the Western, and the other because by the formation of the handle the edge is obliged to lead. When a native makes a cut with his tulwar it is a drawing cut, and provided his razor-like edge strikes fair a fearful wound is the result. When the European makes a cut he ignores the draw and strikes a blow. His big sword-grip allows the weapon to twist in his hand, and the edge does *not* lead, and a trivial wound often ensues. With a good tulwar kept in a leather sheath a native will in action cut a man in half, through his shoulder-strap to his side, with comparative ease. In the Mutiny cases occurred in which hand-to-hand fights between cavalrymen were possible, and only too often the native swordsman rode off the victor, leaving his antagonist minus his sword-arm or his life.

* * * *

THE breech-loader, although it facilitated waste of ammunition, has saved many a nervous man's life. During the War of Secession 24,000 loaded arms belonging to one or other of the adversaries were picked up on the battle-field of Gettysburg. Only one-fourth of them were properly loaded; half of them contained two charges, the remaining fourth from three to ten. Some arms had five to six balls to one charge of powder; in one smooth bore were found twenty-two balls mixed with powder. No one free from the roar and strife of a battle-field can imagine the paralysis of initiative which seizes young soldiers. It is lucky that horses have no souls to terrify, for if they had many a successful charge would have failed. One great cavalry leader declared that if by some stroke of science he could at the last 200-yds. of a charge remove every horse's bit from its mouth no infantry living could stand unbroken before him. He dreaded the instinctive clutch of the *man* on the reins, and *he* knew!

* * * *

"RICHMOND."—The Dutch trekked from Cape Colony in 1834, and Natal was proclaimed a Boer Republic in 1839 under the title Natalia. There was some opposition by the Cape Government to the "trek," but the flag of the Boer Republic of Natalia was hoisted at Pretoria, and the British forces were withdrawn. In 1841, however, it was decided to resume the military occupation of the colony, and the 27th Regiment and a detachment of Royal Artillery were landed at Durban in 1842. The Boers laid siege to the place, and were not driven back until reinforcements arrived. The next step was the annexation of the country in 1843, since which time Natal has remained a British colony.

* * * *

"ARMOURER."—Your question is rather too scientific for these notes, but as these questions of guns *versus* armour are so often subjects of popular discussion, I give you a few general rules on which argument may be based. To begin with, a projectile striking armour does work, and the amount of work it can do varies as its weight, and also as the square of the velocity with which it is travelling. Hence the importance of getting increased speed in the projectile as it leaves the gun, or an increase in what is technically called muzzle velocity. Here are a few rough rules for the penetration of the different kinds of armour which have been in vogue in the service: Wrought-iron armour, for every 1,000-ft. per second of muzzle velocity the projectile can penetrate a thickness equal to its own diameter; compound armour and steel, it can do the same for every 1,500-ft. per second of muzzle velocity; Harveyised armour, also for every 2,000-ft. per second of muzzle velocity. Of course, these rules are not for all time, as better projectiles are made. For instance, it has been found that by fitting a cap to the point of a projectile, the cap acts as a lubricant on impact and keeps the point together.

* * * *

"R. A.," referring to the fact that the present war with the Boers is expected to cost about £10,000,000, asks me what is the cheapest war we have ever waged. I believe I am right in saying that the first Punjab War was not only the cheapest, but also among the shortest of the wars in which this country has been engaged. The British army at Lahore when the war broke out numbered to some 24,000 men, of whom only about 4,500 were European infantry, and with the exception of some 1,500 on the march from Scinde there was not another effective soldier within a thousand miles of Lahore. Annexation of the Punjab with such a force was, of course, impossible. The campaign lasted sixty days. It cost two millions sterling. We exacted an indemnity of a million and a-half, and the revenue of the territory which we confiscated brought in half a million annually. The country was annexed in 1849. By that time the bill for the first war had been not only paid, but we actually made a handsome profit on it.

* * * *

"L. R. B."—Yes. There is one purchase officer in the Army still serving with a battalion, but he is, as far as I know, the only one left. Colonel Arthur Paget, who has recently succeeded to the command of the 1st Battalion of the Scots Guards, is a purchase officer. He was born in 1851, and passed through Eton into the Scots Guards in 1869. Purchase was abolished in 1871.

THE EDITOR.

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The Story of the War.

EVENTS in Cape Colony, on the Western Border, and in Natal, have been moving with considerable rapidity since the issue of the last number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED. Subsequently to the holding up of the armoured train at Chieveley on November 15 the Boers had made a determined effort both to attack and to isolate Estcourt, with the result that, at the commencement of last week, a strong Boer force had passed round the flank of Major-General Hildyard, commanding at Estcourt, and captured Highlands Station, between Estcourt and the Mooi River. On the latter a British force was by this time in camp, presumably in view of any attempt on the part of the Boers to cross the river and advance southwards. The arrival of the Boers at Highlands Station produced a curious situation, and one which even now is scarcely clear. Ladysmith was isolated, Estcourt also, and simultaneously there was news of a large force of Boers advancing with artillery from the north-west between Nottingham and Impendhla. It was expected that this last was intended to attack Pieter Maritzburg, but as at the beginning of this week it was officially announced that there were no Boers south of the Mooi River, it is possible that this force may have modified its original plans, and remained to assist the Boers who had captured Highlands Station in threatening Estcourt and annoying the British camp on the river bank.

On Wednesday, November 22, the Boers started shelling Mooi River village, but did no serious damage. The same evening General Hildyard moved out of Estcourt on a reconnaissance in force, and the next day was engaged somewhat heavily with the Boers at Willow Grange. The Boer position on Brynbella was surprised in the early morning, and the position captured and maintained until daylight, when the Boers, using quick-firers, caused its evacuation. The engagement became warm, but no decisive results were achieved.

On the southern borders of the Orange Free State General Gatacre was in the position of having plenty of very important work cut out for him without sufficient force wherewith to accomplish it. Notwithstanding, however, this deficiency he decided on a partial forward movement, and on Wednesday, November 22, reconnoitred the whole line as far as Molteno. As more troops were arriving almost daily, it may be anticipated that by the time these lines are in print General Gatacre will have made considerable progress, even if he has not actually swept back the Boers who have invaded Cape Colony at this point.

Turning to the Western Border, it will be remembered that our Story of the War ended last week with an allusion to the approaching departure of Lord Methuen's column in the direction of Kimberley. The column consisted of the Brigade of Guards and the newly-formed 9th Infantry Brigade, together with the Naval Brigade, and details. In the early morning of Thursday, November 23, the column was within easy distance of Belmont, where, as Colonel Gough's previous reconnaissance had shown, the Boers were occupying a strong position. At two o'clock in the morning the Guards' Brigade moved steadily forward from their bivouac to a kopje a few miles east of Belmont Station. Under a heavy fire the Guards climbed the kopje, reserving their own fire till daybreak, when the Scots Guards rushed the position with a splendid cheer. The 9th Brigade now moved forward, while the enemy took up a second position, and the Naval Brigade with four guns and the Artillery occupied themselves, the former in preparing the attack, the latter in damaging the enemy's rear. The second and third positions were consecutively stormed by the Guards, the Northumberland Fusiliers, and the Northamptonshire Regiment, the action terminating in a complete Boer rout. In addition to an uncertain number of Boer killed and wounded, fifty prisoners were taken, also a quantity of ammunition, which was destroyed, and a number of horses. Our own losses were very heavy, including over 200 killed and wounded. As a sample of hard fighting, consisting mainly of magnificent bayonet charges, the battle of Belmont must be reckoned a very fine and memorable achievement.

On Saturday, November 25, Lord Methuen moved forward in the early morning with the 9th Brigade, Mounted Corps, Naval Brigade, and two batteries, the Guards following with the baggage. Near Graspan he was opposed by 2,500 Boers, with six guns and two machine guns. The action commenced at six o'clock, the batteries firing shrapnel very accurately till the heights seemed clear. Then the Naval Brigade and infantry assaulted, and by ten o'clock the heights were carried, despite the most stubborn efforts on the part of the enemy. Early in the action 500 Boers made an attack upon the rear-guard, but were easily driven off by the Brigade of Guards. Another blow was inflicted on the Boers by the 9th Lancers, who were placed at the commencement of the action so as to intercept the Boer line of retreat, which they did with great effect. Our principal losses were with the Naval Brigade, which suffered heavily, one Naval and two Marine officers being killed and others wounded.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Royal Dragoons	Ladysmith Relief
5th Lancers	Ladysmith, Natal
6th Dragoons	Cape Frontier
9th Lancers (A)	Cape Frontier
12th ,,	Ladysmith Relief
14th Hussars	Ladysmith Relief
18th ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
19th ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
New South Wales Lancers (B)	Cape Frontier

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

G Battery, R.H.A.	Cape Frontier
O ,, ,,	Cape Frontier
P ,, ,,	Cape Frontier
R ,, ,,	Cape Frontier
7th Battery, R.F.A.	Ladysmith Relief
13th ,, ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
14th ,, ,,	Ladysmith Relief
18th ,, ,, (A)	Cape Frontier
21st ,, ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
42nd ,, ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
53rd ,, ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
62nd ,, ,, (A)	Cape Frontier
66th ,, ,,	Ladysmith Relief
67th ,, ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
69th ,, ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
73rd ,, ,,	Cape Frontier
74th ,, ,,	Ladysmith Relief
75th ,, ,, (A)	Cape Frontier
No. 10 Mountain Battery*	Ladysmith, Natal
14th Co. W. Division, R.G.A.	Cape Town
23rd ,, ,,	,, Kimberley

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers (A)	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool (D)	Pieter Maritzburg, Natal
1st Devonshire	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Leicestershire	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Gloucestershire*	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Border (D)	Estcourt, Natal
1st North Lancashire†	Kimberley
2nd Berkshire (B)	Cape Frontier
2nd Yorkshire L.I. (A)	Cape Frontier
1st King's Royal Rifles (D)	Estcourt, Natal
2nd ,, ,, ,,	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Manchester	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers*	Ladysmith, Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers (B)	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers (D)	Estcourt, Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	Ladysmith, Natal
2nd Devon (D)	Estcourt, Natal
2nd West Yorkshire (D)	Estcourt, Natal
2nd West Surrey (D)	Estcourt, Natal
2nd East Surrey (D)	Estcourt, Natal
1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers (D)	Ladysmith Relief
2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers (D)	Ladysmith Relief
2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers (D)	Ladysmith Relief
2nd Royal Fusiliers (D)	Ladysmith Relief
1st Highland L.I. (B)	Cape Frontier
2nd Coldstream Guards (A)	Cape Frontier
1st Scots Guards (A)	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Irish Rifles (C)	East London
2nd Northamptonshire (A)	Cape Frontier
3rd Grenadiers (A)	Cape Frontier
2nd Black Watch (B)	Cape Frontier
1st Coldstream Guards (A)	Cape Frontier
2nd Scottish Rifles (D)	Ladysmith Relief
1st Argyll and Sutherland (B)	Cape Frontier
2nd Seaforths (B)	Cape Frontier
1st Durham Light Infantry (D)	Ladysmith Relief
3rd King's Royal Rifles (D)	Ladysmith Relief
1st Rifle Brigade (D)	Ladysmith Relief
1st Welsh (B)	Cape Frontier
2nd Somerset L.I. (D)	Ladysmith Relief
2nd Northumberland Fusiliers (B)	Cape Frontier

NOTE.—The troops whose station is given as "Cape Frontier" are thus distinguished: (A) denotes those under General Methuen pushing on to Kimberley; (B) those keeping the line of communications and holding the line De Aar-Nauwpoort-Stormberg that connects the three railway systems whose termini are Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London; (C) those advancing from East London to drive Boers out of North-Eastern Provinces. Troops marked (D) form the Ladysmith Relief Force, and are holding line Pieter Maritzburg-Mooi River-Estcourt.

The position of the troops and the strength at the various strategic points can be seen at a glance by a reference to the map on page 59 of the Double Number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of October 7. The regiments that have left or are immediately about to leave by this date are as follows: Cavalry—Composite Regiment Household Cavalry, *10th Hussars, 2nd Dragoons, 6th Dragoon Guards, 13th Hussars.* Artillery—R.H.A., Q, T, and U Batteries; R.F.A., *73rd, 64th,* 63rd, 79th, 77th, 4th, *38th,* 78th, 19th, 65th, 61st, 37th, 19th, 20th, and 28th Batteries; No. 4 Mountain Battery; 15th Co. W. Division, and 20th Co. S. Division, R.G.A.; and a siege train of 32 officers and 1,104 men. Infantry—*1st R. Inniskilling Fusiliers,* 1st Connaught Rangers, 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 1st Gordons, 2nd Shropshire L.I., *2nd Cornwall L.I.,* 1st Suffolk, 1st Essex, 1st Sherwood Foresters, *1st R. Scots,* 2nd R. Lancaster, 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, 1st South Lancashire, 1st York and Lancaster, 2nd R. Warwickshire, 1st Yorkshire, 2nd Dorsetshire, and 2nd Middlesex.

Of the regiments whose names are printed in italics some may and others probably will arrive before December 2 at Cape Town.

* Troops marked thus formed the force that surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Left half battalion with Methuen.

NOTE.—Naval Brigades are now at Ladysmith, De Aar, Nauwpoort, and Durban.

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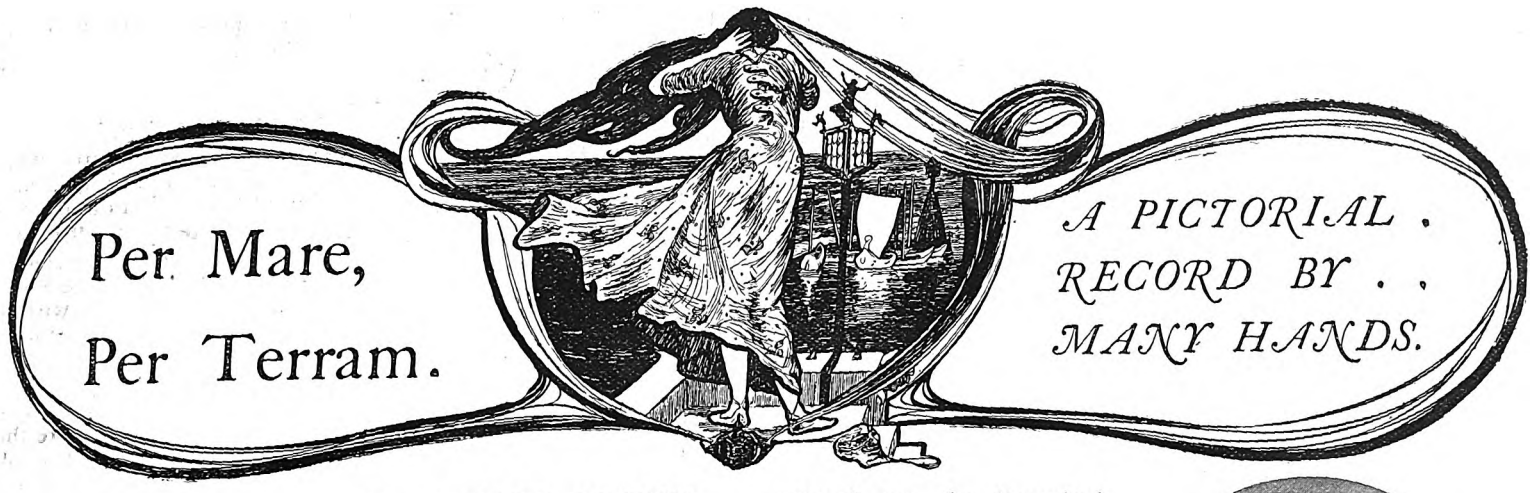


Photo. *Russell.*
H.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.
On Special Service in South Africa.

MAJOR PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR has, for a young officer, seen a very considerable amount of service. He was born in 1867, and twenty-one years later joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps as a second lieutenant, and was promoted lieutenant in 1890, and captain in 1896. Prince Christian first soldiered in the field on the Indian North-West Frontier, and during the years 1891-92 served through the Hazara, Miranzai, and Isazai Expeditions. He was on special service during the Ashanti Expedition of 1895-96, earned mention in despatches, and was promoted to major by brevet. His last campaigning was with Kitchener in the Soudan, where again he earned mention in despatches. His Highness is a Grand Cross both of the Bath and the Victorian Order, high distinctions granted as honours accruing to him from his regal birth, for he is the Queen's grandson, being the eldest son of Her Majesty's third daughter, the Princess Helena Augusta Victoria, who in 1866 married Prince Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

Photo. *Fradelle & Young.*
G. H. MAKINS, Esq.
One of the Surgeons who accompany Sir William MacCormac to South Africa.

OUR third portrait is that of one of the surgeons who have joined Sir William MacCormac in placing their services at the disposal of the State. Mr. Makins is well known in medical circles as one of the most talented surgeons in the profession. He is house surgeon at St. Thomas's, and the author of numerous works on surgery

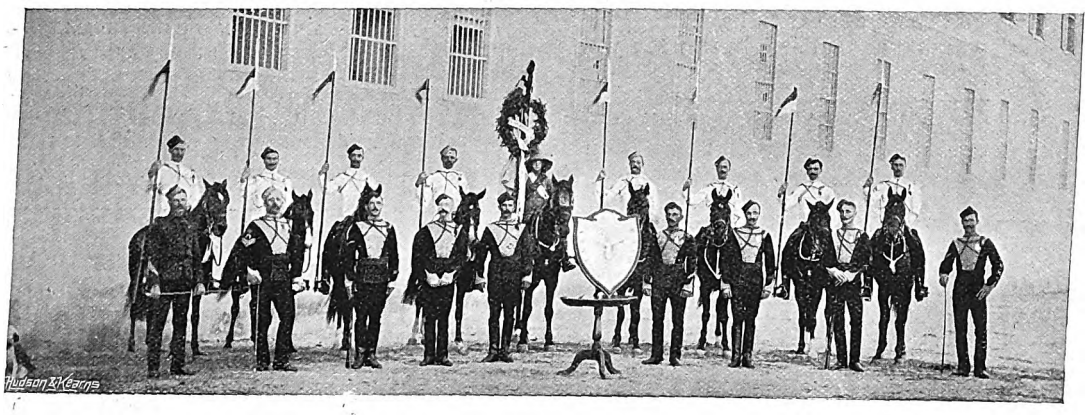
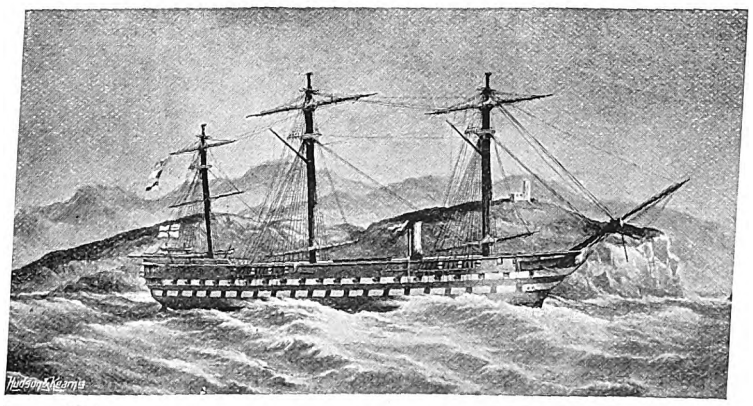


Photo. Copyright. *HEROES OF OMDURMAN.* *G. Lekegian & Co.*
Dewar Trophy Team and "Musical Ride" of the Empress of India's Lancers.

THE handsome challenge shield here shown so nobly guarded is that presented to the 21st Lancers for squadron competition in an assault-at-arms, and in commemoration of Omdurman, by Mr. T. R. Dewar, who is not less well known as a sportsman than he is as head of the great firm of distillers. This year's was of course the first competition, and the winning team are the men on foot who form the first line in the picture. The mounted men in the background are the "musical ride" of the regiment, and the "in memoriam" wreath borne by the khaki-clad warrior in the centre is commemorative of the last time the regiment's "ride" appeared in public before they went to the Soudan. Of the little squad who figured in that "ride," four were killed and two wounded.

Photo. *Bourne & Shepherd.*
COLONEL BEAUCHAMP DUFF, C.I.E.
Military Secretary to Sir George White, who commands in Natal.

COL. BEAUCHAMP DUFF is an officer of the Indian Staff Corps who has since the commencement of the year filled the important post of assistant military secretary for Indian affairs at Army Headquarters. When Sir George White was appointed to the command of the Natal Field Force, Colonel Duff was the officer whom he chose for his military secretary. Very young indeed is Colonel Duff for his rank and the important position he holds, but his ability as a staff officer has been well proved. He was from 1891 to 1895 D.A.A.G. in Bengal, and from that date till his return to England last January was military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in India. A well-won C.I.E. rewarded his services in 1897. Colonel Duff commenced his Service career as a Gunner in 1874, and as a subaltern of Artillery served through the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80. He joined the Indian Staff Corps in 1881, and in the Isazai Expedition of 1892 acted as brigade-major to the 1st Brigade. In the Waziristan Campaign of 1894-95 he acted as D.A.A.G., was mentioned in despatches for his services, and received a brevet-lieutenant-colonelcy.



From a Photo. *By a Naval Officer.*
THE OLD "GIBRALTAR," NOW THE "GRAMPIAN."

THE "Grampian," of old the "Gibraltar," and the seventh of that name since 1711, seven years after our capture of the famous sea fortress, is an old wooden screw 101-gun line-of-battle ship, built at Devonport in 1860, and has been for long lent for use as a training-ship for boys at Belfast. She is now to be sold out of the Service. This picture represents her dragging her anchors from Salamis Bay, past Lipso Island, on the morning of January 5, 1864. During the

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Photo. Copyright. HIGHLANDERS FOR THE FRONT. Horne.
The Argyll and Sutherland Detraining for Embarkation at Queenstown.

first watch it blew hard from N.N.E. veering to N. At midnight it was blowing a whole gale. The ship was dragging rapidly on to Lipso Island; another anchor was immediately dropped, both cables were veered, lower yards and topmasts struck, and steam was raised. Guns were secured for sea, the main deck guns, says a correspondent, "with a stout hawser"—the only time he had seen this, in the Service. "She continued dragging; both cables were out to the clinch. It

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."
TEAM OF THE 3rd V.B. (THE QUEEN'S) ROYAL WEST SURREY REGIMENT.
Winners this Year of the V.M.A. Ambulance Shield.

looked very like going on the rocks, when the wind veered to the N.W., and just tailed her clear of the eastern end of the island. Eventually, with the aid of the engines, she brought up. In the morning the admiral, who was snugly moored in the "Piræus," made a signal, 'You appear to have dragged a little during the night,' whilst we realised how near we had been to "Davy Jones's Locker.'"

THIS year the handsome two hundred guinea challenge shield of the Volunteer Medical Association has been won by the stretcher squad of the 3rd V.B. of "The Queen's," under the command of that most keen and popular officer, Surgeon-Captain Campbell Boyd. The team has thus proved itself to be the smartest squad of the year in ambulance work and drill, an honour to be very proud of, for the competition was exceedingly keen, owing to the large number of provincial teams that entered the lists. After winning the shield, the squad presented the trophy to the Lord Mayor, who is one of the trustees, and he, in turn, handed it over to the commanding officer of the corps, Colonel S. B. Bevington.

QUEENSTOWN, the chief Irish Naval station, is playing no small part in the embarkation of troops for South Africa. One of our pictures shows the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders detraining at the station outside the

Photo. Copyright. REINFORCEMENTS FROM IRELAND. Horne.
Transport Embarking Field Artillery at Queenstown.

jetty. The other shows the "Montford" at the jetty taking on board her quota of Field Artillery, part of which consists of half a howitzer battery, whose guns will do as good work in South Africa as they did at Omdurman.

THERE is, with perhaps the exception of polo, scarcely a game that is not played in a more or less modified form on board Her Majesty's war-ships. The "Powerful's" pet game is hockey, and hockey is a pastime that demands no small skill when played on board a war-ship. Obstructions are both

Photo. Copyright. SPORT ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR. H. Sharpe.
The "Powerfuls" at Hockey.

numerous and curiously shaped, and the deflection given to the ball can hardly be calculated with the same certainty and accuracy with which some of the group here depicted dropped their 45-pounder projectiles into the Boer positions around Ladysmith.

IN our issue of the 4th we gave a picture of the "Thetis," sent from the Mediterranean to reinforce the Cape station. Now we depict a group of her officers, in the centre of whose seated row is Captain W. S. Rees, than whom few Naval officers have seen more fighting on the West Coast.

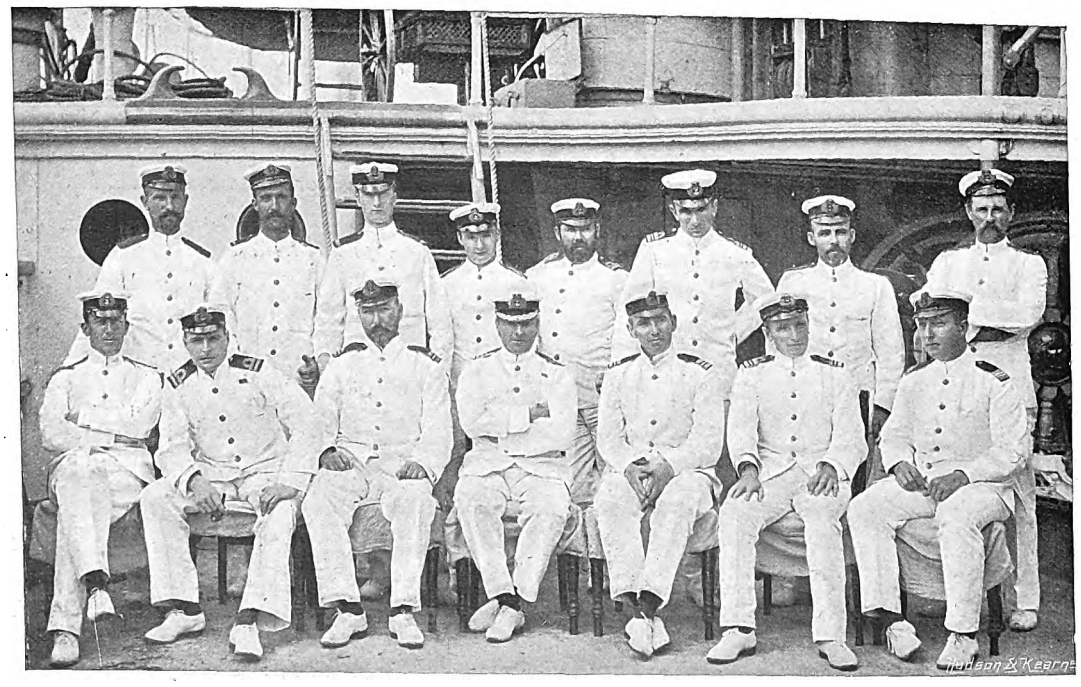

Photo. Copyright. OFFICERS OF THE "THETIS." Ellis.
A Reinforcement for the Naval Brigade in South Africa.

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Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—VII.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HENRY GORDON, who is in command of the Canterbury District, is one of the most popular officers in New Zealand, as well as one of the most able.

He joined the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in 1861, and his first commission in the Imperial Army was gazetted January 16, 1863, the regiment being the 21st North British Fusiliers, now the Royal Scots Fusiliers. In March of the same year he exchanged to the 44th Regiment of the Line, and served with that regiment in India in 1866, selling out in January, 1867. Arriving in New Zealand in the latter part of the same year, he took up the pursuit of farming, but was induced to join the field force of the colony in 1872, and served with much credit. In 1879 his commission was gazetted in the New Zealand Forces, and during the Parihaka disturbances he was appointed field adjutant. In this capacity his zeal and dash earned him the praise of his superiors. In 1885 he was appointed district adjutant of Otago, where he is well remembered as a first-class administrator. During his first year in Otago he was gazetted major, the commission bearing date April 21, 1885. In 1891 he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and was placed in command of the Canterbury District, the post which he at present holds. He is president of the Christchurch Volunteer Rifle Association, and, by the manner in which he assisted at the New Zealand Rifle Association Meeting when it was held in Canterbury, proved that his knowledge of shooting was sound and accurate. As president of the Canterbury Garrison Library, his advice and counsel are always at the service of officers of his district.

Photo. *Preece.*
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GORDON.
Commanding the Canterbury District.

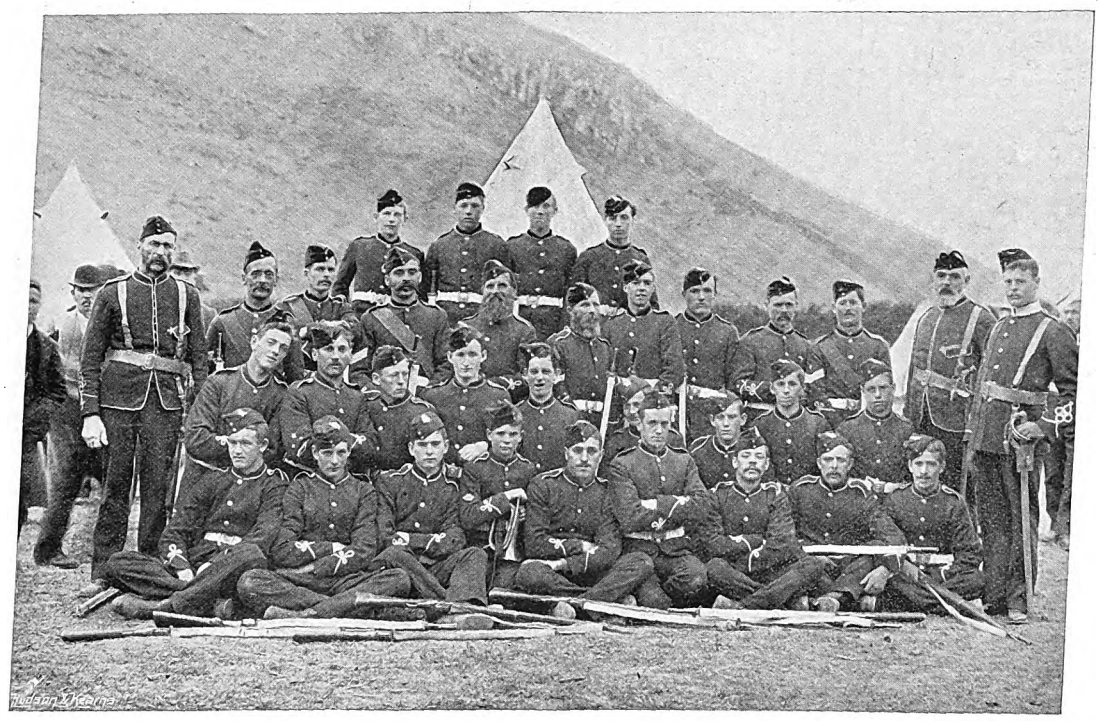

Photo. Copyright. *THE ASHBURTON RIFLES.* *After Parade.* *J. N. Taylor.*

The Timaru City Rifle Corps, in its neat blue uniform faced with white, with the useful field service cap, may fairly rank among the smartest Volunteer corps in New Zealand. In all classes of drill the corps always takes a high place, while on the range its members have time after time proved themselves good men. The corps numbers a full establishment of sixty-three members, and at the last Easter camp of Canterbury Volunteers, referred to in a previous article, had the largest muster, notwithstanding the fact that the members had had to travel 100 miles before reaching the camp. Their work there was generally admired, a ready obedience to orders characterising the corps. The non-commissioned officers are all men of good intelligence, whilst Captain Beckingham and Lieutenants Foden and Crawshaw are officers of whom any corps might be proud.

The corps is the senior of the South Canterbury Rifle Battalion, and was formed about thirty-two years ago. It was originally an artillery corps, being known as the C Battery New Zealand Royal Artillery, and as such always acquitted itself with credit. During the Maori dispute at Parihaka, several years ago, a large number of members of this battery volunteered their services and went to the front. With the reorganisation of the Volunteer forces under Colonel Pole-Penton, the battery, being a detached one, had to send its guns to one of the larger cities, and although the artillerymen felt the loss of their "babies," they accepted the inevitable with good grace, and instantly proceeded to make themselves efficient infantrymen.

The Ashburton Rifles is one of the principal of the inland corps in New Zealand, and can claim to be among the most efficient corps outside the principal centres.

The company, which numbers sixty-three—the Government maximum establishment—is a part of the South Canterbury Battalion, the nearest other corps being situated some forty miles to the south. As a consequence, it is only on special occasions that the corps musters with the others of the battalion, which causes it to be slightly conservative in its actions.

It was formed in 1879, but at present there are only two members who were on the original roll. In 1881, when the

Photo. Copyright. *THE ASHBURTON RIFLES.* *"March at Ease."* *W. Burke.*

Photo. Copyright. *THE CANTERBURY CYCLIST CORPS.* *A Rest.* *J. N. Taylor.*

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Maori chief, Te Whiti, with his tribesmen assembled at Parihaka, in the North Island of New Zealand, and it appeared as though there would be a repetition of the earlier Maori troubles, a number of the Ashburton Rifles volunteered and were at once accepted for service. They proceeded to Parihaka, but luckily the difficulty was already settled. The uniform of the corps is scarlet, with the regulation field service cap. The present officers are Captain W. E. Dolman and Lieutenants Hayes and Curtis.

It is only within the last two or three years that the New Zealand Defence Department has authorised the formation of cycling corps in connection with the Volunteers. The conditions offered were not quite conducive to the formation of these corps, as, in the first place, the limit was fixed at one in each of the four districts; secondly, the corps were to receive only the ordinary infantry capitation, with no allowance for machines, which had to be provided by individual members; and, thirdly, the number of members of each corps was limited to twenty-five, inclusive of two officers. As the upkeep of the corps in the matter of orderly-room, attendance, etc., would be the same as though a large corps was formed, it was felt for a time that the last would be the greatest drawback.

However, the patriotic spirit which generally actuates the colonists came to their aid, and a corps was formed in Dunedin early in 1898, followed shortly afterwards by one in Christchurch. The latter is undoubtedly the most flourishing cycle corps in New Zealand to-day, although one has been since formed in Wellington. The Christchurch (Canterbury) corps is up to its maximum establishment, and has a large number of applicants waiting for admission whenever a vacancy may occur. The men had to supply themselves with everything, and the arrangement they have for carrying the rifle is unique in character, and is manufactured by Sergeant Von Sierakoruski

Photo. Copyright. THE CANTERBURY (NEW ZEALAND) CYCLIST CORPS. *Wagglesworth & Benns.*
"Prepare to Mount."

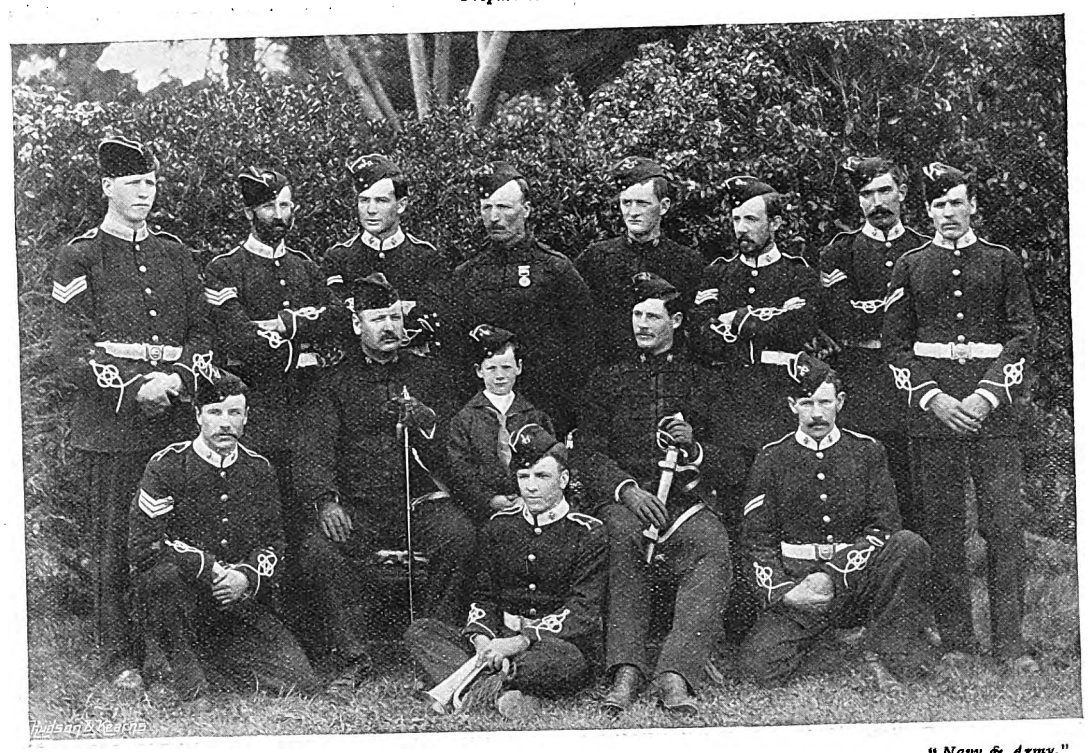

Photo. Copyright. TIMARU CITY RIFLES. *"Navy & Army."*
A Group of All Ranks.

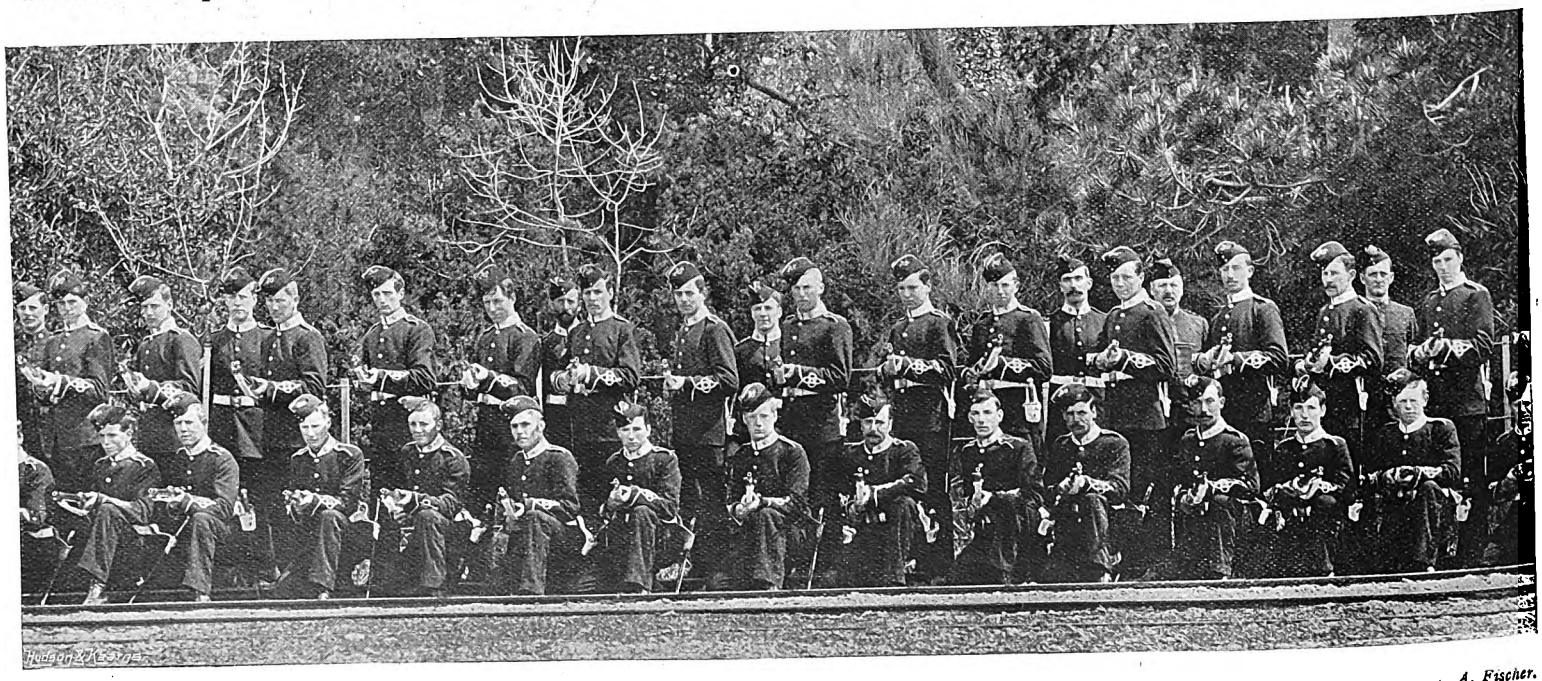

Photo. Copyright. TIMARU CITY RIFLES—VOLLEY FIRING: "READY!" *A. Fischer.*

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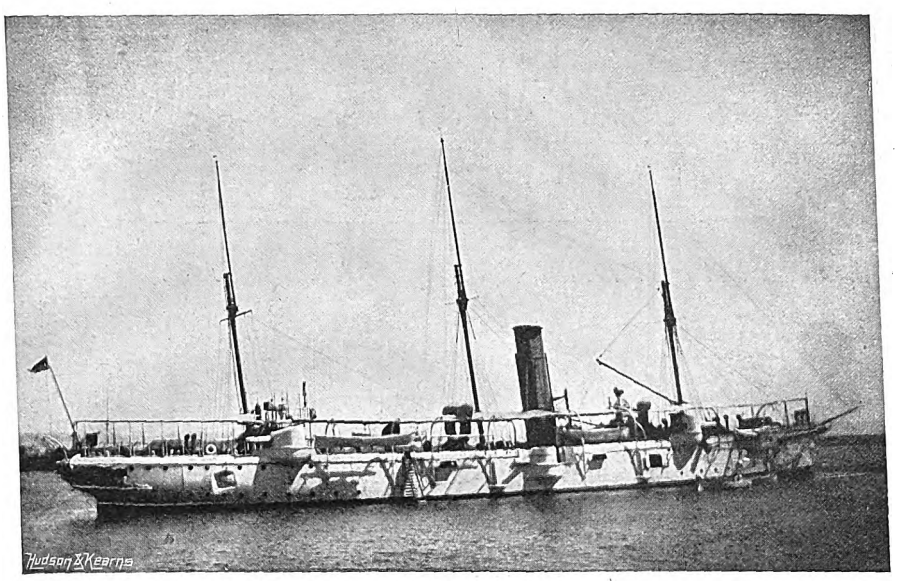
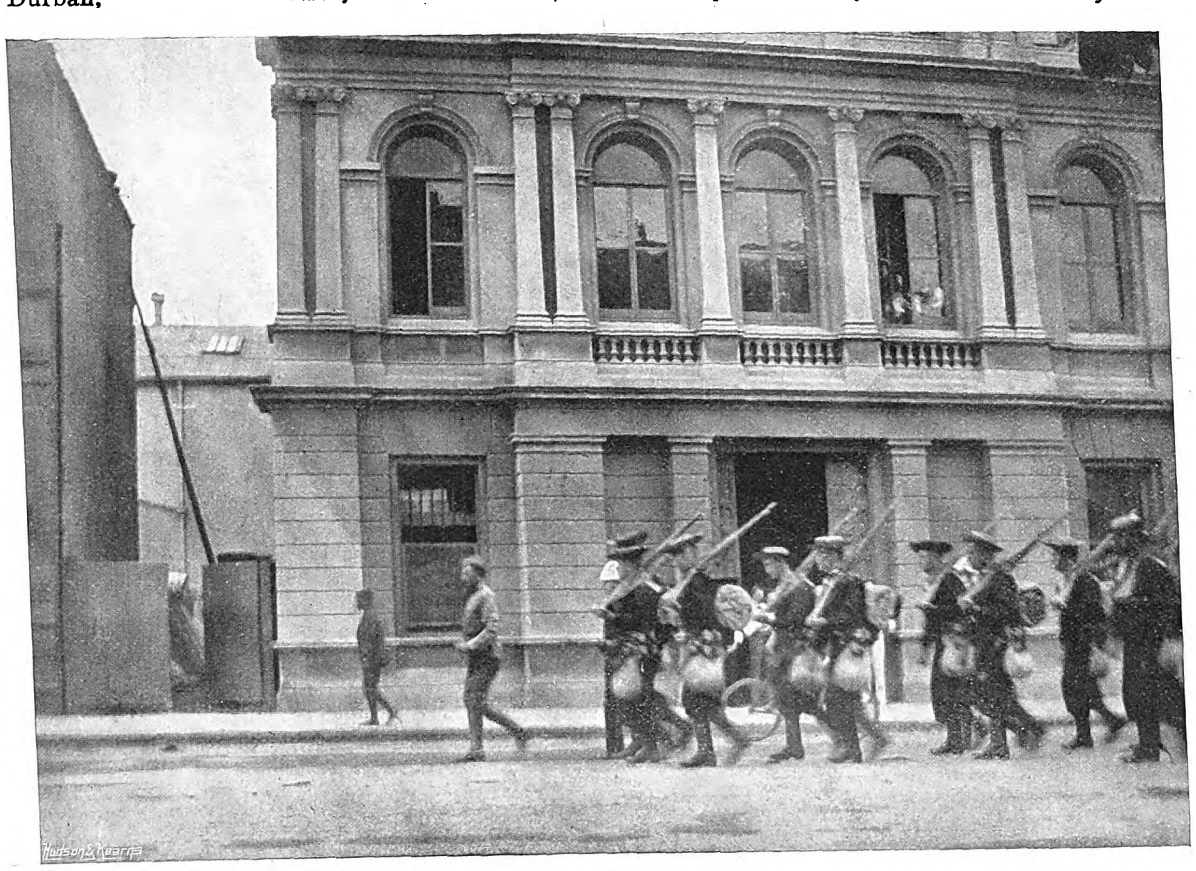
Martial Law in Durban.

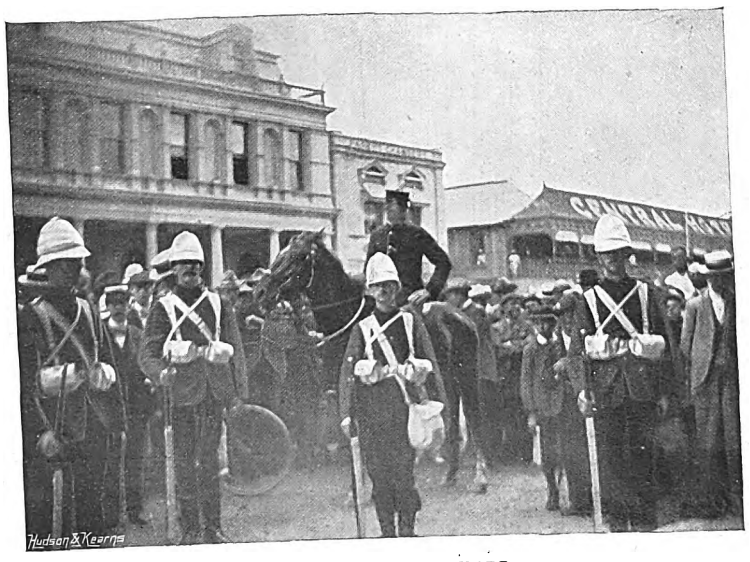
THE proclamation of martial law in Durban, the loyalest city in the most loyal colony the British Empire owns, was rendered necessary by the exigencies of the present situation. And it was essential because the town is now flooded with a large number of undesirable people, refugees of all nationalities who have fled from the Transvaal to Lorenzo Marques and thence to Durban. Its immediate use, moreover, was very soon practically demonstrated. The National Bank of the South African Republic has a branch in Durban, and that branch was playing an important part in the endeavour to ship gold to Delagoa Bay to fill the Boer war-chest. This had to be stopped, and it was stopped well and quickly. One of our ships on the station, a smart little third-class cruiser, the "Tartar," landed a body of Marines and Bluejackets, who mounted guard over the building while those in authority took into their custody the gold that would have gone to replenish the enemy's treasury. Our first illustration shows the ship which was ready for this important duty. One of a group of eight third-class cruisers added to the Navy some fifteen years ago, she and her sisters have been doing good work on our foreign stations for many years. One of them was the "Serpent," wrecked off the Coast of Spain, a disaster that is still fresh in our memories. Our next picture shows the Bluejackets on their march through the streets of Durban. The khaki-clad soldier who heads them is Major Bethune, military commandant of the town. He is a Staff College man, and an exceptionally smart soldier and, as the writer of these lines, who served with him in Afghanistan, can testify, full of tact—the very man for the onerous billet of military commandant of a town like Durban. Our other pictures show the Marine guard outside keeping back the crowd at the bank, and the officers at the entrance, Commander Morgan, of the "Tartar," being in the centre of the group, with Lieutenant James, his first lieutenant, on his left, and on his right Lieutenant Townsend.



THE TARTAR AT DURBAN.
Some of her crew are at Estcourt, and others were captured at Chieveley.



MARCHING THROUGH DURBAN.
Bluejackets on Their Way to the Bank of the South African Republic.



Photos. Copyright. *A QUAINT BANK GUARD.*
The Marines of the Tartar.

A BANK "HELD UP." *"Navy & Army"*
Naval Officers on Novel Duty.

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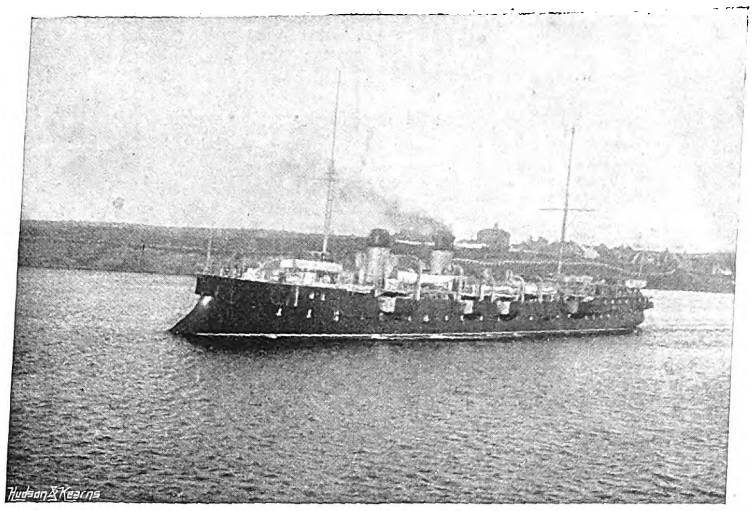
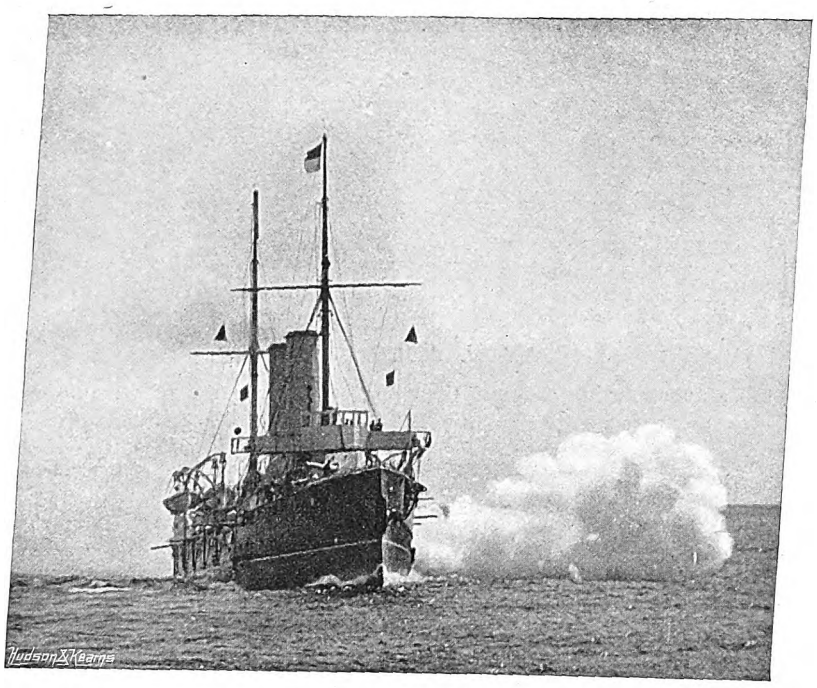
The North American Station.

AFTER THE BATTLE.
Bluejackets Resting after a Sham Fight with Canadian Volunteers.

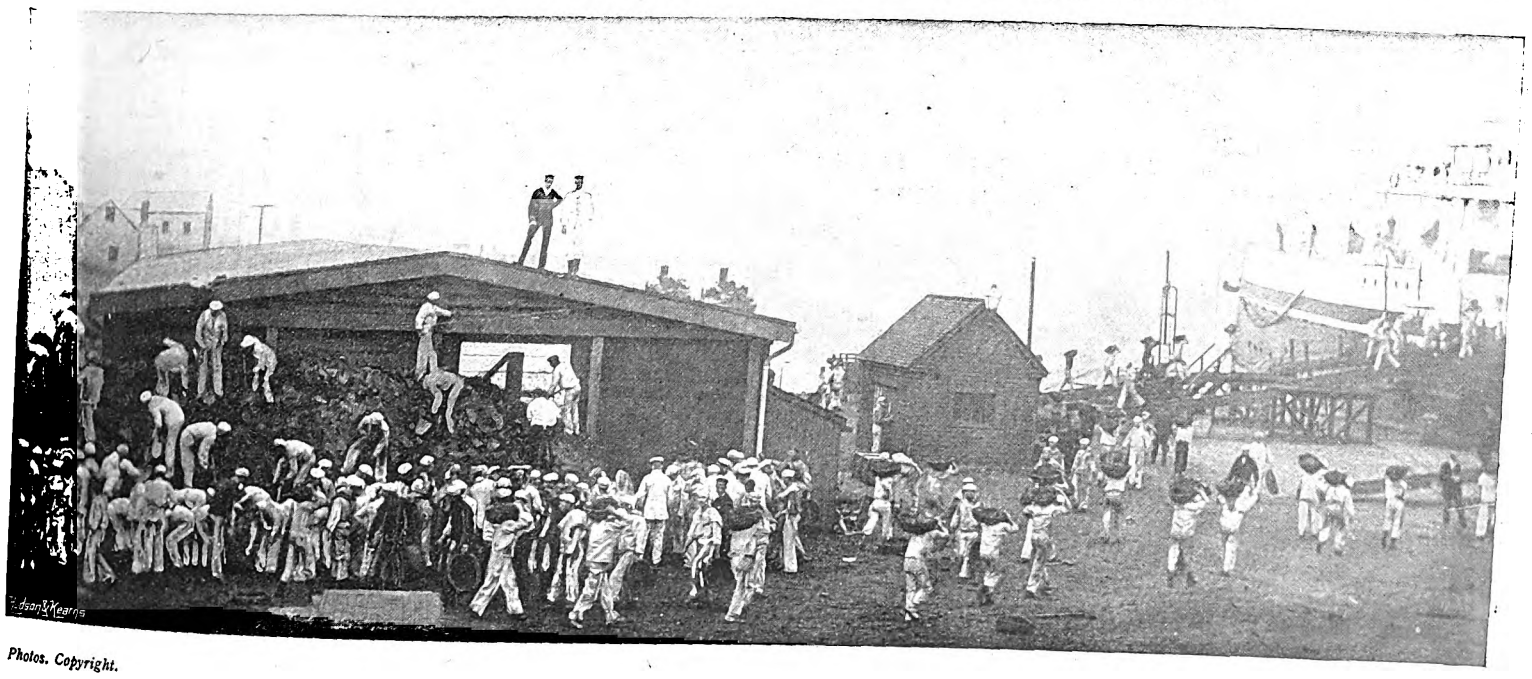


A FRENCH SECOND-CLASS CRUISER.
The "Isly," French Flag-ship at the Newfoundland Fisheries.

APART from the squadrons in the Mediterranean and Channel—and perhaps that on the China station—the portion of Her Majesty's Fleet which is stationed on the North American and West Indies station is the most important. Luckily for us we have now no foe to fear in that quarter of the globe, but the squadron is always there ready as a reinforcement either for home or South African waters. Landing Naval detachments for field work is always part of the Bluejackets' training, and we never have a war in which the usefulness of this training is not well demonstrated. That it is not neglected on the North American station is evidenced in one of our pictures, which shows a battalion of Bluejackets taking a "stand easy" after a tough sham fight over hilly ground against Canadian Volunteers. On this station we are also constantly in close touch with our friends on the other side of the Channel, for the French have important fishery rights in Newfoundland waters, and keep a small squadron permanently stationed there. The flag-ship of that squadron is here illustrated. She is a second-class cruiser, the "Isly," built at Brest, and launched in 1891. This vessel takes her name from a little river in Morocco, on the banks of which Marshal Bugeaud defeated the Moors in 1844, a victory for which he was created Duc d'Isly and Marshal of France. Our force on the North American station forms what is essentially a cruiser squadron, for with the exception of the "Hotspur," Port Guard-ship at Bermuda, it is destitute of ironclad vessels. The flag-ship is the "Crescent," a first-class cruiser, and, like most flag-ships, she has managed to establish a record for coaling. This was at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where she took in over 800 tons at a record of 111·7 tons per hour. As will be seen from our illustration, the coal had to be carried from the shed, across the wharf, to the ship by hand. There was no collier lying alongside with Temperley transporters quickly shifting the black diamonds from her hold to the war-ship's bunkers. And so the record is a very distinctively good one. Our centre picture shows the "Indefatigable," one of the second-class cruisers on the station, engaged at her quarterly gun practice. The reproduction gives a perfect view of a vessel of her class taken almost "bows on."



PREPARING FOR WAR.
The "Indefatigable" at Target Practice.



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COALING THE FLAG-SHIP—THE "CRESCENT" MAKING A COALING RECORD AT HALIFAX.

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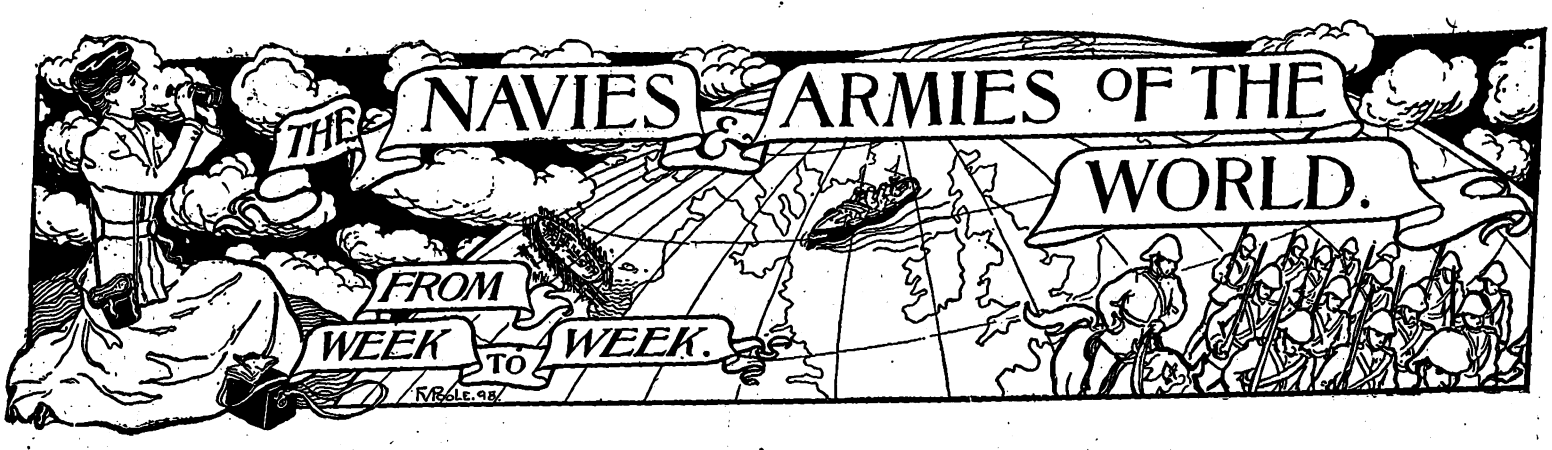

ONE may hear the question asked whether any of the European Powers could send as many men oversea as we are now shipping or have shipped for South Africa. The answer to the enquiry, when it is put in this form, is that one nation in Europe, which does not deserve to be called a Power at all, has sent a great many more. Spain poured about a quarter of a million of men—not, unfortunately for her, of soldiers—into Cuba, and a smaller but still considerable number into the Philippines. Then the transport of the Japanese army into China was a large piece of work, while even poor bemused John Chinaman found no insuperable difficulty in sending such colourable imitations of soldiers as he possessed oversea till men-of-war came and stopped him. The difficulty of the great Continental Powers does not lie in the mere transporting of troops; anybody can do that who can pay for the transports and does not find the road cut by the Naval forces of an enemy. What has hampered Germany and France in their colonial expeditions has not been the difficulty of finding men or carrying them oversea. It has consisted in this, that neither nation has yet had a colonial crisis of such importance to face that it cared to disarrange its elaborate military organisation at home. But supposing such a call to come upon them, and it was more important for them to throw 60,000 men into Asia or Africa than to preserve their forces untouched at home, either of them could take two Army Corps by lot or choice and send them bodily. What we had better ask ourselves is whether, considering that our Army ought to be organised with an exclusive view to foreign service, we have been quite as ready as might have been desired.

* * * *

The Indian Government, which, of course, acts with the approval of the authorities at home, has decided not to send native troops to South Africa. We are bound to presume that the decision has been taken on serious grounds, and it would be easy enough to guess what they are, and to be right. Whether there is any sense in talking about the matter is, as the now familiar tag has it, another story. But this being the case, where is the wisdom in writing letters to the *Times* or any other paper to complain that native troops are not used? More than this, what is the justification for saying that the resolution not to employ them implies a slur on the Sepoys? It does no such thing, any more than the decision not to employ Volunteers is a slur on them. The native regiments of the Indian Army and the Volunteers have well-defined fields of duty, which do not include South Africa. A saying of this kind is quite certain to be translated and reproduced in the native Press, which is often as mischievous as it can safely venture to be, and will then do a certain amount of harm. The men of the native regiments would be more than human if they were not stirred on being told that the Government shows distrust of them and is treating them like step-children when it does not employ them in South Africa. The Government employs them to guard the frontier of India, and to support its rule through the length and breadth of the country. It does not hesitate to diminish its white garrison by sending six regiments to Africa. What greater proof of reliance on the loyalty of the native soldier could it give?

* * * *

The Naval Brigade question, which has been set going by some incidents of the South African War, contains many of the elements of a very pretty quarrel. Notably it stirs up that element of personal rivalry which is almost indispensable to a lively discussion. Sir John Colomb and "A Naval Officer" have got to this without any waste of time. There are, in fact, two connected but not identical questions contained in the general question whether we do not make an abuse of Naval Brigades. The first is whether we ought to employ them at all, the second whether, if we do, they ought to consist of Bluejackets and Naval officers, with marines, or of marines under their own officers with a small element of Bluejackets, or none. This second problem obviously lends itself to some lively debating. To a marine it seems highly plausible that, when soldiering is to be done, he who is trained as a soldier ought to be chosen. It is a reasonable contention, and Sir John Colomb appears to have a strong case when he says that it is absurd to draw on the ships of the Cape station for Bluejackets when thousands of marines are doing "housemaids' work" at home. But that is not all. Sir John makes it pretty clear that in his opinion, which one may be sure is largely shared in his corps, the Naval officers have taken care to cut the shares of chances of distinction so that the largest falls to them.

* * * *

He declares that marine officers have been sent back to the ships, while Naval officers have been brought ashore and put to command the soldier-sailors in lieu of their own proper officers. The Naval element has, in fact, tried to take all the blanket to itself—as its manner is, as the marine when speaking in his more censorious moments is apt to argue. It does not appear to me that "A Naval Officer" who replies to Sir John Colomb quite answers this case when he says that an addition of marines to an army in the field is only an addition of a few more soldiers, whereas a contingent of sailors supplies a new, and perhaps very necessary, element. At the same time, Sir John cannot really believe that there has been deliberate unfairness to the marines. That may be true, but it is rather beside the immediate question raised by Sir John Colomb. As a mere matter of doctrine there would seem to be something absurd in drawing more largely on the Naval officers, whose primary duty it is to serve at sea, than on the marines, who are only soldiers serving in ships, when a Naval Brigade has to be landed. Which would be the most crippling blow for a squadron on a foreign station to lose, all its seaman officers or all its soldier officers? The question answers itself. The loss of the marine officers could be made good till others came out to replace them, and the squadron navigated in the meantime. But if the Naval officers went it would be reduced to immobility.

* * * *

In theory it would seem to be an obvious truth that a Naval Brigade should by preference be formed of marines, as was the case when the Navy contributed to the force which held the lines of Torres Vedras. But then you cannot look to the theory only. The fact is that we have to make a large use of Naval Brigades, because it is not our custom to keep large permanent garrisons in all parts of our Colonial Empire, and some of them are subject to sudden attack. Therefore they have to be defended, and on the spur of the moment, too. When that happens, it is often the case that the only force at hand is in the ships, and it must be drawn on for whatever there is to be done. While this continues to be the case, there will always be a possibility that the Navy will lose highly-trained men, who have to be sacrificed because there are no soldiers on the spot. On the whole, this is pretty well what has happened in South Africa, though there does also seem to have been a pardonable eagerness among Naval officers to scamper up to the front where distinction was to be earned.

DAVID HANNAY.

DURING our last South African War an incident happened that brought out in a very striking manner the readiness of resource of the British seaman. When the Naval Brigade, formed from the ships of the Cape and West Coast squadron, was ready to go to the front, the admiral, of course, made his inspection; then, after saying a few words, he shook hands with those nearest him, wishing them good-bye and good luck. Among the officers and men who had come ashore to give their shipmates a hearty send-off was the boatswain of the flag-ship. By some means he was pushed in front of one of the companies. The admiral, thinking the boatswain had been "told off" for the brigade, wished him good-bye and shook hands. This was quite good enough for the boatswain, so saying "Thank you, sir," he promptly stepped off and fell in with the rear guard. It was not until the brigade had got a long distance away that the mistake was discovered. The boatswain, who was very popular with all hands, pleaded hard, and was allowed to remain. A "kit" was made up for him, as he had marched off with only the clothes he stood up in. He went through the campaign, and performed useful and valuable service as officer in charge of an important ferry across a deep and rapid river.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

DECEMBER 10, 1758. — Defeat of the French near Condore. Colonel Forde, with 470 men of the 102nd Madras Infantry—now the 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers—and 1,900 Sepoys, defeated the French under De Conflans, and took thirty-two pieces of brass cannon, seven mortars, and all their camp equipment.

December 11, 1813.—Third combat on the Nive. The passage of the Nive was forced on December 9. The next day another battle was fought, in which the French divisions under General Reille were repulsed, with a loss of about 2,000 men, while the Anglo-Portuguese army lost 1,200 killed and wounded, and 300 prisoners. In the third battle neither side gained much advantage, but the fighting was continuous, and each side lost about 600 men.

December 12, 1813.—Fourth combat on the Nive. Another day of desperate fighting, in which both sides lost 400 or 500 men without any real advantage being gained by either. During the night the river, swollen by rain, swept away the allies' bridge of communication, and left the general completely cut off from the rest of the army.

December 13, 1813.—Battle of St. Pierre. This was the final battle on the Nive. After a stubborn fight, General Hill beat back Soult's army, with a loss of 3,000, making a total during the five days' fighting on the river of 6,000 men. The allies had three generals and 1,500 men killed and wounded on the 13th, and during the five days lost 5,019.

December 15, 1803. — Surrender of Gawlighur. The success of Wellesley in the Deccan and the defeat of the enemy at Argaum on November 29 were followed by the siege of Gawlighur, and its surrender. 1824.—Repulse of the Burmese at Kokien. This strongly stockaded position was attacked and taken by Sir A. Campbell with a force of 1,300 British infantry. The enemy lost heavily, and left behind them their baggage, arms, and ammunition.

December 16, 1885.—Defeat of the Arabs at Kosheh. Colonel Hunter repulsed an attack on this place, which is near Wady Halfa, and was wounded in the engagement. Lieutenant Cameron, of the Cameron Highlanders, was mortally wounded.

DECEMBER 10, 1810. — Capture of the French 16-gun privateer "Mamelouck," off Dungeness, by the British 10-gun brig "Rosario." A consort of the "Mamelouck's" attacked the "Rosario" at the same time, but the British vessel beat her off with her gun fire, while she closed with the "Mamelouck," and boarded and took her out of hand.

December 11, 1799. — Destruction of the French 40-gun frigate "Preneuse," under strong batteries at the mouth of the river Tombeau, Port Louis, Isle of France, by the British "Tremendous," 74, and "Adamant," 50. The "Preneuse" ran ashore after a short chase, and wrecked herself, whereupon the boats of the British ships pulled in under a heavy fire from the batteries and destroyed her.

December 12, 1782.—Action between the "Mediator," 44, and five frigates and corvettes, four French and one American, off Ferrol. After a sharp running fight the "Mediator" scattered the enemy's squadron, and took their two largest ships, the "Eugène," 36, and the "Ménagère," 64, armed *en flute* 30 guns.

December 13, 1796.—Brilliant capture of the French "Vestale," 36, by the "Terpsichore," 32, off Cadiz. After a smart chase the "Terpsichore" got alongside the "Vestale," and engaged her for an hour and forty minutes at close quarters, when the "Vestale" struck. The action was fought at night, and won Captain Bowen of the "Terpsichore" the highest praise from his Commander-in-Chief, Lord St. Vincent.

December 14, 1814.—Dashing attack on and capture of an American flotilla anchored in a very strong position in Lake Bargue, on the American Coast, by the armed launches of a British squadron. After thirty-six hours' hard rowing against a strong current, our boats reached the enemy and attacked under a heavy fire of grape and round shot. The entire American flotilla, including five large gun-boats, was taken by boarding.

December 15, 1824.—Destruction of a large force of Burmese war boats, at Pagoda Point, Panlang River, by the boats of a British squadron towed into action by two small steam vessels. They met the British advance very boldly and with a hot fire, but were completely routed, three of their largest war boats being taken with forty smaller craft.

December 16, 1806.—Capture of the French 14-gun privateer "Elizabeth," in the West Indies, by the British 14-gun brig "Kingfisher."

I GREATLY regret that, by one of those unhappy accidents which will occur even in the best-regulated of journals, pictorial or otherwise, a portrait of Second Lieutenant G. H. Martin, 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps, was inserted in a recent number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED among the officers killed in the South African War. Mr. Martin was wounded, not killed, at Glencoe, and by the last accounts, it is most gratifying to add, he was doing well. My apologies are due to the relatives and friends of the gallant young fellow in reference to whom I have unwittingly made this unfortunate mistake, but it is permissible to add that I have never inserted a correction with greater pleasure.

Military Scouting.

I DOUBT if any but a small proportion of those who are professionally interested in scouting as a branch of military science have any idea of the etymology of the word "scout." It is practically the same word as the French *écouter*, to listen, the old form of which was *escouter*. The latter is, of course, akin to the Latin *auscultare*, in which we find the root of *auris*, an ear. Originally, therefore, the word "scout" had the rather restricted meaning of "a listener" only, and here and there we find it used in the not very pleasing significance of a "sneak" or "Paul Pry." Its use as the Oxford equivalent of the Cambridge "Gyp" is sufficiently well known, and here again it is hardly employed as a term of respect.

It would be difficult to ascertain with any exactitude the origin of military scouting. Probably in some form or another it has existed in connection with warlike operations from time immemorial, although, as we shall presently see, the use of scouts has been largely modified by contemporary fighting conditions. In a sense we must regard "scouting" as allied to espionage, but equally it is clearly distinct from it. The difference may perhaps be best characterised by laying it down that, unlike espionage, "scouting" is purely an adjunct to actual operations in the field.

It is essential to the proper understanding of military scouting that we should further differentiate between it and the form of scouting beloved of schoolboys, and immortalised in Fenimore Cooper's novels. The individual scout, working chiefly on his own account, has little or no place in the military conditions of to-day. In reconnaissance it is sometimes desirable to employ individuals, but in most field operations the tendency is to use scouts on an organised system, and sometimes on a very considerable scale.

At the same time, there is no branch of military science in which the individual comes more to the front than he does in scouting. It is not too much to say that in this connection we have much to learn from the classical examples of backwoods romance; and if we could endow some of the scouts of our own Army with the qualities exhibited aforetime by the North American Indian in his death-struggle with advancing civilisation, we should add largely to our military efficiency. One might go further, and suggest that the exemplar from which the crafty redskin learnt his art, that, namely, of Nature herself, might oftener with advantage be followed in the course of a latter-day campaign. Those who have watched certain birds, and beasts, and reptiles, or have observed their characteristics at second-hand in some such close and penetrating study as, for instance, Kipling's "Jungle Book," must sometimes have thought to themselves what grand scouts could be drawn from the regions of the air or the dim recesses of the forest.

Before we become too deeply involved in this train of interesting but not very practical reflection, let us proceed to consider what military scouting actually is. In the tactical text-books it is laid down that in all military scouting three aims and objects are embraced. First, it is the duty of scouts to obtain information of the enemy's whereabouts, force, and movements. Secondly, they are required to rapidly send back that information to the person ordered to receive it. Lastly, an important part of the business of scouts, and one sometimes unaccountably neglected, is to prevent the scouts of the enemy from gaining information.

The above definition shows very clearly that an individual scout would, in the majority of cases, be of very little military use. In practice scouts are commonly employed in pairs, so that while one is engaged in taking back information already collected, the other may uninterruptedly continue his examination of the country in front of him. Not only this, but the scouts are also as a rule specially furnished by a party detailed for this purpose, and sent on well in advance of the main body. The object of this latter precaution is connected with the third desideratum mentioned in the above definition. It has to be taken into consideration that, in most cases, the enemy also is working with scouts, and, if he is an up-to-date enemy, using them with a determination and skill equal to your own. Consequently, at any moment it may become necessary to drive in his scouts, in order to prevent their penetrating your own screen. In such a case the party alluded to would be immediately called into requisition, and, if briskly handled, could do all that is required without waiting for any help from the main body, perhaps some miles in rear

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It will be apparent to the most casual reader who looks below the surface of the last two paragraphs, that scouting is essentially a branch of the art of war which is liable to extensive modification by reason of such new developments as long-range rifles, and even such innovations as the use of smokeless powder. It stands to reason that where what in boxing would be called the "reach" of combatants is enormously increased, some of the attendant precautions must undergo considerable alteration. It might, perhaps, be supposed that when the effective range of the musket was not much more than 200-yds., scouting was of greater importance than it is now, when a bullet can carry a deadly billet ten times that distance, inasmuch as the process had to be carried to a further point. But in reality that is not so. The impact of opposing forces can nowadays be made much more terrific than ever it was fifty years ago; and the minuteness of the precautions leading up to the moment of combat must be studied by any commander who wishes to be successful with ever-increasing care.

In the use of scouts the nature of the country has to be taken into consideration, and in this connection various technical rules are laid down for the guidance of those concerned. In a sketch of this kind it is sufficient to indicate roughly the distinction that must be observed between country of the "close" and that of the "open" description. Naturally in close country the greatest care has to be taken; not so much in looking ahead as in examining any features that might serve for the temporary concealment of the enemy's scouts. In open country, where an extensive view can often be obtained from a series of successive eminences, one scout is, to all intents and purposes, as good as a hundred. But in all cases the qualities required of a good scout are much the same. He must be all eyes and ears, quick not only to observe, but also to make deductions from what he has observed and above all prompt in communicating with the party or the officer with whom he is in touch. One might almost say that a scout should have something of the Sherlock Holmes in him, if it were not for the fact that the profoundly analytical temperament of that ideal detective would be singularly out of place in the storm and stress of modern war. Above all, every man engaged, directly or indirectly, in scouting ought to keep his head cool. At any moment he may come in contact with the enemy, may, in fact, be absolutely the first man in a great campaign to do so, and a great catastrophe may arise if he does not prove equal to the occasion. Perhaps it is rather in connection with the party supporting the scouts that fuss and confusion are apt to be exhibited; but if the scout himself acts in a sensible and level-headed manner, his coolness and decision of purpose are generally communicated to those behind him.

In Contact with the Enemy.

While dealing with the subject of scouting, it must be carefully remembered that it is not only in a forward direction that an army in motion has to apprehend danger or seek for information. Flanks require to be protected, and habitually it is found necessary to use scouts on the flank with as much freedom as on the front of an advancing force. The tendency of modern warfare is to involve the use of such great masses of men that flanking movements are becoming more and more difficult, and eventually, in nine cases out of ten, will be found, in future wars, impossible. But in small movements, more especially in a close country, the wise commander will habitually guard his flanks equally with his front, and will expect his scouts to keep him fully informed of the presence of the enemy in their near neighbourhood.

Scouting belongs to all arms. But it is to the cavalry that we look for the performance of this onerous and responsible duty in, perhaps, its most important aspect. There are few prettier sights afforded by modern warfare than that of cavalry scouts working as they ought to work, and as they do work when trained in the best principles and practice of the modern school. Even at manœuvres this delightful spectacle can often be witnessed; and when one sees a little party of cavalrymen thrown forward well in advance of a main body and searching every inch of ground, while at the same time pressing steadily onward, one begins to realise what is meant by the dictum that cavalry should act as the eyes and ears of a modern army. It should be added that cavalry scouts assist their own comrades of the cavalry screen almost as much as they do the commander of the force. For it is especially important for large bodies of cavalry to understand the nature of the ground immediately ahead of them; and even in minor cavalry movements this requirement is recognised by sending scouts ahead of the squadrons to examine and signal back any difficulties likely to check rapid progress.

In infantry work scouting attains a similar, if not quite the same, importance. But a comparatively recent innovation has been indicated in the case of artillery. General Tyler, in practice camps in India, experimented freely with the plan of sending out scouts from horse artillery batteries in order to report on positions for guns, and the facilities or difficulties which may exist in an approach to them. To quote the most up-to-date work on artillery, these scouts were ordered not to proceed more than a mile from the batteries in any direction in an open, and not more than half a mile in a close, country, and were always to preserve touch with them. They were to keep their eyes and wits about them, and note everything relating to the enemy as regards the disposition of his troops.

From this instructive instance of the application of the value of scouting to the special requirements of a particular arm let us turn to the possibilities of a not very remote future. In this direction we have two interesting developments to consider, both of them now at a stage which at present may fairly be described as embryonic. Cyclist scouting was a dream of the future ten years ago, and to some extent may be called a dream of the future still. But it is quite conceivable that a campaign may occur in which it will be possible to push cyclists ahead on existing roads, and with their aid to obtain as much good information as under similar circumstances could be obtained by parties of cavalry. Scouting by means of balloons also affords a mass of interesting potentialities, more especially in connection with the adaptation of Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy. Long before navigable balloons can be used for purposes of aerial warfare, it may be possible to move an aerostat, or a flying machine supported by aeroplanes, slowly, even in the face of a moderate wind.

Were space available, due attention might be given to the use of photography in connection with scouting, both in place of, and as an adjunct to, the pencil. There is certainly a great future for photography used in the very forefront of military operations.

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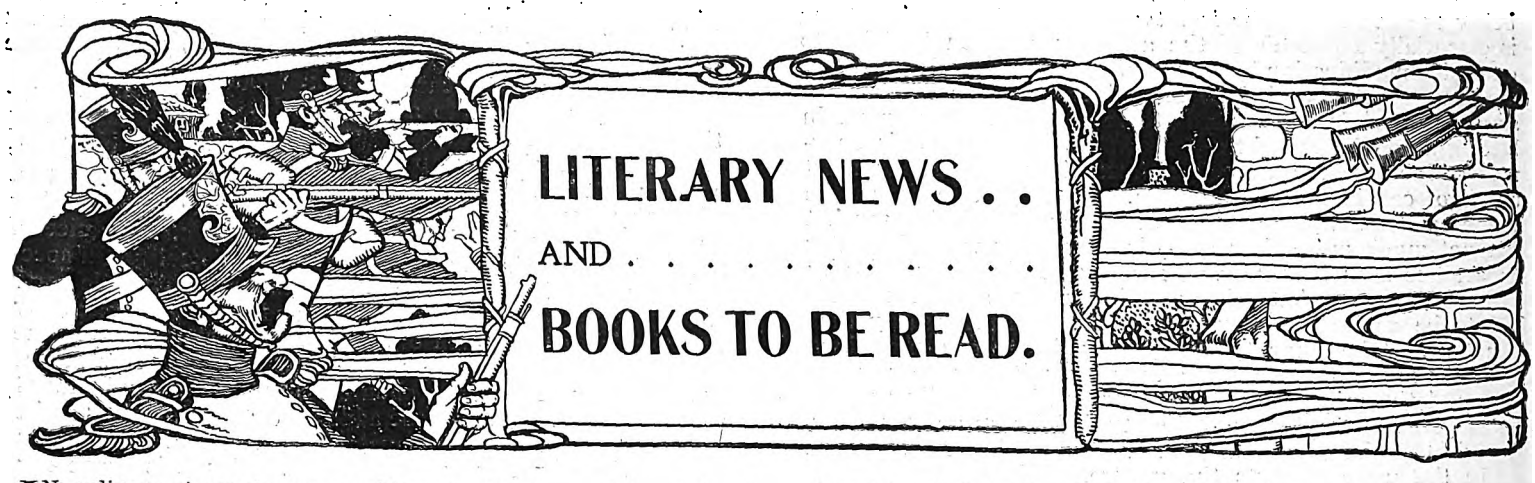

IN ordinary circumstances a military text-book can interest few outside the circle of military students, but at a time like this, when all eyes are turned to South Africa, I imagine that this will not be the case. There the public witness the development and practice of certain procedures in the field which are the common-places of soldiers. Thus the advances in Natal and on the other frontiers have caused much curiosity in regard to the safeguarding of communications; the tremendous assaults which Lord Methuen has delivered draw new attention to the problems of the attack and of fire discipline; and the existence of the Modder and Tugela as obstacles has raised anew the methods which are best for forcing the passage of rivers. The covering party which General Pole-Carew was able to throw across the Modder in the battle of November 28, was regarded, and rightly, as a splendid move in the game, and some may have looked upon it as remarkable, whereas it was really quite in accordance with the text-books. "Tactics for Beginners," by Captain C. M. de Gruyther (Gale and Polden, 6s.), is a capital little volume, which has been adopted for use at the Royal Military College, Camberley, where its author is instructor in tactics. Nothing could be better for the young soldier than such a serviceable book, because it leads up from organisation, right through the tactics of the three arms singly and in combination, to such special subjects as night operations, attack and defence of villages, woods, rivers, defiles and convoys, and savage warfare.

* * * *

To illustrate what I mean by saying that a work like this should interest the civilian, let me abstract a few notes concerning the operation of attacking a defended river, which has lately been much in the public mind. At first sight, the work seems exceedingly difficult, but it is not so difficult as it appears, and there are many instances in military history of rivers having been crossed in presence of the enemy. The battle of the Alma was one. Strategical considerations will mainly determine the locality for the attack. They determined the attack, for example, of Lord Methuen upon the Boers at the Modder. But the actual point of crossing will depend upon tactical considerations. The advantages to be sought are higher ground on the assailant's bank, a re-entering bend enabling a converging fire to be brought to bear on the enemy's bank, cover from the defender's view, good artillery positions, supporting points, ground suitable for deployment, a tributary on which bridge-building material may be collected and floated down unperceived, and so forth. It is not necessary to pursue the subject further, but these notes will serve to show how direct is the relation of Captain de Gruyther's volume to the events in South Africa. The civilian can master the elements it includes, and will understand the war much better after doing so. Messrs. Gale and Polden, who issue the book, are well-known military publishers. They have just added a capital volume, "Organisation and Equipment Made Easy," by Captain S. T. Banning, to their "Military Series," as well as a useful "Key to Hutchinson's Military Sketching Made Easy," by Captain L. J. Shadwell.

* * * *

I have been reading, with horrid fascination, "The Story of the Australian Bushrangers," told by George E. Boxall (Sonnenschein). There is always a certain wicked fascination in the deeds of outlaws, be they Dick Turpins or Claude Duvals, or even hideous wretches like John Lynch. We have all felt it from the day when we learned to love Robin Hood and his merry men in the greenwood until we read the latest sheet, damp from the printer, of Rolf Boldrewood. But never has there been anything quite so grim and horrible as Mr. Boxall's account of the Australian bushrangers. They stand here, explained in their origin, but detestable in their lust for pillage and for human gore—murderers, cannibals, and pirates of unspeakable infamy. Mr. Boxall describes their origin as due to the cruelty inflicted upon the convicts, the cat, and the famous "double cat," employed at Maquarie Harbour. "If flogging," he says, "were efficacious in preventing crime, it would have made the convict colonies the most virtuous places on earth"; but, sad as was the lot of convicts, he assures us that it was envied by soldiers. The question suggests itself, if the cat made bushrangers, why was it that the convicts, and not the soldiers, therefore, were developed that way? As things were, many convicts took to the bush, and Mr. Boxall, who is something of an apologist, wonders why they did not all do so.

* * * *

An example of the amenities of the wretches is found in an incident relating how a poor witless fellow was seized, and his feet thrust into leather moccassins filled with "soldier ants," which stung him until he is said to have died in agony. But this savagery is as nothing compared to the enormities of the Pierce gang of robbers and cannibals, who slaughtered their comrades for the sickening feast. It pales beside the horrible deeds of John Lynch, whose condemning judges rightly spoke of the monster's "tigrine relish for human gore." One of the most curious chapters in the history of the bushrangers is their relation to piracy. Many convicts made their escape from Maquarie Harbour, Port Arthur, and Norfolk Island in whale-boats, which they stole; but perhaps their greatest achievement was in seizing, by a mutinous outbreak, the Government brig "Cyprus" at Research Bay, in August, 1829. They took her to sea, and she was never heard of again, but probably became a wreck, and some of the mutineers were taken at Canton. These men were convicts, but those who seized the schooner "Edward" at Woolnorth in 1840, the "Waterwitch" in the Forth River in the same year, and the Government brig "Governor Phillip" at Norfolk Island in 1842, may be more fitly described as bushrangers. The whole book is a gloomy story of crime, with here and there, it is true, a touch of romance, but generally unrelieved in its tale of criminal outrage. Yet it is history, and the story of Australia will be imperfectly understood if the circumstances of the blight of bushranging be unknown. There is material in the book for a hundred shilling shockers, a fact which I hope no scribe will take advantage of, unless he can touch the crime with the glamour of romance, after the manner of Louis Stevenson. In a general way such things are best taken as sober history, and as such Mr. Boxall has written. His book is *sui generis* quite.

* * * *

The game of Bridge appears to be finding a good many admirers among the former votaries of Cavendish and Pole. It is urged in its favour that it avoids the defects of whist, and has advantages of its own. Upon that point I shall express no opinion. Mr. A. G. Hulme-Beaman, who has written a "Pons Asinorum" (Methuen) for the beginner in Bridge, votes whist old-fashioned. It had its prime, I suppose, in the days when ladies drank dishes of bohea and wore very short-waisted dresses. Now we must gravitate gradually, it would seem, towards Russian Vint, that complex comfort of the barrack-room and the Trans-Caspian train, and Bridge is the halfway house. Those who do not know the rules of the new game, and those who would perfect their play, should consult Mr. Hulme-Beaman's little treatise. In whist, of course, points scored over and above the game are valueless; in Bridge, every trick made "scores in cash." Very radical distinctions between Bridge and the old game are that in the former the dealer is able to utilise the riches in his hand by having the right to choose the trumps, that the suits have different values, and that during the play one hand is exposed and played by the dealer as his dummy. Some may find attraction in these novelties, and in a certain freedom in the rules of play, but I make no doubt that "old-fashioned" whist players will be found to uphold their ancient skill, and to denounce these new-fangled notions as heretical, and as an unjustifiable attempt to depreciate the value of a game which has proved entirely satisfactory and wholly pleasurable to generations of players.

* * * *

Many readers of this paper must be acquainted with the "Royal Navy List Diary and Naval Handbook" (Witherby). It is practically like other diaries, but is adapted to the requirements of Naval officers, and is very good. There are schedules for recording ports visited, drills and operations, and the making up of Admiralty returns. The letterpress portion includes a calendar of notable events, a Naval obituary, a list of benevolent funds and institutions in connection with the Royal Navy, an important article on Naval progress of the year by Mr. L. Carr Laughton, papers on tides, terrestrial magnetism, Naval officers as eclipse observers, and much else. The diary now appears for the third time, and I believe has met a want that many officers have felt. The recording of events is a traditional instinct of the Navy, and this volume presents every facility for the practice of it, for the diary portion allows a full page for each day, and is furnished with index, cash account, and other conveniences. In connection with a volume of such orthodox character, one is a little surprised to see the Navy heretically described as our "First Line of Defence." Whoever invented that misleading phrase did not understand the conditions of Imperial defence, for, while it unjustly slights the Army, it wholly misrepresents the duties of the Navy. However, the diary is wholly satisfactory, very capably edited, and full of useful matter, and it will certainly be found very useful by Naval officers.

* * * *

Mr. Cecil Rhodes has laughed loudly at the Boers outside Kimberley, and he is certainly a power in the land. Many will be glad to know that his sister, Miss Edith Rhodes, will contribute a series of interesting letters on "Life in Rhodesia" to the *Ladies' Field*. The first of the series appears on December 9, and the whole promises to be very interesting. Miss Rhodes is an accomplished lady, who knows well her brother's great work in Rhodesia, and is interested heart and soul in the vitality and prosperity of the great country, upon the fringe of which Colonel Plumer fixed his outpost at Tuli.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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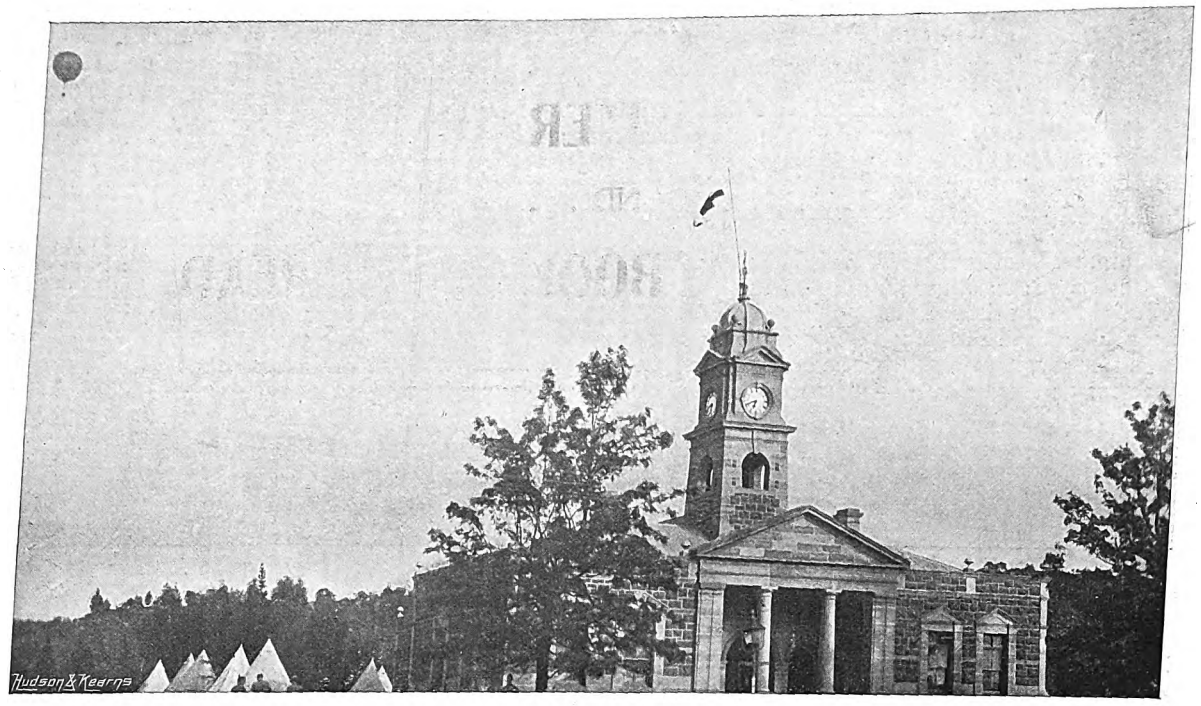
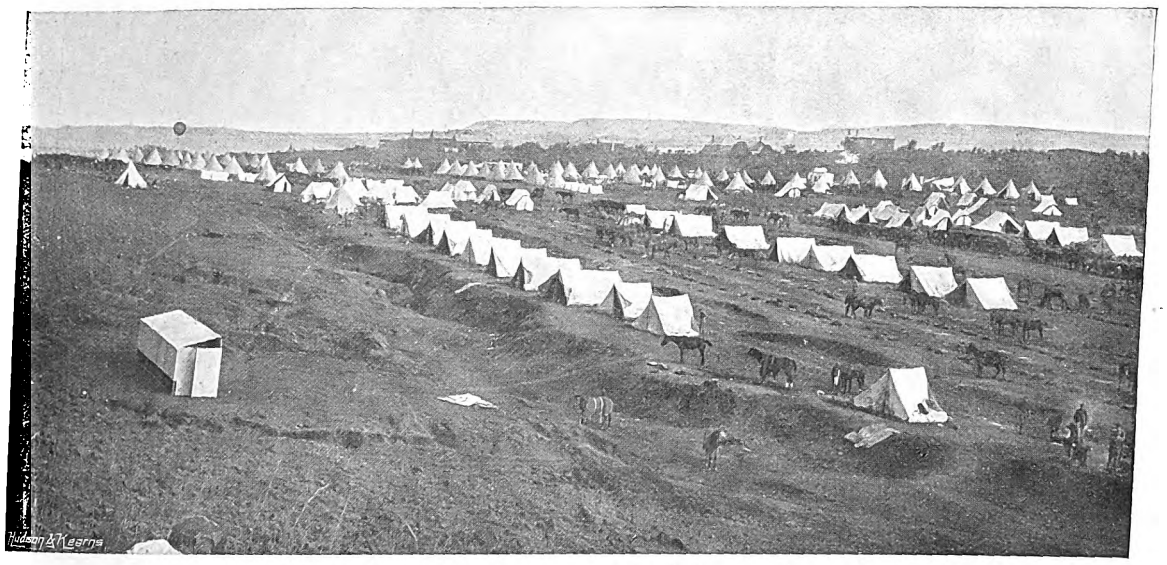
With White at Ladysmith.

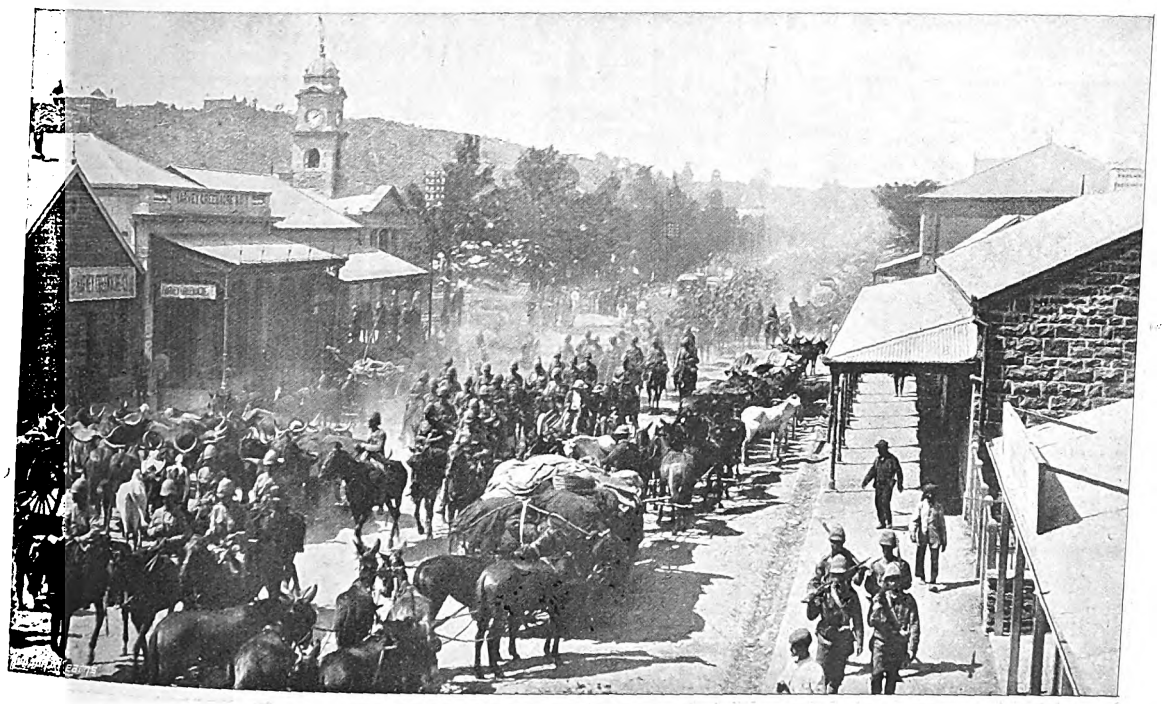
THE accompanying series of pictures brings us a step further in the realisation of the scheme projected by the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED at the commencement of the Boer War. In previous pictures we have seen the troops embarking and disembarking and actually on South African soil on their way to the front. The photographs reproduced to-day have a still more vivid interest. With one exception, that, namely, of the 4·7-in. gun, which was taken at Simon's Town, all were secured during the siege of Ladysmith, and several actually during the important battle which took place on October 30. There is a lurid attractiveness about photographs taken during the progress of an engagement which cannot fail to appeal very forcibly to a large circle of readers, whom we may remind that such pictures are only procurable for early publication by special arrangement, necessitating some foresight and involving a very elaborate system of special correspondence.



LADYSMITH TOWN HALL.
Used as a Hospital During the Investment



CAVALRY LINES AT LADYSMITH.
Camp of Chisholme's Imperial Light Horse.



Photos. Copyright. *H. W. Nicholls.*

AFTER THE BATTLE.
Troops Returning to Ladysmith after the Action of October 30.

The siege of Ladysmith has received such careful attention in the daily papers and also in our own "Story of the War," that it will be unnecessary here to do more than follow briefly the series of pictures on this and the following three pages. Of these the first two represent, it will be noted, scenes inside Ladysmith itself. The first shows the Ladysmith Town Hall, with the Red Cross flag flying above it, indicating that it is being used as a hospital. It is almost needless to add that here such of the Boer wounded as have been taken prisoners are being treated equally with our own officers and men. It will be seen that in a corner of the picture a balloon is floating. This is the observation balloon which has done excellent service during the siege in locating the enemy's position, which it has sometimes been difficult to discover from *terra firma*, owing to the use by the Boers of smokeless powder. Another picture shows the camp of the Imperial Light Horse at Ladysmith. After losing their gallant commander, Colonel Scott Chisholme, at the battle of Elandslaagte, this fine corps continued to do excellent service, and was present in most of the smart cavalry reconnaissances, some of them terminating in sharp engagements, which have been a notable feature of this

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NICHOLSON'S NEK.

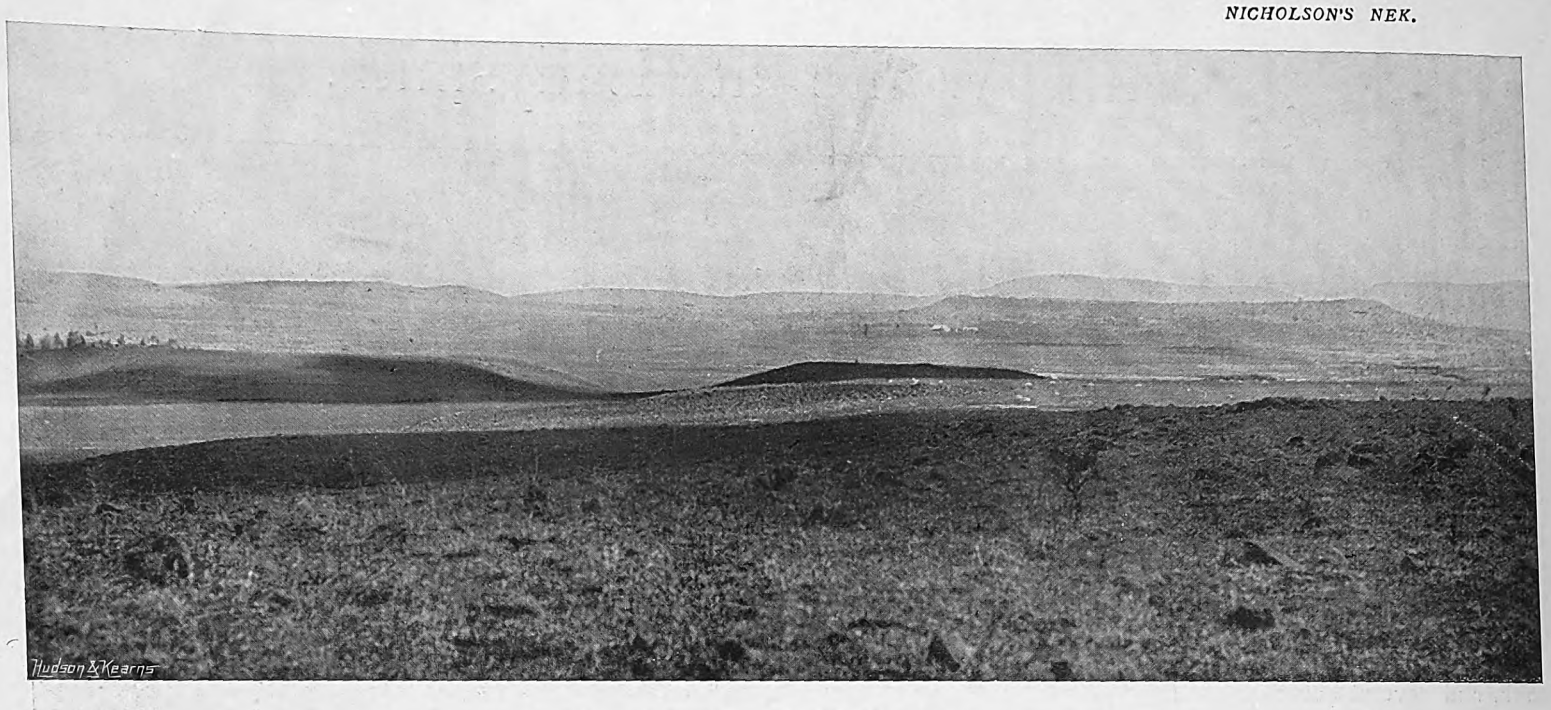

Photo. Copyright.

THE BATTLE OF LADYSMITH:

IN THE NICK OF TIME.
The Naval Contingent from the "Powerful."

and mounting guns. A panorama of the battle-field is here given, and in two subsequent pictures the main Boer position on Pepworth Hill, and Ladysmith, as it would have appeared to the Boers had they come in a little nearer, are illustrated. In the panorama, on the left centre, is Nicholson's Nek, whither on the night preceding the battle Sir George White had despatched a column, consisting of the 1st Gloucesters, the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, and No. 10 Mountain Battery, with a view to turning the right flank of the enemy's position, which stretched in a great semi-circle from Nicholson's Nek to the Newcastle Road. From the main Boer position at Pepworth Hill some little puffs of smoke are to be noticed. These are from the Boer guns in position, while the light patch in the foreground indicates a large body of our infantry, some 3,000 strong, who are about to advance against the Boers.

remarkable siege. Considering that the organisation of this corps was only a matter of days, it is simply astonishing that the men should have shaken down to their duties with such rapidity, and performed them in a manner so brilliantly creditable to themselves and to the brave soldier who lost his life when leading them against the enemy for the first time.

Let us now turn to the battle of Ladysmith, as we must call it until it is given an official title. We refer of course to the fighting on October 30, which included the memorable disaster of Nicholson's Nek. It will be impossible to discuss the engagement in detail, but it may be briefly mentioned that the Boers had appeared in considerable force before Ladysmith, and had been busily entrenching positions

Photos. Copyright. PEPWORTH HILL. H. W. Nicholls.
The Boer Main Position at the Battle of Ladysmith.

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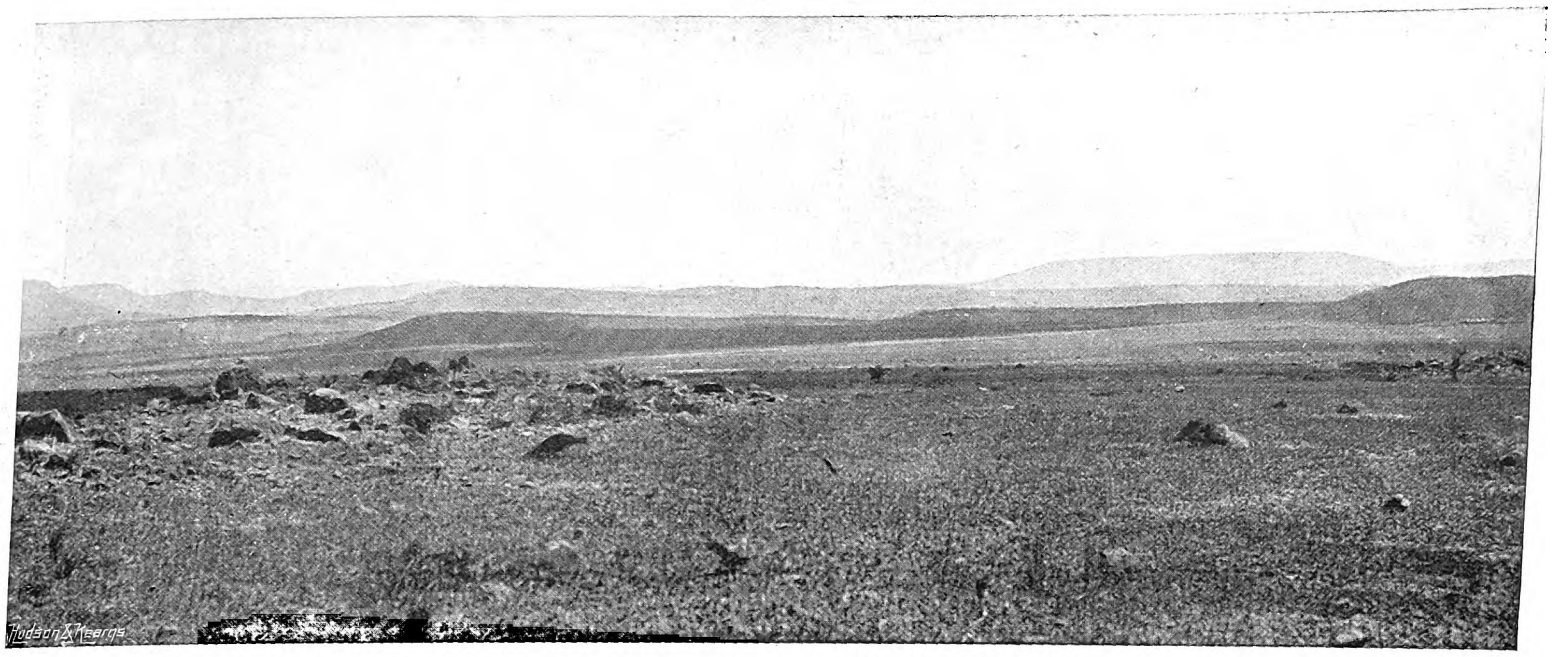
PEPWORTH HILL.



PANORAMA OF THE BOER POSITION. H. W. Nicholls.

Some graphic and, in two instances, rather ghastly incidents of the battle itself will be found grouped by themselves on the fourth page. The transference of the wounded to the ambulance while the battle is proceeding is a painful reminder of the horrible contrasts exhibited by the realities of war. One moment all is excitement and eager anticipation. A battery comes into action against a distant enemy, whose position is just faintly observable on yonder hill. Suddenly a screaming hurtling sound is heard as a Boer shell comes whizzing into the battery's midst. An explosion follows, and the splendidly organised unit becomes for a moment confused, men and horses being stricken to the earth, some, alas! never to rise again. The wounded are, if the bearers are handy, carried off to the ambulance. In one instance we see a wounded gunner, one of whose legs has been blown to pieces by the explosion of a shell, being taken off by his comrades on a gun-carriage which had been temporarily spared for this sad duty.

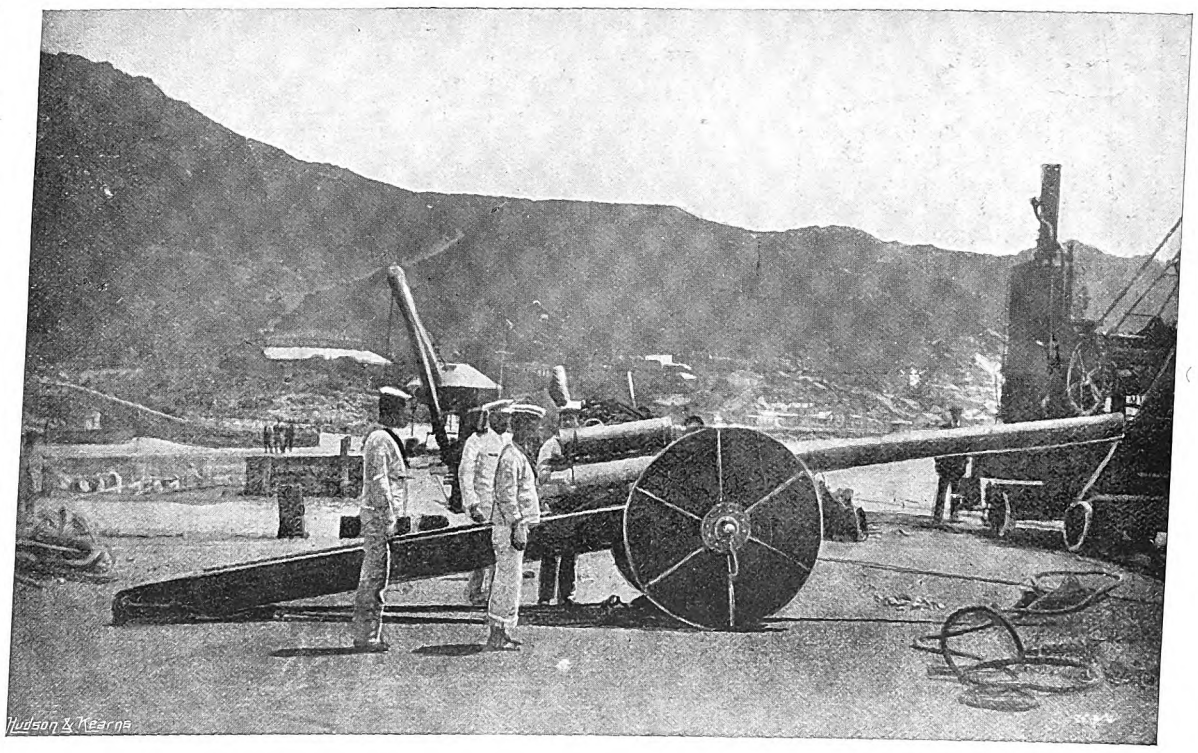


Photo. Copyright. A 4·7-in. GUN. On Captain Percy Scott's Travelling Carriage. V. Harris.

One of the remaining pictures shows the contingent of Bluejackets from the "Powerful," who arrived on the scene of action at 10 a.m., and two hours later had got their guns into position, and in three rounds silenced the enemy's long-range 40-pounder. In another picture is illustrated the 4·7-in. gun taken to the front from Durban by the Bluejackets on Captain Percy Scott's mounting, by which the recoil is absorbed by an ingenious arrangement of wooden beams. A third picture shows the troops returning to Ladysmith after the battle above referred to.

Photo. Copyright. LADYSMITH. As Seen from Halfway to the Boer Position. H. W. Nicholls.

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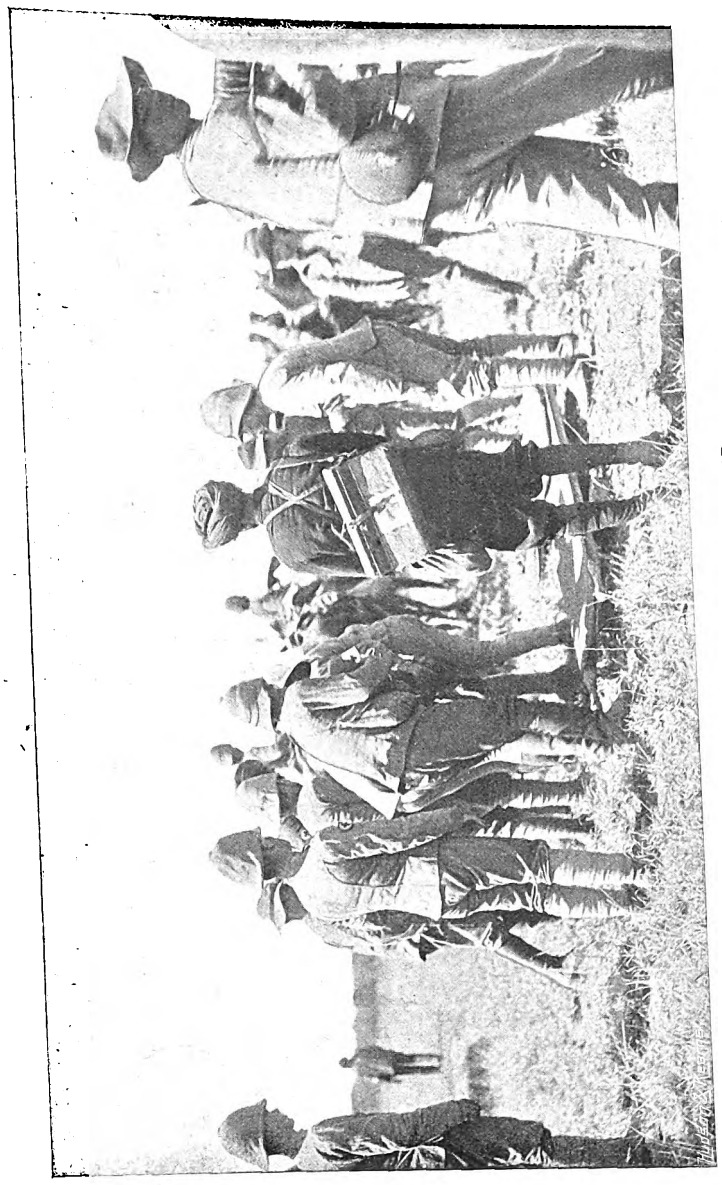
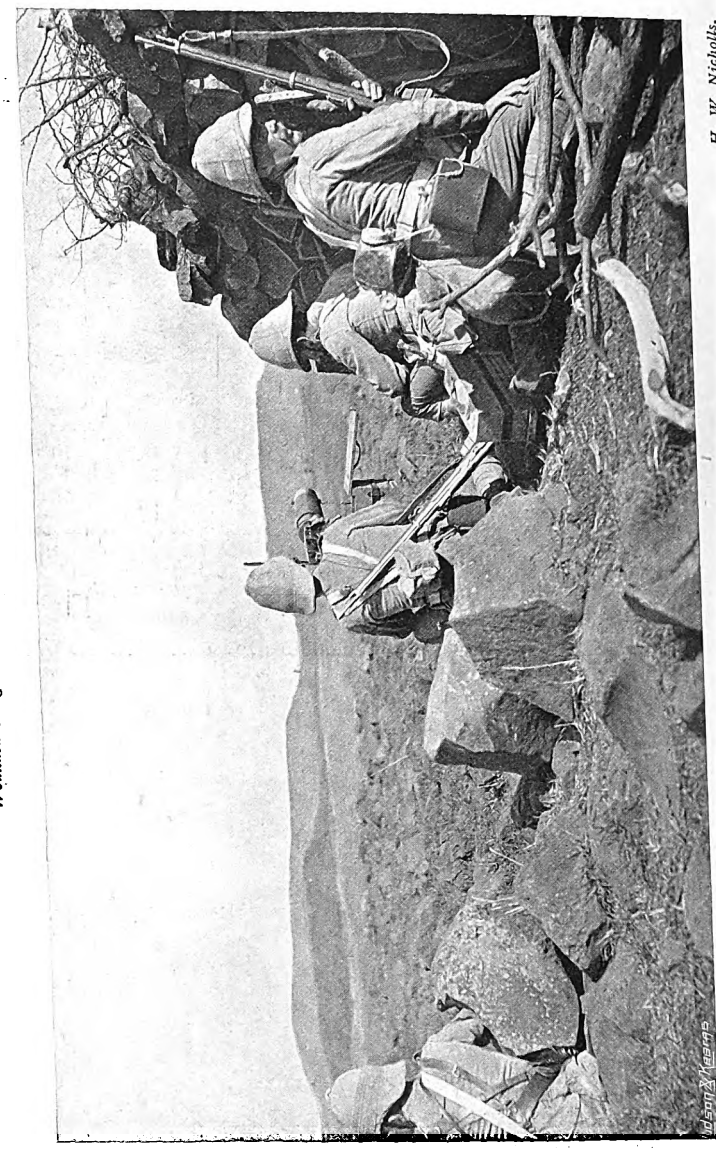


THE SEAMY SIDE OF WAR.
Wounded being Carried to the Ambulance during the Fight.



H. W. Nicholls.

WHERE MAXIMS COUNT.
Pumping Lead into a Flying Enemy's Flank.

A GHASTLY BURDEN.
Gun-carriage Taking Wounded Gunner to the Ambulance.

GOOD PRACTICE FOR MARKSMEN.
Devons Firing on the Retreating Boers.

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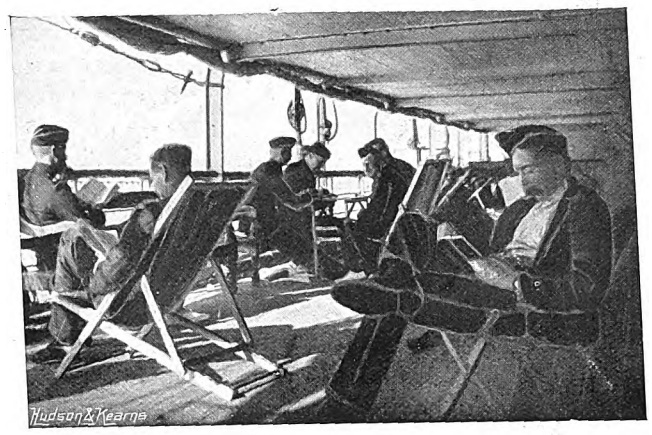
On the Way to Cape Town.

THE day when a general was allowed to go on service with the prayers and good wishes of his country only is long passed. In former times, if the nation kept its eye on him, it was only in a spasmodic way and when it got a chance. Now, thanks to the development of photography, the difficulty for the general or other eminent man in whom the nation takes an interest is to escape from the eye, which not only looks on him, but takes his portrait continually. It is one way of showing admiration, no doubt, and it must be pleasant to its object up to a certain point. But it is conceivable that a time may come when the distinguished man becomes rather tired of being snap-shotted. The navvy in "Bleak House" rebelled against being drawn like a badger by the charitable lady, and it is said that Sir Redvers has ended by sharing his feelings. After being made to pose unwittingly for a prolonged series of photographs, he is reported to have said there had been enough, and to have used the captain of the "Dunottar Castle" as a handy movable sangar, or breastwork, against the sharpshooters who have been potting him before the Boers had a chance to begin. But everybody has to work now in the more or less fierce light which beats on those of whom their country wishes to hear, or whom it wishes to see. The officers who accompanied General Buller are visible to much more than the mind's eye of those they left behind them. We can look on them as they pass their time on the promenade deck of the "Dunottar Castle," perhaps in studying solid works on South Africa; but, also, perhaps not. A man's studies had better be well finished when he starts to begin his work, and the last interval before it has to be taken in hand may often be best employed in rest. Did not Moltke devote the days which followed the order to mobilise in 1870 to novels or some such frivolous occupation. This has often been quoted to show how perfect the German arrangements were; but it is also a proof of Moltke's good sense. He knew that he would have neither rest nor a free mind for months, and preferred to go fresh to what was ahead of him. For the soldier there is not the same need to husband his intellectual forces. In the transports which have gone and are going to South Africa, he probably is chiefly of a wish that the voyage were over. He is uncommonly well off in comparison with his predecessors. We hear complaints that some of the steamers taken up for transports have only made their 10 knots an hour. The complaint is possibly reasonable if better could have been got; still, what seems like slow progress to us would have been a luxury indeed in the times of nine months' voyages to India, with a stop in Brazil to fend off the scurvy. There was tighter packing in those days, and there were no baths on deck. The nearest approach was a sail lowered overboard in a dead calm, and a swim inside it, with a pleasing sense that the sharks were prowling round outside. We have altered all that, and many other things, and we must needs believe that the change is for the better. Less prolonged strain there certainly is, and that is a gain. Whatever help and relief can be given to those who are fighting and to fight in South Africa is entirely their right, for it is by no means an easy task they have to fulfil.

General Buller, it may be mentioned, chaffingly threatened to have the photographer who took these pictures of him thrown overboard if he did not desist.



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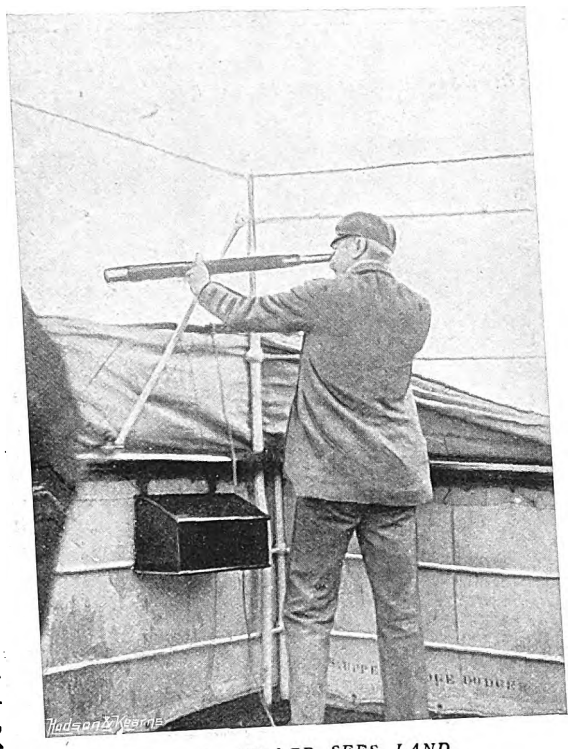
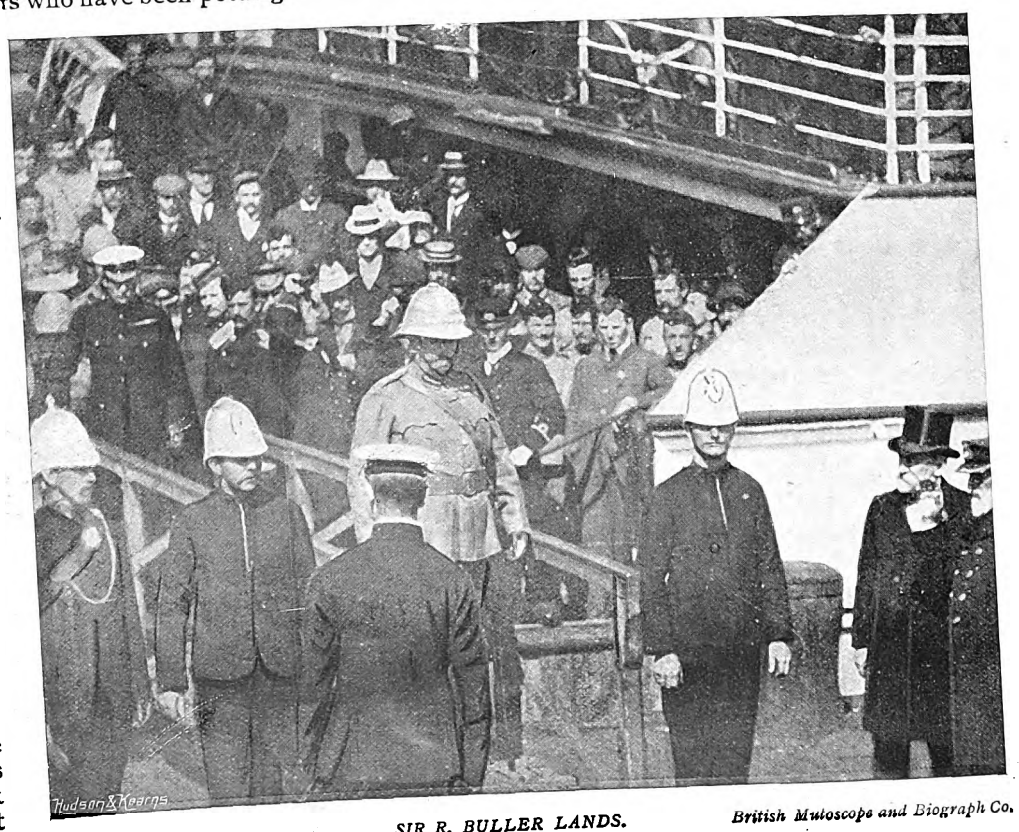
OFFICERS ON THE PROMENADE DECK.
War Studies and War Games.



SIR R. BULLER SEES LAND.
No Refuge from the Camera.

THE GENERAL IS "SNAPPED" AT.
Sir R. Buller Shutting Out the Photographer.



Photos. Copyright. SIR R. BULLER LANDS. *British Mutoscope and Biograph Co.*
On the Scene of His Labours.

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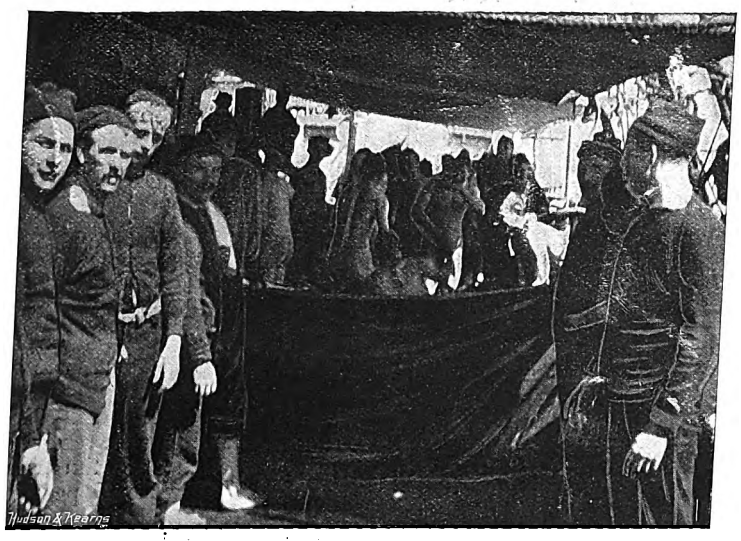

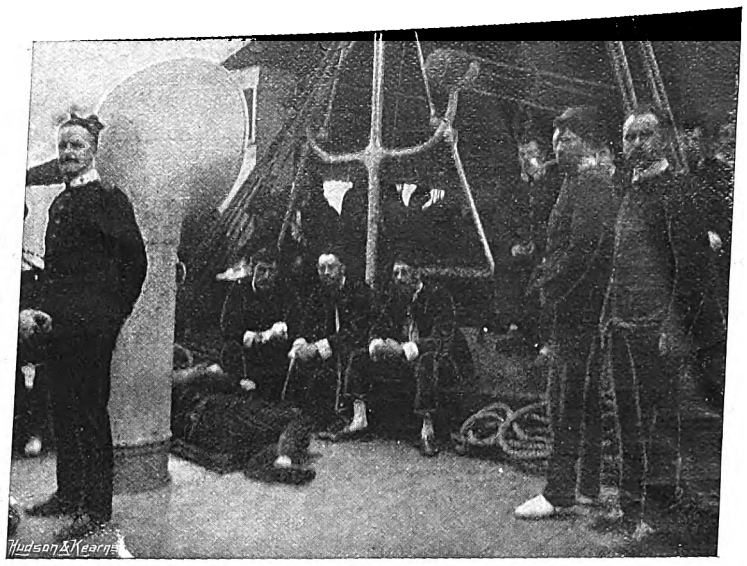

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POSING FOR THE CAMERA. *A Photographer's Haul* *"Navy & Army."*

"Up Doubles the 'Handy Man.'"

LIEUTENANT H. W. JAMES.

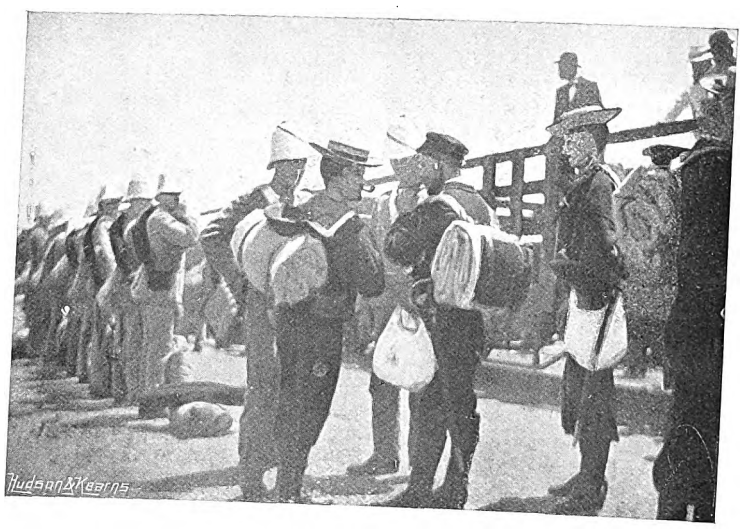
As usual when it comes to fighting, the "handy man" and his pal, "the giddy harumfrodite—soldier and sailor, too," are well to the front. All told, the Naval Brigade has, up to date, shared in—and suffered severely in—the heaviest fighting our forces have had to engage in. Lambton's men were the first to come to White's aid at Ladysmith, and, as in Egypt in 1882, when Rawson fell at Tel-el-Kebir, one of the first of its most promising young officers to die in his first fight was Egerton, the "Gunnery Jack," whose guns, it is no exaggeration to say, enabled Ladysmith to hold out as it has done. Again, we no sooner hear of Methuen being in touch with his foe than we find that, in the tough fighting in the advance to Kimberley, at Belmont, and at Graspan, the Bluejackets are once more adding fresh honours to the flag they fight under. These are the two big brigades that were landed and sent up from Durban and Simon's Bay respectively; but whenever we are in a tight corner there is always ready a useful contingent even from the smallest little cruiser or gun-boat. And such went up from the "Tartar," when the Boers, now driven back, were lapping round to cut off the head of the column that, as reinforcements arrived, was pushing forward to the relief of Ladysmith.

Only twenty-seven Bluejackets and one officer formed the "Tartar's" contingent, and their luck was that a third of the little detachment should take their share in the hard fight of the armoured train near Estcourt, in which the vast majority of those engaged were either killed, wounded, or captured.

Of the ten men who manned the Naval gun in the train four are reported as missing—that is to say, they may be either dead, wounded, or captured. Our illustrations depict the departure of the squad from Durban on its way to the front.

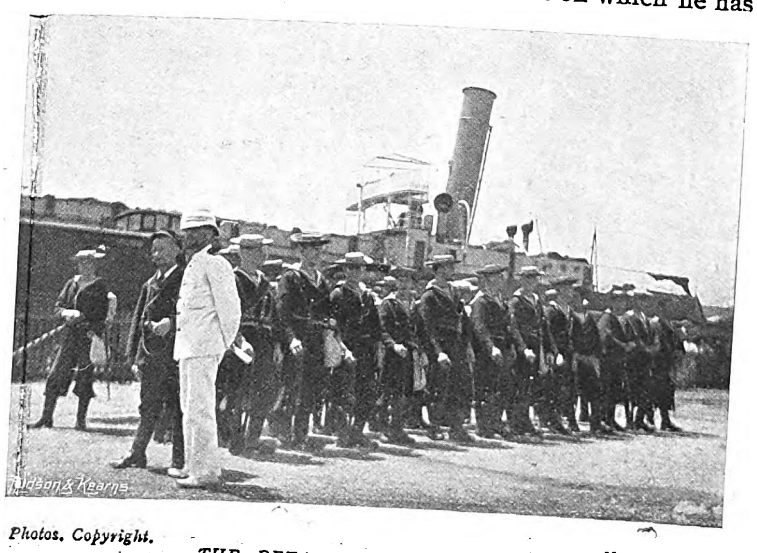
The portrait is that of Lieutenant H. W. James, the first lieutenant of the smart little third-class cruiser, who was landed in command of the "Tartar's" contingent. Another illustration shows the squad falling in on the wharf prior to entraining for the front, whilst the third shows the Bluejackets having an interesting discussion on the probable course of events with some of their comrades of the sister Service.

A strong contrast is offered in the last picture, for Tommy Atkins is in his khaki field clothing, while Jack is wearing the blue, with leggings, the kit that we have all seen so often at a military tournament when Bluejackets are landed for a march out or parade purposes. Jack with a pack on his back also looks somewhat novel; but he can "hump his swag," do a hard day's march, and come up smiling at the end of it as well as the best route-



LANDING ON DURBAN WHARF.

marching battalion in Her Majesty's Army. In truth, Jack is always in training, and a little outing like this is only a picnic for him. He enjoys it down to the ground, which is probably the reason why, when the work has to be done, he does it so well. On every occasion on which he has



Photos. Copyright. *THE DETACHMENT "FALLS IN."* *Navy & Army."*

been employed he has covered himself with distinction, and he and his brethren of the Marines, both blue and red, have been a tower of strength to Methuen's force in all the fighting from Belmont to Modder's Spruit. But it saddens one to think of the heavy losses the small contingents have sustained, and such highly-trained material is hard to replace.

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Shoulder to Shoulder.

BRITISH AND COLONIAL TROOPS AT THE FRONT.

As soon as it was known in Canada that the Dominion's offer to supply whatever troops Great Britain wished for had been accepted, such enthusiasm was aroused that the Militia Department had no easy task in selecting the men, 1,000 in all. In the end, in order to please everybody and to prevent jealousy, it was decided that the eight military districts should each recruit and supply 125 non-commissioned officers and men. One of our illustrations shows the contingent that left Vancouver to form part of the company furnished by British Columbia and Manitoba. It numbered sixteen men, with Sergeant Moscrop in command. The scene at Vancouver when this gallant little band left for Quebec, there to embark for the Cape, was one of indescribable enthusiasm. Escorted to the station by their battalion band, the men were wildly cheered by the thousands who had gathered to bid them God-speed on their loyal errand. Our Canadian cousins may be sure of a hearty welcome by British and Colonials in South Africa. Another illustration shows what serviceable men the Cape Volunteers are. Here we have some men of Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artillery. The regiment is commanded by Major T. J. J. Inglesby, who with some of his colleagues has seen active service before. The corps is with Lord Methuen's force, which has done such good service while on the way to relieve Kimberley. The third illustration on this page shows a detachment of the Army Service Corps landing at Port Elizabeth from the "Braemar Castle." The detachment was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel F. T. Clayton, and was composed of some twenty companies brought from various stations at home. The troops on landing were received with the utmost enthusiasm by dense crowds of people, and were escorted to quarters by the band of Prince Alfred's Guards, a local Volunteer corps.

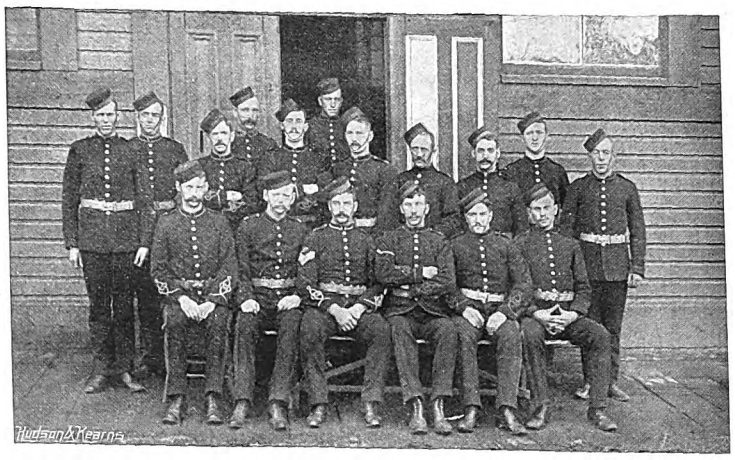

Photo. Copyright. VANCOUVER SENDS HER BEST. Henderson.
A Detachment of the Canadian Contingent.

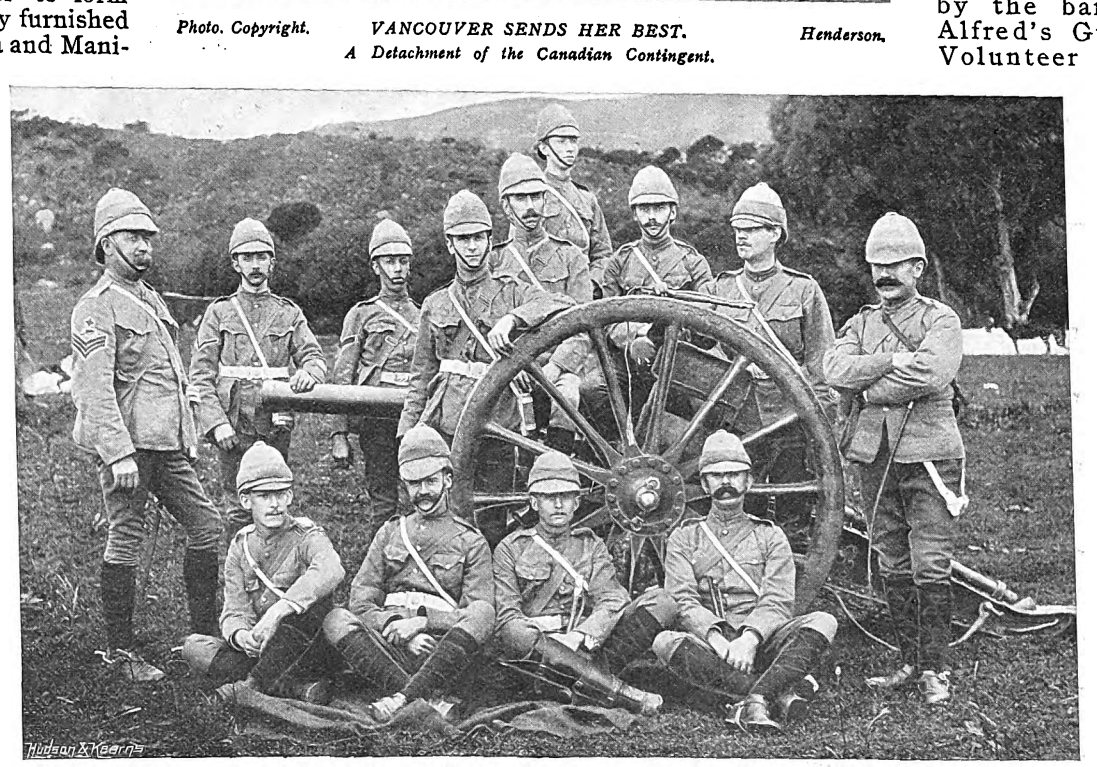

Photo. Copyright. PRINCE ALFRED'S OWN CAPE ARTILLERY. Miller.
A Smart South African Corps Serving with Lord Methuen.

The Army Service Corps in times of war is a most important branch of the Service. Supply and transport are the main duties of the corps. With one Army Corps there should be three companies at the base, two on the lines of communication, and one at the advanced depôt executing the general requirements at busy points and charged with the receipt, transmission, and account of supplies and stores. There should also be fourteen companies for duty with units of the fighting force, providing for their needs, and affording transport to the field hospitals and bearer companies, and two companies to produce bread for the moving army in front; making twenty two companies in all, each with four or five officers for the executive duties, supplemented by the mass of general hired transport.

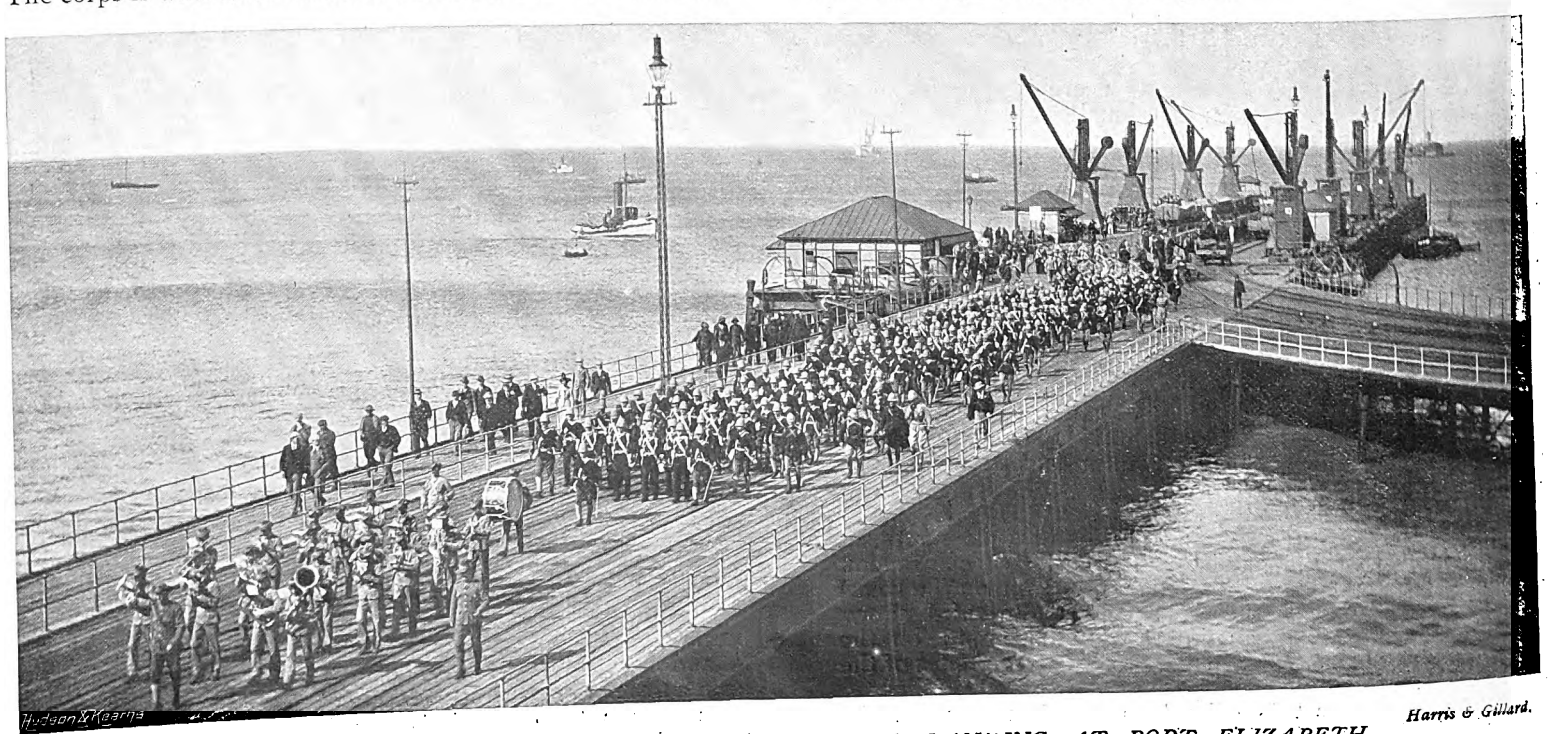

Photo. Copyright A DETACHMENT OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS LANDING AT PORT ELIZABETH. Harris & Gillard.
To Superintend Supply and Transport.

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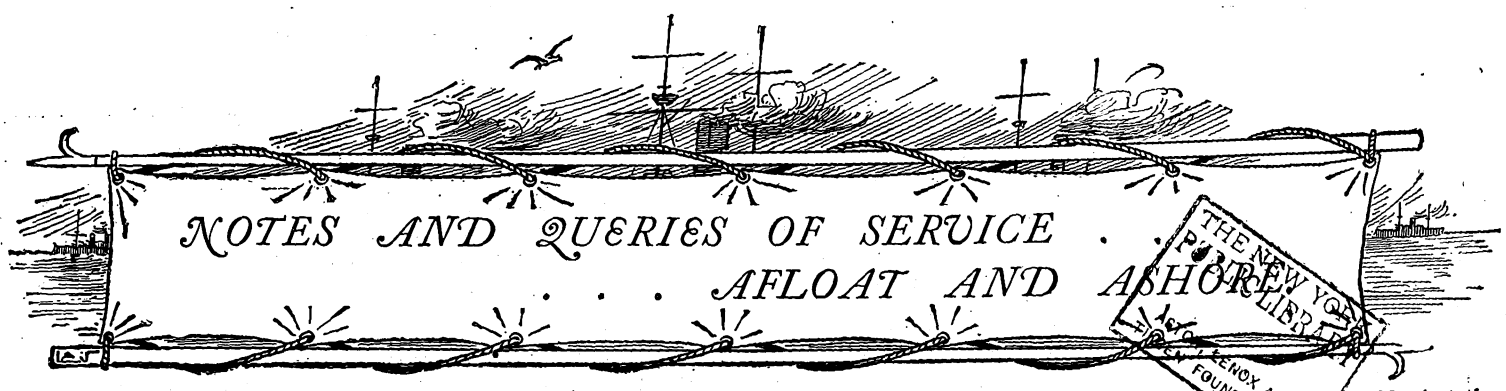

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

"G. R. T." (Dublin).—There seems to be no doubt that the Boers have been guilty of hoisting the white flag and then firing upon advancing troops. One telegram from the front says that "It is generally recognised, after recent experience, that the hoisting of the white flag by the Boers is merely a subterfuge to assist a retreat, or to draw our men under fire." Since the receipt of this news two specific cases have been reported, one during the Boer advance into Zululand, and the other during the battle near Ladysmith on November 2. On the latter occasion the Boer force was caught in the open ground, whereupon several white flags were raised. The British advanced without firing in order to accept the surrender, but as they approached the enemy fired a volley into them at close range. Enraged at this treachery, the Lancers, Hussars, and Dragoons, followed by the infantry with fixed bayonets, charged through and through the enemy, doing great execution. This, I fear, is not the only penalty they will have to pay for their treachery. As to the charge against the Boers of firing on a white flag in this campaign, I do not think it has been substantiated. At the same time, if you will read the story of Bronkhorst Spruit, in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for October 21, you will see that the Boers have in past times been guilty of such treachery.

* * * *

"T. K. L."—Yes, there is an official dockyard rat-catcher, who is employed under the chief boatswain. His position is no sinecure, for he has, of course, to keep his traps always baited. His average catch is forty-five rats a week of varying species, none of which, however, can equal in point of size the British rat, which often measures 19-in. from tip of nose to end of tail. This catch is at the Portsmouth Dockyard, where the man is assisted by between 200 and 300 pariah cats, whose food consists almost solely of rats, and this diet, being poisonous, gives them the mange, with the result that it is impossible to tame them. Both traps and bait are made by the rat-catcher himself, and in the manufacture of the latter a secret compound of his own is utilised, sprinkled on lettuce and cabbage leaves. So alluring to the rat is the odour of this secret mixture that as many as ten have pushed their way into one cage designed to close after the entrance of one. In the old trooping days the business was more profitable to the rat-catcher than now, for it was then a common thing for 500 rats to be caught in a ship after a voyage from Bombay. Amongst the biggest catches ever made was that in the "St. Vincent," when in one leave season no fewer than 1,200 rodents were captured.

* * * *

"B. S." (Fettes College, Edinburgh).—The uniform of all Hussar regiments is blue. The 3rd is distinguished by a scarlet collar, a busby-bag of garter blue, and a white plume. A yellow busby-bag and scarlet plume are the distinctive marks of the 4th Hussars. The 7th Hussars wear a scarlet busby-bag and white plume, and the 8th is similarly clothed, excepting for the plume, which is red and white. The scarlet busby-bag with black and white plume proclaims the 10th Hussars, but the 11th is more easily recognised than any other regiment, for its overalls are of crimson. The busby-bag is of the same colour, and the plume crimson and white. The collars and busby-bags worn by the 13th Hussars are of buff, and the plumes white. The 14th wear a similar plume, but combined with a yellow busby-bag. Scarlet is the colour of both the busby-bag and plume that distinguish the 15th Hussars. The 18th Hussars may be recognised by a blue busby-bag and a plume of scarlet and white. The busby-bag and plume of the 19th are both of white, and a crimson busby-bag with yellow plume marks the 20th Hussars.

* * * *

"R. E."—The maintenance of pigeon services by various countries for use in time of war is a much more expensive item than you have been given to understand. In both France and Germany, where the pigeon services are on a very elaborate scale, some thousands of pounds are provided annually for the maintenance and training of the birds. When our own Admiralty was induced to follow the example set by the above-mentioned and other countries and establish a Naval pigeon service, the initial outlay for three lofts ran into £1,176. Those erected at Sheerness cost £545, while £350 was spent on lofts at Portsmouth, and on those built at Devonport another £280. It was originally estimated that the building of the Sheerness lofts would not entail the expenditure of more than £270, and, as may be imagined, the Admiralty was not particularly pleased to find a bill for more than double that amount. At each of the three lofts 200 pigeons are kept and trained, and it is expected that this will mean an annual outlay of not less than £295. The feeding of the birds will absorb at least £150; £85 will be required for a warrant officer's travelling and sustenance allowance; training expenses will account for £45; and repair and maintenance of the lofts another £15.

* * * *

"LONDON IRISH."—In order to enlist in the Rifle Brigade as a private soldier, your height must be 5-ft. 3½-in. The minimum chest measurement is fixed at 33-in., and the minimum weight at 115-lb.; but the chest measurement depends upon the height of a recruit, and the medical officer is allowed a certain amount of latitude in selecting suitable men. Supposing, for instance, that a recruit is not of the prescribed weight, the medical officer might pass him if he were likely to prove a useful soldier. There is no rule which prevents a Volunteer from joining the regular Service, and if he is "efficient" before leaving the Volunteers his corps is entitled to a capitation grant on his behalf for the year during which he enlists. A Volunteer is naturally welcomed in the regular Army, having already learned the use of a rifle, but the fact of your having been in the Volunteers would not, I think, compensate for any physical defect, such as bad eyesight, nor would it give you a prior claim to promotion. There is no necessity for your giving notice to your commanding officer before enlisting in the regular Army; when you become a regular soldier you are deemed to be discharged from the Volunteers, but are liable to deliver up all arms, clothing, etc., and to pay all money due from you to the corps [Vol. Act, 1863, s. 8]. The uniform of the Rifle Brigade is green with black facings, and the colonel-in-chief is General H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who is also honorary colonel of the London Irish Rifles. Among other honours, the distinguished regiment can lay claim to "Corunna," "Fuentes d'Onoro," "Badajos," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Lucknow," and "Khartoum." Colours are not, however, carried by rifle regiments.

* * * *

"P. L. P."—The Union Jack varies in size, but a full-sized ensign is much larger than you have stated, for it measures a full 33-ft. in length and 16½-ft. in width. In other words, it is the height of three full-grown men, and if thirty-three men were laid down in three rows it would just cover them. But, although "the flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze" has so large a superficial area, its weight is no more than 17-lb., the material of which it is made being so very fine. Bunting is the material from which most of the flags in use in the Navy are made, and each year an enormous quantity of this is used, for vessels are always wanting new flags. Last year no fewer than 14,000 flags were manufactured at Chatham, for which purpose 160,000-yds. of bunting were cut up. More attention is paid to flag-making than most people would imagine. Ere the bunting can be passed for use it is subjected to a most severe tensile strain. A piece of the cloth measuring 9-in. by 6-in. must withstand a strain of 115-lb. in the warp and 95-lb. in the weft. The reason for this is, of course, to be found in the force of the wind the flag encounters when flying at the mast-head, a force which would tear a flag made of any light material into shreds.

* * * *

"BILLET."—The British wounded left by General Yule at Dundee when he evacuated that place were left in hospital under the Geneva flag. The Geneva Convention of 1864 in Article I. states that ambulances and military hospitals shall be acknowledged to be neutral, and as such shall be protected and respected by belligerents so long as any sick or wounded may be therein. Article VI. of the Convention provides that wounded who have fallen into the hands of the enemy shall, after their wounds be healed, be sent back to their country if it is recognised that they are incapable of serving. The others may be sent back also on condition of not bearing arms again during the continuance of the war. Some wounded prisoners, of course, will not agree to that condition, and they become prisoners of war. A telegram published a few days since gave an example of this, telling of a lieutenant who had been among the wounded at Dundee and was then a prisoner.

* * * *

ACCORDING to the last "Annual Return of the Volunteer Corps of Great Britain," there were 230,678 enrolled Volunteers, of whom 224,300 were efficient. The efficients were made up as follows: Light Horse, 17 officers and 163 non-commissioned officers and men; Artillery, 1,630 officers and 38,964 non-commissioned officers and men; Engineers (Fortress and Railway), 427 officers and 10,413 non-commissioned officers and men; Engineers (Submarine Miners), 73 officers and 1,149 non-commissioned officers and men; Infantry, 5,758 officers and 164,389 non-commissioned officers and men; Medical Staff Corps, 56 officers and 1,261 non-commissioned officers and men. Those who earned the higher grant of 50s. for proficiency numbered 20,045, viz., 6,388 officers and 13,657 sergeants. No fewer than 1,694 officers also received the grant for passing in tactics or artillery. The grant for signalling was won by 10 officers and 17 non-commissioned officers, and that for supply duties by 14 officers and 25 non-commissioned officers. At the Annual Inspection (1898) there were present on parade 198,376 of all ranks.

* * * *

"M. R. S." (Glasgow).—To join the Cape Mounted Rifles you must be between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, 5-ft. 7-in. to 6-ft. in height, and not more than 175-lb. in weight. At eighteen years of age the chest measurement must be 33½-in., at nineteen to twenty-one 34-in., and 35-in. between twenty-two and twenty-five years of age. Candidates engaged in England must pass an examination by the medical officer in London, and by the principal medical officer at headquarters on arrival there. The life is a hard one, and the medical examination is consequently severe. Preference in selecting candidates is given to men of strong physique, and especially to those who have been accustomed to athletic exercises, and who can ride and shoot well. If you can successfully pass the test you must thereupon pay to the Agent-General 23 guineas for a second-class passage to the Cape. On arrival at Cape Town you will be at once "sworn in," and sent to the headquarters of the corps at Umtata. The pay of a second-class private is 5s.; of a first-class private, 6s.; of a corporal, 6s. 6d.; of a third-class sergeant, 7s.; of a second-class sergeant, 8s.; and of a first-class sergeant, 9s. per day. The Agent-General for the Cape of Good Hope, 112, Victoria Street, London, S.W., will give you more detailed information on application.

THE EDITOR.

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A Day on the Lower Deck.

By John Stockholm.

"Come down properly"

I SUPPOSE illustrated papers, Naval exhibitions, reviews, and mobilisings have by this time made the ships of our Navy pretty familiar to the landsman; but the inner life of the men themselves is still, to a large extent, a sealed book. It may be doubted, indeed, if the real Bluejacket is ever properly understood, except by those who have actually lived with him—who have wintered and summered him, as he himself would express it.

He is often misunderstood by his shore-going brethren; he is not so drunk as he is painted. If he does sometimes skip a little when on shore, it is not sufficiently considered by his critics that this is his day out, and that he is young. His long periods of enforced abstinence should not be forgotten. He should be compared in fairness to his civilian brother on Bank Holidays. It should be remembered, too, that he is a stranger with no home in the port, and with no welcome save at the public-house. He is shy among strangers, whose talk is not his talk, and he often conceals his shyness by an unnatural bravado, which, by an easy transition, sometimes leads to an equally unnatural quarrelsomeness; so that it may be seen how an altogether unreal Jack often presents himself on shore, and that to know him as he is he must be seen on his native deck, which he treads without boots, a joyous, irresponsible humourist, gifted with perpetual youth.

The task of thus presenting him, however, is not to be attempted here; the object of the present article is simply to show how he lives and moves in his daily life on board. His daily life begins early, at 4 a.m. sometimes, though it may be anything between this and 7 a.m., according to the time of year and the climate. On hot stations all the drill and open-air work is very often done in the cool hours of the early morning; while at the other extreme, when the temperature is below freezing-point, and it is not advisable to wash down the upper deck, he is perhaps allowed to "catch booby" until 7 a.m.

These, however, are the exceptional cases. The average is about 5 a.m., at which time in most ships he is aroused by the hoarse cry of a ship's corporal or boatswain's mate, who exhorts him to "show a leg," and to "rise and shine," etc. He has been packed all night, perhaps, in a small flat with 100 others, wedged in a row so tightly that he can only get in and out of his hammock over the foot lashing, his nose close to the beam from which he is suspended, and an electric light glaring full in his face. The ports have probably been closed, certainly if he is at sea, and his only fresh air has come from a hatchway in the next flat. It is no wonder that this is a trifle tainted before morning. Sailors are undoubtedly healthy as a class, but there is also no doubt that they would be still more so if the ventilating arrangements were better.

Having turned out and dressed himself—his clothes have been folded under his head for a pillow—he lashes up his hammock neatly with the regulation seven turns, and stows it in the appointed place. If it is "lashed up ugly," he is liable to a "re-stow."

He then proceeds to his mess—his "house," as he calls it, or "rook," *i.e.*, rookery—and washes himself in a tub of water provided by the careful cooks the night before. The "house" consists of a table and stools, and a couple of racked shelves for crockery. It is probably situated in some awkward corner that does not happen to be wanted for any other purpose. The numberless appliances for which room has to be found in a modern war-ship—the guns, dynamos, torpedo-tubes, coal-shoots, etc.—make it increasingly difficult to provide living room for the men, and the old-fashioned fore and aft mess-deck is almost a thing of the past.

His ablutions finished, he takes a handful of biscuit from the bread-barge, or, if in harbour, the remainder of a loaf issued the night before, and this, with a basin of cocoa, forms his simple breakfast. Sometimes, when he numbers among his messmates several exceptionally good trenchermen—"munching machines" he calls them—there is "no bread on the loaf" in the morning. It has all been disposed of overnight. In this case, or if he wishes to supplement the severely simple Government ration, he will repair to the canteen, and indulge in a tin of "sharks" (sardines), or of "spotted dog" (pressed beef). Most ships have a "dry canteen," *i.e.*, where no liquor is sold, which is managed by the men themselves, and is quite independent of Service support, except that the captain permits a storing-place to be used, and that the accounts, etc., are supervised by one of the officers.

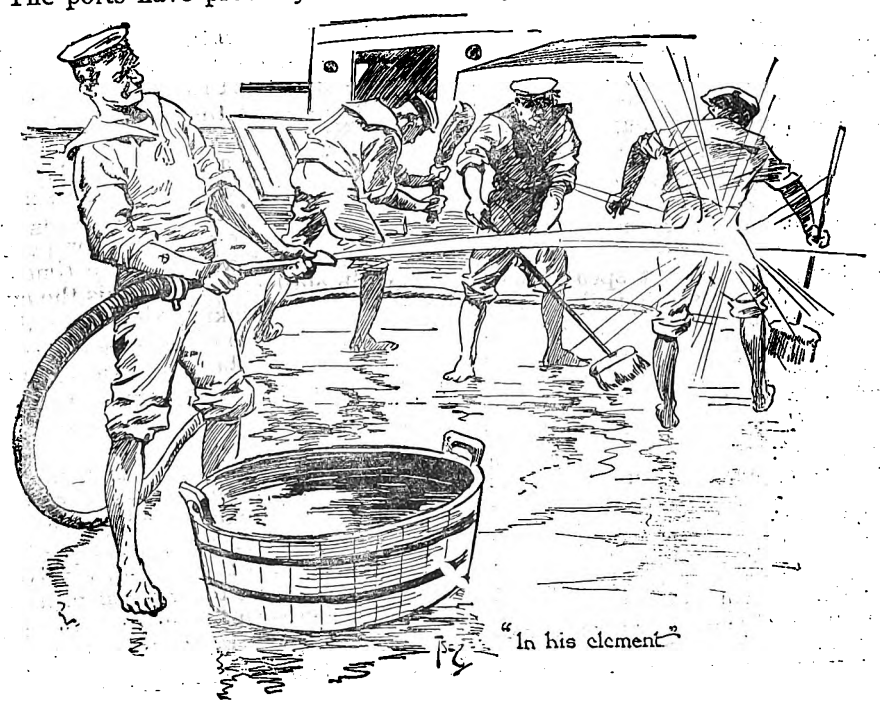
After a short interval for smoking, he goes on deck to wash down, scrub ladders, clean out boats, and generally to tidy up, while the watch below scrub the mess-deck, and the cooks prepare the dinner. While washing down the upper deck he is to be seen in his element. To get hold of a hose and to squirt salt water everywhere, or to distribute it prodigally in tubfuls, is his delight. No duck is happier in his pond; in fact, his detractors among the Marines—"leather necks" he calls them—say that, if closely examined, he will be found, like other aquatic birds, to be web-footed.

The scrubbing and washing over, he goes to "quarters" and cleans his gun and rifle. This done, some short "evolution" is performed. If he is with the fleet, for instance, he may get into a boat and pull round all the ships. At 9 o'clock he goes to "divisions," and is inspected to see that his clothes are uniform and tidy. This is followed by prayers.

It will be seen that he has been kept pretty busy since he turned out; but his day's work is only just commencing. After prayers comes the morning "evolution," the most important event of the day, from the point of view of the ship's efficiency. It may be any one of the following: "General quarters," "clear for action," "man and arm ship," "out anchors, collision-mat, or torpedo-nets," "man and arm boats," "fire quarters," "abandon ship," or "landing party fall in."

Some of these, such as "fire quarters," or "man and arm boats," can be performed in a few minutes, while others, such as "clear for action," in which all the portable woodwork is removed, may take a whole day, or even two. If the whole morning be not occupied in the evolution, the remainder will be spent in drill with rifle, gun, sword, pistol, sail, or spar.

At eight bells, or noon—the bell strikes every half-hour from one to eight strokes—dinner is piped. "Noon" is made every day when the sun crosses the meridian, or "crosses the string," this latter being a reference to the legend of an enterprising signalman who showed a party of visitors the meridian by tying a piece of string across the field of his telescope. As the bell strikes, the boatswain's mate and all the call-boys combine their pipes in one shrill scream, and all have to stream below to the messes. If, as not unfrequently happens on the slippery iron ladders, one of them should fall and reach the deck on his beam ends, he meets with scant sympathy, being generally exhorted to "go up again and come down properly."



"In his element"

The nature of the mid-day meal will depend largely upon whether the ship is in harbour or at

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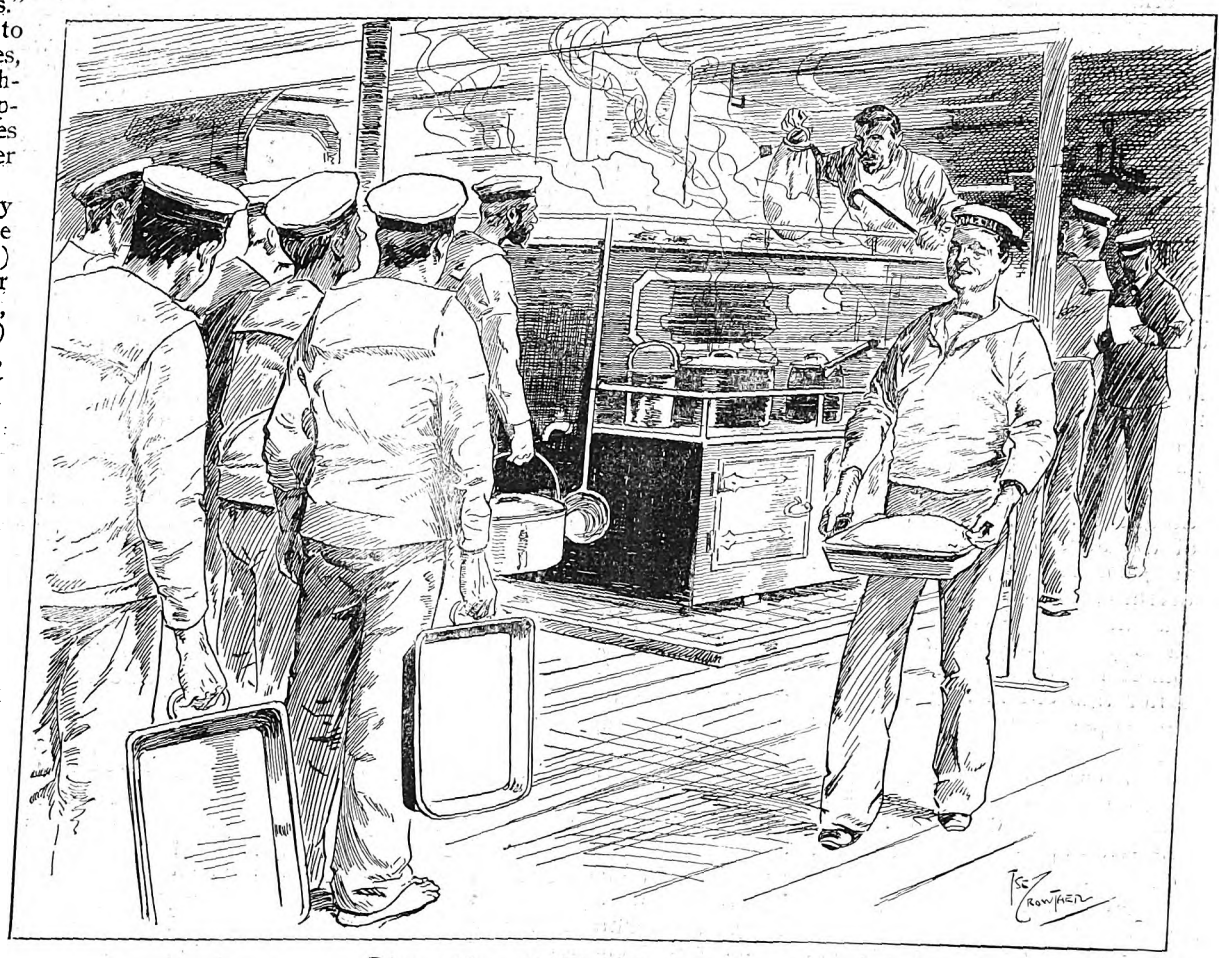
sea; the whole routine, in fact, hinges upon this. It must be borne in mind that at sea, right through the twenty-four hours, one watch will be on deck doing the work while the other is below, resting. In harbour, of course, where the hands get "all night in," there is no need for this, and both watches work during the day. With regard to the food, fresh beef and bread ("soft tack") are issued when in harbour, while at sea biscuit and salt or tinned meat is the fare. The Admiralty is at present trying the experiment at Portsmouth of supplying mutton two or three times a week, and there is no doubt that the change would be universally welcomed. At present, when in harbour, the nautical cook's ingenuity is chiefly exercised in devising new modes of preparing the everlasting beef.

The simplest and most common method is to bake the joint upon a dishful of potatoes, though he varies this sometimes by baking the potatoes on the top of the joint. This dish is known as "a straight bake," or "a burnt offering," and sometimes, ironically, as "turkey and sausages." If the joint is rather large, it undergoes a preliminary boil, and is then known as "a boiley-bake." If, on the other hand, the joint is small and the potatoes are many, it is called "a march past," the idea being that the meat is marching past the potatoes. The special case of a joint from the ribs with the bones protuding is "a schooner on the rocks." All forms of stew or hash are known generically as "pot messes." A dainty dish, peculiar to nautical cooking circles, and known as "a hooshmigoosh," is made by chopping meat and vegetables together and pouring over them a thin batter.

The sea-going dietary is more varied. The staple meats are salt pork (dobs) and salt beef (junk, or horse). As a vegetable, pea-soup (pea-doo, or blub) is supplied with the former, and plum-pudding (figgy duff) with the latter. Any Christmas-like associations which may be raised in the mind of the reader by the word "plum-pudding" would probably be dissipated by an encounter with the article itself. It is wholesome enough, and there is plenty of it, but the far-away flavour imparted to it by the pickled suet does not suggest Christmas, unless it be Christmas in a candle factory. Twice a week tinned Australian beef or mutton (Fanny Adams) is supplied. Fanny Adams was the name of a young woman who mysteriously disappeared at about the time when tinned beef was introduced into the Service.



Dinner-time—"Whose spuds is these?"

The scene at the galley when the cooks of messes assemble to get the dinners, is generally an animated one. The ship's cook, standing on an iron ladder by the gigantic coppers, and armed with a long steel hook, fishes for the nets of potatoes, bags of peas, puddings, etc., that have been boiling there all the morning. "No. 19!" he calls, reading from a brass label on the neck of a bursting pudding-bag. "'Ere y'are, chef," answers the cook of No. 19, coming forward with a flat tin dish. "Don't gash that duff-bag with your blooming assegai." "Whose spuds is these?" continues the chef, after a hasty lunge at the last speaker with the butt end of his implement. "Whose spuds is these with no tally on?" "Jimmy's," is the answer in chorus, followed by the allegation that the label has been boiled to bits. "All right," remarks cookey, putting the potatoes aside, "they'll pick 'em up in the final." "No. 14!" he calls, hooking out this time an empty net, "why didn't you lash your spud-net up properly?" "Call yourself a cook?" replies No. 14, "you bloomin' grub-spoiler. You can't cook 'ot water. You'll 'ave to find a jar o' pickles, mind, in loo o' them taties." "You go and take a run, butty, and learn 'ow to make a reef knot," says the cook, diving again into the cauldron. "Well, God sends the spuds," remarks No. 14, resignedly, as he walks away with an empty dish.

To wash down his dinner the Bluejacket receives three-eighths of a pint of "grog," which consists of half a gill of rum mixed with twice that quantity of water. The grog question is a thorny one, and the writer has no intention of discussing it here, but will merely express his modest opinion—he is not a teetotaller, and knows both sides of the question—that it would be for the benefit of the Service and of the men themselves if rum ceased to be a Naval ration.

The grog is drawn from the grog-tub already mixed, and is distributed in reduced portions by the "cook-of-the-rook." The "over-plush" is his perquisite, with which he entertains his friends from other "houses."

The remainder of the dinner-hour—in the tropics two hours are allowed for this meal—is spent in smoking and perhaps dozing (a little shut-eye). The afternoon is spent in more drills, in getting up stores, ranging cables, cleaning double-bottoms, whitewashing beams, cleaning paintwork—especially cleaning paintwork—and a thousand other things. In hot weather the combined effect of the dinner, the grog, and the smoke sometimes produces a few "sooners," *i.e.*, men who would sooner sleep than work.

At 4 o'clock he pipes to tea. This meal, the last for the day provided by the Service, consists simply of a handful of biscuit and a basin of tea, sweetened, but without milk. This is not very substantial, but it has to last at least twelve hours, for half of which, if he is at sea, he may be on deck in the cold and wet. The hook-pot is an institution that should be mentioned here. It is intended to hook on to the fire-bars, and is used to keep the tea warm of any messmate who happens to be away at meal-time; and it is a deadly sin to remove from the fire another's hook-pot and set yours in its place.

After tea comes another smoke, and he shifts into "evening dress" (a serge suit). At 5 o'clock he goes to evening quarters, and is again inspected. Then comes another short evolution, or perhaps the hands are piped to bathe; and twice or three times a week he will "scrub and wash clothes." After this the evening is mostly his own. It is spent in smoking, sewing, reading, dancing, singing, rowing, yarning, and a dozen other pastimes which it would take too long to describe here. In harbour, the man of good character is allowed on shore on alternate evenings. At 8 o'clock he gets his hammock down and hooks it to the beams in his mess. He then looks round for supper, and if there is a canteen in the ship, and if he has any money, he will trifle with a tin of salmon or lobster, or perhaps "a half of German," or a piece of cheese and pickles. He then goes on deck for a final smoke. At 9.30 p.m. comes "out lights" and "pipe down," and he retires to his "mock turtle" (nocturnal) couch, taking care not to be the last one in his row, or he will be unable to get in between his neighbours without considerable difficulty. Before the bell strikes four at 10 o'clock, and the forecastle sentry calls lugubriously "All's well," he is sound asleep.

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The Story of the War.

WE were forced to bring our story to an unsatisfactory close last week with the battle of Graspan, fought on Saturday, November 25. Since then Lord Methuen's column, which had been advancing to the relief of Kimberley, has again been heavily engaged. After resting at Graspan for a day the column again advanced, and on Tuesday, November 28, in the early morning, came in touch with the enemy, who were strongly entrenched and concealed in an extended position on the Modder River. The enemy had evidently determined to make a resolute stand at this place, for the position was a carefully chosen one, and some 8,000 Boers were holding it, the force which had fought at Belmont and Graspan having evidently been strengthened by the accession of the greater part of that which was investing Kimberley. At some disadvantage, then, Lord Methuen's column commenced a front attack over a long line after a careful artillery preparation. The Guards' Brigade, consisting of one battalion of Grenadier Guards and Scots Guards and two Coldstream Guards' battalions, was on the British right. On the left was the 9th Brigade, composed of the 1st Northumberlands, 1st North Lancashires, 2nd Northamptons, and 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry, strengthened by the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who had joined just previously. The whole were in widely extended formation, and the attack seems to have been of the most resolute and arduous nature. The fighting lasted for ten hours, during which the troops had no food or water, and were exposed to a burning sun. To use Lord Methuen's own words, the fight was one of the hardest and most trying in the annals of the British Army. The enemy were at length driven from their position, but pursuit was evidently out of the question. Special mention was made by Lord Methuen in his despatch of the admirable behaviour of the Artillery, who were ably assisted by the Naval Brigade. During the battle General Pole-Carew, commanding the 9th Brigade, succeeded in getting a party across the river with the gallant assistance of 300 Sappers.

That the Boers contested their position most stubbornly is proved by the long list of casualties. This shows that four officers and sixty-eight men were killed, nineteen officers and 377 men—seven of whom have since died of their wounds—were wounded, and seven men were missing, making the total of casualties 475. Among the officers killed were Colonel H. B. Northcott, ex-Commissioner and Commandant of the Forces in the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast, and Colonel Stopford, of the Coldstreamers, a well-known officer who some time back had charge of the School of Instruction for Auxiliary Officers at Wellington Barracks. Among the slightly wounded was Lord Methuen himself, a bullet having struck him in the fleshy part of the thigh. After this exhausting conflict Lord Methuen's force halted for a while at Modder River, while the reconstruction of the bridge which had been destroyed by the Boers was actively proceeded with. Meanwhile Lord Methuen was reinforced with Highlanders and cavalry.

On the Northern Border of Cape Colony General Gatacre had advanced some distance towards the frontier, and General French had made several reconnaissances from Nauwpoort, but, up to the time of writing, no serious developments had occurred. Doubtless this was due to a plan of campaign by which the advance in this direction is being strictly regulated by the success achieved on the Western Border and in Natal, since any premature success round Aliwal North or Rosmead might have the effect of breaking up large bodies of the enemy, upon which it is most desirable that a heavy blow should be inflicted.

In Natal the military situation has become most interesting, and very possibly by the time these lines are in print some very dramatic developments will have taken place. It is now certain that the bulk, if not the whole, of the Boer force which had advanced southwards to the Mooi River had retired to the neighbourhood of Colenso, having finally destroyed the railway bridge over the Tugela near that station, as well as the bridge at Frere. The destruction of these bridges has, of course, caused some delay, not so much as regards crossing the rivers as because the break in the railway communication would subsequently interfere greatly with the process of bringing up supplies for the large force now pushed forward. Whether the Boers will make a stand at Colenso remains to be proved, but if they do they will obviously fight at a great disadvantage. The army opposed to them would number between 15,000 and 20,000 men under Sir Redvers Buller himself, and in their rear would be Sir George White with a garrison containing a numerous and efficient force of cavalry. Of Ladysmith itself, as of the beleaguered garrisons of Kimberley and Mafeking, we have no very definite news, but we may take it for granted that if any of the three had sustained any sort of mishap we should have had full details from Boer sources.

At home there is an increasing feeling that our principal want in South Africa is overwhelming numerical superiority. In addition, therefore, to the 5th Division under Sir Charles Warren, an order has been given to mobilise a 6th, which has been placed under the command of Lieutenant-General Kelly-Kenny, who, in October, temporarily replaced Sir Redvers Buller as Lieutenant-General in Command of the Aldershot District. It is highly probable that, in view of the steady advance which has now commenced against the Boers, this reinforcement may never see service in the Transvaal itself. But the contingencies of the war are so numerous and so serious, that we cannot be too well prepared for any and every emergency.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards	E	Natal
6th ,, ,,		Cape Frontier
1st Royal Dragoons	D	Natal
5th Lancers	E	Natal
6th Dragoons	A	Natal
9th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
10th Hussars		Cape Colony
12th Lancers		Cape Frontier
18th Hussars	E	Natal
19th ,,	E	Natal

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

G Battery, R.H.A.		Cape Frontier
O ,, ,,	A	Cape Frontier
P ,, ,,		Cape Frontier
R ,, ,,	A	Cape Frontier
7th Battery, R.F.A.	D	Natal
13th ,, ,,	E	Natal
14th ,, ,,	D	Natal
18th ,, ,,	A	Cape Frontier
21st ,, ,,	E	Ladysmith, Natal
38th ,, ,,	C	Cape Frontier
42nd ,, ,,	E	Ladysmith, Natal
53rd ,, ,,	E	Ladysmith, Natal
62nd ,, ,,	A	Cape Frontier
64th ,, ,,		Cape Frontier
66th ,, ,,	D	Natal
67th ,, ,,	E	Ladysmith, Natal
69th ,, ,,	E	Ladysmith, Natal
73rd ,, ,,	D	Natal
74th ,, ,,	C	Cape Frontier
75th ,, ,,	A	Cape Frontier
77th ,, ,,	C	Cape Frontier
No. 10 Mountain Battery		Natal
14th Co. W. Division, R.G.A.		Cape Town
23rd ,, ,,		Kimberley

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	A	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	E	Natal
1st Devonshire	E	Natal
1st Leicestershire	E	Natal
1st Gloucestershire	E	Natal
1st Border	D	Natal
1st North Lancashire*		Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	A	Cape Frontier
1st King's Royal Rifles	E	Natal
2nd ,, ,, ,,	D	Natal
1st Manchester	E	Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	E	Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers	E	Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers	E	Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	E	Natal
2nd Devon	D	Natal
2nd West Yorkshire	D	Natal
2nd West Surrey	D	Natal
2nd East Surrey	D	Natal
1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Highland L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
1st Scots Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Irish Rifles	C	Cape Frontier
2nd Northamptonshire	A	Cape Frontier
3rd Grenadiers	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Black Watch	B	Cape Frontier
1st Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Scottish Rifles	D	Natal
1st Argyll and Sutherland	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Seaforths	B	Cape Frontier
1st Durham Light Infantry	D	Natal
3rd King's Royal Rifles	D	Natal
1st Rifle Brigade	D	Natal
1st Welsh	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Somerset L.I.	D	Natal
2nd Northumberland Fusiliers	B	Cape Frontier
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers	C	Cape Frontier
1st Connaught Rangers	C	Cape Frontier
1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers	C	Cape Frontier
1st Royal Scots	C	Cape Frontier
1st Gordon Highlanders		Cape Frontier
2nd Shropshire L.I.		Cape Frontier
2nd Cornwall L.I.		Cape Frontier
1st Suffolk		Cape Frontier
1st Essex		Cape Colony

NOTE.—The troops whose station is given as "Cape Frontier" are thus distinguished; A denotes those under General Methuen pushing on to Kimberley; B those keeping the line of communications and holding the line De Aar-Nauwpoort-Stormberg that connects the three railway systems whose termini are Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London; C those advancing from East London to drive Boers out of North-Eastern Provinces. Troops marked D form the Ladysmith Relief Force. Troops marked E are those with Sir G. White.

The regiments that have left or are immediately about to leave by this date are as follows: Cavalry—Composite Regiment Household Cavalry, 2nd Dragoons, and 13th Hussars. Artillery—R.H.A., Q, T, and U Batteries; R.F.A., 73rd, 63rd, 79th, 4th, 78th, 65th, 61st, 37th, 19th, 20th, and 28th Batteries; No. 4 Mountain Battery; 15th Co. W. Division, and 20th Co. S. Division, R.G.A.; and a siege train of 32 officers and 1,104 men. Infantry—1st Sherwood Foresters, 2nd R. Lancaster, 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, 1st South Lancashire, 1st York and Lancaster, 2nd R. Warwickshire, 1st Yorkshire, 2nd Dorsetshire, 2nd Middlesex, 2nd East Kent, 2nd Bedford, 1st Royal Irish, 1st West Riding, 1st Oxford L.I., 2nd Wilts, 2nd Worcestershire, and either 2nd Lincoln or 2nd Gloucester.

* Left half battalion with Methuen.

NOTE.—Naval Brigades are now at Ladysmith, De Aar, Nauwpoort, and Durban.

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War Trains.

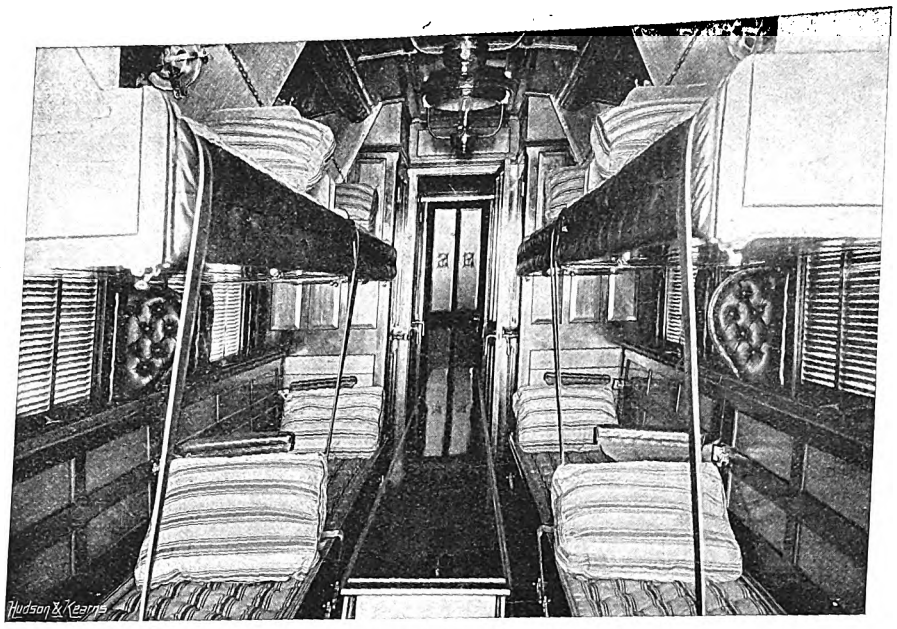
[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

MANY have been the enterprising journalists who have sought for information on the subject of the construction of the armoured and hospital trains which are now (under Government contract and the strictest secrecy) being built in great haste. I believe, however, that no other correspondent has yet been favoured with an inspection and details of both; but, at the request of the British Red Cross Committee, I am obliged to refrain from giving a complete account of my inspection of the ambulance or hospital train until it is more advanced in its construction.

Never has work been so rapidly and conscientiously pushed forward by mechanics as that of the present contract.

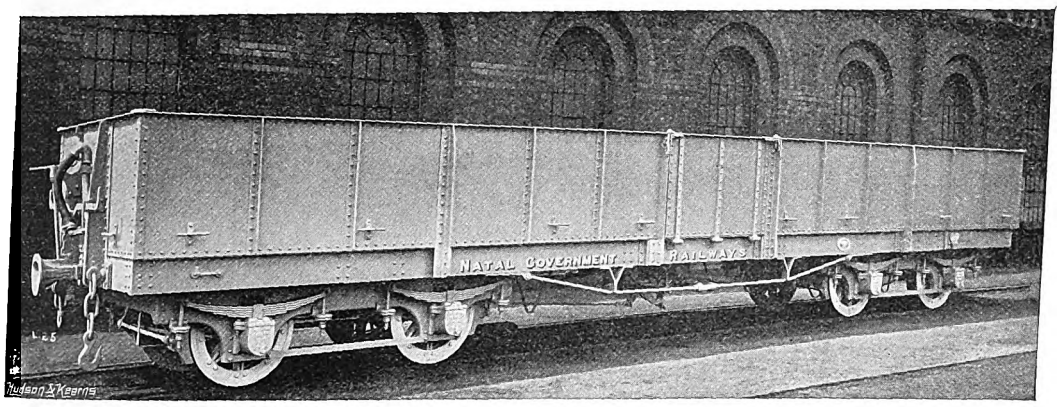
The men worked not only with a will born of toil, but also from sheer loyalty.

As a trifling example of this, it was of great interest to observe the half sheets of paper pinned up in various positions in the many departments of the firm, giving a full account of the money subscribed by the individual workmen from week to week towards the war fund. And the healthy rivalry these same documents display! Though each workshop posts up its own rendering of accounts as if oblivious of all the rest. The hospital train will not be armour-plated. For one reason, this would engender excessive heat, because it is, of course, all enclosed, like an ordinary Pullman, in contrast to the armour-plated waggons for active service; and, for another, carriages of this description are not supposed to come within rifle shot of the enemy.



FOR THE COMFORT OF THE WOUNDED.
The Interior of a Hospital Train.

An ambulance train is not an innovation, seeing that one was built by Messrs. Brown, Marshall, and Company, of Birmingham, for the Soudan Campaign some years back, when the firm in question had the entire contract from the Government both for the hospital and armoured trains. On the present occasion the contract has been shared by three leading firms at Birmingham.

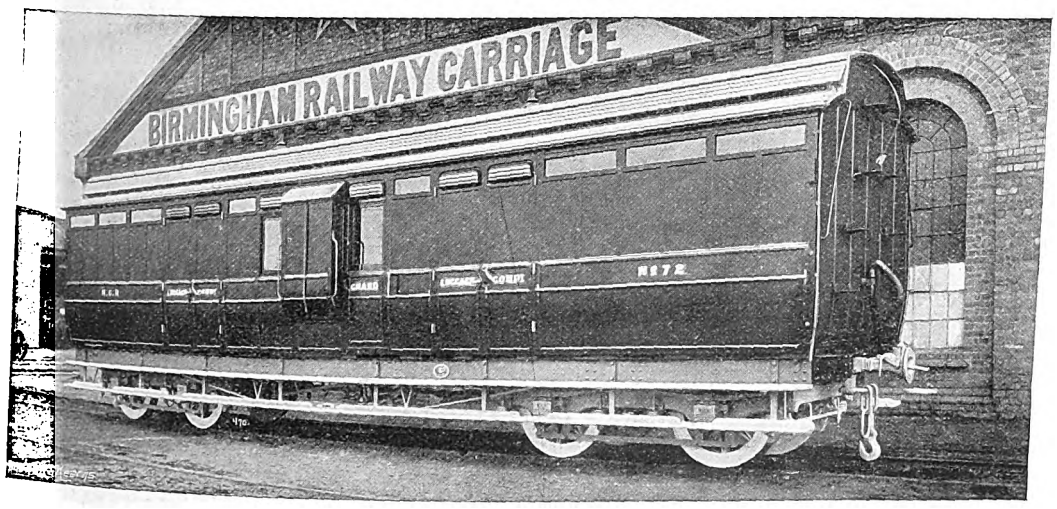


THE RECONNOITRING WORK.
Several of these Joined Up Compose an Armoured Train.

The seven coaches of the hospital train are on the corridor principle, and each coach is partitioned off for the various departments, such as sick wards with beds (about twelve in one compartment), or a surgery, and special apartments for the nursing and medical staffs. Armoured trains were used for the first time in the defence of Paris in 1870-71, but on a far more elaborate scale than those now under notice. So wide was the original rolling fortress that it was supported on two sets of bogie trucks, side by side, thus covering both tracks of a double line and the 5-ft. way between into the bargain. We first put this form of defence to the test in our Egyptian Campaign of 1882, when it proved invaluable.

The accounts that have come to hand within the last few days concerning the chequered operations of the armoured trains in Natal, must indeed be interesting to the Birmingham Railway Carriage and Waggon Company, Limited, for the trains that have so far been used in the war are the work of this firm.

The second illustration shows the type of steel-plated waggon which is being exported almost daily. This vehicle is put together in the shops as we see it, but not completely rivetted throughout, as it has to be entirely taken to pieces again for packing, and, when once dismantled and entrained in large wooden packing cases, its appearance is as innocent as that of the luggage trucks that transport it. Each steel car is 36-ft. in length, and has armour plating of Siemens-Martin steel about a quarter of an inch thick. There are two kinds of these cars under construction, one having lower sides than the other, but in both cases the finishing touch is put to them on arrival in South Africa, which at once makes them armoured vans proper. The sides have additional plates added, as high again, at an angle slanting inwards, serving as extra protection.



PROTECTION AGAINST BOER BULLETS.
A Carriage with Armoured Sides.

The whole is then loop-holed, and the train is completed as soon as a suitable locomotive is found that is worth the steel plating, seeing that the armoured engines are not imported at the Cape. Unloaded, one of these waggons turns the scale at about twelve tons, and when each has its complement of men—sixty to each car—it may be readily imagined that considerable power is required to draw twelve such vehicles over the stiffest of gradients and round the sharpest of curves, which latter, however, never trouble the four-wheeled bogies, on which principle each car is constructed.

The next illustration shows one of the special bogie carriages for use of the Natal Government. These coaches have steel plates a quarter of an inch thick for

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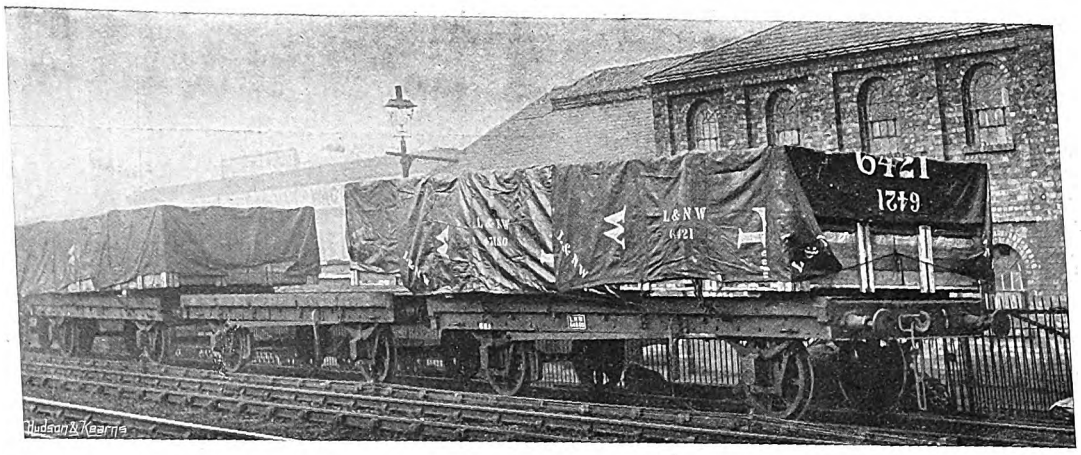
their side panels and a steel floor of about an eighth of an inch thick.

Teak and deal are principally used in the inner construction of these carriages, and in spite of their length—63-ft. (Messrs. Marshall's contract)—they are pronounced safe enough for any curve that is likely to be encountered. The gauge is 5-ft. 6-in.

The hospital train will be ready by the middle of next month. It should, therefore, arrive on the scene of action just about the time when, by the terms of the contract, it was to be completed and ready for service.



LABELLED "SOUTH AFRICA."
How the Trains are Packed for Despatch.

On the Sea.

CRITICS are apt to be hard on the War Office and its methods. That much-abused department has, however, proved that it is not so black as it is painted, and not only so, but has deserved the highest credit. Just as fast as the transport could be got ready has a force, consisting of an Army Corps and a division of a second army, been put together and provided with all the requisites for a campaign. What other nation could put about 60,000 on the sea, and convey them some 6,000 miles to their destination, within a few weeks of the declaration of war? We may safely say that no other country could accomplish the task. Nor is this all. The units sent out are largely made up of Reserve men, and the calling out of the Reserve has been accomplished admirably. The opponents of what is called the Cardwell system have always specially opposed the Army Reserve; but here again the War Office has triumphed, some 22,000 men having mustered within a few days and been found fit for service.

Transport after transport has left Southampton, Liverpool, Tilbury, Queenstown, Glasgow, and other important ports in quick succession. Never before have we had so many men on the water at one time. The embarkation, too, has been carried out without a hitch. In one or two cases, it is true, there was some delay, but it was not due to the military authorities, but to transports breaking down. People who remember the Russian War have likened the present mobilisation and embarkation of troops to that of forty odd years ago. But how different it all is in reality! Never were troops sent away better equipped or more speedily made ready for service than they have been for this Boer Campaign. We have but to quote one example of what can be done by a transport to show how vastly improved the conditions are nowadays. The "Kildonan Castle" actually carried more, than 3,000 troops on her maiden voyage to South Africa. That was a record performance. Colonel Stacpoole, D.A.A.G., who shared with Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. the credit of the achievement, said: "We have to-day put on board ship the largest number of troops that have ever embarked in a single transport"; and he added, when asked how matters had gone off, "Without a hitch."

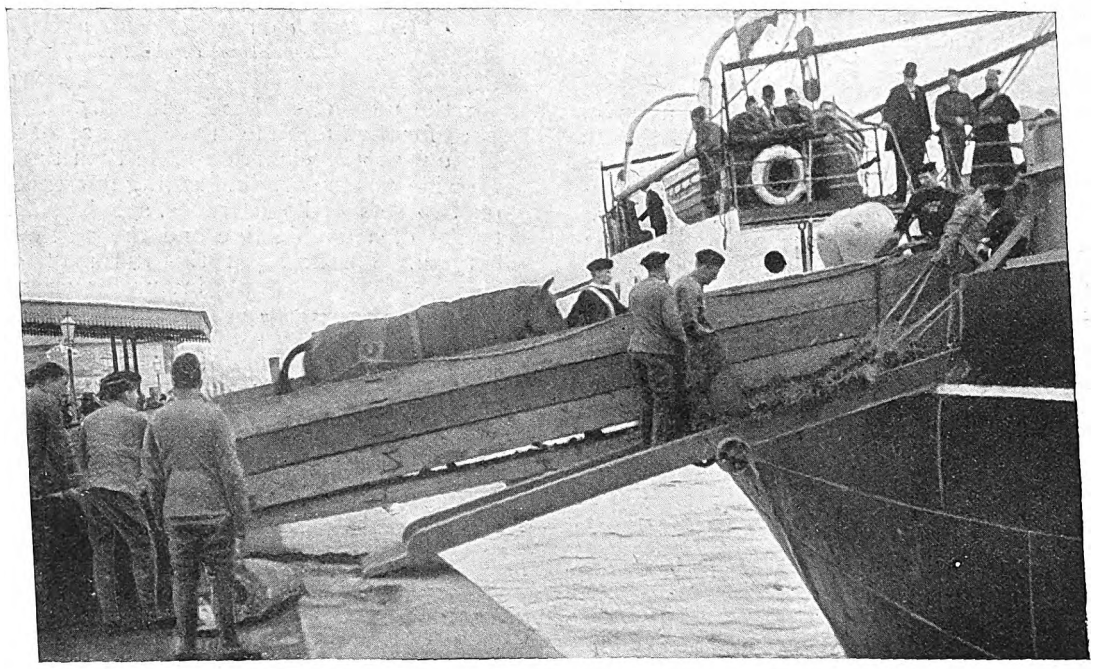


Photo. Copyright. *AN UNWILLING PASSENGER.* *Horne.*
An Officer's Horse of the Scots Greys Embarking at Queenstown.

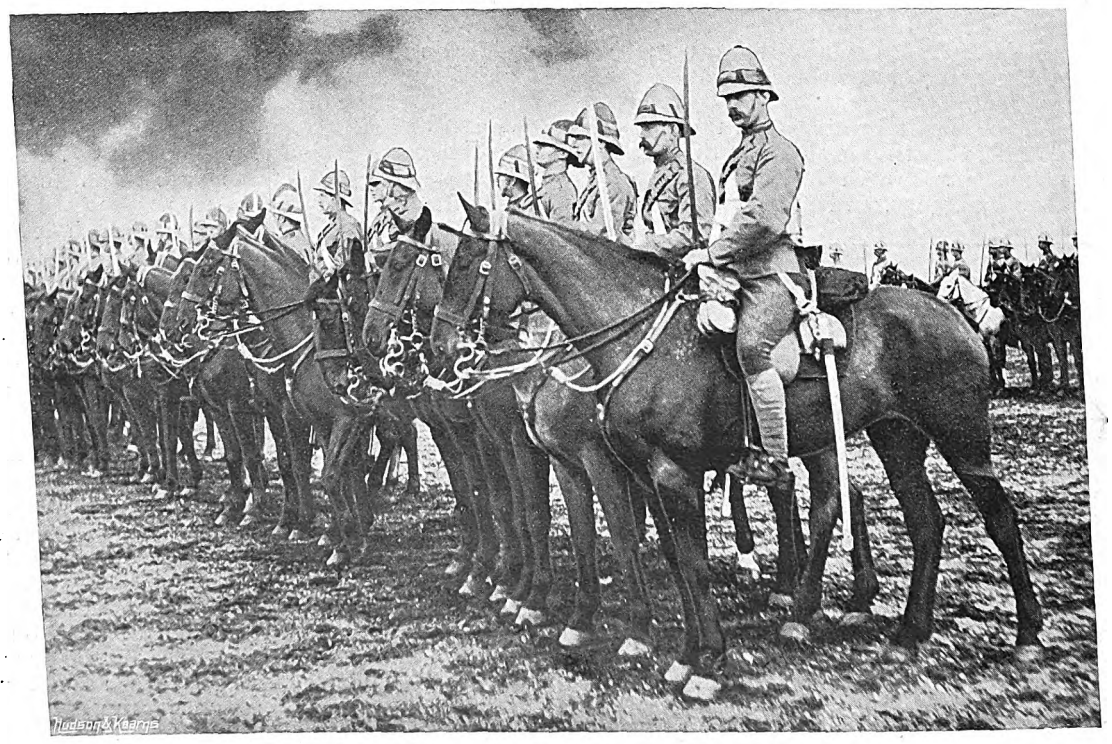


Photo. Copyright. *A BAY SQUADRON OF SCOTS GREYS.* *C. Knight.*
The Embarkation of the C Squadron of the 2nd Dragoons.

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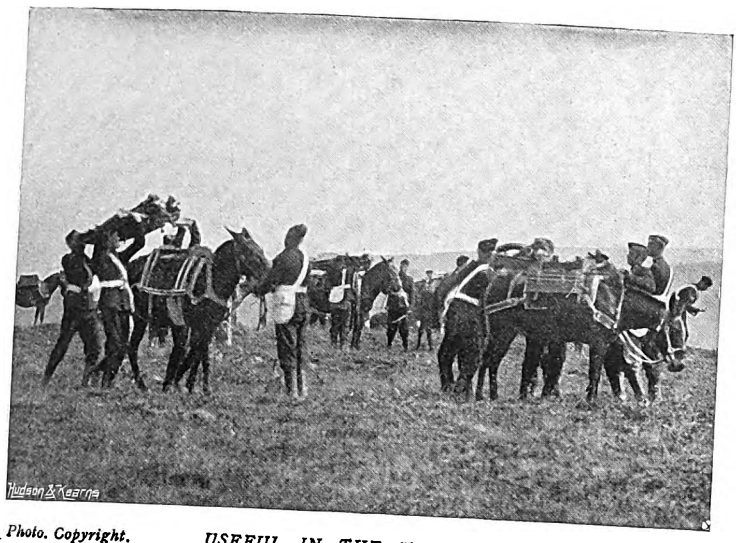

Photo. Copyright. **USEFUL IN THE UPLANDS.** *The 4th Mountain Battery R.G.A.* *Saunders.*

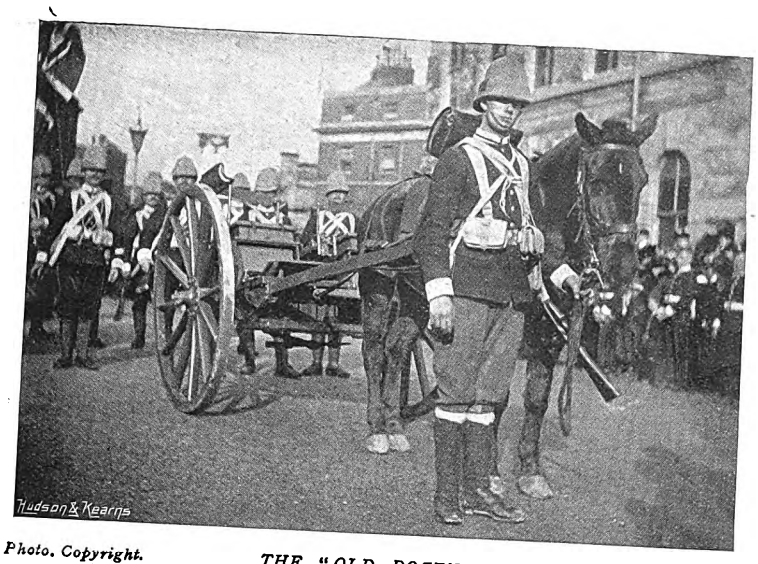

Photo. Copyright. **THE "OLD DOZEN."** *The 1st Suffolk Regiment Leaving Dover.* *Gibson.*

Our illustrations for the most part explain themselves. A word or two may be said about the 2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys). The C Squadron took with it remount horses of a bay colour, there having been an outbreak of pink-eye among its own well-known grey chargers. Perhaps it is just as well, as a grey horse is a good target in a sunny climate. But the Scots Greys without their greys! Who would recognise them, especially as they already looked disguised in khaki and without their famous bearskins? One squadron embarked at Queenstown in the "Antillian," while other squadrons of the famous regiment that is "Second to none" embarked at Southampton and Glasgow. The embarkation of horses is a task that requires care and skill, but space will not allow us to describe the whole procedure here, and it must suffice to say that they are run up covered gangways wherever it is possible to avoid the slinging of them on board. Stubborn horses are led up the gangway blindfolded. On board the ship they are placed in stalls below the upper deck, while a certain number of stalls are reserved on deck for the care of such animals as suffer much on the voyage. The stalls are padded, and the hammocks are always kept round the horses, but just clear of them, to prevent them from falling.

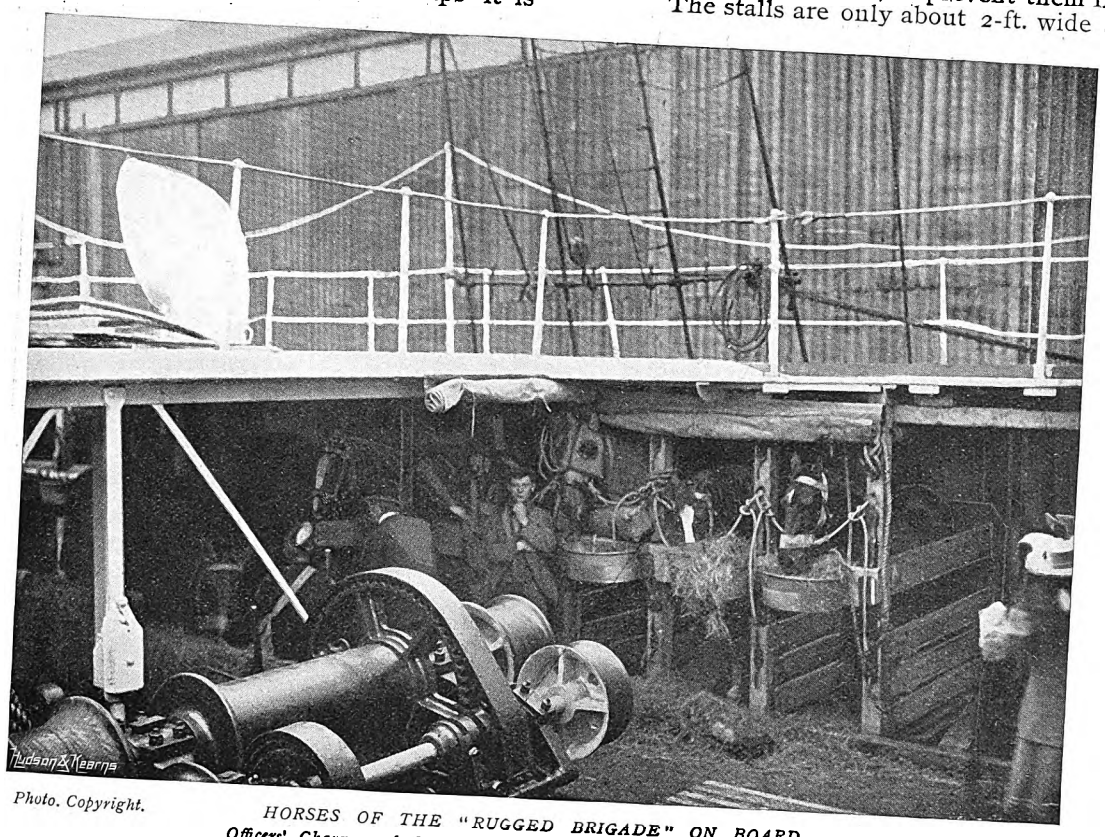

Photo. Copyright. **HORSES OF THE "RUGGED BRIGADE" ON BOARD.** *Officers' Chargers of the 13th Hussars in the Transport "Templemore."* *W. Stone.*

The stalls are only about 2-ft. wide and 6-ft. long. The animals are put into the stalls with their haunches towards the side of the ship, and their faces towards the breast-pieces that shut them in. Embarkations do not vary much, and it is needless to describe the "send offs" of each regiment. The men have in every case not only excited enthusiasm, but have won admiration for their fine appearance. There is no doubt that we have sent some of our best—the Guards, Line regiments with grand records, crack cavalry regiments, including the Composite Household Regiment, a great force of artillery, and every necessary for the ambulance work of a long campaign. No man unfit for the hardships of war, or under twenty years of age or with less than a year's training, has been taken. The war has aroused a perfect outburst of loyalty in the colonies,

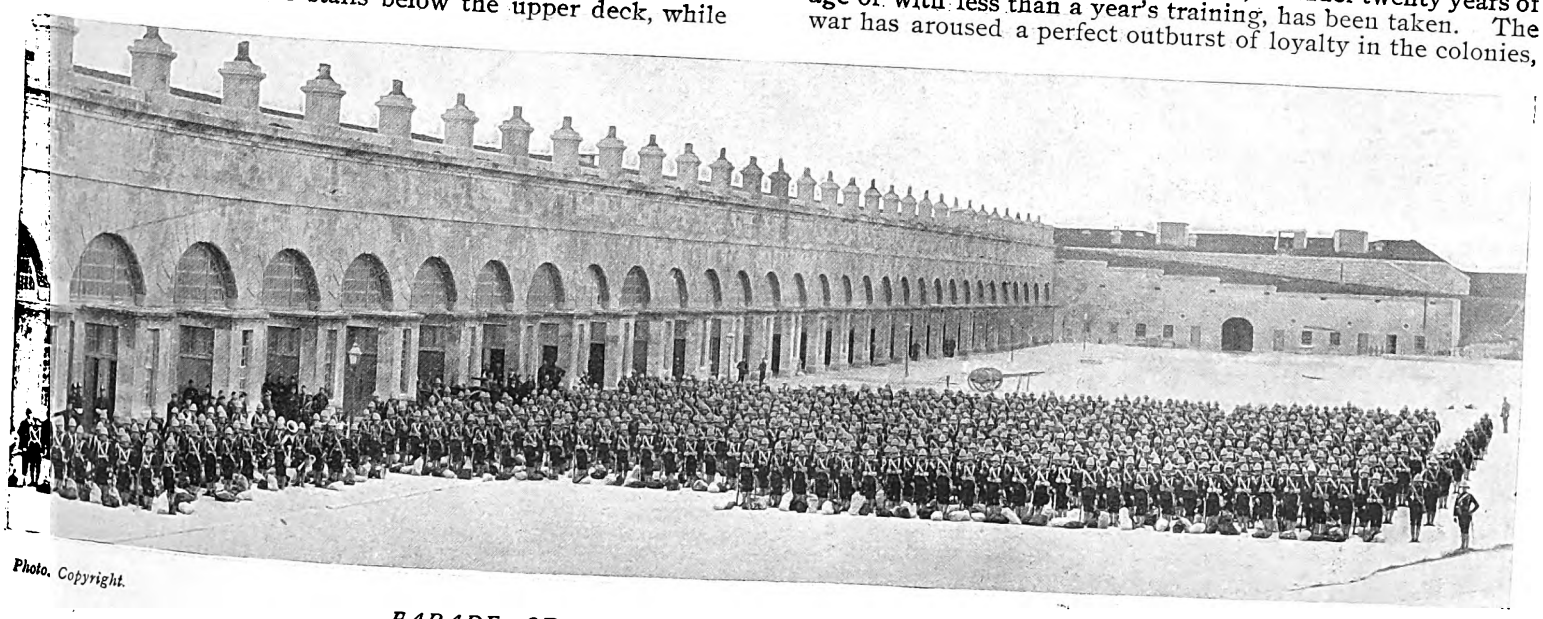

Photo. Copyright. **PARADE OF THE "YELLOW-BANDED ROBBERS."** *The 2nd Prince Albert's (Somersetshire Light Infantry) at Plymouth.* *W. M. Crockett.*

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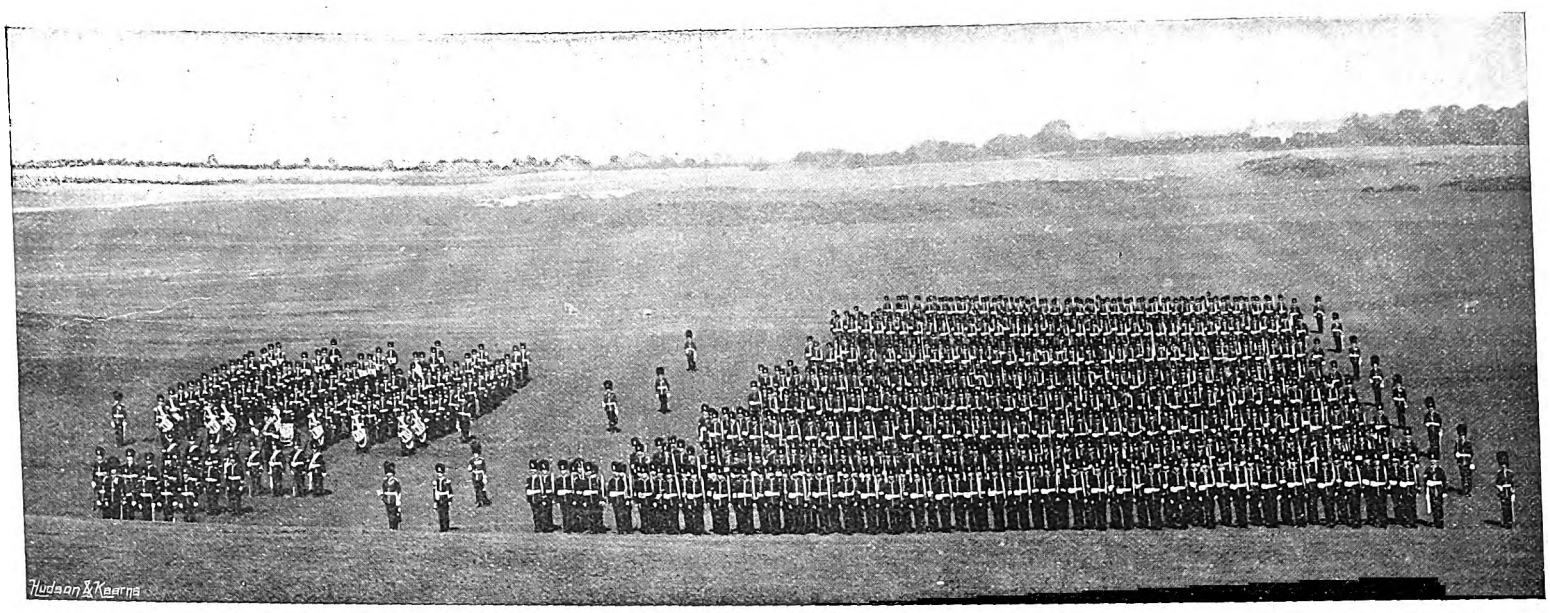

Photo. Copyright. Lafayette.

THE "DIRTY SHIRTS"—THE ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS PARADED AT DUBLIN.

which have vied with each other in offers of troops to fight for Queen and Empire. In Canada, as in other colonies, the difficulty has been how to select the thousand men from the enormous number of volunteers who were ready to serve.

The light companies of the Canadian regiment were drawn from the provinces, as follows: British Columbia and Manitoba, 1; Ontario, 3; Quebec, 2; Nova Scotia, 1, and New Brunswick, 10. The call on volunteers was issued on October 14, and by October 28, the whole regiment had been recruited, mobilised at Quebec, and supplied with every necessary for field service. Our illustration depicts the officers of the regiment. The photograph was taken just before the contingent embarked. In the centre is Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Otter, commanding the regiment. On his right is Lieut.-Colonel L. Buchan, second in command, and on the left Lieutenant-Colonel Pellatier, third in command. In the background is Lord Minto, and on his right Sir Wilfrid Laurier. One other illustration of the colonial contingent shows the Victorian Rifles. This contingent numbers 125 mounted rifles and 125 infantry. Full particulars of the forces of Victoria were given in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, Vol. VII., Nos. 101, 105, and 107.

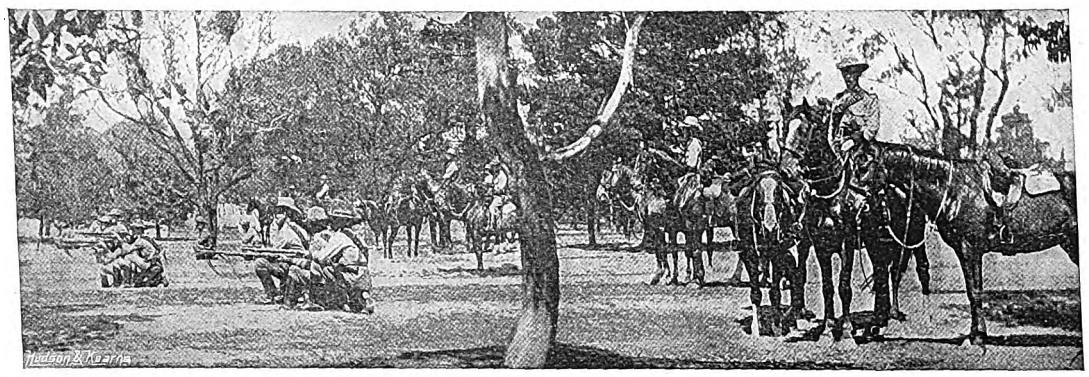

Photo. Copyright AN AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT. Johnstone.
The Victorian Rifles.

Photo. Copyright Lavernois

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT—GROUP OF THE OFFICERS, TAKEN AT QUEBEC BEFORE LEAVING.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Who has not forgotten her Sailors and Soldiers on Christmas Day.

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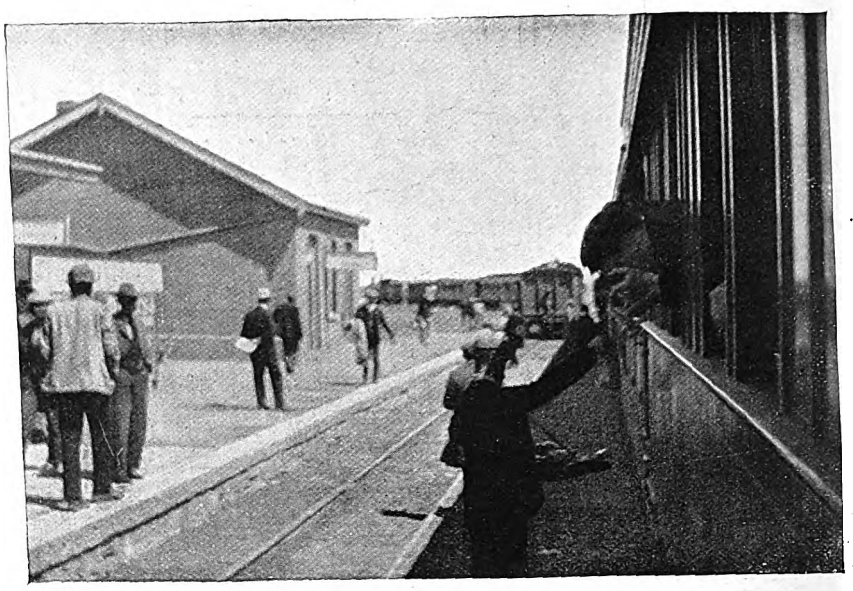
With White at Ladysmith.

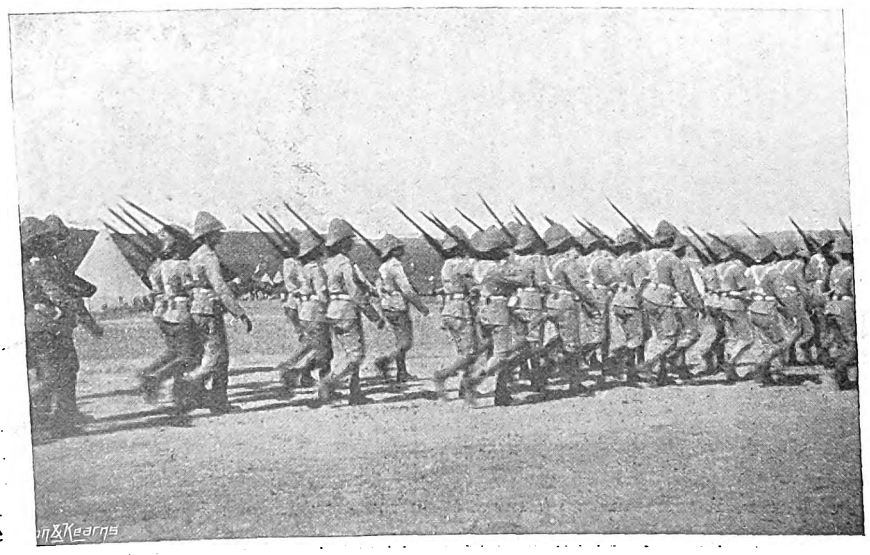
NOW that, from a military point of view, the sky has cleared in Natal, letters and pictures are coming through which, by reason of the siege, have been "hung up" for weeks. Of these we are only able this week to produce a very small representation, but in due course we shall hope to illustrate most adequately, if not with some profusion, this interesting chapter in our military history. The prevailing note of the siege seems to have been a sense of rather dreary monotony, not unnatural when the circumstances of the case come to be considered. The advance of General Buller's forces, however, speedily changed the situation in the camp. Then it was known that the Boers had their last chance, and eager eyes watched their movements to note the waggons trekking with supplies and men. Seldom has a force so mobile and so full of fight been enclosed by an enemy of by no means overwhelming numerical superiority, and probably there will always be some critics who will think that a different policy might well have been adopted. But we must remember that, in submitting to the apparent humiliation of an investment by a force through which at any moment it might easily have cut its way, the garrison of Ladysmith was performing a great act of military patience. For weeks it held the attention of the main body of the Boer army while reinforcements were being hurried out from home, such as would enable a decisive blow to be struck against our astute and elusive enemy. As a military operation, the siege of Ladysmith may not have been, from the standpoint of the besieged, magnificent, but it was an undoubtedly fine example of careful and scientific attention to the principles of modern war. Of the six accompanying pictures, three little duets may usefully be formed. With the view of Ladysmith camp we may link the picture which shows the last train leaving the town before the latter was completely isolated. In such cases it is generally easy to prognosticate when the actual severance of communication with the outside world will take place, and, when the last link comes to be broken, a good deal of sentiment is naturally associated with the circumstance. In the case of Ladysmith the anticipations may not have been so gloomy as they have been in other historical cases. But, nevertheless, neither the prospect which lay before those who were left to partial inactivity in their defence of Ladysmith, nor the chances of those who, in forsaking it, were running the gauntlet of a possible Boer attack, were altogether roseate. The latter, as we now know, succeeded in escaping a Boer prison, being merely peppered at long range with harmless bullets, but the former have gone through a very trying experience of bombardment, only relieved by occasional flashes of reconnaissance and hard, sometimes even desperate, fighting.



THE FINAL LINK SEVERED.
The Last Train Leaving the Beleaguered Town.

FIGHTING MAKES MEN HUNGRY.
Officers of the Devonshires at Breakfast during the Siege.

Our next couple of pictures show, in pleasant contrast, the officers of the Devonshires taking breakfast, very possibly after a morning's hard fighting, and the men of the Liverpools striding off to take their places in the trenches on the chance of a Boer attack during the day. Breakfast amid such surroundings as those which for weeks encompassed Ladysmith might seem somewhat too exciting to be pleasant. But one soon gets used to almost anything, and it is evident from the look of careless contentment on the faces of these officers of the Devons that they are not allowing the storm and stress of past, future, or even present warfare to disturb their digestion. The Liverpools, it will be noted, are going off to their work, dreary harassing work though it is, with just the same sprightly regularity that they would display in going to a morning's work in connection with company field training. No feature of our military system is more prominently instructive than this habitude of, wherever possible, treating war as "all in the day's work"; and when we see a regiment either taking its breakfast or marching to be shot at well in range of the enemy's big guns, and doing so with complete nonchalance, we may take it that the regiment is all it should be, and well up to the standard required by the best traditions of the British Army.



From Photos. *OFF TO THE TRENCHES.* *By Our Special Correspondent.*
The Liverpool Regiment Starting for the Day's Work.

The two concluding illustrations indicate an important feature of the operations at and round Ladysmith from two different points of view. The investment was, from the first, a loose one, and consequently Sir George White was often able to vary the tedium of the siege by cavalry reconnaissances, in which the Natal mounted troops habitually took part. Here we have a body of the Natal Volunteer Cavalry on the march over the veldt, keeping, we may be sure, their eyes well skinned for a glimpse of the enemy. Here, too, are a couple of Boer scouts,

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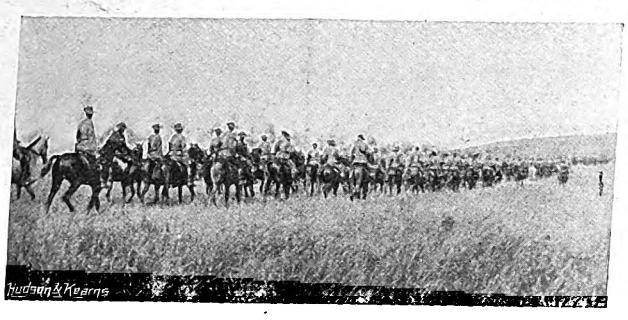
one of whom has just sighted a body of British troops, while the other is signalling the information back to the patrol to which the scouts belong. Scouting in Natal is peculiarly difficult, owing to the deceptiveness of the rolling veldt. An untrained scout may think that there is not an enemy within miles, while hundreds of men may be lying concealed within 1,000-yds. of him. But very soon the alert soldier learns the special character of the work in Natal. Scouting is one of the most responsible duties that can fall to any man. Upon the scout's vigilance may, and often does, depend the success of operations and the safety of his comrades. Scouts are the eyes and ears of forces in the field, and they should be keen to detect a movement and to seize the salient features of a situation. The war in South Africa gives them much work.

LADYSMITH CAMP.
A Bright Name in Future Military History.

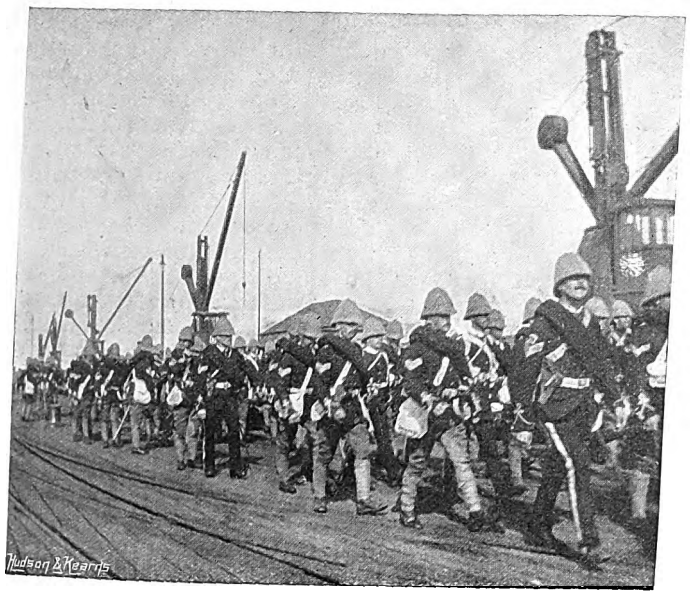


ON RECONNAISSANCE DUTY.
A Strong Body of Natal Cavalry Working Outside Ladysmith.

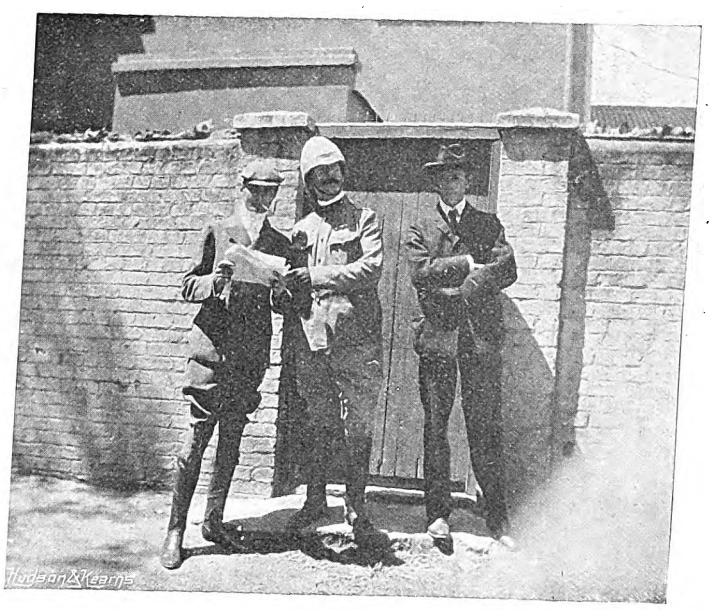
BOER SCOUTS.
Signalling the Presence of Our Troops to Their Main Body.

At Port Elizabeth.

IT will be remembered that in our Double Transvaal Number we drew attention to the importance of Port Elizabeth as a subsidiary landing-place for reinforcements sent out from home. Subsequent events have proved the accuracy of this forecast, although, perhaps, neither Port Elizabeth nor East London has as yet proved so useful as might have been the case if the position in Natal and Cape Colony had not required the landing of so many troops at Durban and Cape Town. Port Elizabeth, which might otherwise have had the best part of a division disembarked on its landing-stage, has seen the arrival of the comparatively few troops which have been operating under the command of General French in the direction of Nauwpoort. These, as was to be expected, received a very hearty welcome at the port, where local patriotism runs high, as is pleasantly evidenced by the existence of a well-known and efficient corps of Volunteers, long since mobilised for service in connection with the present trouble. The three accompanying pictures—another proof of the ubiquity of the correspondents of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED—speak for themselves. One can imagine the delight with which these troops landed after a voyage lasting between three and four weeks, and the satisfaction with which their arrival was greeted by the local residents, whose position in relation to the hostilities was not a particularly pleasant one; for there is no question that, if the Boers had made a strong and determined dash in this direction at the commencement of the war, they might have advanced within striking distance of Port Elizabeth without having encountered serious opposition. In the picture which appears above, the central figure is Major Fairholme, the base commandant at Port Elizabeth. The trio are evidently discussing the disembarkation of Captain Studdert's company from a transport just arrived at the port.



THE FIRST TROOPS LANDED.
A Regiment Disembarking for Service on the Northern Border.



MAKING ARRANGEMENTS FOR LANDING.
Capt. Studdert, A.S.C. Major Fairholme, Base Commdt. Lieut. Perry-Ayscough, R.N.

From Photos. *By Our Special Correspondent.*
OFF TO THE WESTERN BORDER.
A Regiment Leaving Port Elizabeth to Join General French.

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Kimberley at Bay.

WHEN the true history of the war comes to be written, two episodes will stand out strikingly, and these will be the heroic and spirited defences of Kimberley and Mafeking.

The defence of Kimberley is specially noticeable, for in it we have witnessed a very high order of military work being carried out in the main by civilians. For the troops with which Colonel Kekewich has so stoutly held the Diamond City against the enormously superior forces of the Boers are almost all Volunteers. With the exception of half a battalion of his own fine old regiment, the Loyal North Lancashire, a company of Garrison Artillery, and perhaps some small details of Engineers, etc., he had no force but local levies. But they are of a very, very high class, for most of the officers of colonial Volunteers and a very big percentage of the men have seen active service in one or other of our native wars. Take, for example, the Diamond Fields Horse, whose honorary colonel, by the way, is Cecil Rhodes himself. Every officer of this corps, with the exception of three of the last-joined subalterns, has opposite his name in the official list the crossed swords denoting that he has seen war service. Our pictures are illustrative of some of the local levies. Kimberley boasts its Highlanders as well as Cape Town, and a champion bayonet exercise squad of the Volunteers is shown in one of our pictures. Another shows a section of Scots who have been most useful as scouts. They have not troubled themselves very much about uniform, but their services to the garrison have been invaluable during the investment of the town. Finally, our third picture shows a gun and detachment of that fine corps the Diamond Fields Artillery. Fine stalwart men, superb riders, and excellent shots, one cannot look at the picture without being strongly impressed with the excellence of the physique of the men who compose the South African colonial corps. Not the least important of the results emanating from this campaign will be the close touch and knowledge of their colonial brethren in arms that the bulk of our regular Army will, ere the war finishes, have attained.

Photo. Copyright. BAYONETS FOR THE BOERS. *Lawrence.*
A Champion Squad of Kimberley Highland Volunteers.

SOME OF KEKEWICH'S WATCH-DOGS.
Scouts who Know the Country and Know Their Work.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
READY FOR THE WORK—A GUN AND DETACHMENT OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS ARTILLERY.

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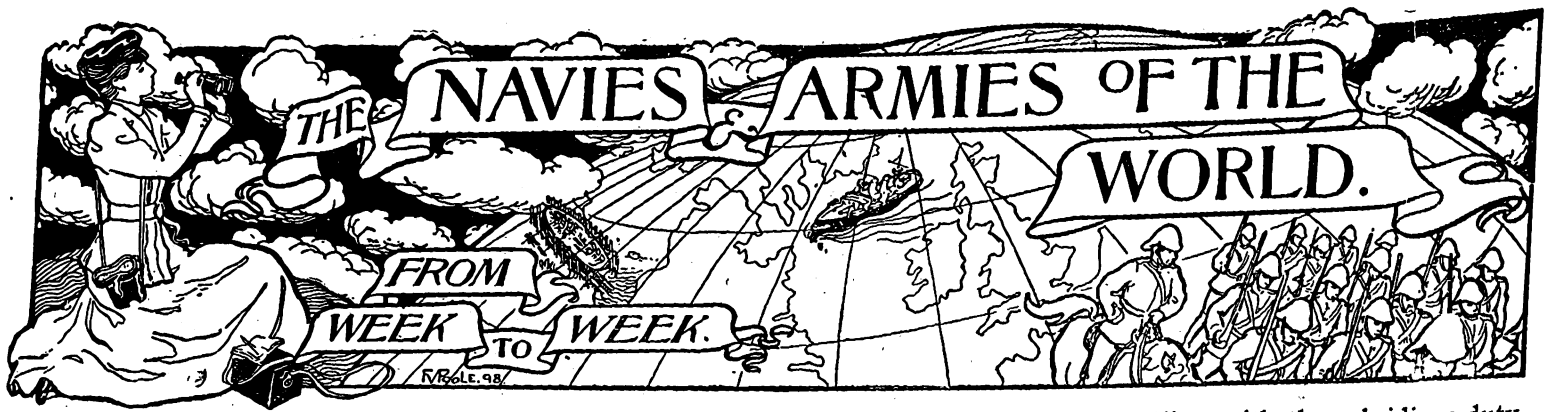

IN his capital "Life of Wellington," recently published, Sir Herbert Maxwell tells of the Duke's reluctance to allow—or at any rate to encourage—the publication of an account of the battle of Waterloo. He said substantially that if the whole truth were to be told much would come out which would not be pleasant, and that it was better to rest content with the result, and pass over the details in silence. It was his rule to remember that he was *nimuk-wallah*, that he had eaten the King's salt, and ought therefore to take no part in whatever might injure the Service. One can understand that evil could come from concealing unpleasant facts. Where, for example, there has been a disaster, it may be highly important to get at the truth in order to remove the cause of the failure and avoid the like in future. But where there has been success, is it not better to pass over errors of judgment, or even faults, if they have been committed, when by insisting on them you can only make bad blood? Is not this particularly the case when trouble, real or imaginary, has arisen out of rivalries, actual or supposed, between different classes of Her Majesty's servants, and when it can only be debated at the risk of arousing ill-feeling between them? Finally, ought discussions of this kind to be started when the other side cannot be heard at once?

* * * *

These considerations are respectfully advanced for the benefit of those who are engaging with some heat in this, as it seems to me, not very well-timed discussion about the formation of the Naval Brigades landed in South Africa. How a Naval Brigade ought to be formed is unquestionably a matter very proper to be debated by professional men at the right time and place. But is the middle of a war the right time? There is surely good reason for thinking it is not, when the gist of the whole quarrel is that the Naval officers have made use of their necessary predominance in the Navy to take an unfair share of the chances of distinction for themselves. Whether the complaint be well or ill founded, it can only breed bad feeling just at present. Supposing it to be true that Naval officers have gone up country in undue numbers, that would only prove that they burn to "pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon," which is what we must all wish to be the case. It is very human, and is no sin, that they should wish to be as much as they can to the front. If the admiral in command has yielded to their desire, seeing that he himself is a seaman and feels with them, this also is very human, and not wicked. That it is annoying to the marines one can understand, and that they should make a representation in the proper quarter is quite correct. That their friends, speaking on their behalf, should drag their grievance before the world in the midst of a war is not so right. It can only tend to set officers by the ears, and to give a bad example. Besides, we do not yet know on what principle the admiral has acted, and it is only common fairness to wait till we hear what he has to say. But is he to be called upon to explain when his hands are full of other and very pressing work? Then, supposing that the complaint is unfounded or exaggerated, as one is entitled to believe that it may be, the result of bringing it forward must equally be to stir up ill-feeling, which cannot be what any of those who have taken part in it can wish to do.

* * * *

When we are summing up the lessons of the war, the use of Naval Brigades may have to be reviewed with other matters. On the whole, it does already appear to be the case that if the Navy is to be liable to be drawn upon largely for work up country we shall have to alter our methods somewhat. The tendency which draws the Navy to the shore is far too strong already. We do not want to see it made more powerful. Watching strategical points hundreds of miles from the sea is not the business of Naval officers and Blue-jackets. If it comes to be understood that they are to do this, and that it is their best chance of winning distinction and promotion, of course their eyes will always be turned in that direction. On all sound principles they should look out to sea. Yet unless the Army is to be very much increased and much more scattered, we must look largely to the Navy to meet sudden calls. The problem will be how to combine the purely Naval work of the Fleet with the subsidiary duty of fighting on shore. The question will be just how this is to be managed. Perhaps we may find it advisable in the long run to establish what may be called Marine ships. As we have hospital-ships, or ships like the "Hecla," which are not meant to cruise or to lie in a line of battle, we might have other special service vessels set apart to carry large bodies of marines, who could be landed for military work on shore. It is certainly not a good arrangement that our squadrons on foreign stations should find themselves liable to be dangerously weakened by the loss of the indispensable navigating element in their officers and crews.

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Nobody can say that Lord Charles Beresford is a salt-horse lieutenant, and therefore his advocacy is all the more welcome when he comes forward to defend the use of training squadrons of sailing ships. The Duke of Wellington might be quoted on this side also—on the principle of it, at least. He was opposed to the establishment of military schools, on the ground that the best officer was he who had received the general education of his country, and had then taken to the Army as a profession. He did not mean that a man need not study soldiering, but that he ought to start as an educated man. Now the contention of Lord Charles Beresford, and those who agree with him, is that for the sailor proper the training given in a sailing ship is the equivalent of "a sound classical education" in other lines of life. He may not have to make use of this knowledge any more than a lawyer or civil servant has to employ Latin, but he is the better man for having had the drilling. There is great force in Lord Charles's argument, that although only a minority of young seamen have passed through the training squadron of late years, the prevailing element in the Navy is still that of the men—whether officers or not—who were trained in the sailing ship, or at any rate in ships which used sails. Therefore, all our experience is in favour of that form of teaching, and those who argue against it have to do so on the strength of a mere theory of their own. It would be against all our former practice if we broke away from an old tradition which has borne the test of centuries of trial, merely because a body of theorists think that something would be as good or better.

* * * *

I hope one does not incur instant and irrevocable condemnation as a mere Boer by saying that this outcry of ours over the use of the Dum-Dum bullet by the Boers is rather childish. After all, we refused to give up the bullet at the Hague Conference, on the ground that it is not unduly inhuman, since it is needed to stop the rush of barbarian foes who are indifferent to ordinary wounds. Now, suppose that the charge of civilised men is so resolute that the ordinary bullet will not stop them, it seems to follow as a matter of principle that the use of the Dum-Dum against them is quite legitimate. The Boers may say: "Your men are such resolute fellows that we must take to this kind of projectile." To that compliment what answer can we make on our own principles? If the wound made by the Dum-Dum is of such a nature that no civilised being ought to inflict it, then we condemn the use of it anywhere and against any enemy. A civilised man is to behave like one, or he loses the right to the name. In Macaulay's ballad the Puritan Sergeant says a contemptuous thing of King Charles when he speaks of "those cruel eyes which bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war." There is something not very manly in the readiness to inflict what one will not endure. It is, by the way, yet one more proof that there is no absolutely new thing under the sun, that a Dum-Dum was used in the Peninsular War. This was the "quartered bullet"—the ordinary bullet of the Brown Bess with four cuts in it, which were put there in order that it might spread. It was not used by us, nor by the French troops, nor apparently by the Spanish regulars, but it was used by the guerrilleros in a pure spirit of revenge. They wanted to inflict the maximum of pain on the invader who burnt their houses, violated their women, and shot all his prisoners.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

**** On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VIII. of the* NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

DECEMBER 17, 1810.—Action off the Sussex coast between the "Rinaldo," 10-gun brig, and four French privateers, who took her for a merchantman, chased her and closed, firing into her, and summoning her to surrender. The "Rinaldo" opened her fire, and caused the first three to call for quarter. An accident, however, incapacitated the "Rinaldo" from taking possession, and she was only able to secure one of the Frenchmen.

December 18, 1809.—Capture and destruction of the French 40-gun frigates "Seine" and "Loire," in the West Indies. The two French ships, lying in the cove of Anse la Barque, protected by forts and batteries, heavily gunned, were attacked, and cannonaded into surrender by the "Blonde" and "Thetis," of 36 guns each, while the "Sceptre," 64, with the "Frega," 36, and three 18-gun sloops cannonaded the forts and batteries, the boats of the squadron finally storming the chief fort. The "Seine" and "Loire" after surrendering took fire and blew up.

December 19, 1796.—Capture of the Spanish frigate "Sabina," 40, by the "Minerve," with Nelson's broad pennant on board, after a sharp action of two hours and fifty minutes, and with a large Spanish fleet close at hand. A consort of the "Minerve," the "Blanche," at the same time made another Spanish frigate, the "Ceres," surrender, but the main Spanish fleet were too near to enable her to be taken possession of, while also a little later they compelled Nelson to quit his prize, which was thus also retaken.

December 20, 1797.—Capture of the French "Néréide," 36, by the British "Phœbe," 36, after a night action of an hour and three-quarters. The "Phœbe" had a long chase all day before she got up with the French ship, but then the fight was fought out squarely broadside to broadside at musket shot range.

December 21, 1807.—Surrender of the Danish island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, to a squadron under Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, with a military force in transports to secure the possession.

December 22, 1779.—Capture of the "Blanche," 36, and "Fortunée," 40, in the West Indies, after a long chase, by three British 74's, the "Vengeance," "Magnificent," and "Stirling Castle." This is one of the rare cases of line-of-battle ships running down cruisers.

December 23, 1812.—Capture of the American 14-gun brig "Hunter" by the "Phœbe," 36.

DECEMBER 17, 1778.—Defeat of the French at St. Lucia. During the night of the 16th about 9,000 French troops were landed in Choc Bay, and on the following morning attacked the position held by General Meddows. The enemy were repulsed after three desperate attacks. They lost 400 killed and over 1,000 wounded, while our force only lost 10 killed and 130 wounded.

December 18, 1845.—Battle of Moodkee. The British, under Sir H. Hardinge, defeated 20,000 Sikhs, under Sirdar Tej Singh. In this battle Sir Robert Sale, of Jellalabad fame, was mortally wounded. Our loss was 215 killed and 659 wounded.

December 19, 1813.—Reduction of Fort Niagara. A force drawn from the Royal Scots, the 41st and the 100th Regiments surprised the American garrison of 429 men. Sixty-five of the garrison were killed, and nearly all the rest taken prisoners.

December 20, 1880.—Massacre at Bronkhorst Spruit. The 94th, about 250 strong, under Colonel Anstruther, was fallen upon by a Boer force. In twenty minutes 120 of our men were either killed or wounded, including seven out of eight officers. This disaster began the last Boer War.

December 21, 1808.—Defeat of the French at Sahagun. A brilliant cavalry affair, in which the 15th Hussars, under Lord Paget, charged a line of 600 French Dragoons, and broke it. 1817.—Battle of Maheidpore. Sir Thomas Hislop and Sir John Malcolm defeated the Mahrattas, under Holkar. The enemy lost 3,000 men, 63 guns, their baggage, and their camp. We had 778 men killed and wounded.

December 22, 1845.—Battle of Ferozeshah. On the 21st Sir Hugh Gough attacked the Sikhs in a strongly entrenched position, and carried their first line of works. Next day the second line was carried. The Sikhs made a desperate effort to recover the position, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Casualties on our side were over 2,400.

December 23, 1804.—Surrender of Deig. After a siege of ten days this Mahratta fortress was carried by storm. Holkar was thus left with only one stronghold in his possession—Bhurtpore.

Hands Across the Sea.

YEAR by year as the festival of Christmas comes round, the thoughts of all those who have a larger share of this world's goods than their poorer brothers and sisters should turn with pity to the needs of those whose daily lot is one of privation or of suffering. For the first time since the year 1854 we find ourselves at war with a Christian nation at the season of Christmas, and it is only natural that the soldiers and sailors of the Queen now fighting in South Africa should be near to the heart of every British subject.

There will be many vacant places in the family circles that will gather round the hearth this Christmastide, and many a mother, father, sister, brother, and wife will mourn the loss of dear ones in a far-off land.

Though we cannot stop the tears of these sad hearts, we can each of us do something to lessen, in a small way, the evils which inevitably accompany the outbreak of hostilities. Britons all over the world have responded nobly to the calls made upon them, and have given practical proof of their patriotism. The Mansion House Fund for the Transvaal Refugees, the Lord Mayor's War Fund, the public subscriptions organised by innumerable journals, and many other funds all over the country, have been warmly supported.

The Lord Mayor's War Fund is for the benefit of the wives, children, and other dependents of officers and men of Her Majesty's forces in South Africa. The contributions received are handed over to the Patriotic Fund Commissioners, to the British Red Cross Society, to Lloyd's Patriotic Fund, and to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association.

We desire especially to direct the attention of readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, which was founded in the year 1885 for the relief of the wives and families of nearly all branches of the British land and sea forces in time of peace or war. In connection with this society there is also an officers' branch, for assisting towards the education of officers' children, either by payment or purchase, in existing schools and institutions, and by temporarily aiding with small grants necessitous officers' widows; a nurses' branch, for the supply of qualified district nurses to attend the families of soldiers and sailors in large garrison and seaport towns; and a clothing branch, to supply suitable clothing for the wives and families of soldiers and sailors serving at and returning to home stations.

On another page of this number we give portraits of some of those who are most actively connected with the work of the association. The Princess of Wales, as president, has ever shown the greatest interest in its labours, and has done much to establish it on a firm basis.

While so much is being done in Great Britain and her colonies, both for the soldiers and sailors themselves, and also for their wives and families, it is particularly gratifying to know that our cousins across the Atlantic are anxious to give practical proof of their sympathy.

The American Ladies' Hospital-ship Fund was the result of a meeting of American ladies resident in London, which was presided over by Lady Randolph Churchill. The appeal issued after the meeting was most generously responded to by citizens of the United States, and the committee were able to arrange for the fitting out of the "Maine" as a hospital-ship, fully equipped with medical stores and provisions, to accommodate 200 patients for three months, with a staff of four doctors, five nurses, and forty non-commissioned officers and orderlies, all of whom are Americans.

Lady Randolph Churchill, in her speech at the meeting, remarked that, however much Americans might differ as to the policy which necessitated the sending of so many gallant soldiers to the front, all must recognise that the wounded were the wounded, irrespective of creed or nationality. As regarded the international value of what they were doing, Lady Randolph Churchill said that they had often talked of the friendship between America and England, but deeds were better than words, and they might justly hope that the hospital-ship "Maine" would do more to cement that friendship than years of flag-waving and pleasant amenities.

The "Maine" is now on her way to South Africa, and all will join in wishing her a safe and speedy voyage out. Of the value of the work that she will accomplish it is needless to speak, for there can be no nobler and more useful labour than the care of the sick and wounded. Four hospital-ships have now been despatched. The "Spartan" and "Trojan" were sent by the Government, and the "Midnight Sun" was fitted out with the balance of a sum of money collected by the Princess of Wales's branch of the National Aid Society at the time of the Egyptian Campaign of 1885. Before she left, the "Midnight Sun" was rechristened the "Princess of Wales"

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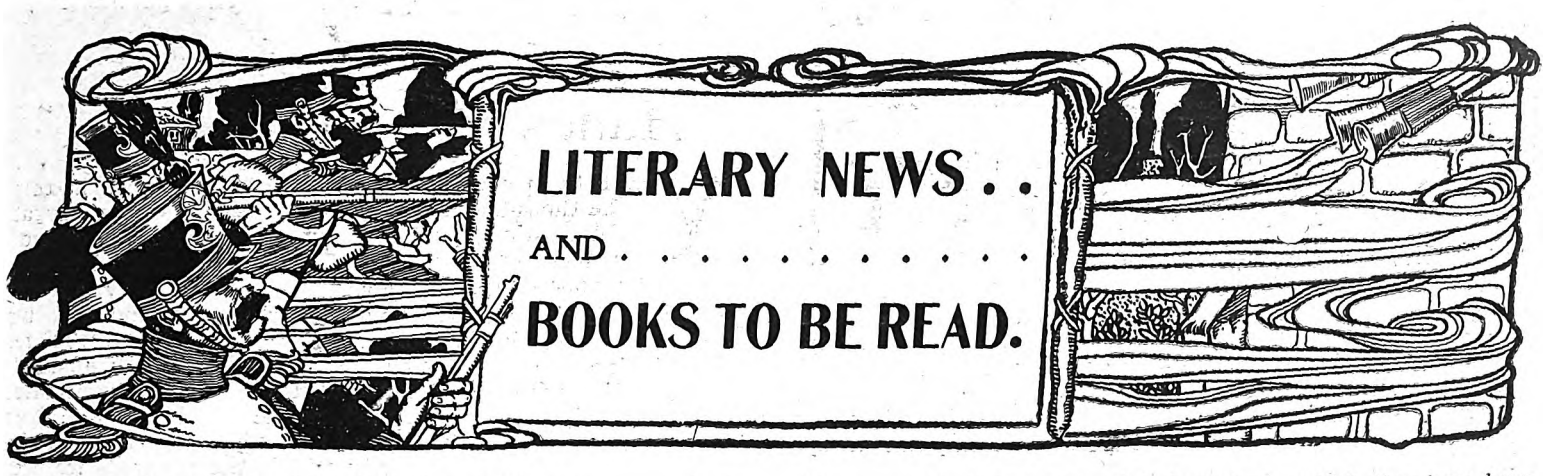

THE new Christmas literature of the close of this century—much of which is fresh from the printer upon my table—would have amazed those who danced our infancy upon their knee, and who told us, perhaps, of its beginning. We are not left by the Leadenhall Press, and by one or two other publishing houses, without reminiscences of those times in the shape of old-fashioned Christmas books, but for the most part the great outpouring of the Yuletide literary stream is characterised by a good deal of modernity, and is clothed in gorgeous but tasteful costume, such as we are accustomed to in these latter days. It is truly astonishing what literary skill and artistic care are brought together in producing the books that are to delight boys and girls at Christmas-time. The printer and the binder conspire—if I may use that word—to enhance the attractive effect of the many efforts that are made.

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Mr. Henty is certainly an astonishing man. For more years than I care to remember he has been pouring forth stories of adventure which have won him world-wide repute, and there is no falling off either in the quality or the freshness of the five volumes—if there are not more—which appear from his pen this Christmas. There is something of the prig in his heroes, perhaps, and behind his glowing pages the schoolmaster lies hid; but he is such a skilful contriver that these points are rarely discerned by his readers. He surveys the world from China to Peru, from the mysteries of ancient Egypt to the latest events in the Soudan, and from mediæval castles to the scented gardens of the East. "Won by the Sword" (Blackie) is really a sequel, in regard only to the history, of an earlier book, "The Lion of the North," and with the hero, the son of a Scottish officer in the French Service, we gain the notice of that *beau sabreur* Turenne, of the astute Cardinal Mazarin, and, finally, of the famous Condé. It is a brilliant, successful, and adventurous story. It would be true to say the same, and, perhaps, in a higher degree, of "No Surrender!" (Blackie), which is a thrilling and palpitating narrative of the dramatic episodes of the great struggle waged in La Vendée. There are now few writers who feel the inspiration of Fenimore Cooper, but those who remember the famous doings of the trapper, and of the old Indian, with his ear to the ground, listening to the distant horsebeats of the foe, will appreciate greatly Mr. Henty's other story, which is entitled "A Roving Commission" (Blackie), and deals with the black insurrection in Hayti. It is not, of course, Indian, but it has a good deal of the old character. We are carried more into the Indian region, much in the manner of Captain Mayne Reid, in "Out on the Pampas" (Griffith, Farran), which is full of dramatic episodes and narrow 'scapes. "In Times of Peril," another of Mr. Henty's books (Griffith, Farran), carries the reader to the Indian Mutiny, and to the tremendous scenes that were enacted at Lucknow and Delhi. Mr. Henty has done exceedingly well in this book. And, as if this were not enough, he has collected "Yule Tide Yarns" (Longmans). The volume is full of capital stories by himself, and by such well-known writers as Mr. Bloundelle-Burton, Lieutenant-Colonel Percy Groves, Harry Collingwood, and George Manville Fenn.

* * * *

I have not yet done with Messrs. Blackie's books, and it may be well here to say that they are, without exception, admirably illustrated, and most tastefully bound. The title of "Kidnapped by Cannibals" is enough alone to commend the book to boys of adventurous spirit, and such will welcome it the more when they know that it is from their old friend Dr. Gordon Stables. They will not be less pleased to receive "With Shield and Assegai," a remarkable story of peril and adventure in the Zulu War, by Captain F. S. Brereton. If I had more space I should like to say something about a real school story, "Boys of the Priory School," and about three stories for girls, "A Loyal Little Maid," "The Four Miss Whittingtons," and "A Queen Among Girls," which are among the very best girl stories I have seen, all published by Messrs. Blackie. Girls in these days do not seem generally to demand literature differing essentially from that enjoyed by their brothers. They can revel in the breathless happenings of pirate company, and feel the zest of strange adventures by flood and field just as much as any eager boy. But there is still the gentler side to character that needs to be satisfied, and the books I speak of, without being in the smallest degree mawkish or sentimental, are strong in their features and encouraging in their purpose, healthful also, and wholly sound.

* * * *

It is always a pleasure to take up a book issued by Messrs. Seeley. One is sure that it is wholesome and instructive, that a writer has been chosen who knows his work, and one sees that the volume has been produced in excellent artistic style. The Rev. E. Gilliat, who has written several historical stories, now gives us, through Messrs. Seeley, "Wolf's Head: A Story of the Prince of Outlaws." He carries us into the greenwood, and is extremely forcible and realistic in his presentations of mediæval life and character. A companion book for girls is "The Parson's Daughter," by that favourite writer, Mrs. Emma Marshall. Messrs. Seeley have always stood high in the ranks of those who are true to the artistic side of the publisher's work. Their portfolio was long almost the only exponent of what was best in art reproduction, and they retain the fame for skill and refinement of character, on both the literary and technical sides of their work, for which they have been famous.

* * * *

Very few of the stories of the present Christmas are directed to South African scenes—that will come next year—but meanwhile Messrs. Cassell's two volumes, entitled "Peril and Patriotism," are absolutely full of famous exploits and heroic deeds for Queen and Empire in our wars of the century. No better books could be given to boys where fact and circumstance are required. The same publishers have produced a really admirable story of the Mutiny entitled "Jenetha's Venture." It is by Colonel Harcourt, who was himself in India at the time of the Mutiny, and has given a very graphic and realistic account of the siege of Delhi, introducing to us Hodson of Hodson's Horse, and many other heroes of the time.

* * * *

I have spoken of old-fashioned Christmas books. Let those who would know what the childhood of their grandfathers delighted in procure "Old-Fashioned Children's Books," collected by Andrew W. Tuer (Leadenhall Press). It is full of reproductions of quaint illustrations of the time, some of them exceedingly pretty, not one of them without interest of its own. This publishing house has made quite a feature of reproducing the volumes of the early part of the century.

* * * *

Two seafaring yarns, published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and Co., in addition to Mr. Henty's stories already alluded to, call for notice. Boys who do not love the sea are happily few and far between, as the careful caterers for them are not slow to understand. Mr. Harry Collingwood has gained a wide reputation among the youth of the country for the power with which he holds them enthralled and the life-like character of his men and incidents. The waves seem to thunder in his pages, the lips to taste salt from the gale, and the face to be stung by the blinding spray. "The Castaways" is as good as anything he has written. It is a book one feels interested in at the very first page, and when one finds the hero (Shipmates) in the "Cawnpore" with a rich and brilliant brunette, crowned with a wealth of most beautiful and luxuriant golden-chestnut hair, the most perfectly lovely creature he has ever beheld, one begins to suspect what will happen. Presently our hero does gallant work in rescuing some Frenchmen, the "Cawnpore" is wrecked, and he finds himself alone with the lady in a boat on the wide ocean. They meet and board a derelict, and pick up a shipwrecked crew. Then mutiny ensues, with the legendary island and the unfailing treasure, multitudes of adventures, and the happy ending at last. The materials of the story are venerable, but they are unfailing in their vivid attraction, and they are very freshly used by Mr. Collingwood. "Shipmates: A Story of Adventures in the Merchant Service," by Hugh St. Leger, is another good yarn, in which our enjoyment begins in the apprentice's berth, and is sustained by a series of rollicking adventures and hair-breadth escapes afloat and ashore, with the inevitable gale and the rarely-absent fire as episodes, as well as other familiar incidents and devices. But let us not quarrel with writers of the sea for using the elements of its finest romance, provided they employ them well, and that certainly Mr. St. Leger has done. Indeed, these two stories of maritime adventure are sure to be eagerly read by the boys fortunate enough to secure them.

* * * *

No account of Christmas books can be complete without something being said of the toy books and picture books which are produced for little children. Messrs. Blackie have done something in this way, but Messrs. Dean are certainly chief in this kind of work. In richness of variety, excellence of design, and harmonious colouring, their books cannot be surpassed. So far as one can see, they have an inexhaustible series to which they are continually adding, and certainly nothing can be better or more amusing in its satirical vein than "Books for Little Englanders," which is by A. S. Forrest and Frank Green. Patriotism in such a book may almost be taken in with the mothers' milk, and the book has many attractive companions in the same series.

* * * *

These notes upon Christmas books have been written with one of Messrs. Hudson and Kearns's diary blotting pads under my hand, the series for 1900 having just appeared. The sailor in his cabin, the soldier in his quarters, the writer in his study, the busy man in his office, would be unfortunate not to have one of these. The comfort they give to the rapid writer can scarcely be exaggerated. There are various editions, in particular forms and sizes, adapted to particular needs, but that I like is No. 8. Here on the left is an interleaved diary, with space for cash accounts and an index, and on its cover a calendar always exposed to view. It is really a book (about 10in. by 4in.) fixed to the pad. Then on the right of the diary comes a narrow strip showing, in large figures, the days of the month, torn off week by week. Next is the solid pad of blotting-paper on which one writes, and on the right hand a pad of paper for memoranda, torn off as the need arises. There are more elaborate and simpler forms, but no one should be without one kind or the other of these excellent helps to the writing-man, and there could scarcely be a more acceptable present.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

"CAPE TO CAIRO."
From "Books for Little Englanders." (Dean.)

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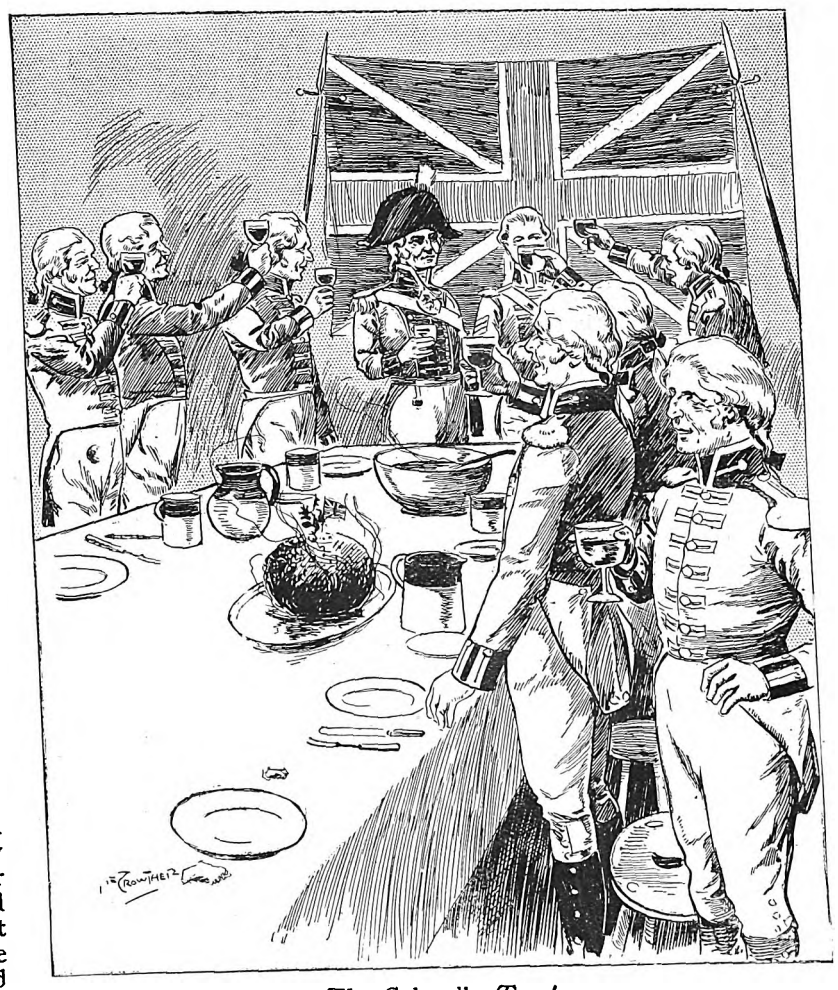
Christmas in the Army a Hundred Years Ago.

By A. B. Tucker.

"So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly."

THE great festival of Christmas has always been observed with much rejoicing in the Army. The barrack rooms are decorated, companies vieing with each other in making their rooms bright and gay. In this respect soldiers are very conservative, and adhere strictly to the traditions of bygone generations, bitterly resenting any tampering with the unwritten law that bids them keep Christmas exactly as the Army has always kept it, even to the decorations.

In the winter of 1799 the greater part of the Army was at home, several regiments which had taken part in the Walcheren Expedition having returned, leaving a large number of brave fellows behind victims to the pestilential fever which proved to be the real enemy the expedition had to contend with. Glad enough were our soldiers to get back from the dismal swamps where all had suffered so much to such little purpose. In those days the fear of invasion was ever present; it was the custom to quarter troops in large numbers all round the seaboard. In the summer-time they were in towns on the coast, but as the winter drew near they were moved a few miles inland. In some cases, of course, there were no barracks, and the men had to be billeted at farmhouses. Christmas with the men who were housed in this way depended for its cheer upon the farmer with whom they were billeted. Some were generous and brought out their best October brew, and the men who were lucky enough to have such a host enjoyed themselves royally on that good old-fashioned solid fare that has been associated with Christmas Day for generations. On the other hand, there was no law to compel the farmer to do more for the soldiers quartered on him on Christmas Day than on other days; and it sometimes happened that either from the poverty or niggardliness of the farmer some of the soldiers had poor Christmas fare. But soldiers know how to make the best of everything, and would not be hard on their host for being poor. A small contribution from each man and a donation from the officers went a long way to make up for deficiencies. In barracks Christmas was kept very much as it is nowadays; indeed, the daily routine of a regiment has altered little in the century. As now the ordinary day began with réveillé at 6.15 a.m. and ended at tattoo, or, as it was generally called then, "taptoo," which beat at nine o'clock in winter and ten o'clock in summer. Great attention was paid to the dressing of the hair, the fashion of which varied in different regiments. It was always powdered and fastened up behind with a peg and ribbon, and, as may be easily imagined, getting it ready for parade was a long and tedious operation. Indeed, it was a work of hours for a soldier of a hundred years ago to get himself ready for parade or guard with the amount of pipe-claying, polishing, and heel-balling that his showy uniform required. The men's dinners were at the same hour as now, and were invariably inspected by an officer. Speaking of officers reminds us that in the regulations of those bygone days it was enacted that on meeting an officer the men should salute by "taking off their hats with the left hand, and letting them fall in an easy graceful manner down the thigh with the crown inwards, and passing by very slow." The "hats" of those days were similar to those worn by coachmen on State occasions. There is a story told of Lord Heathfield and this hat. He wore it quite square to the front, and so much pressed down over his eyebrows that the edge rested on the bridge of his nose, which by the by was very high. Lord Heathfield insisted on having the hat worn in this manner by every man under his command. One day at Gibraltar the general met a private soldier with the cock of his hat, instead of pointing straightforward, directed almost perpendicularly into the air. The general very angrily threw back his own hat into a similar position, and, drawing himself up full in front of the soldier, exclaimed, "There, sir; look at me, sir; don't I look like a d——d blackguard?" The soldier, who had been too well disciplined to contradict a commander-in-chief, replied, as he faced the general as upright as an arrow, "Yes, and please your excellency, to be sure you do." The severity which the general's features had assumed instantly relaxed, and it was not without some effort that he suppressed a hearty laugh. He hastily dismissed the man, saying, "Well, if you see the ill effect it has on me you cannot fail to be assured it must very badly suit you."



The Colonel's Toast.

But we are digressing, and must not linger any more over the fascinating and picturesque details of life in the Army a hundred years ago. With troops in barracks on Christmas Day in 1799 réveillé did not sound until 6.45 a.m., but soldiers are not lie-a-beds. If there were no duties to perform there were comrades to whom to wish a Merry Christmas. In some respects the soldier is a pattern Christian. He forgets old feuds at Christmas, and peace and goodwill reign in the barracks. So on Christmas morning no one is late. What is true of the Army now is true in these matters of the soldier a hundred years ago. Church parade was at ten o'clock. A short service with hymns heartily sung, as only a congregation of soldiers can sing; a short sermon, listened to with good grace and toleration, but with anxiety for its end, and then with drums beating a triumphant return to barracks, where the event of the day was awaiting them. Christmas dinner! Perhaps it means more to the soldier than it does to the civilian. At any rate, no civilian looks forward to it as does every soldier in barracks. A century ago, just as nowadays, leave was granted to as many as possible, but preference was given to married men—who, by the way, were fewer then than now—and to the older men. As a matter of fact, the younger soldiers, as a rule, would rather have their Christmas dinner in barracks than with their friends. For months money is collected for this glorious feast, and, as we said before, the Army is conservative; the same preparations for Christmas were carried out a hundred years ago. A century ago beer and sometimes wine was supplied, partly by the men themselves and partly at the expense of the officers. The plum pudding is a time-honoured institution in the Army. No one but the military cooks know how this delectable compound is prepared, but there is a firm belief in most regiments that the recipe is as old as the regiment itself. While the dinner was in progress the colonel, accompanied by other officers, would visit each room in turn, and would drink the health of the occupants. Then would come songs and toasts. And then would often come—punishment. For it is a lamentable fact that a hundred years ago drunkenness was the most frequent offence of soldiers, and drunkenness leads to all sorts of other offences. The Army has improved so much in the century that the tales of old times are hardly credible now. In judging of a soldier of 1799, we must remember that his lot was a hard one. Improved conditions of life, inducements to amuse himself sensibly, and the kindly interest taken by his officers in his welfare, have made the soldier of to-day a vastly better and far sounder man than his predecessor of a hundred years ago.

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The British Drum-beat Round the World.

FROM NORTH TO SOUTH AND EAST TO WEST.

ROUND the world! What a host of bright memories the phrase conjures up of childhood's happy days, when these words were full of mysterious and fascinating significance. How one instinctively goes back to the thought, first of Captain Cook, and then of that intrepid and much more rapid voyager of whose experiences Jules Verne has provided the youth of at least two countries with such a romantic description in his "Round the World in Eighty Days!" To those of maturer growth the mere idea of putting a girdle round the earth is almost equally inspiring, whether they approach it from the standpoint of the traveller, the artist, the trader, or even that of the poor student who has to be content with gaining his knowledge of foreign countries and their inhabitants from geographical text-books and the atlas. The strange succession of new types of humanity and scenery, the varied assortment of national sentiments and aspirations, the countless political, strategical, and other considerations involved, make it easy for even the stay-at-home reader to become deeply absorbed in any really representative description, more especially a pictorial one, of the sights and scenes, the men and things, to be met with in a journey "round the world."

Photo. Copyright. AT ALDERSHOT. *C. Knight*
General Sir E. Wood Inspecting a New Gun.

If the abstract idea bound up in these three words is of itself attractive, how much more so the concrete notion of such a purview as that which is indicated in the full title of this sketch, and which is so strikingly illustrated by the beautiful series of pictures here presented. It is pleasant to dwell upon the strangeness and variety of the multitudinous peoples that throng the surface of this planet. It is impressive to reflect upon the ceaseless hum which mounts upwards from the diverse mass of scattered humanity. But, for us English-speaking folk there is a still goodlier, although a much more selfish, thought, arising from the glorious fact that, as the great world goes spinning "down the ringing grooves of change," there is perhaps no sound that rises more sharp and clear above the roar of universal business, controversy, and war than the beat of the British drum.

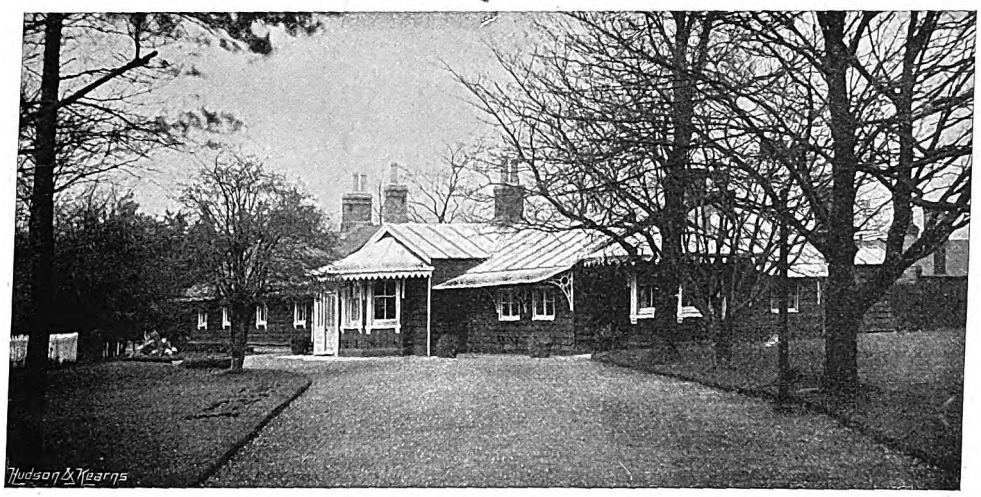

Photo. Copyright. AT THE CURRAGH. *Easden.*
A General Officer's Quarters.

For those connected with this journal such a series of pictures as this has an especial significance. The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has always been frankly Imperialist in its scope and objects. Its claim to have contributed largely to fostering the Imperial idea has always been freely recognised in the very highest quarters, and, what to us is even more satisfactory, by the consensus of British and Colonial opinion. These pages have carried a closer knowledge of the Mother Country's resources in sailors and soldiers, ships and guns, to the uttermost parts of our colonial possessions. Simultaneously, they have endued the British reading public with a grasp and appreciation of the Colonial Forces which six years ago was simply non-existent in any but particularly well-informed quarters. There must be few journals indeed whose subscription list is more extended over the face of the globe, whose special correspondents are more ubiquitous, whose friends and supporters are of more varied nationality and habitation. Small wonder then that at Christmas we should derive especial pleasure in emphasising these

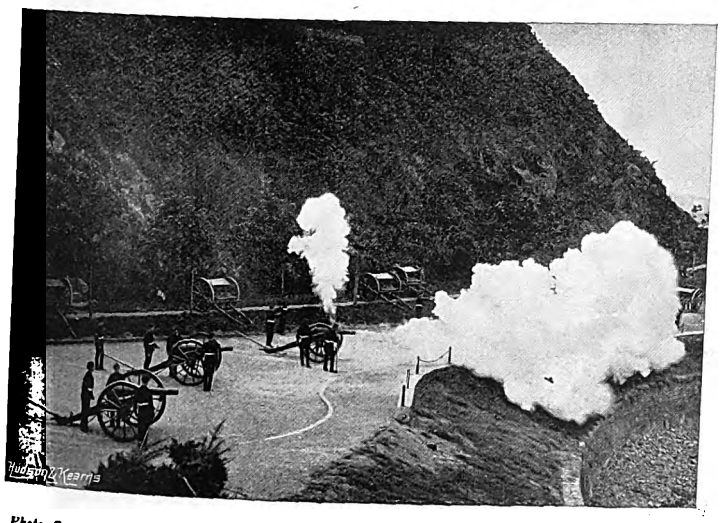

Photo. Copyright. IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN. *Allain.*
The Royal Guernsey Artillery Firing a Salute.

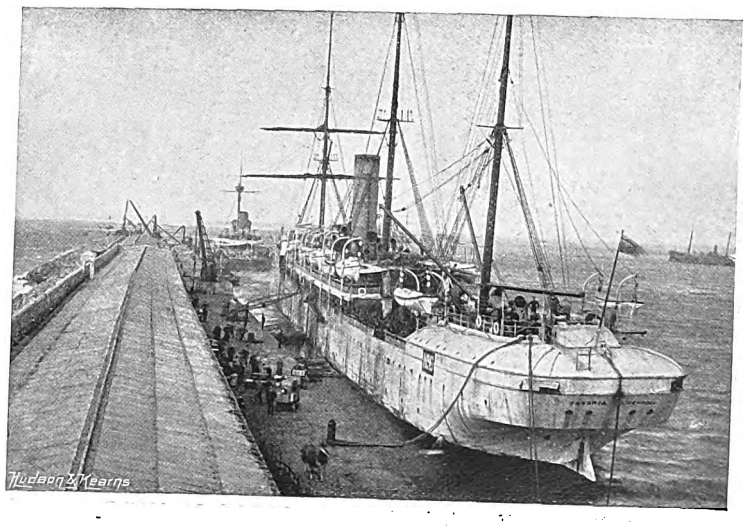

Photo. Copyright. LANDING AT "THE ROCK." *Hall.*
A Transport Alongside the Quay at Gibraltar.

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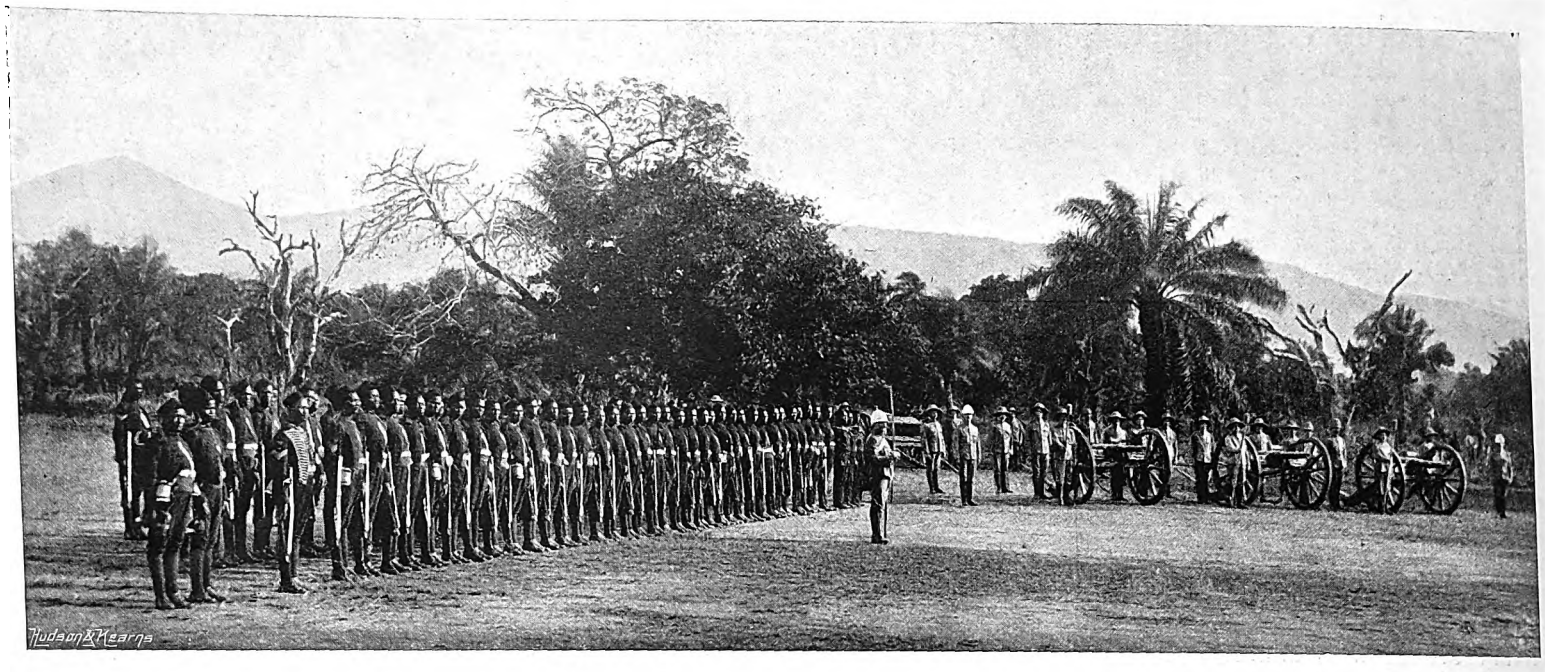


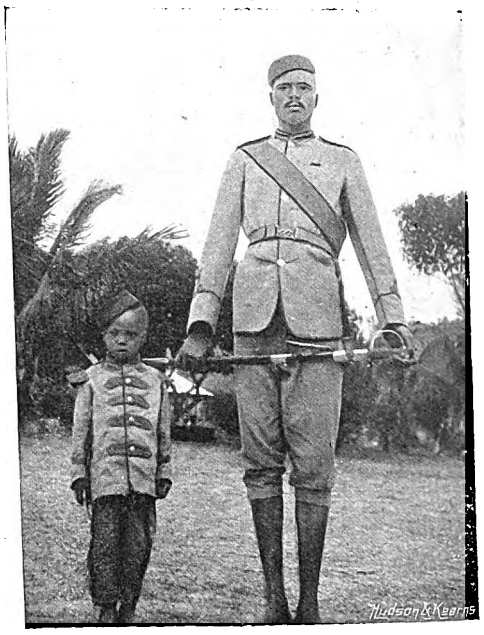
DUSKY GUNNERS—THE SIERRA LEONE DETACHMENT R.A.

Imperialistic ends and aims by selecting from the enormous mass of pictorial material at our disposal, by far the greater part of it in our exclusive possession, a series that shows vividly, not only the fact that on the British Empire the sun never sets, but that the British drum sounds daily round the world on British soil.

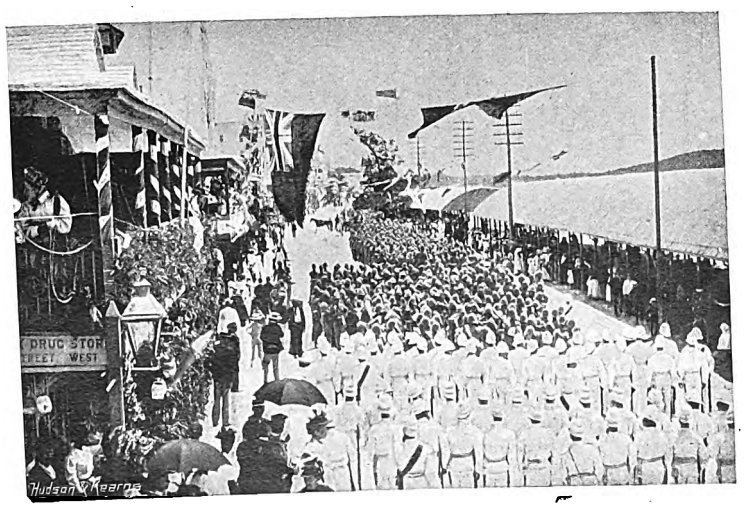
In this connection another, to many perhaps a new, thought is included. When one comes to look into it, the fact is interesting that from the Imperial standpoint the beat

ST. HELENA.
Jamestown, Showing the Harbour.

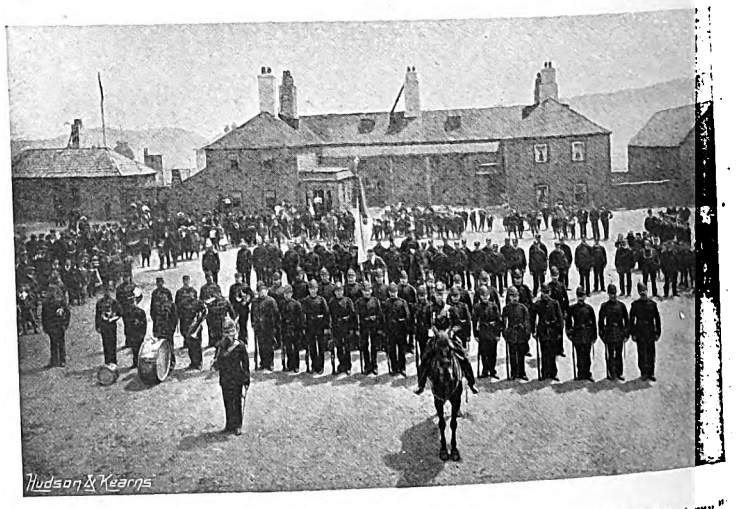
of the drum indicates not only the presence of British Naval or Military power, with all the might and majesty of the Empire's resources at its back, but also comprehends a pretty complete list of considerations interesting to civilised humanity. We do not conquer for the sake of conquest, our Navy does not patrol the seas for purposes of spoliation, our Army does not work its arduous way into the trackless desert or over the mountain pass merely to add new territories and new revenues to those we already possess in almost embarrassing abundance. These warlike symbols of England's presence all over the world are not merely the surest guarantees of peace and order which the world can show. In nine cases out of ten they imply the forces of good government and local prosperity. Take away from India and Canada the military element, and society, politics, and trade would suffer prompt degeneration, if they did not sink into complete decadence. Remove from South Africa and Australia their Naval squadrons, and a sense of something more than insecurity would supervene. In almost every phase of our Imperial existence the keynote of life in general is to be found in that implicit trust in the capacity of British subjects to defend themselves against aggression, with or without the aid of the long and strong arm of the British Imperial Navy or Army, as the case may be. We emphasise this fact in view of the approaching enlargement



FEET AND INCHES.
Sergeant-Major and Drummer, Royal Niger Constabulary.



Photos. Copyright. *IN THE "STILL-VEX'T BERMOOTHES."*
Artillery and Engineers Marching Past at Bermuda.



TO PROTECT A FISHERY. *"Navy & Army"*
The Central Detachment, Newfoundland Constabulary.

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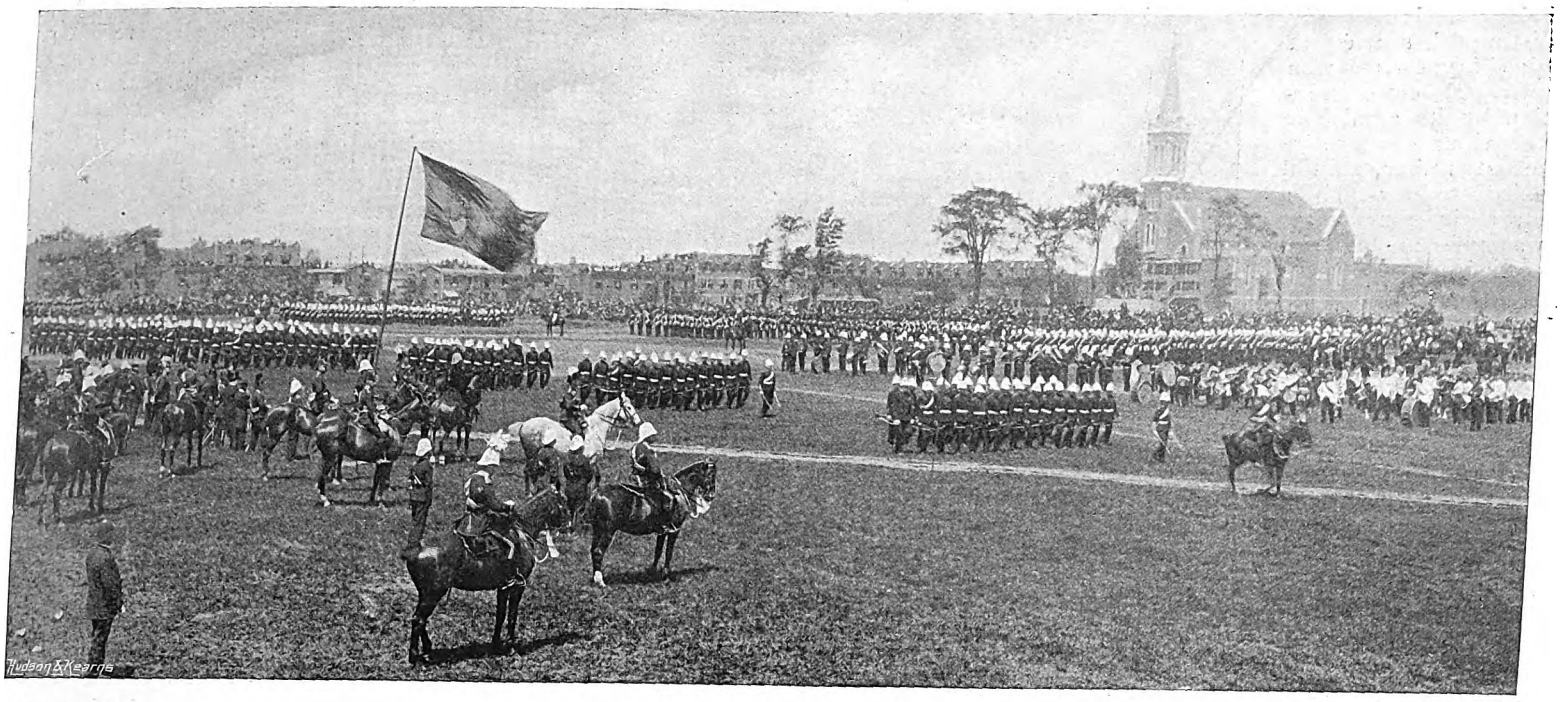


Photo. Copyright. McCormick.

IN THE DOMINION—AN ARTILLERY REVIEW AT MONTREAL.

of this journal, and the inclusion in it of a number of subjects which at first sight would perhaps not appear to be of strictly Naval or Military character. But the contention that there is nothing exclusive in the interest which surrounds the land and sea Services, and that on the contrary it includes much of ordinary human interest, is irrefutable. Although the success of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED has demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt the fascination which the Services exercise upon the lay mind, nevertheless a point may be reached at which a note of greater comprehensiveness may well be struck. In carrying out this idea regard will always be had to the fact that, for the purposes of this journal, civilian subjects must naturally be subordinated to those of Service origin and connection. And this attitude is emphasised when, as in the case of the Colonies, the Navy and Army really provide, more often than not, the most interesting topics that are locally available.

Turning to our pictures, it is not likely that anyone will quarrel with us for starting our drum-beat at Aldershot, that focus of English military life, where more British drums are really beaten in the course of twenty-four hours than in a week at most other of our military stations. There is an eminence near Aldershot from which, according to an ancient military jape, one can see the whole career of a soldier mapped out with pleasing distinctness. First, there is the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where the "sucking officer" receives his early military training; next Aldershot Camp itself, where he very likely joins his corps and learns what regimental duty is and how it ought to be done; then comes the Staff College, to which in due course he naturally aspires, and, not far from it, Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum, which by some is supposed a fit and proper sequel to the severe course of study necessary to obtain a P.S.C.; last scene of all, that "ends this strange eventful history," is Woking Cemetery, also to be viewed from this remarkably convenient and instructive hill-top. Somewhat gloomy reflections these two last, but the jest is worth repeating, as indicating what a truly military neighbourhood is this in which our picture shows one of our greatest soldiers, the A.G. to the Forces, Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., examining a new gun, the mechanism of which is being explained by that fine artillerist, Major-General Marshall, now in chief command of the Royal Artillery in South Africa.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

IN THE LAND OF THE BEAVER.

From England to Ireland, of which the Curragh, in a military sense, is truly representative, is scarcely a full step in such big boots as we are using for this pictorial and literary ramble round the world, but we are naturally a little shy of leaving home in too great a hurry. For the same reason we loiter a moment in the Channel Islands to see the Royal Guernsey Artillery firing a loyal salute. A right good corps this, established nearly a century and a

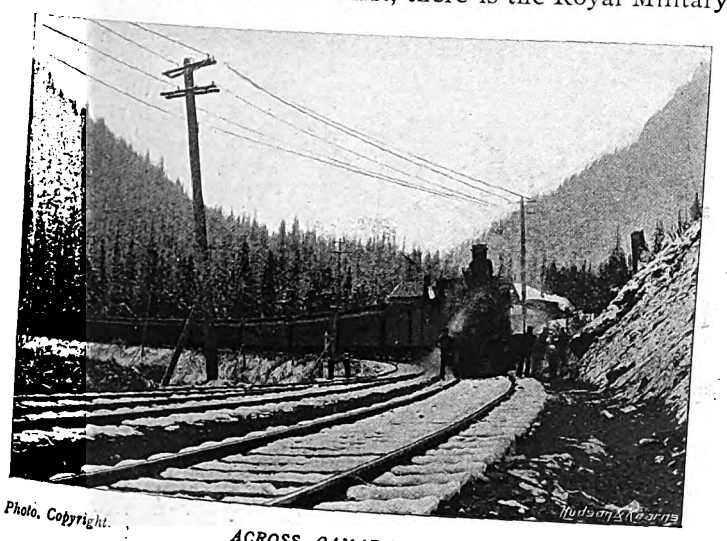
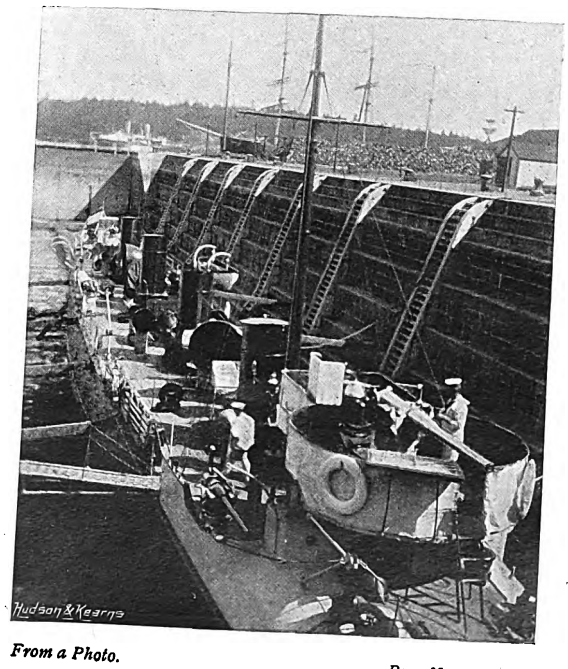


Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

ACROSS CANADA.

A Trainful of Seamen Halts near the Great Glacier.



From a Photo. By a Naval Officer

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The "Virago" in Dock at Esquimault.

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half ago. It annually distinguishes itself at Shoeburyness, and won universal commendation by its admirable behaviour during the recent rather painful episodes in which a local infantry corps was unfortunately concerned.

Dear old Gib.! What may be the precise amenities of service on the Rock the present writer is not prepared to assert with any freedom, never having formed part of the garrison. But he has passed it several times in troopships, and always the same emotions have been caused by the sight of this majestic fortress, Heathfield's glorious defence of which forms one of the brightest pages in our military annals. Advisedly our picture has been selected to show Gibraltar, not in its more familiar aspect, but in that in which it is of such peculiar contemporary interest. The relation of the garrison of the Rock to the War in South Africa is here indicated with a clearness which will be appreciated by the student to whom the value of such "half-way houses" in any foreign emergency is, or ought to be, sufficienty apparent.

"Such clever sailors are we that we find we've negligently left the Gib. (jib!) behind!" As some excuse for this strange nautical carelessness, we have arrived at Sierra Leone, where a picture shows the local detachment of the Royal Artillery on parade, and a smart and well set-up detachment it is. So it should be, for, as we have recently seen, Sierra Leone is a spot where trouble may arise at very short notice among the natives, and, having arisen, may take a deal of quelling.

The associations which the mere mention of St. Helena conjures up are so trite that we need not expatiate upon them here. To-day the memory of the Great Napoleon's imprisonment here has been partially obscured by the fact that in Jamestown, of which a curiously interesting picture is given, we have a second-class Imperial coaling station, with important defensive works overlooking the harbour, of which a glimpse can be caught in our illustration. *Stat magni nominis umbra.* But a coaling station is rather more useful to us as an Imperial possession than all the Napoleonic relics which the industry of enthusiasts, collectors, and —shall we add?—manufacturers could possibly put together. We might even go farther, and, even as Bismarck said that the Eastern Question was not worth the bones of a Pomeranian Grenadier, so the abstract fact that St. Helena once held prisoner the most amazing soldier of all time is barely worth to us as much as the concrete loyalty to the Imperial Idea represented in the portraits here given of the biggest and tiniest members of the Royal Niger Constabulary. Excellent types these, of an excellent institution, to wit, the Colonial soldier-policeman, of which the Empire can produce samples unrivalled by those of any

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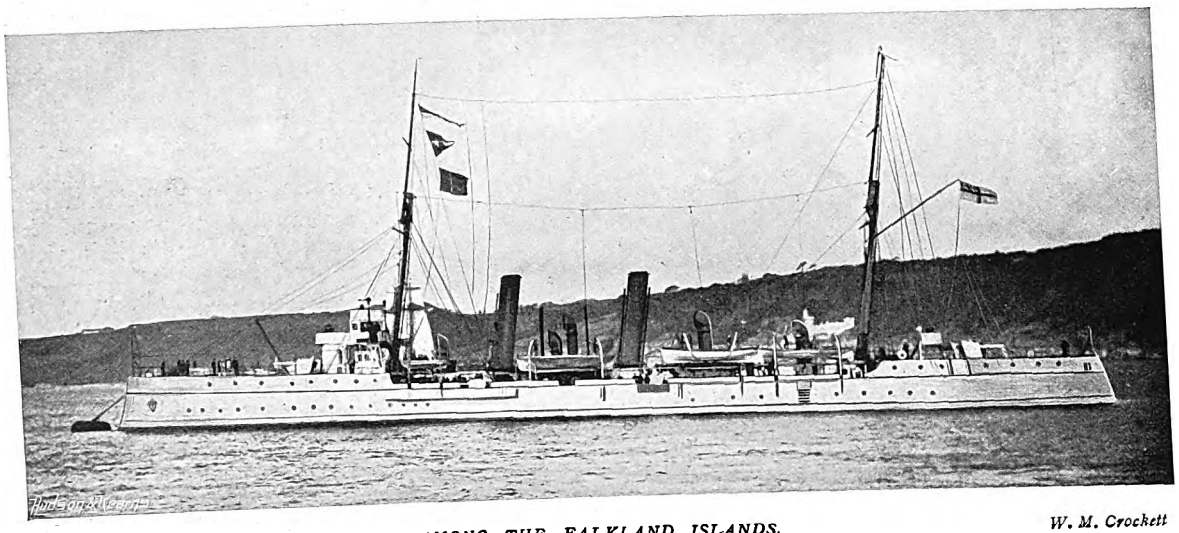

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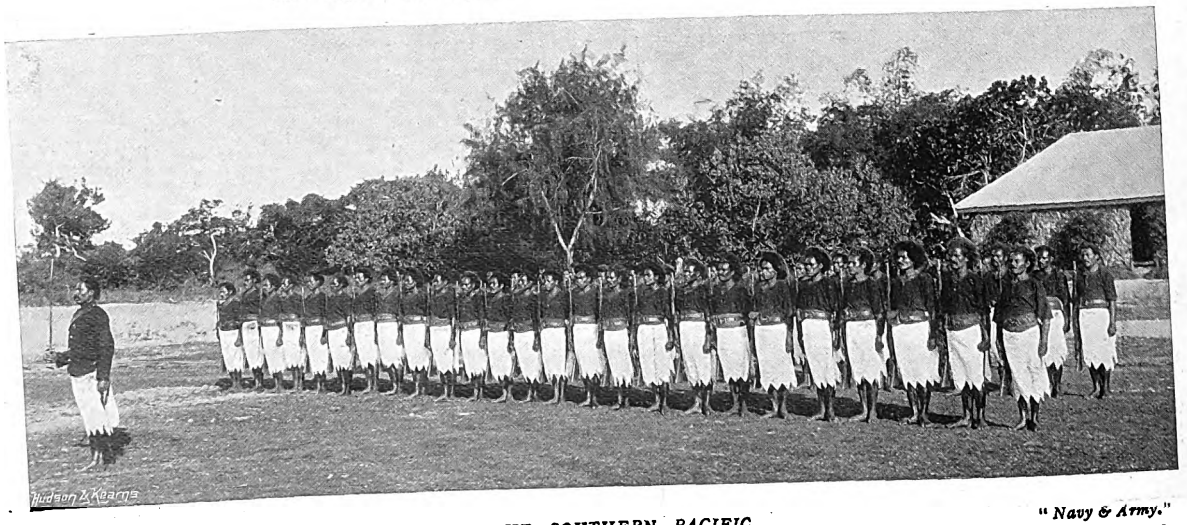

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[Continued on page 329.

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Round the Camp Fire.

ON SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

CHRISTMAS EVE, and the eve also of what would probably be the decisive action of the campaign. The great camp was quiet enough after dark, though there had been some smart skirmishes during the day, and our hardy cavalrymen—some people were disposed to call them foolhardy—had nearly got into a mess, but extricated themselves very cleverly, after fully achieving the object of their reconnaissance.

The major who commanded the two squadrons was holding a sort of little levée in his tent as the hero of the day, though there had been other things done, chiefly by the Naval Brigade, who had during the preceding night shifted their guns of position, and opened fire at daybreak from a totally unexpected quarter.

Their commander was present in the major's tent, together with an Artillery captain, a linesman or two, and a couple of "specials," who were very angry with the Press censor for some reason or other, and not altogether pleased with the major, who was not communicative, though very polite outwardly.

The tent was lit by a little lamp hung on the pole, and outside, through the opening in the curtains, the fire-flies were tracing an intricate pattern against the wall of darkness. Parties of men hurried by occasionally; reliefs for pickets; messengers to and from the chief; a sufferer carried in from the outposts, where some desultory "sniping" was going on.

No one expected to get very much sleep that night, and the officers were paying visits to each other's tents, discussing the past—which lends itself to discussion—and the future, which so frequently stultifies all discussions by being very unexpected.

"What damage to-day, major?" said the Artilleryman.

"Five wounded; three badly."

"Lucky to get off so cheap; I heard there was one man picked up under fire——"

"Very likely," said the major, who had himself dismounted and rescued a wounded trooper; "common thing enough. But I want to hear about Hepworth's guns. I am told you knocked 'em, eh?"

"Pretty practice!" said the Artilleryman, with generous appreciation, "plugging 'em all in the same hole."

"Oh, it's a bit of an outing to our fellows, having a steady sight," said the commander; "they learn their shooting with the foresight bobbing up and down; had the range to a yard, too; they ought to be scalped if they'd missed."

"Scalps flying on top of the hill, I expect," said the major, grimly; "lyddite's a rough barber. You've been at this kind of thing before, Hepworth, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes; Zulu affair in seventy-nine, as a youngster; shut up in Eshowe with Pearson."

"The deuce you were! You had a lively time, hadn't you?"

"Quite lively enough; chiefly by reason of false alarms and dysentery, which don't go well together."

"You had a heavy sick list, I suppose, before the end?"

"Far too heavy; the strain and shortness of grub were too much for some of the fellows, too; they went off their heads partially, and one of 'em was the cause of my very nearly being scuppered by the gay African."

"You might tell us the yarn," said the gunner; "if you're interrupted we'll hear the end to-morrow."

"All right, I will," said the sailor, knocking out his pipe.

THE COMMANDER'S STORY.

By COMMANDER E. P. STATHAM.

"YOU know what kind of a place we had at Eshowe, I dare say; we made it pretty strong, with a ditch 7-ft. deep and over 10-ft. wide, a drawbridge, flanking arrangements, and all complete. I forget what you call those blessed things you rig across a ditch for flanking; anyhow, we had 'em all right, and the Zulus must have had an idea that we were pretty snug, for they only once made any attempt to carry the place, though we were surrounded by thousands of 'em. I heard afterwards that Rorke's Drift was such an eye-opener to them that Cetewayo forbade any direct assault on a fortified post. It came a trifle expensive, and as we declined to respond to their invitation to come out and be killed in the open, there we were, 'fighting the fight of sit down,' as the joyful Kaffir puts it.

"We had a small cattle kraal close by the fort, and a plank bridge to the water, with zigzag defences down to it, also a trestle bridge to the camp; of course, these were unshipped at night. We had cleared away a lot of bush as far as we could, but there was still plenty of it about, enough to screen any number of natives, which in fact it did, for you couldn't show yourself any distance outside without something suggestive in the shape of an assegai whistling past your ear. We always expected the beggars would creep up at night and try to rush the place, and you may imagine the strain it was on everyone, from the commanding officer downwards. I was only a midshipman, and I dare say I felt it less than anybody, for things don't worry one at that age, and I was never seedy for a moment, only hungry—d——d hungry!

"Well, as I said, some of our men got queer, what with dysentery, and poor food, and the heat, and so on; and among others, a Bluejacket named Rushton, a petty officer, and always rather a dreamy sort of chap, though a good man when it came to blows. I was told off to keep an eye on him and a couple of others, just to see that they didn't make too big asses of themselves, for the doctor was kept well occupied without looking after semi-lunatics, and they were quiet and harmless enough.

"They didn't give me any trouble, and, in common with most people who have little experience in looking after lunatics, I was soon lulled into a feeling of security. I used to keep an eye on them, and follow them about a bit, but the poor fellows only appeared desirous of being left alone to mumble to themselves in a corner.

"Rushton excited my interest more than the others, as I occasionally overheard him talking, and he always harped on the same string.

"'There'll be a woman in it,' I heard him muttering over and over again, 'and they'll come creeping up, creeping, creeping.'

"The sort of shuddering way in which he said it used to

"I could hear the Zulus creeping about quite close to me."

give me a tendency to the 'creeps,' and if I'd had a little more experience of the world I should have given him credit for his theory that there was likely to be a woman at the bottom of any unexpected mischief which might befall us.

"Well, the grub was getting shorter; very few beasts remained in our little kraal, and as we were about a thousand to feed, they wouldn't go very far. Our communications were cut off entirely, and though we knew, of course, that efforts were being made to relieve us, we had not an idea when we should hear anything.

"One afternoon, about five o'clock, it suddenly occurred to me that I had not seen Rushton for some time, and I

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strolled round to look for him. Not finding him in the fort, I went over the trestle bridge from the camp, but could see nothing of him. I asked one or two of our men if they had seen him, without result; so, instead of reporting his absence to the commanding officer and getting a wigging first and a strong search party afterwards, what must I do, like a clever youngster, but start off to find him off my own bat.

"I went first down to the spring, and then began creeping cautiously along some little openings in the bush beyond, tracks originally made by beasts, I fancy, and very narrow and tortuous. How, in the name of wonder, I expected to find my man in such a labyrinth I cannot to this day imagine; I dared not for the life of me call his name. I dare say the 'sit down' fight had had its effect upon me, and the prospect of any kind of active adventure was probably welcome for its own sake. I soon realised, however, that I was likely to have enough and to spare. It began to get dusk, and I resolved to retrace my steps without delay.

"Now, it is very easy to talk about retracing one's steps under these circumstances, but I soon found that I was utterly bewildered which turning to take. I knew I had not gone far from the open ground beyond the spring, and I could hear the beasts bellowing occasionally in the kraal; so I tried to steer by the sound, and coming to a place where the bush seemed lower I thought I would stand up cautiously and take my bearings.

"It was pretty nearly dark by this time, but I could see a screen of higher brush to my left, in the direction, as far as I could judge, of the fort, and while I was pondering as to my next move, I saw, a little to my right, two big Zulus cautiously stand upright, their shields and assegais showing out against the last glimmer of light to the westward. They must have been looking the other way, or they would have seen me, and you may be sure I didn't wait long before I was down again, with my heart in my mouth.

"Drawing my revolver, I crawled as noiselessly as I could into the thick growth by the side of the narrow track and awaited events, which seemed likely to be as lively as I could wish.

"How long I lay there I don't know. I could hear the Zulus creeping about quite close to me, and held my breath, for in the dead silence it seemed to me as though they must hear the very throbbing of my heart; I could hear it plainly enough. There were creatures crawling about, too, in the inky darkness; a beastly slimy snake dragged its whole length over the back of my hand, and I could feel the inquisitive sort of grasp of the sensitive contractile muscles; but I daren't move to shake it off; that snake worried me at the moment more than the Zulus did.

"I lay there, stiff and cramped, for ages it seemed to me; but after hearing no sounds for a considerable time I began to think I had better have another shot at getting back, though I was quite alive to the fact that I might very well cause an alarm and be shot before I could make myself known.

"Crawling out once more, I stood up, pistol in hand. It was pitch dark, and I felt sure there was a thunderstorm brewing.

"Suddenly the lightning flared out, and I saw for an instant the outline of the fort. Brief as was the glimpse, it gave me a clue, from the relative positions of the house and the flagstaff. I knew I must have crawled round some distance, and was on the side to the back, nearer the cattle kraal, so I started crawling right through as well as I could to avoid the curly track. It was precious hard work, and I made very slow progress, but at length I got my head out clear.

"As I did so there was another flash, and I saw that the ground in front of me, sloping up toward the fort, was covered with Zulus, evidently creeping up towards the ditch.

"And then pandemonium was let loose; the bugle sounded the alarm, and in a few seconds firing began, evidently aimed, more or less at random, at the crawling figures which had been seen from the fort in the flash.

"Some of them were hit, for I heard groans in front, and their surprise visit having failed, they began to retreat to the cover. It was a nice situation for me, for they were nearly tumbling over me every moment, and I clutched my pistol, resolved to account for a few of them at any rate.

"There was evidently a bit of a panic among them, however, and they were swearing freely in their own lingo. They all rushed past without discovering me, and then, waiting for the next flash to get my bearings, I ran like a hare across the open in the darkness. A wounded Zulu shouted and flung an assegai as I passed him, realising, no doubt, that mine was no native tread; it cut me badly about the hand, but I ran on unheeding, and miscalculating my distance in the darkness, rolled headlong into the ditch, just in the angle by one of the little flanking galleries.

"'D—n it, what's that?' I heard through a loophole just over me.

"'Don't fire! It's me—it's Hepworth!'

"Another flash, and I caught sight of a dark figure flying along in the ditch. Bang! bang! went the rifles in the loopholes; there was an awful yell, and then silence and darkness, as far as I was concerned, for I had had about enough, and the fall into the ditch had finished me.

"At daylight the body of a Kaffir girl was found in the ditch, shot through the heart; how she had got there we could not imagine, but one of our native pioneers was missing, and we could only conjecture that he had turned traitor, and that this was the Delilah who had beguiled him. They may have had some rude kind of scaling ladders knocked together, or she may have fallen in unperceived in the darkness.

"Poor Rushton's body was found beyond the kraal, covered with great assegai wounds. Apparently the poor fellow had been panic-stricken by the picture which, by some strange half insane gift of prescience, was so vividly before his mind and had tried to escape.

"A few days later we saw the heliograph flashing a welcome message from a distant hill, and our troubles were over."

* * * * * * *

"You were a very nice cock-sure sort of a boy," said the major, reflectively.

"Of course I was," replied the commander. "All boys are, especially midshipmen."

"Yes, it takes you from about fifteen to twenty-five to learn that you may now and then make a mistake," remarked the gunner.

"Rather rough on us," put in a subaltern of three-and-twenty.

"The rule doesn't apply when you're at the front," said the major. "Education marches quickly there."

"Now there's a bit of it!" exclaimed the gunner, as a shell sang harmlessly above them, and landed, without exploding, beyond the camp. "What *is* the use of those Johnnies plugging in blind shell in the dark?"

"I overheard a story from an old soldier the other day at 'Stand Easy,'" said the subaltern. "He seemed to think education didn't matter very much."

"Expound the views of the veteran Tommy," demanded one of the specials. And the subaltern was presently permitted to proceed.

THE SUBALTERN'S STORY.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.

A GROUP of recruits were "growsing" for all they were worth at everything in general and the drill sergeant in particular.

"Seems to me," snarled one, "that when these 'ere recruity officers is drilling along o' us it's we poor coves 'as got to bear the blame if *they* makes a mistake."

"And a damned good job too," chimed in a fresh voice from behind; "it's part of your training."

The lads swung round angrily, and found an old soldier standing beside them. One glance at his good conduct stripes, and another at the long string of war ribbons across his breast, hushed every surly murmur.

"Look here, lads," he began, "just shut up and listen to me whilst I tell you a yarn of the Boer War of eighty-one. These young officers may now and agen be fools on parade, but wait till the band begins to play, wait till yer heart's going pit-a-pat, and you won't have far to look for them then. You'll see them walking up and down whilst *you're* lying on yer belly, and they'll call out 'Come on, lads.' There's no 'Go on, lads' about them.

"I'd been in the corps twelve months when the war began, and I just missed being sent to the depôt with a lot of our youngsters. We had serving with us a young officer called Tryon, and, do what he could, the drill book fair mastered him. Gawd's truth! What a mess he'd make of our squad sometimes, and how we got it hot from the sergeant. Worst of it was Mr. Tryon was as nice a young chap as you'd meet anywhere, and the chaps fair loved him. He'd got a jolly sort of smile on his face as made you feel he wasn't thinking himself better nor you because he was an officer. Well, he managed to come out with us somehow, and we were glad enough too, for we knew he'd pan out all right, Gawd rest his soul! We got stuck away at Newcastle, in Natal, a long way from everybody, and fifty miles from our base, and the old man got nervous.

"You see, lads, although we were really at war, we were supposed to be at peace, and so in such times you get to expect treachery. Our telegraph office was going pretty nigh all day long, what with one thing and another, and the colonel, knowing that there was an office at Ingogani, thought he'd see that all was on the square. You follow me, eh?"

The question was beside the mark, for every lad's mouth and eyes were wide open.

"Sure as fate, me and nine others were told off to tramp down to that Gawd-forsaken little hole, with young Lieutenant Tryon in command. Ten solid miles, lads; my Lord! didn't we cuss and swear.

"Off we went, with orders to sleep that night at Ingogani,

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and to make our report next day at Newcastle. It didn't take us long to find out, what some knew already, that the young officer was a real good 'un, and I'm blowed if he didn't give each of us two jolly good cigars, which he had brought from the officers' mess. So we lit up and slung along as cheerful as grigs on a hearth, laughing and talking as though war was out of the question. It was nigh on ten o'clock before we got near the town, which was quite deserted. It seemed like walking through a dead place, for every house was shut up, and not a light showing anywhere. Then we made for the railway station, where the telegraph office was, and there we saw a light showing in the window.

"'That's all right,' said the officer to me; 'push on, men, we shall all be glad of a rest.'

"Without a thought of anything wrong we marched up to the station, and on the platform slipped off our straps and belts, whilst the lieutenant walks up to the office and opens the door. Almost before we could do more than open our silly mouths, out tumbles a lot of Boers right into the middle of us. We hadn't half a chance, and not one of us got to his rifle in time to fire even a shot. I marked one chap with a clip on the jaw, but he paid me out for it when we were all strapped up, curse him, for he jammed his rifle-butt into the small of my back till I could have hollered. Then they marched us into the office with our hands tied behind us, and there we found the lieutenant. In front of the telegraph instrument sat a shivering man, white as a tallow candle, and looking fit to drop, whilst on each side of him stood a Boer in shirt-sleeves, with a Martini rifle lying snugly on his arm.

"'Now damned roineks!' said a big fuzzy-whiskered man, 'I've trapped you like rats in a trap. You didn't think that we were going to sit still for ever, did you? You didn't think we had grit enough to get behind your camp, did you?'

"We were in a hole, and that was certain, and I gave up hope of ever seeing the old regiment any more. Our chaps tried to put a bold face on it, but it was a poor attempt, a very poor attempt. I looked over at the officer, and by all that's holy, lads, he was quite chirpy; there was a bit of a smile on his face, and it heartened me up.

"'Now you,' the Boer snarled at our officer, 'you've got to telegraph up to Newcastle, as if from your headquarters, and order your regiment to go down by rail to Ladysmith to-morrow. The cur there,' he pointed to the telegraph man, 'knows the way to get to business. If you hadn't come along making noise enough for a whole commando you'd have caught us nicely. Now, then, we'll give you five minutes to make up your minds, and if you refuse—well, every man dies inside of seven minutes.'

"He said something to his men, and they trooped out of the room, and we could hear horses moving up and down. The big clock ticked away like a bell, and for a few seconds no one said a word. I suppose my face was the same colour as the others, and theirs were green enough.

"'Now, my lad,' began Mr. Tryon, coming near to the telegraph man, 'we've got to do our duty'—his hands were tied tight behind him, but he didn't wince, not he; 'if you send off that message these devils will ambush the regiment or blow up the train as it goes down to-morrow, and we may—mind I say *may*, save our skins. If, on the other hand, you wire up the truth to Newcastle the regiment will march down with all precautions, and we shall die.'

"'But I'm not ready to die—why should I? I'm afraid to die,' moaned the poor chap, and in our hearts we echoed his words.

"'I know that, my lad,' said Mr. Tryon, 'and so am I, but it's soon over, and we'll die together. It'll be company, anyway, won't it? Cheer up! I've got a mother and father, too, and they won't be ashamed of me if I die like a man. Shall we show these Boers how Englishmen die? I know you men agree with me.' He turned to us and laughed as he saw our faces. Then one grinned a bit, and then another, and then the fear of death went, and we were all as bold as brass, even the frightened chap at the instrument.

"'Good!' says Mr. Tryon; 'now let 'em all come.'

"Lord, I fair laughed, I couldn't help it; it was a bit hysterical, but it made a man of me, and I didn't care a blow for anything. Then the Boers came in, and their leader began:

"'Well, have you made up your minds?'

"'All right,' said the clerk, shaking with fear, but with a cocky gleam in his eye, 'what shall I say?'

"'Say what I told you, or——'

"We held our breath whilst we watched the play out, standing like dummies against the wall.

"Tick-tick-tick-tack—tick-tick-tick-tack went the instrument, and then there was a horrible silence. He was calling up Newcastle, and we prayed that they might be on the *qui vive* to put us out of our misery.

"Then a bell rang, and the clerk gave a swift glance at the Boers' Martinis as he began thumping on the keyboard. Was he going to play the craven after all, we wondered; but we could do nothing but watch and listen to the ceaseless tick-tack of the indicator. The sweat was dripping off the clerk's face, but he plugged away until he had finished. Then our turn came, and Newcastle began to talk to us.

"'What's the message?' suddenly cried the Boer leader, pushing his rifle muzzle against the clerk's forehead.

"The shock was too much for the man, strained as he was, and he blurted out:

"'Am sending off to your——' but he got no further, for with an oath the Boer roared out in Dutch:

"'To your saddles—the damned roineks have betrayed us!'

"Without a thought for us the men rushed for their horses, whilst the leader seemed speechless with fury. Before he could make a move Mr. Tryon spoke up.

"'On my head be it; I ordered him to tell the truth. Don't shoot *him*, shoot me!'

"Like a lion the man swung round, and raised his rifle and covered our officer, whilst a shout came from without of 'Smit! Smit!'

"He glared at Mr. Tryon, but he didn't blink, and then the rifle went higher and higher until it pointed full at the ceiling.

"'Curse you! why weren't you a Boer,' he said, and then he pulled the trigger and rushed from the room.

"Before the smoke cleared away we could hear the horses' hoofs ringing on the still air, and then it dawned upon us that there had been *two* white men in that office, for Mr. Tryon was unhurt.

"'Thank God, lads,' he gasped, 'it was a near thing. I expect he's told his men that he shot me, but mind, you owe him his life if ever you set eyes on him.'"

The soldier turned as though to go.

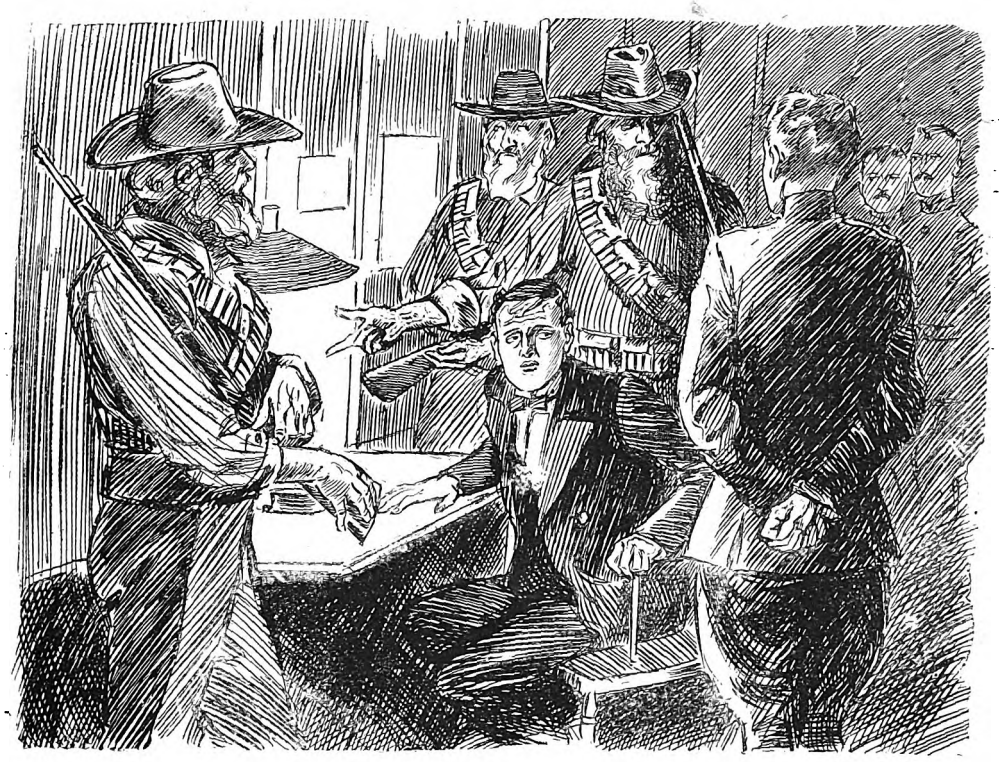
"And what became of him?" they asked, breathlessly.

"Died in the first big battle we had with the enemy; died in the front, too, the pride of his regiment!" muttered the veteran. "There goes the 'Dress!' Hurry up, now, don't growse any more; the blessed army's full of Mr. Tryons!"

* * * * * * * *

"There's not a doubt it is!" said a voice from the outside; and Captain Seaton, Hepworth's chief, strolled in. He had been sent wounded to the camp a few days previously, and was greeted with acclamations.

"Glad to see me back, aren't you?" he said to Hepworth, who laughed, for his feelings were mixed on the subject.



"In front of the telegraph instrument sat a shivering man."

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"Well," said Seaton, "as you appear to be spinning yarns, I'll pay my footing with a salt-water one."

There was a general cry of "Hear, hear!" and he proceeded.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

THE ball was at its height on board the "Vengeance," the ball which was our acknowledgment of all the hospitality we had received at Villefranche, where we had been lying for some weeks. On the next day we should be on our way to South Africa, where the Boers were threatening trouble—I speak of 1881—and where it was thought there should be one or two of our ships in readiness for what might occur. What did occur you know, therefore we can pass that.

The ball was at its height; so, too, was the supper in the ward-room, while among other forms of amusement going on was that of showing to our guests the various cabins in the ship. And on this occasion not even the captain's cabin—that sacred and inviolate spot—was absolved from inspection.

"But where is yours, Mr. Seaton?" Mildred Smith asked me. "You have let me peep into a good many of the officers' cabins, yet you don't offer me a sight of yours. I suppose you, too, have got it filled with photographs of young ladies of all kinds, including not only those of your vicar's pretty daughters, but also those of young ladies of the theatrical profession."

"At least I have none of yours," I answered, rather gloomily, "for the very good reason that you will never give me one. However, as you never do give me anything—not even a straight answer to an honourable request—that is not very surprising."

"Don't be disagreeable. I told you plainly, when you knew we were coming to Nice for the winter, that there would be no answer to any question you might ask if we should happen to meet. And you know that——"

"There never will be one!" I replied. "That is what I know! Well, I suppose I can bear it. It is rough, though, all the same."

"Are you going to show me your cabin or not?" the young lady asked. "If the latter, I shall go up and keep my promise of a dance to the flag-lieutenant. Now, which is it to be?"

"Come and see the cabin. It isn't a boudoir, but it's very comfortable and roomy. And as it's in 'Oyster Alley,' it's airy."

"Oyster Alley! What a romantic name! Oyster Alley! Whatever is the place called that for?"

This question I could not answer, and I cannot now; nor, although many of our more modern battle-ships have a portion of their gun-deck distinguished by the same name, have I ever found anyone yet who can tell what the name is derived from. The place itself was, as all Naval men know, if others do not, on the gun-deck, and aft of the ward-room. Here there were two cabins on the port in the gangway and two on the starboard side of the ship, while, between them, was the stern torpedo tube. These cabins and the torpedo tube were inside the door of the after water-tight compartment, the yellow doors of which were only closed by order, in contradistinction from the red doors of others, which are always kept closed at sea, and the blue, which are closed at sea at night and during manœuvres. Consequently, the "alley" was always open to any who wished to go out from or to enter into it, and formed simply an end or continuation of the gun-deck.

Mildred Smith and I had only to stroll, therefore, towards my cabin, which she was so desirous of observing, and, as we passed through the open water-tight doors, she seemed quite impressed by the seclusion of the place, since, although we were not twenty paces from the ward-room—where she had just been doing very fair justice to a chicken mayonnaise and some champagne—scarcely a sound of all the mirth and chatter of those still having supper in it reached our ears.

"Why," she said, "this is a delightful place! In spite of the ball it is almost as quiet as the primeval forest of the poets—though perhaps a little more stuffy. That is, if the people in the other three cabins don't disturb you."

"There's no one to disturb me here," I said; "these cabins are generally used for fellows who are sick, or for guests who are being taken on a cruise. We are all well on board now, thank goodness, and we have no guests, so I'm monarch of all I survey—except you—at the present moment; and I shouldn't be here if my own cabin forward wasn't under repair. Here we are," and I pushed the curtain back, turned up the electric light, and ushered her in.

"Why, it's a delightful den!" she exclaimed. "I do declare it's a boudoir. Why! you have got three yards of a Persian rug for a carpet, a basket chair—what sybaritism!—a tantalus spirit flask, a cigar cabinet, and——"

"We didn't come here to make an inventory, Mildred," I said. "Now that we are alone, and we shall not be so again till the ship returns from the Cape, come, say a word, give a fellow some hope, something to think about. Won't you? Speak! Do you love me?"

What her answer would have been—then—I shall never know. For, instead of any reply being forthcoming from her, there arose a horrible uproar from the deck; a moment later the "Vengeance," monster as she was, heeled over, throwing the tantalus stand to the deck; a succession of short blasts were given on the fog-horn, and a moment later a tramp of feet clattered on all the decks—a tramp of hundreds of feet that made a din enough to drown all other sounds, and Mildred had fainted and fallen into the basket chair: Here was a catastrophe!

The ship had a terrible list to port.

"Mildred!" I cried, "Mildred!" while I hastily emptied the water bottle into a glass and moistened her face. "Mildred! dearest, darling, do come to! We must go! The ship has been struck, or torpedoed, or something. There's no time to lose," and I cried—hearing signal "P. G." sounded—"there's 'General Quarters.' I must go, Mildred! Oh, what the devil is to be done?" I muttered, lowering my voice.

"Save me!" she gasped, opening her beautiful grey eyes, and coming to suddenly. "Oh, save me, Bertie! Do, do! I do love you, and I don't want to be drowned. Are we sinking?"

"I don't know about sinking, but we are listing horribly.

[Continued on page 345.

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For Soldiers' and Sailors' Kith and Kin.

PROMINENT WORKERS FOR THE CAUSE

LADY WHITE. LADY AUDREY BULLER. COLONEL GILDEA, C.B. LADY STANLEY CLARKE. LADY ROBERTS.
MRS. G. WICKHAM LEGG. H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES. MRS. G. DEEDES.
COUNTESS STANHOPE. HON. FRANCES WOLSELEY. CAPTAIN G. WICKHAM LEGG. LADY McCLINTOCK. LADY CULME-SEYMOUR.

For Pity's Sake.

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The Men We Have Fought.

ONE great result of the present war now stands out clear—the Boer has learnt that the British "Tommy" is the one foe that can beat him on his own ground and at his own tactics. "Tommy" has learnt that the Boer is—apart from his savage and treacherous practices—a foeman worthy of his steel. We are in this issue able to produce some illustrations descriptive of the types of the forces that we are now combating with. The Orange Free State Artillery has played no small part in the events that led to the investment of Ladysmith. A glance at our illustration will show how they—like their Artillery comrades in the Transvaal forces—are German in their training. Both uniform and type betray the origin from whence their efficiency has been derived. Note the officer in command, study the whole group, and you will see how the little nucleus of Field Artillerymen stationed in the fort at Bloemfontein has developed into the force that has given us so much trouble. Two of our other illustrations show a Boer commando as prepared for active service. Both are of the Johannesburg contingent, and in one the men are seen falling in after detraining at the frontier, and in the second mounted and ready for work. Poor fellows! The bulk of them bore the brunt of the hard fighting at the battle of Elandslaagte. For from the accounts that have come to us it was the Johannesburg and Pretoria commandos, more than those gathered in from the country districts, that suffered most in the second of the decisive Boer defeats. Our fourth illustration shows a group of the officers of the Johannesburg Volunteers. Apart from the regular liability of the burgher to service, Johannesburg has always been a centre where Volunteer corps waxed strong. At the outbreak of the war there was in Johannesburg a Volunteer force of 600 infantry and 200 cavalry, whilst Krugersdorp had a mounted corps of nearly 200. Doubtless many of those here depicted faced the British rush at Elandslaagte, and of them many perished. One we know met a soldier's death in that fight—Major Hall, who commanded their mounted detachment, the tall officer easily distinguishable in the front row of the group. An English name, too. It sounds familiar, and brings home to one how closely the two races, Dutch and Briton, are allied in the extreme south of the Dark Continent, a world's length from the two sturdy little countries that brought them both into being. Strong men all and worthy foes; men who one would wish were fighting in a better cause; men who, let us hope, will yet live to fight under the banner that now ought to be—that must eventually be—floating over them. It would be entirely unfair to class these Volunteers, who are the lawyers, brokers, clerks, and shopkeepers of Johannesburg and Pretoria, with the men who use explosive bullets, misuse the white flag, and slay their would-be succourers just as the Dervish does. The men who are guilty of these malpractices are to the Volunteer just what Kruger is to Joubert. The Boer, as far as we have seen him in this campaign, sticks to his guns; and the Johannesburg Volunteers have not been daunted by a bad punishing, for in the recent severe fighting around Ladysmith "the main column included the Johannesburg Volunteers." It is not unsatisfactory to reflect that there must be a strong element of our own race in the men with whom we are now contesting.

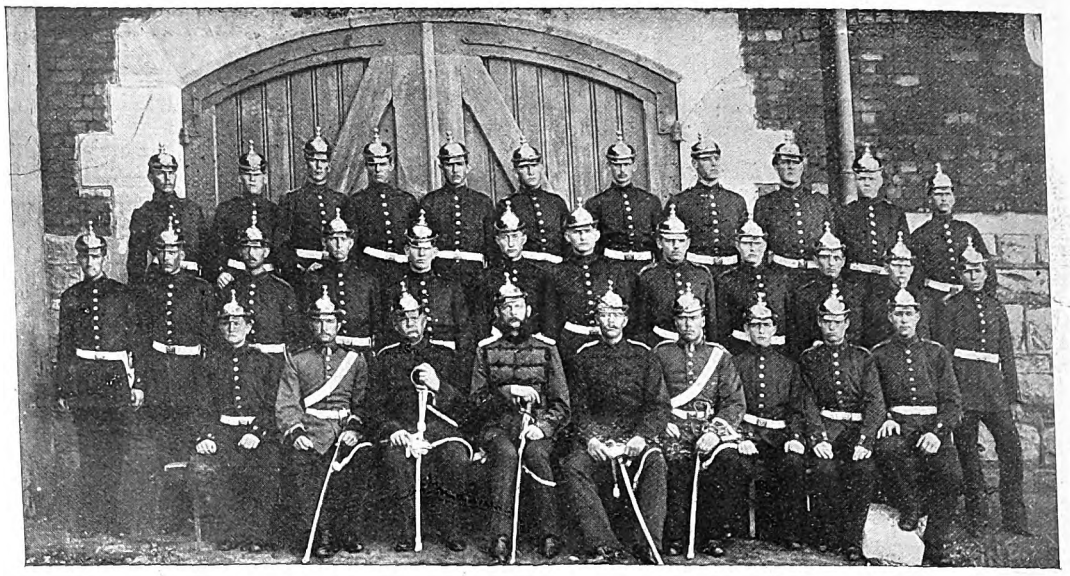
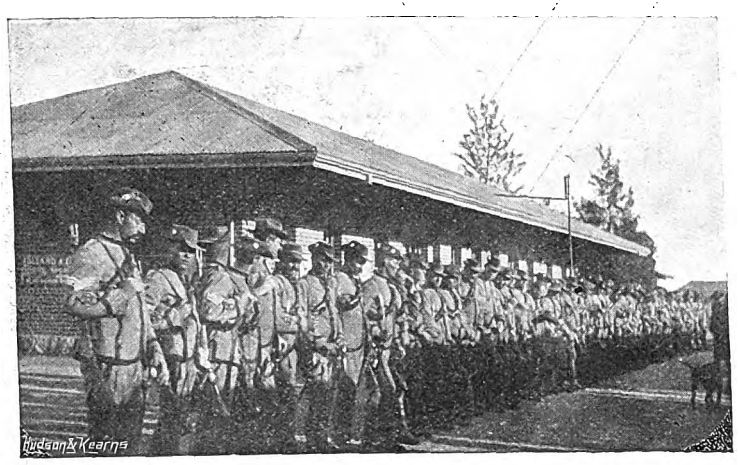
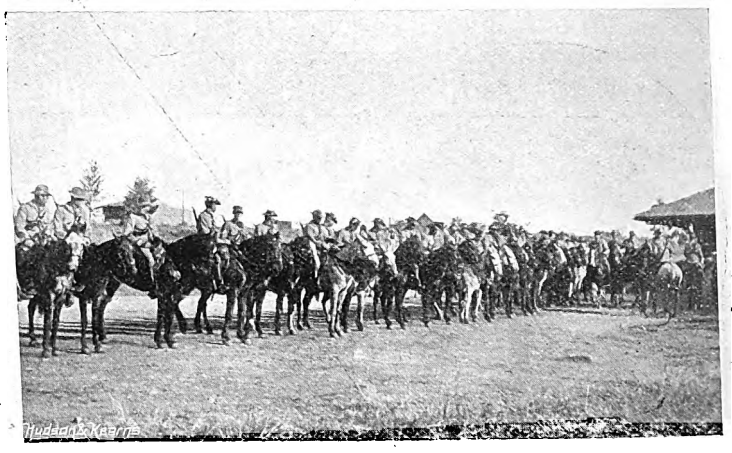


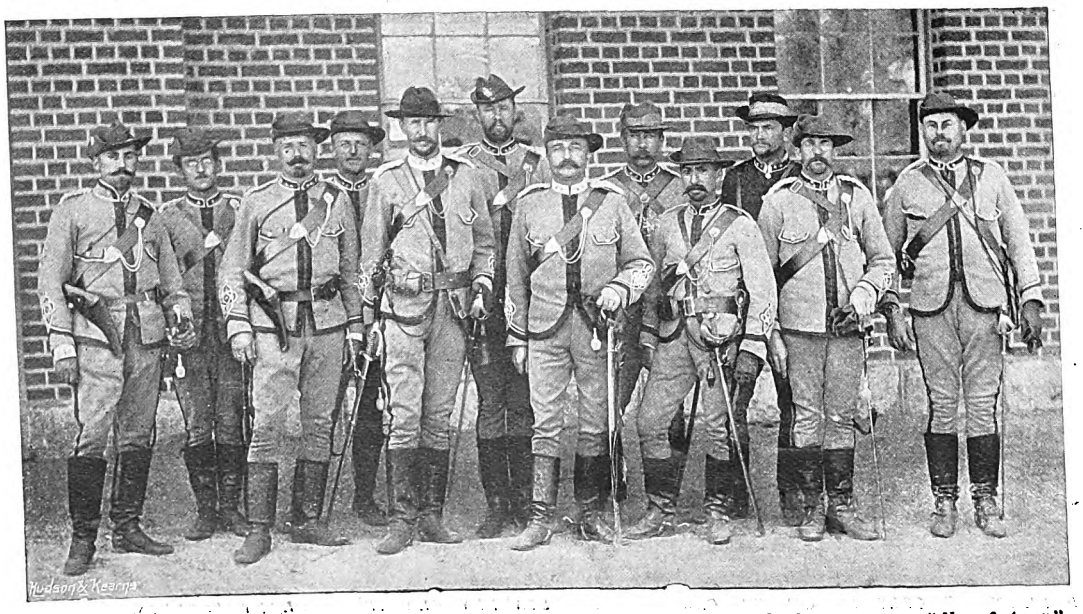
Photo. Copyright. "MADE IN GERMANY." *Fyne.*
The Orange Free State Artillery.





JOHANNESBURG COMMANDO AT THE FRONT.

The Commando Falls In after Detraining. *Mounted and Ready for Service*



Photos. Copyright. *OFFICERS OF THE JOHANNESBURG VOLUNTEERS.* *"Navy & Army."*
Some of Whom Fought at Elandslaagte.

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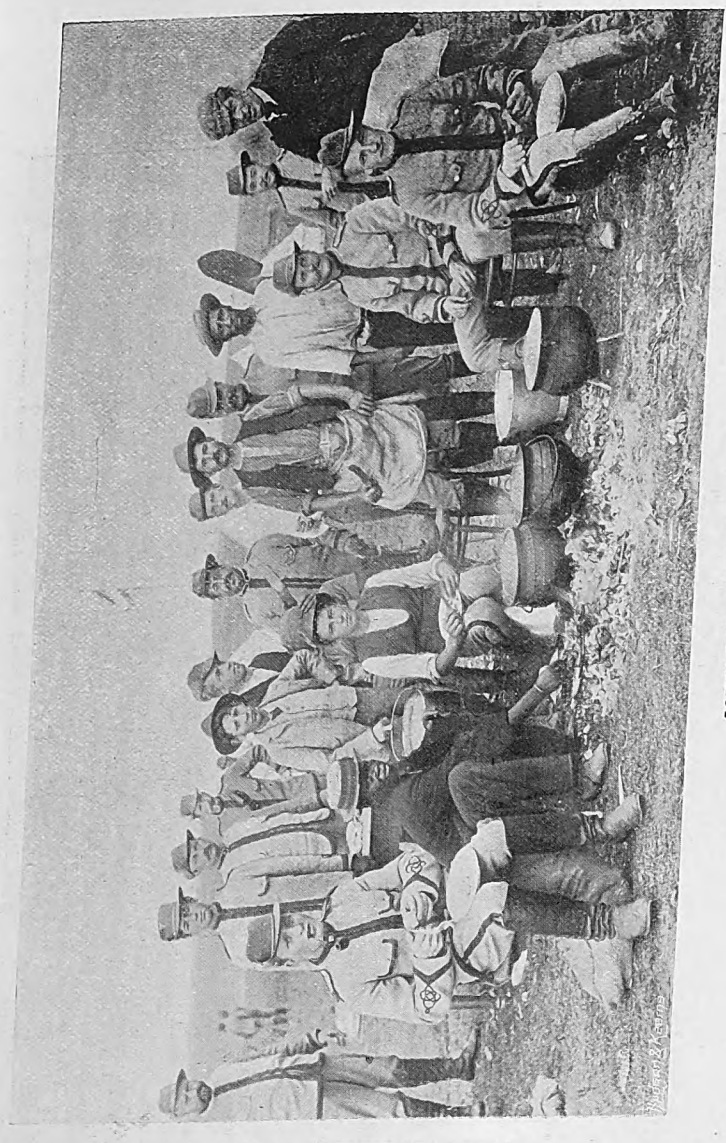
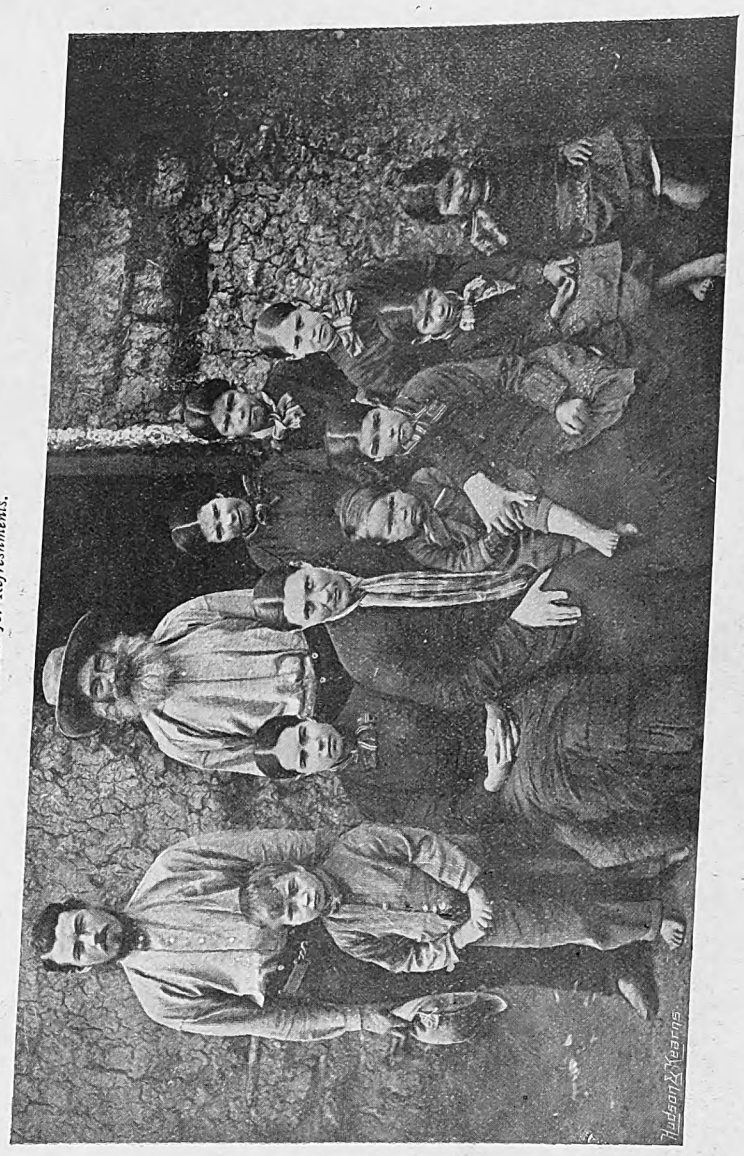
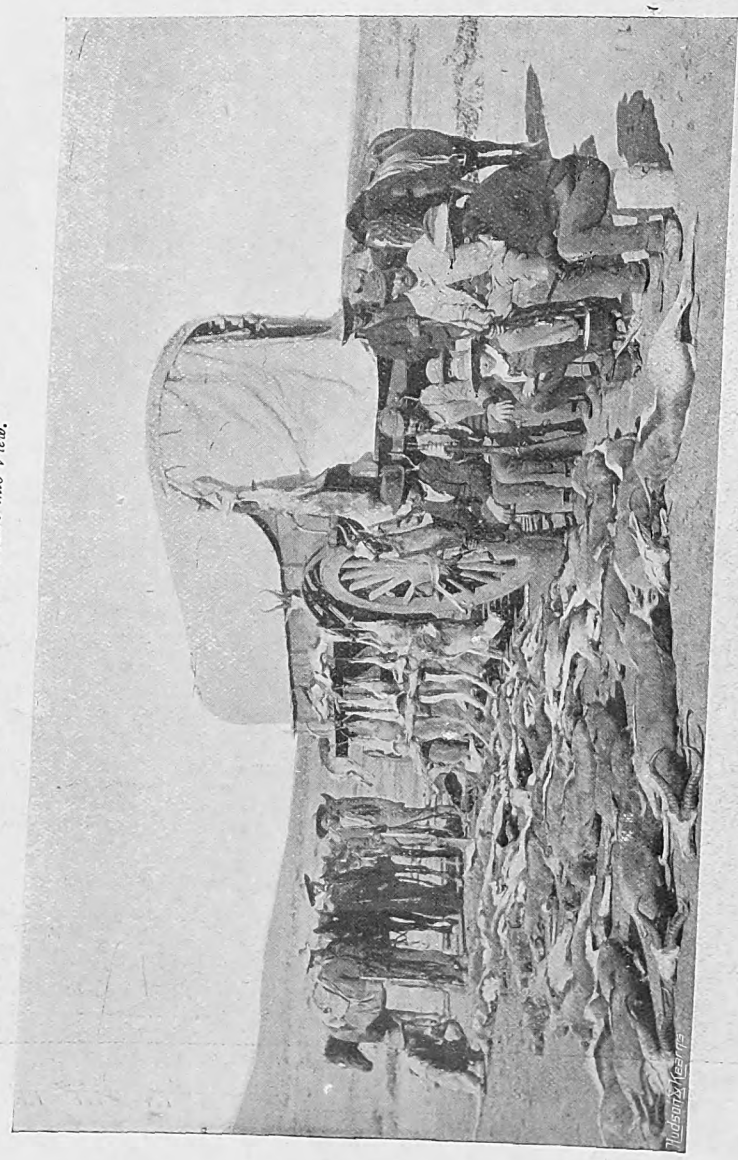


JOUBERT'S FOREIGN LEGION.
A Halt for Refreshments.



A BOER FAMILY.
A Transvaal Farmer with His Wife and Family at Their Country Home.

BOERS ENTRENCHING.
As the British Forces come into View.



THE BOER COMMISSARIAT.
The Result of a Foraging Expedition.

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Soldiers of the Sea.

"So, way for this old Regiment
Wot's always fit for war;
Whose barrack-square runs wide and fair
From Sydney to the Nore,
Whose sentries stand in every land,
Whose guard-room's out at sea."

THE men who did the work at Graspan have earned the highest reward they could gain—our Sovereign Lady's congratulations on their gallantry, and her bitter regret at the losses her Naval Brigade has suffered. Our Army has never failed to do the work it has been called upon to do, but it has its limits. The Navy seems to have no limits, for apart from its own work on the blue ocean, its training and upbringing make it an invaluable reinforcement for land troops wherever employed. With the exception of the campaigns on the North-Western Frontier of India, we have never, since Her Majesty ascended the throne, been engaged in any conflict with a foe, savage or civilised, in which our Bluejackets have not only done their own work afloat, but have also taken their share in the successful carrying out of the operations on land. There is not one of our many African campaigns, in Egypt and the Soudan, on the West Coast, on the East Coast, or away up in the interior, in which the White Ensign has not sent the men who serve under it to do their country's work. In the war we are now waging, the Naval Brigades have not only figured prominently, but have been most especially useful. Their gunners and guns, as we all know, have saved the situation more than once.

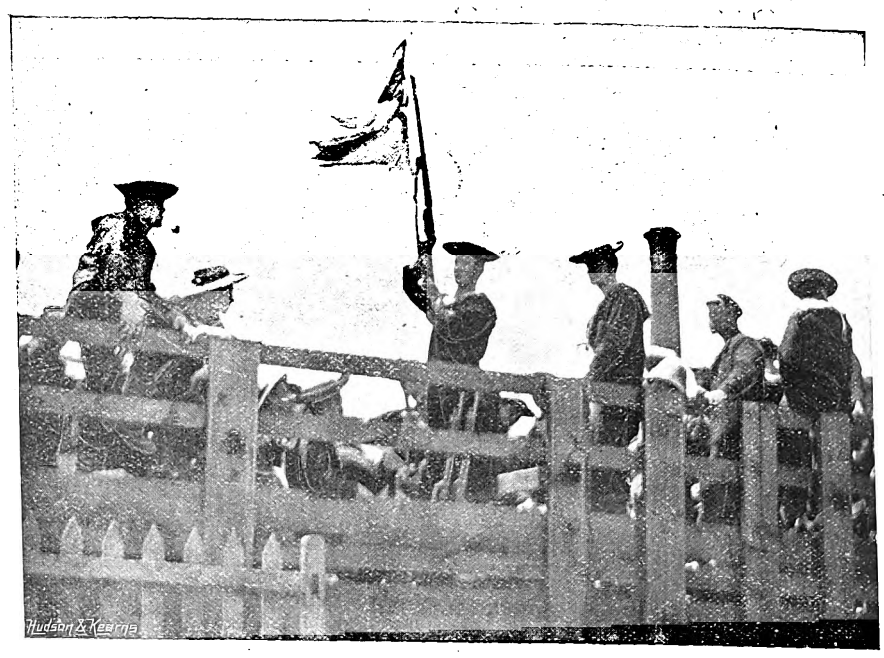

Photo. Copyright. BLUEJACKETS OFF TO THE FRONT. *"Navy & Army.*
With the Old White Ensign Over Them.

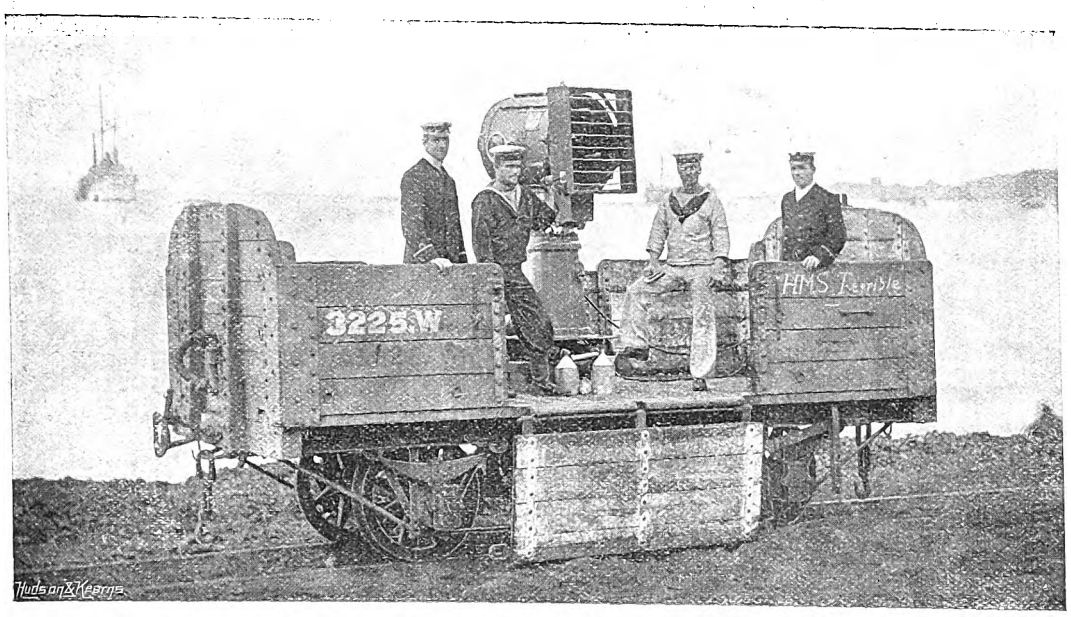

Photo. Copyright. THE SEARCH-LIGHT AS USED FOR MILITARY SIGNALLING. *V. Harris.*
Fitted with a Shutter of Captain Scott's Invention to Allow of Long and Short Flashes.

As yet our ships cannot put balloon sections ashore—that will, no doubt, come in time—but when it comes to extemporising long-distance signalling, the Navy is as much in its element on land as it is on blue water.

It would be hard to overrate the value of the services that Captain Scott, of the "Terrible," has rendered in this war. Not only has he improvised for the heavy, long-range sea-service guns such field mountings as have enabled them to be utilised as mobile artillery, but he has so adapted the search-light as to make it a considerably more powerful and useful instrument for long-distance signalling than the military heliograph, considering the conditions in which it has to be worked. Captain Scott's system has been exhaustively tried in the Mediterranean. There are, in fact, two of them—one a signalling light for the masthead occulted by sliding cylinders, and the other the adaptation to the search-light, replacing the waving for long or short flash, of a plan for occulting the light by means of a shutter in the nature of a Venetian blind. It is this arrangement that has now been carried ashore.

Inside the Navy, trained and bred in the Navy, belonging to the Navy, is, moreover, that marvellous body of men, the Royal Marines—Infantry and Artillery both; soldiers perfect in their drill and military training, and possessed of the handiness that is only got by life and service afloat. As Kipling says of them:

"They think for themselves, an' they steal for 'emselves, an' they never ask what's to do,
But they're camped an' fed an' they're up an' fed before our bugle's blew.
Ho! they ain't no limping procrastitutes—soldier and sailor too."

When the story of this war comes to be written, the part that the Navy has played in it will loom large.

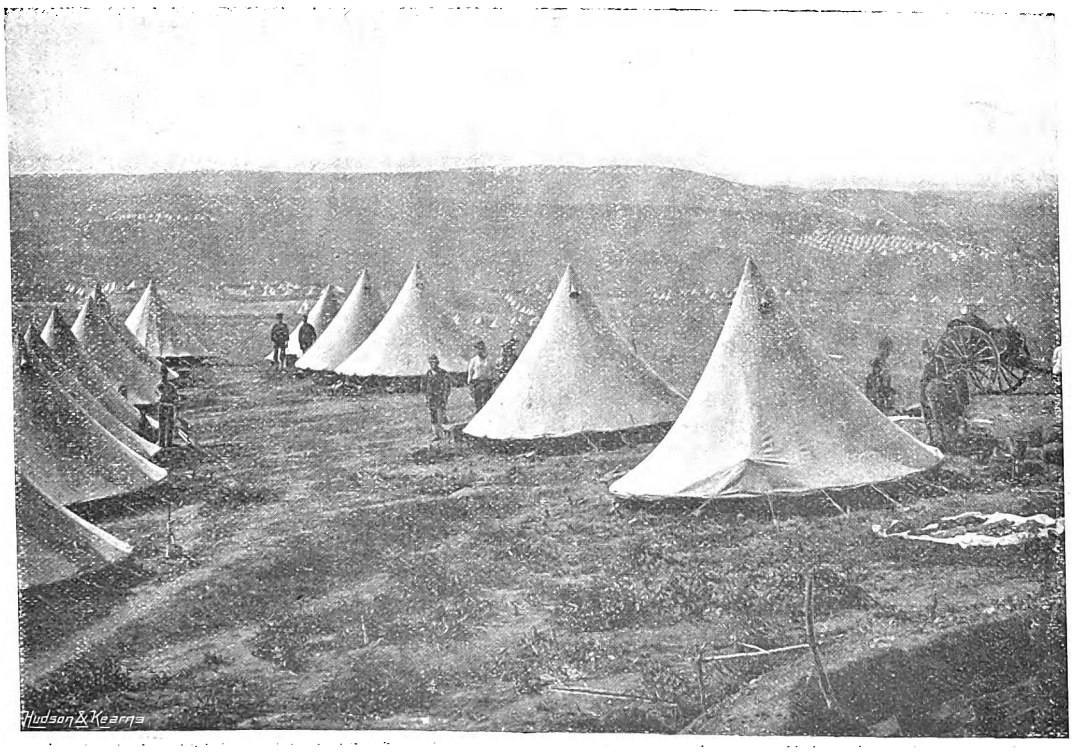

Photo. Copyright. OUR BLUEJACKETS WELL TO THE FRONT. *Schwabe.*
Camp of the Naval Brigade on the Tugela.

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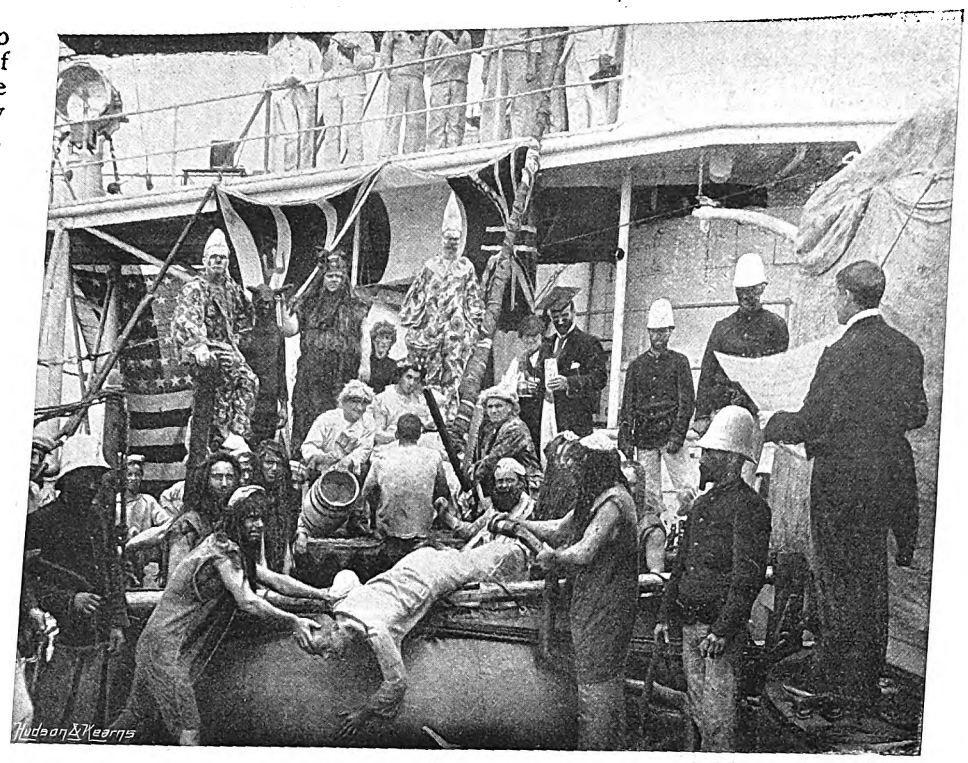
The Terrors of the Line.

IT is difficult to say how the ceremonies so universally associated with the crossing of the line first came into being. Possibly the idea of the equator consisting of an "imaginary line," drawn round the centre of the earth, dividing it into two equal hemispheres, tickled the sailor's sense of humour, and led him to institute the grotesque observances which some readers may have witnessed, and of which all must have heard.

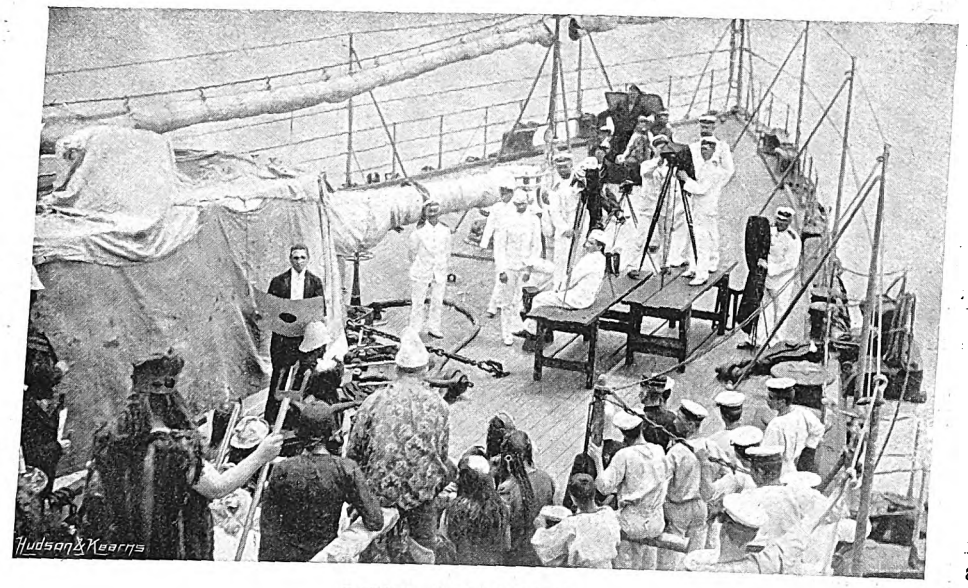
The first authentic account of the ordeal observed on board ship during the crossing of the equator dates from 1702, so the custom is an old-established one. In the novels of Captain Marryat we find descriptions of the treatment to which all who had never crossed the line before were subjected by their hard-hearted shipmates, who paid no attention to their indignant protests at having to undergo such penalties. Not seldom in former times the horseplay in which the sailors indulged had serious results, and personal spite had a habit of showing itself in some cases. Both in the Royal Navy and the merchant service the crossing of the line was not allowed to pass without Father Neptune holding his court, and many a young sailor of nervous disposition has suffered agonies of mind in picturing the tortures which would assuredly be practised on him. Nowadays the observances have almost entirely ceased, and it is only occasionally that the ancient and time-honoured customs are revived.



UNFORTUNATE CANDIDATES.
Doctor in the Background Mixing the Draughts.

One such occasion occurred a few weeks ago, when the "Terrible" crossed the line on her way to the Cape of Good Hope station to join the "Powerful," and to render what assistance might be required in the war. We have received from one of the crew of the "Terrible" some photographs and descriptive notes relating to the performances which took place, and as these were something out of the ordinary, no doubt a description will interest readers of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

The "Terrible" crossed the line on the evening of October 7, and, in accordance with the old custom, a rope—supposed to represent the line—was cut with some ceremony by the boatswain. Immediately Father Neptune was heard hailing the ship from the starboard gangway. The officer of the watch answered "Aye, aye!" and the following conversation between Father Neptune and the officer ensued.



TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS.
Captain Percy Scott "Pressing the Button."

"Whatship?" "The 'Terrible.'" "Where from?" "England." "Where bound?" "China." "Have you traversed these waters before?" "No." "Are there any men on board who have?" "Yes." "Are there any novices?" "Yes." "As they are about to enter my domain may I come on board to your captain?" The commander granted permission, the ship was stopped, and Father Neptune came aboard. His Majesty interviewed the captain and made his arrangements for the initiation of the new bloods into the ways of the Southern Hemisphere on the following morning. The ship then went ahead, and all was quiet till daybreak, and at nine o'clock the fun began.

A screen of canvas was rigged across the bows, and here Father Neptune and his satellites, after making a procession, took their stand. Father Neptune was the fattest man on board; on his head he wore an oakum wig, and surmounting this was a golden crown. His wife, "the Lady Amphitrite," was one of the lieutenants, who wore a low-necked dress and a curly wig, with imitation flowers in it. The ship's steward's boy was their daughter, and the smallest middy aboard their son. These four regal personages took their seats on a car of state, covered with flags and drawn by sailors, whose heads and waists are covered with oakum and seawead, and their nether limbs with black-lead and tallow. The procession was headed by the clowns, dressed in chintz suits and white caps; then came a bodyguard of twenty of the best looking boys in the ship, who were clothed in white pants, white flannel suits, with red sashes round their waists, and white hats. Each boy was armed with a tomahawk. Next followed Father Neptune's secretary, barber, doctor, lather-boy, policemen, bears, court jesters, attendants, and

Photos. Copyright. *TWO OF THE CLOWNS.* *"Navy & Army."*
The Funny Men of the Day.

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bodyguard, all in fancy dress. The procession, having formed up, marched aft to the quarter-deck, where it was received by the captain, officers, guard, and the band, exactly as if the admiral were expected, instead of Father Neptune.

The first business was the reading of the address by the secretary. This had been carefully prepared by the chief wits on board, and as it contained humorous allusions to many of the officers, and to recent and coming events, was received with great delight by the crew.

GETTING READY.
Making Togs, Dresses, Carriages, &c.

After explaining that it was not often nowadays that he came up from below, Father Neptune remarked:

"Your noble ship, I fear, has been a source of great comment,
And given cause for lots of talk in your House of Parliament;
But now, it is quite safe to say, this soon will be forgot,
When her reputation she has made under Captain Percy Scott.
Who has not heard of Scylla's fame, a feat that's worth repeating?
But what should now prevent this ship that brilliant record beating?
For even now I hear that you are endeavouring to impart
Scientific handling of her guns, a most important start;
For it is the man behind the gun and the accuracy of his fire
That will vanquish England's enemies when threatening the Empire."

This, of course, was written before the Naval Brigade had shown of what they were capable at Ladysmith, when the new gun-mountings, designed by the captain of the "Terrible," were brought into play for the first time in actual warfare.

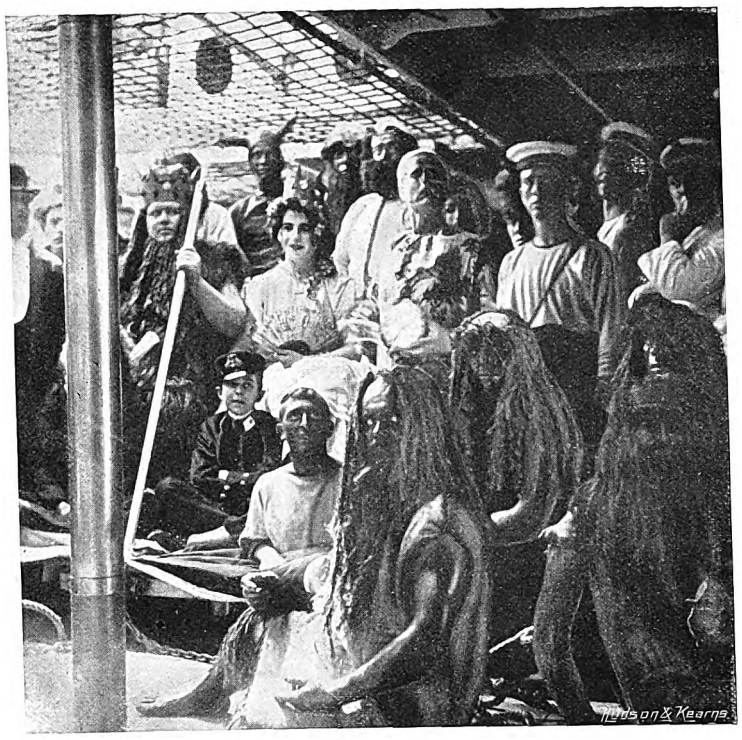
After allusions to Commander Limpus, Fleet-Engineer Chase, Lieutenant Wilde, Lieutenant England, "No. 1," and others, the address continued thus:

'And if your men should land to fight for England, home, and beauty,
Their captain, I'm sure, expects that they will do their duty,
And emulate past Naval deeds, and not return until
They've shown the Fleet how to wipe out defeat, and avenge Majuba Hill."

The last line is a triumph of poesy, and one of which the Poet Laureate might be proud. The address concluded with the couplet

"My royal visit to a ship is not some new invention,
But an ancient custom oft retailed by old sea-dogs when on pension."

The business of the day now commenced. Father Neptune's policemen ran round and caught—or tried to catch—all those who had never crossed the line before. The unlucky novice when captured was brought before Father Neptune, dosed with pill and physic by the doctor, lathered with a white-wash brush from a tub of oatmeal and water, shaved with a 2-ft. razor with jagged teeth made of wood, and then finally hauled neck and crop into the bath, amidst roars of laughter from the onlookers. Our correspondent, who had not crossed the line before, managed to escape Father Neptune's vigilant policemen, and calmly surveyed the scene from the upper yardarm of the starboard side.



THE KING'S ADDRESS.
Father Neptune Attended by His Wife and "Devils."

The others were not so fortunate, for the first lieutenant, one of the second lieutenants, the chaplain, the captain and lieutenant of marines, two or three engineers, a paymaster, a doctor, nearly all the middies, and about 200 Bluejackets, marines, and stokers had to submit to Father Neptune's orders, and undergo the treatment just mentioned. The sight of their comrades suffering the penalty for not having crossed the line before was a source of great joy to those who had passed the "novice stage," and for whom the Equator had no longer any terrors.

The officers of the vessel watched the ordeal from the fore-bridge, and seemed vastly amused at the treatment which Father Neptune—who is no respecter of persons, but, on the contrary, who treats all his subjects, whether gentle or simple, in the same way—meted out to them.

The ship's company who were not taking an active part witnessed the proceedings from the fo'c's'le, and greeted each of their messmates as he came in for a share of Father Neptune's attention with some appropriate and witty remark. The "novices" without exception accepted the situation without murmuring, and seemed to derive as much amusement out of the situation as did the more fortunate onlookers.

There is no doubt that when the Navy makes up its mind to enjoy itself, it does so with a will, and those who have seen sailors dancing merrily after working like niggers all day, will agree that if Jack's the boy for work, he is certainly also the boy for play, a fact which did not escape the quick eye of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

Father Neptune's court lasted for two hours, and in the evening a special "Crossing the Line Concert" was held, under the patronage of the captain and officers of the "Terrible."

Photos. Copyright. *THE BATH.* *"Navy & Army."*
"Whether They Want It or Not."

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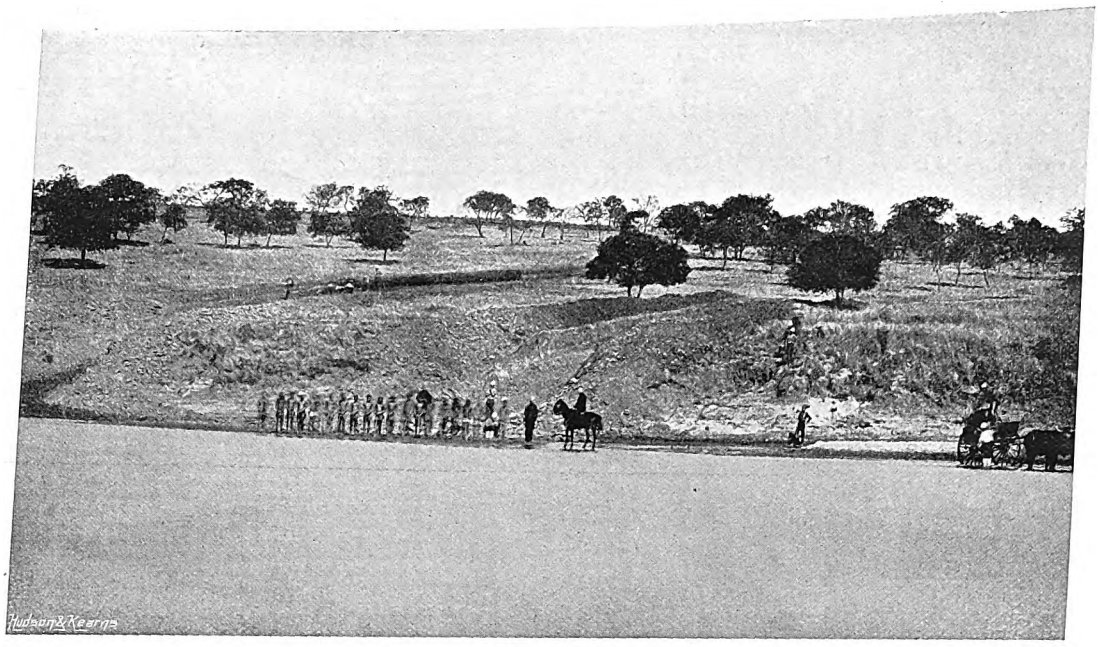
Places of Interest Connected with the Boer War.

THERE are few Englishmen or Englishwomen whose thoughts will not turn from their Christmas firesides to the scenes where our soldiers and their good sailor comrades are fighting so gallantly in South Africa, and to the places which have had fame thrust upon them through the sounding events of the war. We have therefore brought together here a series of pictures illustrating some very interesting localities. Landman's Drift, on the Buffalo River, is the place at which General Lucas Meyer crossed with his forces into Natal on the day before the battle of Talana Hill, where he prematurely attacked General Symons, when the other Boer commandants were not yet ready to strike.

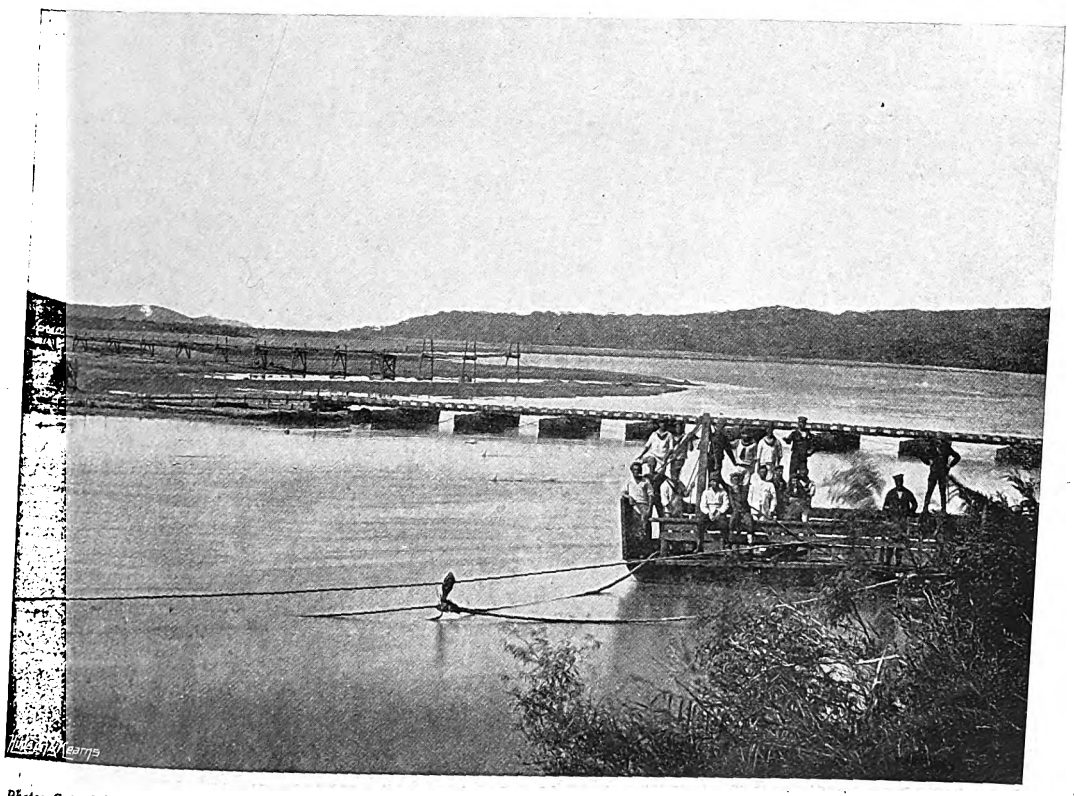


LANDMAN'S DRIFT, ON THE BUFFALO RIVER.
It was at this Place that the Boers Crossed to Attack General Symons at Dundee.

Helpmakaar, about twenty-five miles further south, was in every man's mouth at the time of the Zulu War. It is here that a road from Rorke's Drift joins the main road from Dundee to Greytown, and when the Boers invaded the colony the Natal Police had to fall back on the Tugela Ferry, which is still further south. The last place is illustrated in our third picture. Intelligence of events in this region came slowly and by the mouths of native runners, but the retirement of the Police did not prevent them from holding the river in some force a month later. South African rivers rise and fall rapidly, and on November 23 the ferry became a drift, whereupon the Boers from Helpmakaar advanced to seize the passage, but were driven back, after two hours' fighting, by the Police and the Umvoti Rifles. It certainly was "news" that we were able to hold the Tugela drift at a time when the Boers were overrunning Natal.

HELPMAKAAR.
From which the Natal Police Fell Back when the Boers Crossed the Buffalo.

The Molopo River carries our minds to the Western Frontier, where gallant Colonel Baden-Powell so astonished the Boers with his resource, readiness, and British pluck. The stream rises in the Transvaal and flows westward, crossing under the railway at Mafeking, and separates Cape Colony from the Bechuanaland Protectorate. Upon its banks there has been a good deal of hard fighting, and it was near this place that the Boers destroyed the railway bridge crossing a tributary of the Molopo to the north. Our picture shows the tops of the huts in the village of the Baralong tribe, about three-quarters of a mile west of Mafeking. Another picture gives a bird's-eye view of Mafeking, and is taken from one of the positions where Commandant Cronje planted his guns. His bombardment was singularly ineffective, and the sturdy defence made by Colonel Baden-Powell inflicted great loss upon the Boers, who began to lose heart. The preparations were excellent, and the rifle-pits afforded admirable shelter, but the example set by the resourceful Britons was not lost upon Cronje, who began to push forward his approaches in approved military fashion. However, this is not the place in which to write the story of the gallant defence of Mafeking, which will make a brilliant page in our annals. And it must not be forgotten that the men of Mafeking are colonial soldiers, our courageous and loyal brothers beyond the sea.



Photos. Copyright. *THE TUGELA PONT OR FERRY.* *Schwake.*
Where the Natal Forces Defeated the Boers on November 23.

The last illustration is of a characteristic scene on the Crocodile or Limpopo River, near Rhodes's Drift. The picture is particularly interesting because, at a glance, it

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explains the name given to the river, for a couple of the monsters will be discerned on the bank. The Crocodile River divides the Transvaal from Rhodesia, in a country yet to be developed, and now of abundant promise. Here Colonel Plumer has kept the outpost at Tuli, and has had some hard fighting with the enemy on that remote border. The Transvaal Boers look with a greedy eye upon Rhodesia, because it encloses them on the northern side, and makes further "trekking" impossible. It was, therefore, the more necessary to prevent an indiscriminate raiding or overrunning of the country beyond the Crocodile. The river is broad and the drifts are few, so that small forces advantageously placed may be able to hold the passage against an enemy not supplied with long-range guns or pontooning apparatus. Rhodes's Drift is the most important on the river, and a road approaches directly from it to Tuli, where Col. Plumer's small force of Rhodesian Horse and Irregulars was well placed. Intelligence came very irregularly from this outpost, and the story of the operations at Tuli, and in the various reconnaissances and patrols along the river, has yet to be written. But such intelligence as we possess enables us to say that it has abounded in incident, and that the defence there has been as sturdy and full of resource even as that at Mafeking, which, besieged as it is by the Boer forces, still presents a bold front, and occasionally inflicts severe losses upon the enemy.

The places we depict are landmarks in the history of South Africa, and in the story of the Empire have their place. Some of them appeal to us as scenes of heroic prowess, and it is fitting that we should think of the brave men in South Africa at Christmas-time.

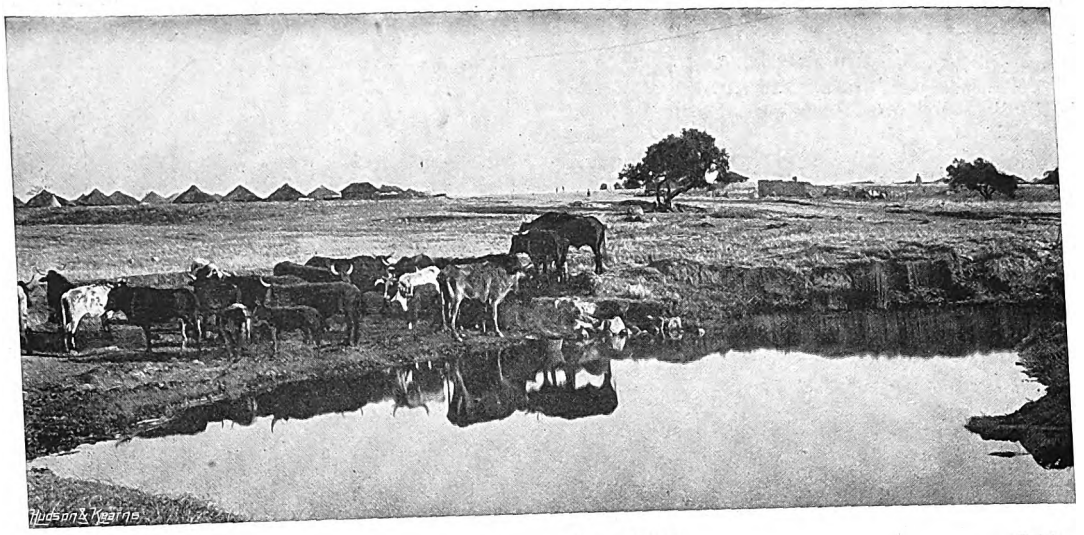

Photo. Copyright. ON THE MOLOPO RIVER. *Tricker.*
Showing the Native Huts of the Baralongs

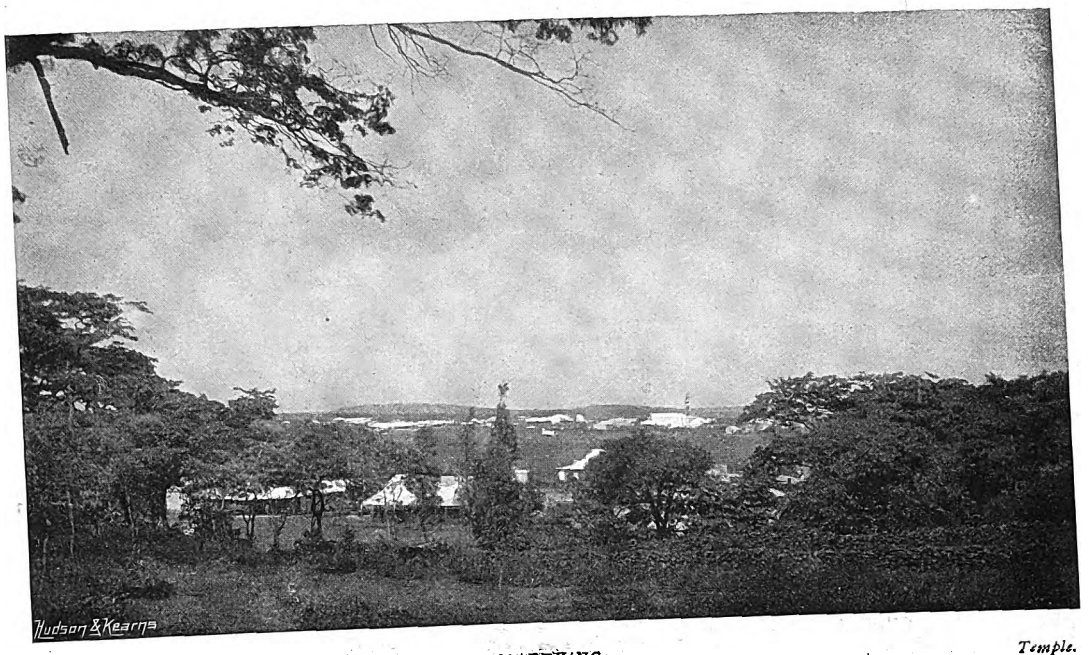

Photo. Copyright. MAFEKING. *Temple.*
A Bird's-eye View of Colonel Baden-Powell's Stronghold.

Photos. Copyright THE CROCODILE OR LIMPOPO RIVER. *"Navy & Army."*
At Tuli, near this Place, Colonel Plumer has His Headquarters.

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If we are torpedoed by some infernal foreigner, or rammed, we shall soon be drowned if we don't get out of this. Come on, Mildred; if you can't walk I must carry you."

"I can walk," she said, and sprang out of the basket chair. "Come, do come. That horrid whisky has ruined my dress; but never mind now." Whereupon, seizing her hand, I rushed out of the cabin.

And then, as we did so, I experienced the nearest approach to thorough fright that I ever did in my life, while once more Mildred, after showing every appearance of fainting again, went off into hysterics. For the water-tight doors were closed—in my excitement I had paid no attention to the blasts on the fog-horn, nor the rushing of the men—and we were shut in and prisoners, with a very fine prospect of being drowned in the next few moments. For the "Vengeance" was now giving some frightful lurches, and listing further and further to port every moment, and I knew that if she went over another foot or so she would never recover herself.

"What did I do?" you ask. I did the only thing possible—and that was precious little use!—and banged on those awful iron doors, and kicked, and yelled, and howled, and then ran into the cabin and yelled and howled again out of the scuttle, hoping to attract the notice of someone on deck. But it was all of no use. However, I saw something, which was the stern of a great Italian war-ship, close by my port-hole. I could read the name of "Brodinaggio" on her, and I also saw that she was pushing the "Vengeance" more and more over on her side. I shall never forget the expressions of our captain, as well as of our commander, and of all on deck, which expressions were not much use, strong as they were, since not a soul in our ship could speak Italian. And still the "Vengeance" listed a bit more, so that in another moment I expected to see the water coming in, and then my beautiful Mildred and I would both be drowned like two rats in a bucket.

But, meanwhile, the row on deck as well as below was something awful, and seemed to get worse and worse. I could hear ladies screaming and shrieking, officers shouting orders, the men bellowing and swearing, the siren moaning and grunting, the bugles sounding almost every signal possible, and even the Italian sailors yelling and chattering like a lot of monkeys in their excitement; and amongst it all there was only one good thing to be noticed, and that was that the ship had not gone over another inch during the last quarter of an hour. Meanwhile, my sweetheart went out of one fit of hysterics into another with machine-like regularity; and I can tell you that, what with my bawling and holloaing first out of one cabin window and then another, and bathing Mildred's face with water, and trying to scoop up a thimbleful of spirits out of the broken bottles in the tantalus, and getting brandy and whisky and old Navy rum all mixed together when I did succeed in doing so, I had a rollicking time of it. And then, suddenly, I thought the end was come, and that we were done for, for the ship gave a hideous, sickening sort of a lurch and a heave, and then—then, as in my agitation I clasped the girl in my arms, and recognised that there was nothing left for us but to go down together, the "Vengeance" suddenly righted herself, and stood up straight on a level keel. They had got that confounded "Brodinaggio" away from her at last and we were saved, and an hour afterwards Mildred and I walked out of that compartment looking, if the truth must be told, rather shamefaced. And three months later we walked out of a fashionable church in Knightsbridge man and wife. But all the same, we haven't forgotten—and we never shall forget—the night of the ball on board the "Vengeance," in Villefranche Harbour.

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"Much virtue in a water-tight door," said the gunner. "It never occurred to me that one could be utilised to such good effect——"

"You may have a romance of the same kind next time you take passage in a trooper," said the major.

"Yes, if I don't get my head knocked off first. Now, who's going to entertain us next? Your turn, major, I think."

"Oh, I'm a good listener——"

"None of your shirking," said Seaton.

"Well, this is not my story," said the major. "It's my father's."

THE MAJOR'S STORY.

By Major Arthur Griffiths.

It happened fifty years ago, when the north and eastern frontier of the old colony were perpetually harassed by the Kaffirs. We little realise nowadays the constant turmoil and trouble that prevailed in places where there are now railways and a settled population, who employ as their servants descendants of the very men who were for ever at war with us. Things were so bad that the natives had at one time shut up the Governor of the Colony, Sir Harry Smith, in a small fort, from which he only cut himself out after a daring hand-to-hand fight. This was after he had gone out in force with about 1,500 men to overawe the turbulent tribes, and got very much the worst of it.

At this time, about the end of 1850, there were quite 15,000 Kaffirs in the field against us, and 10,000 more were on the point of joining them under Kreli, an influential chief of very doubtful loyalty.

I have often heard my father tell of the terrible state of things that prevailed throughout the north of the colony. The whole district was perpetually devastated by marauding Kaffirs. The savages overran the country as far as Somerset and even further to Grahamstown, sweeping up all the cattle, sheep, and horses they could find, and committing the most frightful atrocities. In a few months as many as 200 farmhouses were burnt to the ground, and large quantities of bread and corn, with other farm produce, had been wantonly destroyed. So serious was the situation that the settlers formed themselves into a defence association, and the Governor appointed a solemn day of humiliation in the English and Dutch churches. At the same time a body of troops was collected at Grahamstown, supported by regiments recently arrived from England, and a serious campaign was undertaken against the Amatola Mountains, which the enemy were said to be holding in force.

"Give me your Revolver," said Julyan; "I can use it."

My father's regiment was the —th; they had been in the Colony for a couple of years, and more or less continually engaged in all the recent fighting, and they knew what determined enemies they had to deal with. We are apt to forget nowadays when the Kaffirs are peaceful fellow-colonists what fierce fighters they were. My father thought them one of the finest savage races in the world. We have seen and heard so much since then of the Zulus, a kindred race, that we are apt to forget what formidable opponents the Kaffirs were in those early wars—men of magnificent physique and undaunted courage, armed with the terrible assegais, which they wielded with great skill, hurling them with accurate aim and incredible force to great distances, and when at close quarters stabbing with the cruel broad blade that was more than a match for the bayonet. They had firearms, too, and had learnt to handle the musket with good aim and precision; while, although their tactics were essentially of a loose order, suitable to their rugged bush country, they had a certain cohesion and discipline imparted to them by brethren who had served in the local Cape Corps.

It was about June 24, 1851, that General Somerset moved forward into Kaffirland from Fort Hare with a force of 2,000 men—horse, foot, guns, and irregulars—destined to attack the Amatolas. What followed let my father tell in his own words.

"The night before the column marched a new officer joined our regiment and reported himself for duty. He came straight to the colonel's mess, which was no more than a camp-fire in the open, on which bubbled a steaming kettle of soup, and around which, 'tin-tot' in hand, were squatted the colonel, the senior major, and myself, the junior.

"'Someone to see you, sir,' said the orderly, introducing

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a figure wrapped in a great blanket-coat, but still shivering in the keen night air.

"'What can I do for you?' asked the colonel, a little off-hand, for he was sharp-set and did not want to miss his share of the soup.

"'I have come to join, sir, Assistant-Surgeon Julyan; landed last week and ordered to join headquarters as soon as I could.' All this was said in a rather thin treble voice, no doubt made weaker by the nervousness of the situation.

"'Well, you are welcome enough. We expect to be engaged to-morrow or next day, and there's no saying how many of us may not be hit. Here, Granville' (this was the adjutant, who also belonged to the colonel's dinner mess), 'take him over to the surgeon. Have you had any grub?'

"The newcomer confessed that he had not tasted food that day, and he was immediately made hospitably welcome to a share in the contents of the camp kettle. After that he took himself off to the regimental hospital tents.

"The regiment marched off next morning, or, as it seemed to me, in the middle of the night We formed up on parade in perfect silence; the words of command, issued in a whisper, passed on from mouth to mouth, and the column, starting noiselessly, at once commenced the ascent of some very steep ground. By daylight we had reached a ridge from which the enemy's position was visible, and already a brisk skirmish had commenced between them and our advance guard. It had been a stiff, steep climb, and none of us were sorry to halt and rest upon the ridge. Casting my eyes around, I soon discovered our newly-joined 'sawbones' in the centre of a group of laughing, chaffing youngsters, who were treating him after their fashion as a 'Johnny Raw.'

"He looked in truth a raw, half-formed, ill-grown youth, younger than his age, which must have been two or three and twenty, or he could not have got his diploma. His figure was very slight and fragile, his face perfectly smooth, with a clear, fresh complexion. He had a shy and shrinking manner, and I could plainly see that it was pain and anguish to him to be made the butt of his hare-brained comrades.

"'What is the use of sending out a whipper-snapper of a chap like you? You'd hardly have the pluck to amputate the leg of a fly,' I heard one subaltern say as I drew near.

"'Wait till you're under fire, Miss Mary,' added another.

"'Stay behind with the hospital stretchers, that's my straight tip, Mary dear,' cried a third; and the rest catching at the epithet, a chorus of voices began to sing 'Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow?'

"'Come, come, young gentlemen,' I protested sharply, 'leave Mr. Julyan alone. He may shame some of you yet when there's real work to be done. Anyhow he's a newcomer and should be better treated.'

"The tears gathered in the dark, sad eyes of the hunted young doctor as they were turned gratefully to mine, and I saw that he wanted to press my hand. But at that moment the order came to fall in. We moved across the ridge to its edge, found a steep descent, dropped down, and began to breast another rise, which we were soon unpleasantly reminded was strongly occupied by the enemy. Their fire became intensely hot, and, although we opened out at once into skirmishing order, many men were struck down as we still pressed on to the attack, the men taking advantage of the rocks and trees and any cover they could find.

"There was rather a check, and the colonel sent me to bring up a couple of supporting companies to reinforce the fighting line. My mission took me back over the ground we had crossed, where our casualties lay thick and wounded, and I found our surgeon, an old campaigner, and his first assistant busily tending the wounded.

"'If you see my second, major, hurry him up,' cried the surgeon; 'there's work and enough for all hands now. I sent him to the rear to prepare the field hospital, but he ought to be here now.'

"I looked about for Julyan and found him—where do you suppose? Behind a great boulder crouching all of a heap with his head buried in his hands, and sobbing aloud in a wild paroxysm of woe.

"'Julyan,' I said very quietly, laying my hand upon his shoulder, 'this won't do. I see what is wrong with you—others have been through it before you—the first time under fire——'

"'It's not that, sir, not that; I have no fears for myself. I'd face it all and worse to save the rest. But the blood, the slaughter, the sudden, awful death——'

"'There must be an end of such nonsense,' I now cried angrily. Changing my tone, 'You must pull yourself together, young fellow; there is work for you in front there. The others want you, your colleagues, the wounded. Up, now, be off with you.'

"He rose to his feet at my words with a start; one last shudder, an uncontrollable spasm, as it were, of the agony he had endured, swept over him, and then he ran forward at full speed.

"I saw no more of him till the end of the day, and then only for a moment, for the casualties had been many, the hospital was full, and the surgeons were excessively busy. I heard only good of young Julyan. His chief spoke of him with enthusiasm as a most skilful operator, with marvellous dexterity and lightness of touch; as for his momentary weakness, akin to the well-known 'stage fright,' but infinitely worse, no one knew of it. That painful episode was kept a close secret between us.

"But he had not forgotten it, nor what I had done for him, on which he would insist with exaggerated insistence. A few days later he came to me with a pretty hoop ring which he urgently asked me to accept.

"'It is not much. But it was my mother's, and I should like you to wear it in "memory of your exceeding kindness, sir!"'

"I told him I would do nothing of the kind, and I believe I swore at him as a silly sentimental young ass.

"He kept the ring because I obliged him to do so, but he would harp still upon my kindness, and declared that he would live only to show his gratitude some day, somehow. He got his chance, as I will tell you.

"The dislodgment of the Kaffirs from the Amatolas was one of our earliest actions. It was followed by a series of operations towards the Kei River, among which the worst was the storming of the Waterkloof, which was tried three times. On the final and successful assault we were hotly engaged, and I fell, fully believing when I was hit that it was all over with me, and that I had lost the number of my mess. While I lay there helpless, with a wound in my thigh, the wave of attack rolled onward, and I fainted from loss of blood. When I came to myself Julyan was leaning over me, anxiously watching me with great dark wistful eyes.

"'Don't speak,' he said, directly I opened mine. 'You are all right; I have taken up the artery, and fixed a tourniquet. It is only a question of patience; they'll pick you up by-and-bye.'

"'But you must not stay by me,' I protested. 'Go on after the regiment at once. I order you.'

"'And the colonel ordered me to remain here with you,' he answered briefly. 'It's not because I am afraid.'

"It was not indeed, as he soon showed beyond all doubt. For although the fight had swept away beyond us, fugitives, or broken parties of Kaffirs, began to drop back, and we were suddenly attacked by half-a-dozen savages who were lurking among the trees.

"'Give me your revolver,' said Julyan; 'I can use it.'

"They were not very common in those early days, and it was fortunate I had one. But for that revolver, and the splendid use that Julyan made of it, I should never have been able to tell this story. When they rescued us a little later there were four dead Kaffirs within range, and a trail of blood showed where a fifth had limped wounded away. But Julyan had not escaped; he had one assegai in his arm, and was pinned to the ground by another in his leg. They were flesh wounds, happily, and soon healed. I, too, recovered after a time."

"That is my father's story, and——"

The major here stopped abruptly, as though he had said his say, but his listeners were by no means satisfied.

"Go on, man, go on—surely that's not all?"

"It's not quite all my father told me, nor, indeed, all that I know. The rest is rather personal, and I'm not sure—— Well, if you insist, here goes. They had, of course, to take Julyan to hospital, and it was there that a most extraordinary discovery was made. The young assistant-surgeon was a female. You may take that curious fact as explaining much that had happened, and all that eventually came to pass, for my father married her shortly afterwards, and left the Service."

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"Extraordinary how often that kind of thing has been done, without detection, too, until they get sick or wounded," said the commander.

"Yes, I must say it beats me," said the gunner; "but you can't get over stubborn facts."

"There have been lots of instances at sea, too," said the correspondent, who had begun life in the Navy. "I can tell you a good yarn of a black beauty who came on board ship without any attempt at disguise."

THE CORRESPONDENT'S STORY.

By Charles Gleig.

"YOU will remember that, after the Zulu War, Cetewayo was brought to Durban and put on board ship for passage to Cape Town. As a young midshipman on board that ship I was much impressed by the dignified bearing of the king. Midshipmen are not easily impressed, but he looked like a man who had held the power of life and death. He was tall and stout, and wore a blanket. Not every man can look dignified in a blanket. Three of his wives came on

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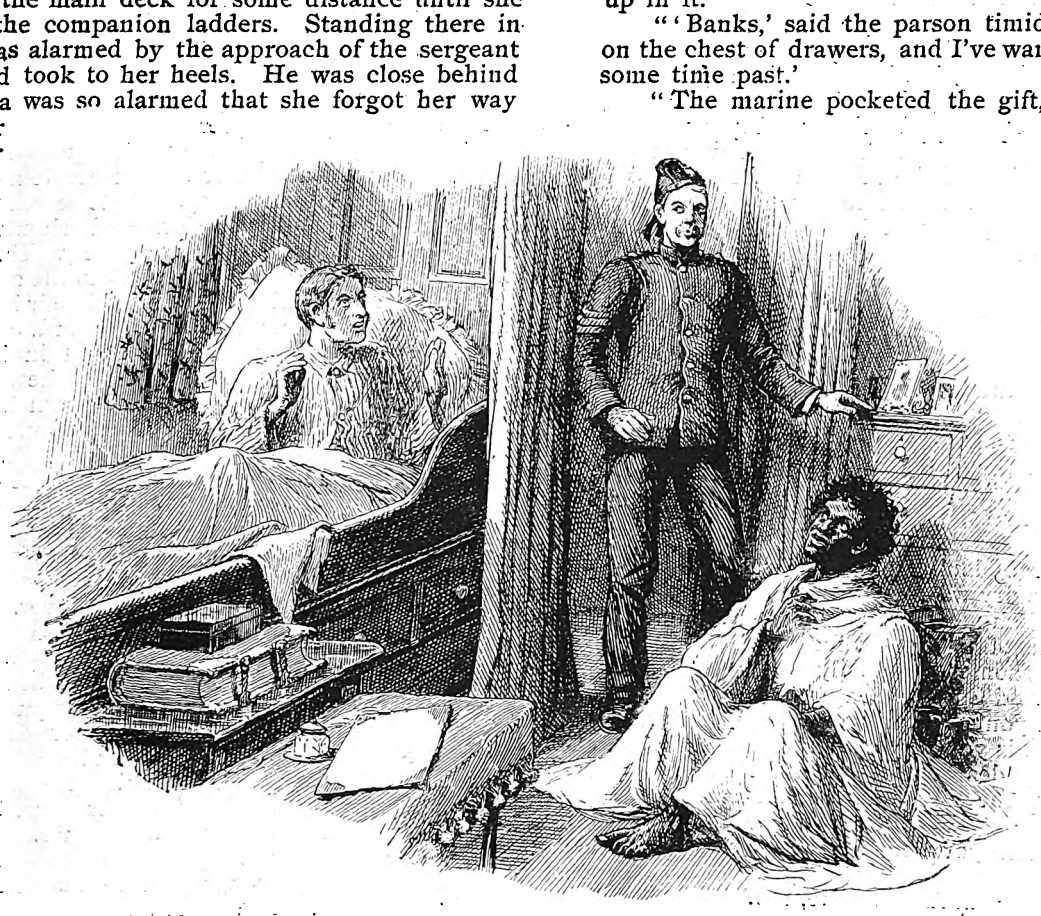
board with Cetewayo. Two of them were ugly, but the third was quite a pretty girl. Umgoma was as black as your boot, but she had fine eyes and splendid teeth. She could eat ship's biscuits as easily as an English schoolgirl can eat sponge cakes. Our skipper didn't care about giving up his cabins to Cetewayo and family, so he had a canvas screen rigged on the main deck instead, and told the purser to supply as many blankets and as much bedding as the king needed. The ward-room lent their best arm-chair (which was never fit to use afterwards), and the gun-room presented a case of condensed milk. We did our best, you see, to make the prisoners comfortable. Still, it must have been rather dark and dreary behind that canvas screen, and we began to wonder, after the first day, why the king's wives never came out for an airing. Cetewayo himself displayed some interest in our great 'war canoe,' but he seemed to hold old-fashioned views about female liberty. The gun-room wanted to ask the whole family to dinner, but this the skipper would not permit. The captain's steward was the only man who got a glimpse of the women.

"We stayed at anchor for two days after the arrival of the king, awaiting orders from Cape Town. On the morning of the second day Mrs. Umgoma awoke before daybreak filled with an irresistible curiosity to explore the ship. Clad in her blanket, she stole very quietly from behind the family screen and crept along the main deck for some distance until she reached one of the companion ladders. Standing there in hesitation, she was alarmed by the approach of the sergeant of the guard, and took to her heels. He was close behind her, and Umgoma was so alarmed that she forgot her way back. In her terror she took shelter in the first hiding-place she could find, which, as luck would have it, was the parson's cabin. The night was warm, and his door stood open; she had but to push aside the curtain and step within. The parson was a sound sleeper, so that the entrance of Umgoma did not disturb him. He was a meek little man, with a gentle manner, and would have been generally popular on board but for the length of his sermons. Umgoma crouched in a corner of the cabin listening with fluttering heart to the heavy footfall of the sergeant.



"Well, I'm jiggered!" he exclaimed.

She never doubted that the redcoats would cut her pretty throat if the chance offered, and reflected, perhaps, that the king had shown wisdom in ordering her to stay in security behind the horrid screen. Presently she grew calm, for an escape from violent death was not wholly a novelty to any of Cetewayo's wives. She lay back, resting gracefully upon a row of the parson's boots, and tried to remember the way back to the family screen. Suddenly she heard the voice of the king, and trembled. She did not consider that his supreme power had been taken from him. She heard his voice raised in terrible anger, and knew that he had missed her."

"How do you know what she thought?" asked the gunner.

"Umgoma was quite correct in her surmise," continued the Naval man, severely. "The king *had* missed her, and was devilish angry. He made such a bobbery that a search had to be ordered; and the skipper, disturbed by the royal roars, turned out himself. When he learned what had happened he was nearly as angry as the king, for there was likely to be a scandal unless the absence of Mrs. Umgoma could be satisfactorily explained. The two ugly wives knew nothing, so the hands were turned up, an hour before the usual time, and the ship's police searched the ship from bow to stern. But the lady could not be found.

"In the midst of the noise and bustle the parson awoke. Daylight was streaming into the cabin, and as he turned in his bunk to avoid it his eyes fell upon the missing queen.

"'Good gracious!' he exclaimed. 'What are you doing in here? You must go away at once.' Umgoma showed no intention of moving. She drew her blanket closely about her and began to talk excitedly.

"'Be quiet,' said the parson. 'I must think what to do in this deplorable situation.' Before he could frame any plan his marine servant, a rugged old warrior with three good conduct stripes, entered the cabin. 'Hope I didn't wake——' He stopped abruptly and whistled. 'Well, I'm jiggered,' he exclaimed.

"'Hush!' said the parson warningly. 'Shut the door.'

"Banks complied, but as he stood at his master's bedside looking down at the pretty savage the parson read marked disapproval in his face. 'What is to be done?' he groaned.

"'I think you'd best own up, sir,' said Banks coldly. 'It's bound to be found out, for they've been searching the ship from truck to keel for the last hour and more.'

"'I don't understand your meaning, Banks,' said the parson, as severely as he could. 'The woman must have got in whilst I was asleep.'

"The marine said nothing, but his face was graphically expressive of incredulity, and this the parson noted with increased dismay. 'You say they have been searching for her?' he quavered.

"'I don't want no truck with this job,' said Banks. 'I shouldn't wonder if it meant six months' 'ard if I got mixed up in it.'

"'Banks,' said the parson timidly, 'there's a sovereign on the chest of drawers, and I've wanted to give you a tip for some time past.'

"The marine pocketed the gift, and his acrid manner slightly relaxed. 'I'll do what I can, sir,' he grumbled, 'though I don't hold with sich carryings on at all. Suppose they search the cabins, where shall we be then?'

"'They mustn't come in here,' said the parson, anxiously. 'Say I'm ill, and can't be disturbed.'

"'That's no good, sir. The doctor would pay you a visit and see the girl a sitting there on your boots as bold as brass.'

"The parson groaned. 'I'd better face it out after all. I'm a clergyman, and they can't doubt my word.'

"Banks shook his head doubtfully. 'The cap'n didn't like that long sermon last Sunday,' he observed, meaningly. 'In fact, nobody liked it, sir.'

"'Then we must conceal her here until dark,' said the parson, 'and then you must manage to take her back to the screen.'

"Here Umgoma began to talk excitedly, and to make signs expressive of hunger.

"'The wench won't stand being kept without grub all day,' said Banks. 'She's hungry already.'

"'Get a tin of sweet biscuits,' said the parson.

"Banks obeyed, and presently returned to the cabin with a pound tin. 'We're out of mixed biscuits,' he announced; 'but the steward says you can 'ave this 'alf tin of macroonies. He says he don't know 'ow you can want to eat sweet truck afore breakfast.'

"'Give them to her,' said the parson, wearily.

"Umgoma stuffed a whole macaroon into her mouth, and disposed of it in a few seconds.

"'She won't see the day out on that lot,' said Banks. 'What about your bath, sir?'

"'I shan't have a bath to-day,' said the parson, hastily. 'Stand in front of me while I dress, and hold up one of the blankets.'

"His hasty toilet completed they quitted the cabin, locking the door behind them.

"'Suppose she gets tired of it and hollers,' suggested Banks.

"'You must stay in the cabin with her till after breakfast,' decided the parson, 'then I'll take your place.'

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"At breakfast in the ward-room the disappearance of Umgoma was the sole topic of conversation, and the parson learned that the skipper was furious. He was the last to quit the table, and contrived to pocket some oily sardines and bits of toast without being detected. The ship was to have sailed at noon, but the search for Umgoma still proving fruitless, the skipper postponed his departure.

"The unhappy parson spent the long day in his cabin, feeding Umgoma upon such scraps of food as he could obtain. Being Saturday, the composition of his sermon accounted for his seclusion; but more than once he had to parley with his messmates at the door.

"Towards evening Umgoma grew weary of captivity and ceased to take any interest in food. The parson tried to make her understand that she would be restored to the king; but he was not sure that she comprehended his pantomime. Night came at last and silence enveloped the vessel. A few minutes before eleven the parson roused Umgoma, and bandaged her eyes with a yard of ship's serge. She trembled, but made no resistance. At the stroke of the bell he opened the cabin door and peeped out. All was silent. If the faithful Banks had played his part well the sentry guarding the king's screen would be decoyed from his post by the offer of a tot of grog. Leading the trembling Umgoma by the hand the parson crept forth and crossed the deck. He designed to leave her so near the screen that she must recognise her home on removing the bandage; but no sooner had he released her hand when she set up a shrill scream, and clasped him about the neck with so tight a grip that escape was impossible. Hearing the cries of his favourite, the king leapt from his couch, and seizing the poor parson by the waist prepared to hurl him through the ward-room skylight. The timely arrival of the sentry averted this outrage, but in the scrimmage which followed, king, wives, parson, and sentry rolled upon the deck in a confused heap of blankets and Zulu oaths. Such was the scene witnessed by the skipper when the noise brought him to his door.

"The moral of this story," concluded the ex-Naval man, "is fairly obvious. If the parson had had the courage to——"

* * * * * * *

"Next, please," said the major, drily.

The narrator sighed. "I was afraid you wouldn't believe it," he said, gravely. "The wonders of the deep are always incredible to landsmen; that's one reason why I cut it."

"He's cut the Service," remarked the gunner, reflectively, "and gone in for the Press, because no one would believe him."

There was a roar of laughter at this sally, chiefly on account of the gunner's dry way of putting it.

"It's all very fine," chimed in the Colonial, who was also a Pressman, and jealous of his cloth, "for you fellows to talk; but you make use of us sometimes gladly enough."

"We do, we do," said Captain Seaton, patting him on the back, "and we admire your pluck in going to the front; what we sometimes object to is your expression of opinions."

"All padding, my dear fellow," retorted the Uitlander, laughing; "must keep the wires going, to let 'em know we're earning our screw."

"I think it's about your turn for a yarn," said the major.

"With all my heart; an African one, too."

THE UITLANDER'S STORY.

By C. H. Temple.

IN 1893 I was representing the *Argus* in Rhodesia, and was present with Dr. Jim at the taking of the kraal of Bulawayo. In our column was a curious old Dutchman whose wonderful stories of the veldt attracted me, especially one. It was about some marvellous white woman in the Matopo Hills, who exercised a powerful fascination over the superstitious Matabele. So early on Christmas morning Van der Byl and I saddled up, and, determined to find out something about her, rode off on our quest. Riding in a south-east direction from Bulawayo for about thirty miles, we reached the wonderful range of the Matopos. You don't know those hills perhaps, but you can form a very fair idea of their formation and intricacy when you look across the valley there to the Drakensberg Mountains. What do you think of a range eighty miles long with an average width of forty miles? And such hills too—tremendous kopjes, now covered to their summits with rank vegetation and dense undergrowth, now littered with gigantic granite rocks, as if they had once formed the playground of some mighty race of Titans; here and there beautiful undulating valleys, green as an English meadow, and everywhere abounding brilliantly-coloured orchids, euphorbias, and tropical plants.

I don't wonder that those Hussars and those two battalions got lost the other day; it is the easiest thing in the world amongst these African kopjes. At any rate, we lost ourselves in that search. Our objective was an enormous mountain, called Thaba-Zinduna, the mountain of the chiefs, but, although we could see it now and then looming faintly in the blue distance, we could never reach it. At last, after two days' aimless wandering, Van der Byl, who could read the veldt better than a book, confessed that he was stuck up, and said that we had better give up the search and get out of the hills if we could. But I did not want to abandon the project, and soon after we had the luck to strike a kraal, and bribed a Kaffir to guide us to the mountain. Along narrow footpaths we wended our way, and towards evening found ourselves beneath its shadow.

Mysterious sounds, of which we could see no explanation, were all around us; flashes of brilliant light came again and again from the mountain, and unearthly voices echoed from kopje to kopje and filled all the intervening valleys. It was a wild, weird spot, and our guide, who watched us suspiciously, trembled.

We commenced to work our way slowly round the mountain base, looking searchingly into deep crevices and behind huge rocks, until at last an exclamation of surprise from Van der Byl arrested my attention. He stood pointing to a pit in the ground about 6ft. in diameter; it was evidently the entrance to a subterranean cavern, for a rude flight of steps led away in the direction of the mountain. Around the mouth of the pit there were arranged calabashes of Kaffir beer, dishes of meat, green mealies, corn, and other native products. We were debating the meaning of all this, when we heard voices drawing near, and soon we were confronetd by a crowd of Matabele warriors, all wearing the ringkop and war dress, and armed to the teeth with assegais and battle-axes.

Their leader stood forth, and, addressing us in unfriendly tones, said, "What dost thou here, white men?"

We were so embarrassed that we made no reply. The chief turned to his warriors and shouted, "These dogs have come to kill the great white witch. O men of the mighty Matabele, cast their bones to the aasfogels!"

Van der Byl, who could speak Kaffir like a native, understood the menace, and, rushing forward, cried "Stop!"

There was so much command in his voice that the threatened rush was checked. Then he shouted "Come one step forward and I will shoot you down like jackals. See!" and he pointed to a herd of sable antelope in the valley, which, startled by the sound of voices, were now cantering off. Raising his rifle, he fired, and the leading buck fell; again and again he fired, until half the herd lay stretched in death agonies upon the ground.

The Kaffirs watched the wonderful shooting, fear entered their hearts, and when the Dutchman roared "Vootsaak, be off with you!" they stampeded to cover.

That danger over we turned to a consideration of the pit and passage, and, behold, a mysterious white woman stood at the entrance. She was very fair and beautiful, and especially the glance of her eyes and the even purity of her teeth made her fascinating to look upon. Her dark hair fell in thick clusters to the ground. Her head was held in graceful poise, and a cloak of rich tiger skins thrown loosely across her shoulders, and girded round her waist by a python skin, all made up a weird and striking picture.

She stood watching us silently, and there was so much queenly dignity in her posture that we involuntarily made her obeisance. Then, beckoning us towards her, she asked us in Sintebele, in a deep, rich voice, "White men, whom do ye seek here?"

Van der Byl told her briefly the purport of our visit. As she heard this an eager look came into her eyes, and she said, "Follow me, and I will tell you all!"

We followed her down the rude steps into the pit, and in the half light we could see human skeletons and skulls, arranged in orderly heaps. Then we plunged into darkness, relieved occasionally by mysterious gleams of light. Up and up we went, till at last the narrow path widened into a large columned hall, in the centre of which a bright fire was burning, bursting forth from a hole in the solid rock. At the further end of this hall was an opening, through which we could see the blue sky, and our guide led us towards this. Once outside, we were on a wide shelf of rock, and hundreds of feet above, and hundreds of feet below, the granite mountain stretched precipitously.

Throwing herself upon a pile of rich skins, she commenced: "Long, long ago, when I was a child, my parents brought me into this Matabele country on a hunting and trading expedition. But the king was not pleased with the white man, and one morning early our waggon was attacked by warriors, my parents killed, and I taken away prisoner. The king gave me to his favourite witch doctor, 'the Isanhusi Inkulu,' who brought me to this mountain, treated me kindly as his own child, and taught me all the secrets of his witchcraft. When he died he ordered me to become his successor. So the people believed in me. They loved me, yet they feared me, and I grew powerful, till I was stronger than the king, and my will was law in all this land.

[*Continued on page* 353.

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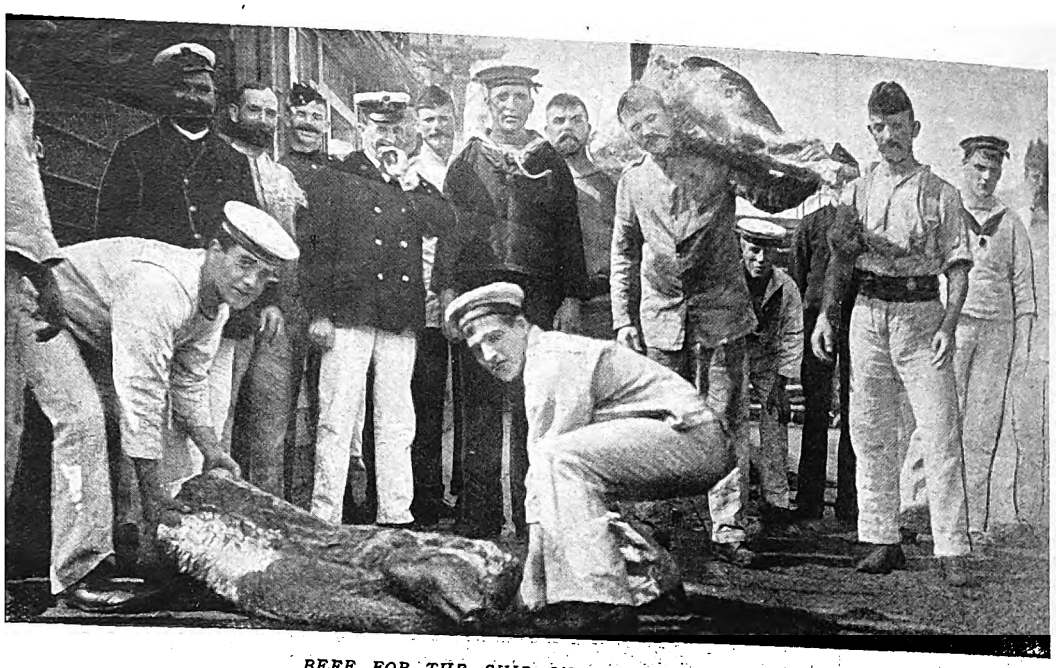
CHRISTMAS comes but once a year to the sailor and the soldier, as it does to everybody else the wide world over, but with certain differences in the manner of celebrating the event that may be worth noting by the way.

Nowhere else, perhaps, among our own folk in these times is the observance of the day kept up with more thorough heartiness and real downright enjoyment than among sailors and soldiers. This is naturally the case, for the fighting man, whether of the sea or of the land, can never know what may be ahead of him, in a way that the everyday civilian can scarcely understand. The changes and chances of this mortal life are many and various for the sailors and soldiers of the Queen, as the short space of a twelve-month but too often proves to both.



BEEF FOR THE SHIP ON CHRISTMAS DAY.
Bringing the Christmas Joints on Board.

It is a thought that makes men cling together and to their families all the more, and the bonds are closest drawn at Christmas-time. But here we must change the tale, pleasant as it might be to pursue the theme.

"The play's the thing
With which I'll catch the conscience of the king."

Therefore let us look at our pictures, and see how they may interest us with their representations of the soldiers' and sailors' doings at Christmas-tide.

Here, to begin with, is Jack at one of our Naval depôts at a home port dealing with the preliminary stage of his Christmas dinner—bringing home his Christmas beef *en bloc*, to be cut up and cooked for distribution among the various messes of the depôt. As there are often some 3,000 or 4,000 men barracked at a Naval depôt, sailors and stokers, we can understand the procession of joints which the picture shows us on the way to be got ready for the cook's galley. The roast beef of old England, although it is, of course, the *pièce de résistance*, as the Frenchmen would say over the Channel, at Jack's Christmas dinner-table, is, however, not by any means all, as a glance at our next two pictures will speedily help to explain. Quite a number of interesting minor delicacies of the season—and ingredients to make them—find their way to the messes on board ship when in port for Christmas Day, and in our pictures the stewards of a ship are shown receiving them as "stores" as they come up over the side. They range often from geese and fowls to plum puddings and mince pies, cakes and oranges, and are all paid for by Jack himself out of his own ship's Christmas fund. In a further picture we have another and very notable item of the Bluejackets' Christmas Day programme. It is the serving out of the Christmas Day tot of rum—"one water grog," as a general thing in honour of the day—with which Jack in his mess will duly drink "Her Majesty." The picture shows the scene on board a guard-ship on Christmas Day during the important business of measuring out the tots at mid-day. We leave Jack at this point, and a very agreeable one—drawing his Christmas Day grog—and pass on to say a few words about Tommy in the various scenes in which our pictures represent him here. First, there is a pretty little picture of two big Guardsmen, non-commissioned officers, with their children, outside married quarters, passing a few happy minutes, while various little matters in the way of Christmas

GRUB FOR THE MESS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.
Receiving Stores for Dinner on Board.

Photo. Copyright. *SOME CHRISTMAS DAY PROVISIONS IN PORT.* *Cribb*
Soft Tack and Eggs Arriving for the Messes.

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"See!" She rose and threw a handful of white powder upon the fire, which instantly leaped up with blinding brightness, cutting across the gathering darkness outside like vivid lightning.

"Listen!" She uttered a few words from the ledge, and the very words were reverberated from the surrounding hills in a hundred echoes.

"Come!" She drew us to the edge and pointed downwards. Below, little groups of natives had congregated, bringing, as offerings to their witch, dishes and calabashes of food and drink upon their heads.

"Hark!" We listened, and could hear every word they uttered with perfect distinctness, as though we were in a whispering gallery.

She went on: "I listen and speak and flash; the people wonder, and proclaim me their Umlimo, God. They believe my words. They do my bidding. Behold these things!" she threw upon the ground three little bones carved in fantastic fashion.

"These are the ministers of my wrath. I throw the bones, and whomsoever they kill are killed; whomsoever they save are saved. But these are a cruel people, and the cruel alone suffer my wrath."

Up to this point she had acted and spoken with perfect composure; but now she seemed to fall under the sway of some deep emotion. Her words gathered in intensity as she continued:

"I have often thought of the home of my father, and longed to go back; but although I am so powerful here, I am but a prisoner. The people watch and guard me jealously lest I escape. All my plans for flight have failed save this one. I have heard the majaka, the young warriors of the nation, talking of the approach of the white men. The King did not love the white men, yet he was afraid to fight against them. So I stirred up the majaka when they came to me for advice to battle against the invaders. I promised them blood and victory till they grew excited and the blood thirst came upon them, and the King's counsel was set at nought, and the land was plunged in war. I made war, for I knew that my people, the white people, would conquer this cruel nation, and perchance rescue me from my prison of hell."

She broke down utterly in a passion of weeping, and we supported her as best we could until she had recovered somewhat. Then with a smile, such a wan, sorrowful smile, she said:

"I am only a weak woman after all, but you are the first white men I have seen since my father was murdered. Will you take me to the great white chief?"

She looked so helpless and forlorn, so much in need of sympathy, that upon my soul I felt quite soft about her, and inwardly resolved to go through any danger to save her. And, looking at Van der Byl, he was nodding his head and swearing away in low Dutch most vigorously. We held a short consultation among ourselves, and as a result told her that, to avoid suspicion, we would now leave her, but come back when the moon was down and take her in safety to Bulawayo.

It must have been midnight when we came back to the mountain. Groping about in the intense darkness I suddenly noticed a white body prone upon the ground. Sick with dread I struck a match. It was she, the White Witch of the Matopos, lying dead with an assegai transfixed through her heart. She must have stood at the pit mouth waiting for us, and some jealous, treacherous native hand had done its deadly work.

We carried her down the steps of the pit and reverently laid her to rest in that charnel house of the dead. Then we hastened away from the dread spot, but how we reached camp I cannot understand from that day to this. At that time I should not have cared had I died with her, but I think I have overcome the fascination now.

"Listen!"

He smiled feebly, but there was a break in his voice, and those gathered around felt that the experience had touched him deeply.

There was silence for a minute or two after the conclusion of this somewhat tragic story, which presented such a contrast to those which had gone before, and in the darkness a sharp, decisive voice spoke at the tent opening:

"Captain Seaton here, sir?"

"That's my name."

"The general would like to see yer, sir."

"Right you are," said the captain, and rose to go. "Orders for the attack, I expect," he remarked, as he disappeared in the gloom.

His place was speedily filled, however, by the arrival of Casemate, the gunnery lieutenant of the "Hopeful," and Ashton, captain and adjutant of the 180th Regiment. These two had become bosom friends since arriving at the front, and were both noisy, rollicking individuals, who were wont to make things lively, for friend or foe.

"I say, we're going to have no end of a time in the morning watch," said the gunnery lieutenant; "attack at daylight; early bird sort of business, you know; and our little pop-guns are going to open the ball. One of 'em's *horse de combat*, unfortunately, but I left the armourer sweating and swearing over it."

"Who told you all this yarn?" asked Hepworth.

"Oh, Tommy Ashton and I have been eaves-dropping, sir, all about the general's quarters; looking out for a forlorn-hope job."

"You be hanged," said the adjutant; "speak for yourself."

"One of you newcomers had better spin us a yarn," said the gunner; "you're both pretty handy at it."

THE LIEUTENANT'S YARN.

By John Stockholm.

"NOW then, Casemate, let's hear from you," said the major.

The gunnery lieutenant—Gunnery Jack he was called afloat—roused himself with a start. "I beg your pardon, chaps," he said; "I can think of nothing but that broken recoil-spring of my 4·7. It's hard lines to be hung up like this just when you're wanted."

"Never mind, old man," said the adjutant; "you've made a hit if she never fires another shot. Your men's shooting has been an eye-opener."

"Did you see what the good old *Globe's* poet says about them?" said the major. "He's broken out in three verses. It's about your 'Handy Man,' as he calls him. He winds up in a fine frenzy by saying that

"'He's fighting his way to Heaven
At the breech of his 4·7.'

This opens up a new field in the poetry line.

"'To his Heavenly home he flew
On the back of his 9·2.'

What do you think of that? Or

"'Through the gates of Heaven he'll pinch
By the side of his good 6-in.'"

"Bravo, major!" said the gunnery lieutenant, "we'll rate you ship's poet on the passage home. Of course, this is easy shooting for our men. My old gunner's mate said, when I complimented him on a good shot, 'Well, sir, with a fixed target, and us at anchor, too, when once we get the range something's got to shift.' If we'd had a few big guns in the Zulu turn-out we should have finished that job a bit quicker."

"Were you in that swim, too?" said the major.

"Yes," said the lieutenant; "I was a young sub. then—one of old Dicky Bradshaw's boys from the 'Shah.' South Africa runs in our family. My old dad was out here, too, in the Kaffir affair.

"I got that from him," he added, producing from his tobacco-pouch a rather dirty-looking object like a small eye-bolt or a clock-key with a hole in it. It was extremely heavy and hard, and, as far as could be discovered through

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its outer coating of tobacco ash and dust, was of some metallic stone.

"What is it," said the war correspondent, "a baccy-stopper?"

"That's what I use it for," said the lieutenant; "but by rights it's a charm for saving life."

"I know a man myself," said the major, "who carries a potato in his pocket to keep off the rheumatism."

"This might save you from hanging," said the adjutant, "but it wouldn't help you much if you were drowning. It's extraordinarily heavy for its size."

"It saved my life once," said the lieutenant, quietly.

"A yarn, a yarn!" said the major. "Order, please, for the yarn of the mystic charm that keeps you from harm, and alarm. Pegs round first. Now then, Gunnery John, unfold your curly tale."

"I must begin with the dad," said Casemate. "He was out in the Kaffir affair, as I said, in fifty-two. He was in command of the old Forty-fourth."

"Begad! I thought you'd got an army back on you," said the major. "Why did you leave us, Jeremiah?"

"You've heard of an old chief named Moshesh?" resumed Casemate.

"Yes; but he was farther north, wasn't he?" said the major. "You mean Moses?"

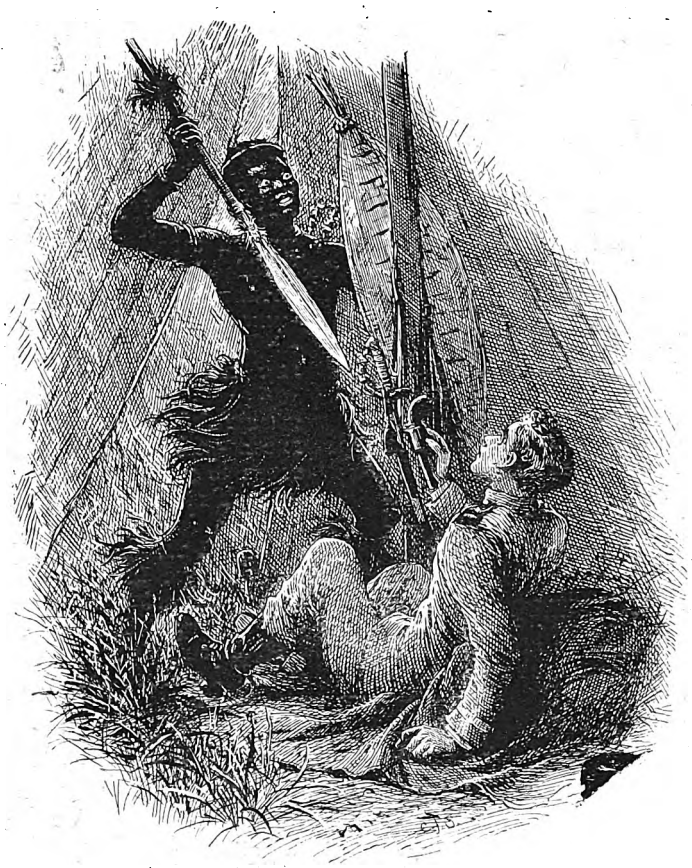
"This was a descendant of his, I expect. He was boss of the show among the niggers here in the early days. He was the original early bird about these parts. Well, a descendant of this old Johnny was captured by the Forty-fourth, and, owing to some bit of dirty work he'd been mixed up with, our men wanted to chop him up.

"But the guv'nor said 'No, discipline is discipline, and a chief's a chief, although, like the poor Indian of untutored mind, he clothes him before, and goes bare behind.' He gave him a tent to himself, and a Bible to read, and used to explain it to him in the evenings, after fighting hours.

"Curious chap the guv'nor was. I've heard him say that some of the chief's questions used to keep him awake all night trying to think of the answers.

"However, they got so thick that, when they parted, the chief—who was going down to the Cape for trial—gave him this bit of stuff. He said it was the most precious thing he could give him. It had belonged to Moshesh, and had been kept in the chief's family since the time of Ham, I think. It was a safe cure for ague, and would guard the wearer against any form of violent death.

"The guv'nor said that as the result of the trial was so uncertain the chief had better keep it himself. But the old man said he would rather die than anything should happen to the guv'nor, and forced it on him."



"His arm went up."

"Rummy chaps, these niggers," said the adjutant, "where they take. You can fetch 'em with music, too. A fiddler can lead 'em anywhere, they say."

"Yes, they'll follow him—with bricks," said the lieutenant. "I was in a ship once on the West Coast that carried a band, and the seedee boys asked that all the instruments might be stopped except the drum. A taste for music is natural to them, like curly hair.

"However, to get back to the charm.

"When I commissioned the 'Shah,' the poor old mater, who firmly believes in the thing, made me promise to carry it. So I've kept it in the pouch, and used it as a pipe-stopper ever since.

"You remember how the 'Shah' got into the Zulu scramble, of course. We'd done four years on the Pacific, and were homeward bound with Pleasure at the helm, when we were brought up at St. Helena by the news of Isandhlwana. Old Dicky Bradshaw brought us back here on his own, and three weeks later we were landed and working our way up to Eshowe.

"There's been some talk lately about 'first-class fighting men.' We've tackled several sorts of them in our time; but for sheer pluck the Zulu was second to none, in my opinion. Some of them would actually throw themselves on our bayonets, so that others could get through. If that isn't the real thing I should like to know what is. But they don't smell nice in a scuffle.

"We used to try a few Navy dodges on them when we were in laager. We pretended to abandon a gun once, and when they gathered round, looking down the muzzle, let her go with a long lanyard. The tricks didn't always come off though. Our Gunnery Jack planned a grand *coup* once—he's a captain now, lucky beggar."

"How was it you never got shoved up over it, old man?" said the major.

"Do you get shoved up in the Army for doing your bit without shouting?" said Casement. "My guv'nor won't let me go up. If he knows a Johnny who could give me a shove he'll ask him as a favour not to do it, because it might smell unfair. But I'm satisfied. A man that likes his mates is better off in a ward-room than perked up in a captain's cabin, alone with his nobility. I don't want the money. I like my job, and when I'm tired of it I'll go ashore and catch butterflies.

"However, to get back to Gunnery Jack's *coup*. We used to be worried a good deal by night attacks. The beggars used to try to rush us on dark nights; and even single fellows sneaked their way into the camp sometimes.

"Jack laid out some mines at one place we pitched at, to welcome them with. One middle-watch the word was passed that they were coming, and we all turned out to receive them.

"There was some loose scrub a little distance off, which had led Jack to expect attack from that side, and to lay the mines there accordingly. We could see dark forms moving about in the scrub and edging towards us, though rather slowly, and after a rather tiresome wait Jack at length shouted 'Heave her!' and touched the key.

"The whole earth seemed to rise up in front of us, and then a shower of earth and stones fell all around. A thing that rather surprised Jack was the hind leg of a mule which came flying through the air, and bowled him over like a rabbit. He said it was the first time he had ever been kicked by a leg with no mule on it.

"In the morning we found the remains of no less than six of the camp mules scattered about. They had got out somehow, through a soft place in the laager, and nibbled their way round to the scrub. Jack didn't do any more mining."

"That reminds me," said the major, "of the mining battalion at Chatham. They blew up a bridge they'd crossed a trench by, and couldn't get back again."

"But what about Moses' charm?" said the correspondent; "where does that come in?"

"That was another affair," said Casemate, more gravely, "I'd almost forgotten. We used to get single niggers in at night, as I said, in spite of the sharpest look-out. You can't see a black man far in the dark, you know. One night I woke and saw a big fellow trying to unhook my gun from the tent pole. He was a gigantic chap, and, standing between me and the tent door, he loomed like a house. I felt cautiously for my revolver, but he either saw me or heard me, for his arm went up, and just for a moment his assegai stood across the light like a window-bar, and then it came straight at me."

"But the good old charm checked it in mid-air," said the major.

"Not quite in mid-air," said the lieutenant. "I felt a bang that I thought had staved my chest in, and then he was on me. We scuffled a bit, but I got hold of the revolver and let him have a Mark II. just as our fellows ran in. The spear had hit the baccy pouch in my breast pocket—of course I was lying down all rigged—and it was brought up against the stopper. It's pretty hard, but he made a bit of a mark on it you see. The mater's got the assegai at home now with the point turned up like a bent pin."

"The drawback to your charm is that it only acts when it's in the line of fire," said the major. "Still, it was a let-off, old man, and I congratulate you, and ourselves, too, that you're here to spin the yarn."

"And so say all of us," sang the others.

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Christmas in the Navy a Hundred Years Ago.

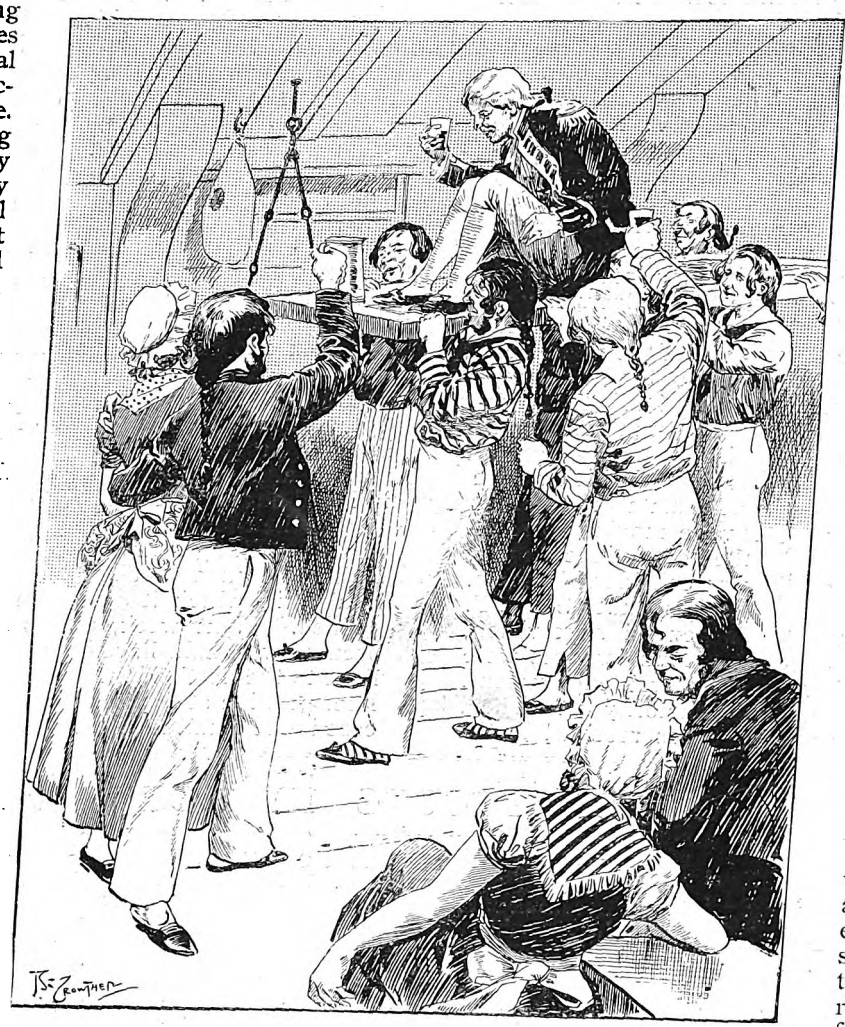
By Edward Fraser.

MAN-OF-WAR'SMAN JACK likes to have a good time at Christmas, he has always liked to have it, and has always somehow managed to get it. In different ways, no doubt, he has managed it, for manners and customs have varied afloat just as they have varied with the good folks ashore, but always one way or another.

Nowadays, for instance, every possible indulgence that can be granted to the Bluejacket, whether in harbour or at sea, is extended to him by the authorities under whose rule he lives. In port every man who can be spared is granted leave to go ashore and visit his friends and enjoy the festivities of the season in his family circle at home. The rest, those who have to stay in their ship on Christmas Day to carry on the necessary routine duties, are encouraged to have a no less jovial time among themselves on board, while the officers do their best to make the day one of good fellowship and general rejoicing all round. With those at sea it is just the same as with those who have to remain on board ship in port—as little work as possible, the best feeding that in the circumstances can be got, and a general easing down of the restrictions of every day discipline.

This usage of making Christmas a day of festivity has, indeed, been the way in our Navy, according to all accounts, as far back as it is possible to trace in old letters and papers the social life of the man-of-war's man. We know, for one thing, from the diary of a chaplain on board one of Charles II.'s ships how they kept Christmas at sea right royally with trumpetings and banquetings in those far-off days; and though the methods have changed in detail from time to time, and the ceremonial become rather more quiet and less roystering, the same spirit of making the very best of the day for all concerned has prevailed ever since.

This is the sort of thing that went on in a man-of-war on Christmas Day, as far as it is possible to find out, in the times of George III. First of all, for duty purposes, the day was observed officially as a Sunday. In the morning, that is to say, there was Divisions, and a general inspection of the ship by the captain and various officers; then Church was "rigged" and Divine Service performed, generally without a sermon; after which the men were dismissed to have the rest of the day to themselves. They were now free to get through their Christmas dinner first of all, and then enjoy themselves, released from ordinary restraint, or practically any restraint at all, till the time for piping down in the evening came. Extra rations and extra grog to splice the main brace in honour of the day were allowed as a customary thing, and it was the usage in most ships for the captain, accompanied by the lieutenants, to pay a semi-state visit to the lower deck and wish the men a happy time. After the captain had gone round what might be called general topsy-turvydom set in. One of the first things that usually took place as soon as the lower deck had become sufficiently lively after dinner was the chairing of the officers round the ship, a ceremonial that had to be submitted to, or bought off by a bottle of rum, by practically every officer in the ship. Taking with them a grating, a dozen or more of the men, all more or less under the influence of liquor, would go round from cabin to cabin and hail the occupant with "Come out, Mr. ——; come out, sir. We are a-going to carry you round." Round the ship then they went, practically making the unfortunate officer, borne aloft on the grating, sample the plum duff and grog at every mess until he was brought back from where he had set out. Then another victim of Christmas Day joviality was selected, and so on until it came to the turn of the juniors. With these, if the young officer in question happened to be unpopular on the lower deck, there was sometimes rather rough play, and sometimes a downright obnoxious officer would get decidedly a bad time of it, what with howls and jeers from the messes, and a pelting with flour-bags and edibles of all sorts.



The Chairing of the Officers.

This kind of thing was the rule, it would seem, on Christmas Day on most ships. On a good many, on the other hand, it is practically certain things were very different. One can hardly, for instance, imagine a jovial Christmas Day on board the "Hermione" under the rule of Captain Pigott. It really, indeed, all depended on the frame of mind and the temper of the captain.

There is this also to be remembered. Take exactly 100 years ago. Take the year in the last century corresponding to the present year in this century—Christmas Day, 1799. First of all it was war time. We were still in the thick of the great war with the French Republic. Three-quarters of the fleet were, in point of fact, at sea; the big men-of-war of the line here and there engaged in watching the French coast on dreary blockade duty; the frigates scattered over the face of the globe cruising and chasing and fighting in every sea and in every ocean. There could be little chance or little opportunity, with a general state of things afloat like this, for Jack's getting much of real Christmas Day ease and leisure or many of what we consider Christmas Day creature comforts. No captain of a ship at sea could dream of allowing his men to indulge themselves when any moment on the horizon the sails of an enemy's ship or fleet might come into view.

This principal is how our Fleets were broken up and distributed and what it was doing on Christmas Day 100 years ago, on December 25, 1799. Half the Channel Fleet, ten or twelve ships, were battling with tempests and bad weather, and hard east-north-east gales and sleet, close in with the reefs that fringe the French coast round Ushant, not knowing from hour to hour whether the French Fleet, that was just then lying at anchor ready in Brest, might not suddenly appear under full sail standing out to sea. The other half of the Channel Fleet, under Collingwood, was lying at single anchor, part in Cawsand Bay, part in Plymouth Sound, with the Blue Peter at the mast-head, watching from hour to hour for the wind to shift so as to get out at the first moment and reinforce their shipmates left off Brest. There could hardly in these circumstances have been much chance on board our storm-tossed Home fleet ships for really enjoying Christmas Day. The Mediterranean Fleet, for its part, was in three squadrons, and little better off. Part, the main body under Lord Keith, was helping the Austrian Army on shore to keep Buonaparte and the French "Army of Italy" out of the country between Genoa and Leghorn, a task requiring ceaseless anxiety, care, watchfulness, and of ever-pressing urgency. Another part, the squadron under Nelson (with his flag in the "Foudroyant"), were watching closely round Malta, where every moment the three or four French men-of-war in Valetta Harbour were expected to make a forlorn hope dash to sea. The remainder, a third squadron, under Sir Sidney Smith, were opposing the French in the Levant. Such were the circumstances and the conditions under which the British Navy kept its Christmas 100 years ago.

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The Story of the War.

AFTER the battle of Modder River, on the 28th ult., there was a decided lull in the military operations in South Africa, a lull to be followed by very brisk happenings, some of which have already been recorded. In order to understand the position which exists at the time of writing, and the probable developments of the next few days, it is desirable to examine what was the condition of affairs in the first week of the present month. Speaking generally, there were three forces of British troops operating against the two Republics, partly for purposes of relieving isolated garrisons, partly in connection with a comprehensive scheme of offence and invasion. As regards the isolated garrisons, no particular anxiety was felt with reference to Kimberley, which, by two vigorous sorties on the 25th and 28th ult. respectively, had proved its activity and watchfulness, as well as its capacity for passive resistance. Mafeking, too, was holding out splendidly. A large portion of the investing forces had been withdrawn, but the enemy's siege artillery remained, and no effective reply to it was possible. By throwing out advance works, however, Baden-Powell had contrived to check the enemy's near approach to the town, and already rumours of reinforcement from Tuli were beginning to take definite shape.

Descending to detail, the rest of Methuen's force at Modder River was necessarily a prolonged one. The G.O.C. had to recover from his flesh wound, which, though slight, incapacitated him from riding. The bridge over the Modder had further to be repaired, and reinforcements from the base at De Aar were absolutely necessary in view of the very large number of Boers who were known to be still between the Modder River and Kimberley and to the immediate east. By December 7 the repairs to the railway bridge were completed. On the following day some fighting occurred at Enslin, a force of 1,000 Free State Boers having attacked our line of communications at that point. They destroyed two culverts and tore up 300-yds. of the permanent way, but were driven off by two companies of the Northamptonshires, reinforced by the 12th Lancers, Seaforth Highlanders, and 62nd Battery R.F.A. Communication was promptly restored and the damage repaired.

In Natal the position of affairs at the time of which we are writing exhibited an even more complete state of apparent quiescence, although in reality events were moving to some purpose. The Boers had retreated to the north of the Tugela, and were massing near Colenso in very considerable force. On the south of the river the British forces under Sir C. F. Clery, and with Sir Redvers Buller's general supervision, were collected at Frere, and constant reconnaissances were being carried out with a view to a general engagement. Communication with Ladysmith was satisfactorily established, and on Sunday last a gratifying message was received to the effect that on Saturday morning a force of Natal Volunteers and Imperial Light Horse, under Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter, had been successful in surprising one of the enemy's artillery positions. A 6-in. gun and a 4·7-in. howitzer were destroyed by gun-cotton, and a Maxim was captured and brought to Ladysmith.

The developments with reference to General Gatacre's force in Cape Colony have been more exciting, and, it is unsatisfactory to add, of a rather serious character. For about a fortnight General Gatacre had been condemned to inaction through want of sufficient forces wherewith to drive back the very considerable body of Boers opposed to him. He, however, for political reasons decided on a partial forward movement, and advanced to Putter's Kraal, reconnoitring as far as Molteno. Meanwhile reinforcements reached East London, and were sent up to join him, notably two batteries of Artillery brought by the "Englishman." On the night of the 9th inst. General Gatacre left Putter's Kraal by train for Molteno, and thence advanced by a forced march of twelve miles to Stormberg with a force 2,000 strong, consisting of the 74th and 77th Field Batteries, the 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers, and the 2nd Royal Irish Rifles. The force was misled by the guides, and, on reaching an impregnable position, after a very trying night march, was surprised by a hot fire unexpectedly opened on it. The engagement began at 4.15 a.m., and at 7 o'clock, after a big artillery duel, the force retired and marched back to Molteno. It is pleasant to note that the retirement was effected in excellent order, and that at the most critical time the Northumberland Fusiliers and Royal Irish Rifles behaved as on a field day. But one gun was abandoned, and our losses were heavy.

The serious part of this reverse is not only the number of men who are missing, which brings the total casualties up to 600, but the influence which the action must necessarily have upon the civil population in the neighbourhood. It is of no use to disguise the fact that such an incident at such a juncture was most unfortunate, more especially having regard to the intimate relation between the advance of General Gatacre's column and that of Lord Methuen. But there is every prospect that the untoward results of this reverse may be almost, if not entirely, discounted by the operations in Natal and on the Western Border.

At the time of writing we are actually in hourly expectation of striking news both from Methuen and Buller. In both cases an action seems absolutely unavoidable, and the locality in which it will take place appears to be clearly defined. Next week, unless something wholly unforeseen occurs, we shall have to record a battle near Colenso, a little to the north of the Tugela, and a vigorous assault of the Boer position at Spytfontein, south of Kimberley. In neither case is the result in any way doubtful.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards	E	Natal
6th " "	A	Cape Frontier
1st Royal Dragoons	D	Natal
2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys)		Cape Colony
5th Lancers	E	Natal
6th Dragoons	A	Cape Colony
9th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
10th Hussars		Cape Colony
12th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
13th Hussars	D	Natal
18th "	E	Natal
19th "	E	Natal

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

G and P Batteries, R.H.A.	B	Cape Frontier
O and R " "	A	Cape Frontier
4th Battery, R.F.A.		Cape Colony
7th " "	D	Natal
13th " "	E	Natal
14th " "	D	Natal
18th " "	A	Cape Frontier
21st " "	E	Ladysmith, Natal
37th " "		Cape Colony
38th " "	C	Cape Frontier
42nd " "	E	Ladysmith, Natal
53rd " "	E	Ladysmith, Natal
62nd " "	A	Cape Frontier
63rd " "		Cape Colony
64th " "	D	Natal
65th " "		Cape Colony
66th " "	D	Natal
67th " "	E	Ladysmith, Natal
69th " "	E	Ladysmith, Natal
73rd " "	D	Natal
74th " "	C	Cape Frontier
75th " "	A	Cape Frontier
77th " "	C	Cape Frontier
78th " "		Cape Colony
No. 10 Mountain Battery		Natal
14th Co. W. Division, R.G.A.	D	Cape Colony
23rd " "		Kimberley

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	A	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	E	Natal
1st Devonshire	E	Natal
1st Leicestershire	E	Natal
1st Gloucestershire	E	Natal
1st Border	D	Natal
1st North Lancashire*		Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	A	Cape Frontier
1st King's Royal Rifles	E	Natal
2nd " " "	E	Natal
1st Manchester	E	Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	E	Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers	E	Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers	E	Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	E	Natal
2nd Devon	D	Natal
2nd West Yorkshire	D	Natal
2nd West Surrey	D	Natal
2nd East Surrey	D	Natal
1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Highland L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
1st Scots Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Irish Rifles	C	Cape Frontier
2nd Northamptonshire	A	Cape Frontier
3rd Grenadiers	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Black Watch	B	Cape Frontier
1st Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Scottish Rifles	D	Natal
1st Argyll and Sutherland	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Seaforths	B	Cape Frontier
1st Durham Light Infantry	D	Natal
3rd King's Royal Rifles	D	Natal
1st Rifle Brigade	D	Natal
1st Welsh	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Somerset L.I.	D	Natal
2nd Northumberland Fusiliers	C	Cape Frontier
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Connaught Rangers	D	Natal
1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Royal Scots	C	Cape Frontier
1st Gordon Highlanders	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Shropshire L.I.		Cape Frontier
2nd Cornwall L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
1st Suffolk		Cape Frontier
1st Essex		Cape Colony

NOTE.—The troops whose station is given as "Cape Frontier" are thus distinguished: A denotes those under General Methuen pushing on to Kimberley; B those keeping the line of communications and holding the line De Aar-Nauwpoort-Stormberg that connects the three railway systems whose termini are Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London; C those advancing from East London to drive Boers out of North-Eastern Provinces. Troops marked D form the Ladysmith Relief Force. Troops marked E are those with Sir G. White.

The regiments that have left or are immediately about to leave by this date are as follows: Cavalry—Composite Regiment Household Cavalry, and 13th Hussars. Artillery—R.H.A., Q, T, and U Batteries; R.F.A., 79th, 61st, 19th, 20th, and 28th Batteries; No. 4 Mountain Battery; 15th Co. W. Division, and 20th Co. S. Division, R.G.A.; and a siege train of 32 officers and 1,104 men. Infantry—1st Sherwood Foresters, 2nd R. Lancaster, 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, 1st South Lancashire, 1st York and Lancaster, 2nd R. Warwickshire, 1st Yorkshire, 2nd Dorsetshire, 2nd Middlesex, 2nd East Kent, 2nd Bedford, 1st Royal Irish, 1st West Riding, 1st Oxford L.I., 2nd Wilts, 2nd Worcestershire, 2nd Gloucester, and 2nd Lincoln.

* Left half battalion with Methuen.

NOTE.—Naval Brigades are now at Ladysmith, De Aar, Nauwpoort, and Durban.

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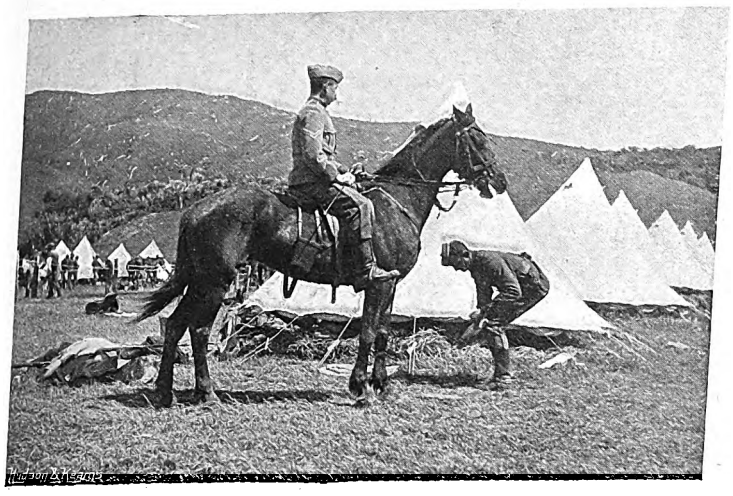
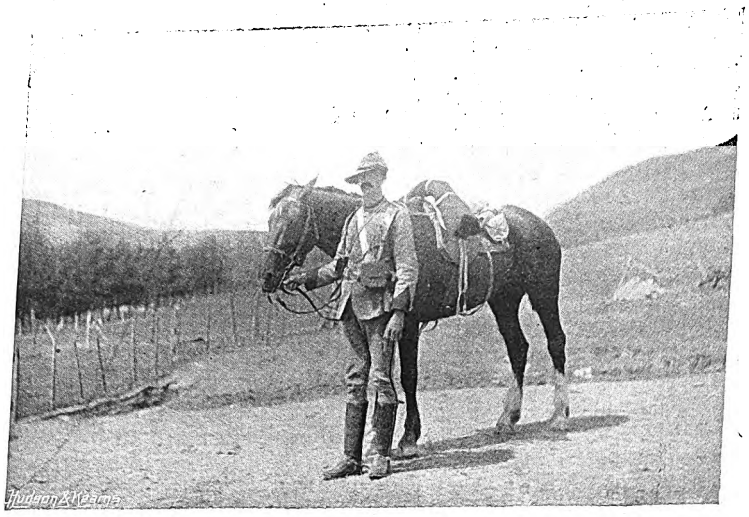
The Lion's Cubs.

COLONIALS FOR THE FRONT.



Photos. Copyright. WITH THE NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT.
At Ease in Camp.



THE NEW ZEALANDER. *Ross.*
Man and Horse Ready for the Front.

AT this Christmas season, when the ugly crisis in South Africa is clearing away, the seat of war presents one especially pleasing feature. The presence of so many contingents from our colonies is, to begin with, as a thing new and gratifying in the world's history. But there is always some sort of precedent for everything which happens, and cases have not been few in which colonial troops have taken part with the Imperial forces in war. Often soldiers and sailors from our North American colonies were found sharing in the hazards of the last century wars against France. In the War of the Austrian Succession, the New England Plantations, as we then called them, organised and sent out a very successful expedition to take Louisbourg, in Cape Breton, from the French. The venture was almost the only military undertaking of that rather inglorious war. The colonists did the thing as a matter of business, roughly, but well, and as the Navy covered them from interference, they compelled Louisbourg to surrender. We exchanged it for Pondicherry, which had been taken by De la Bourdonnais, and another expedition had to be sent to take it once more, for the last time, in the next war; but the colonists were not responsible for the lame and impotent conclusion of their labours. Other "American Gentlemen" shared in the expedition to Carthagena (not a successful business that) and in most of the conquests of the French Sugar Islands in the West Indies. But in this case they had a very direct interest in the issues of the war. The French, who made little use of their colonies, were resolute to prevent us from making use of ours. They rendered life intolerable for the Plantations, and it was in

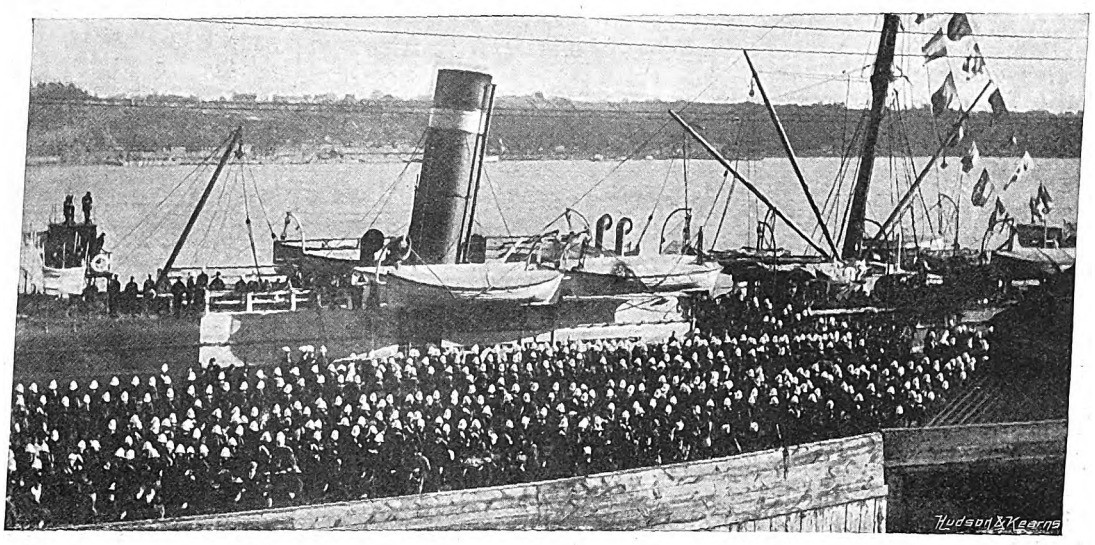


Photo. Copyright. THE CANADIANS LEAVING. *Livernois.*
Help from the End of the Earth.

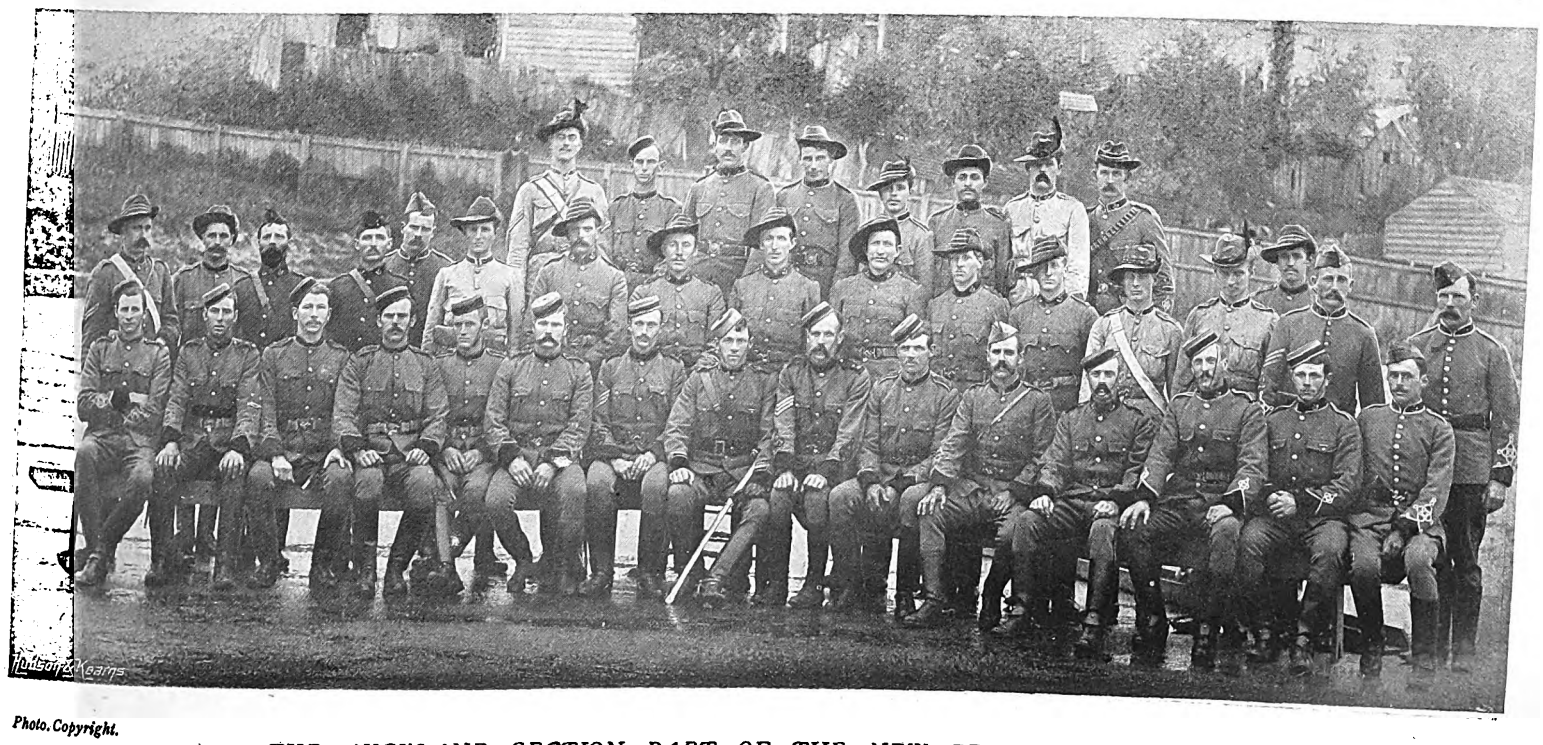


Photo. Copyright. THE AUCKLAND SECTION—PART OF THE NEW ZEALAND FORCE. *Hanna.*

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To Free the "Garden Colony."

WITH BULLER AND CLERY.

THE recent stirring events in Natal make doubly interesting at the present juncture the photographs here reproduced.

It will be seen that they illustrate both men and incidents connected with the great movements now taking place in the Garden Colony.

It may safely be said that ever since the commencement of the war the reader of the morning newspaper has experienced a certain fluttering of the heart as he hastened to glance at the latest news from the front.

Anything might have happened since the issue of the last war special the night before, and tidings of a victory for, or a disaster to, the Queen's soldiers might have arrived in the late hours or in the early morning.

The question eagerly asked by the rest of the household of the fortunate possessor of the morning sheet invariably was, "Is there any news to-day from Mafeking, Kimberley, Ladysmith, or Estcourt?" It was, however, Natal that came in for the largest amount of attention. Every step in the advance of the forces under Generals Buller and Clery was carefully watched, and as each day the relief of Ladysmith and Estcourt grew nearer and nearer the excitement at home became keener and keener.

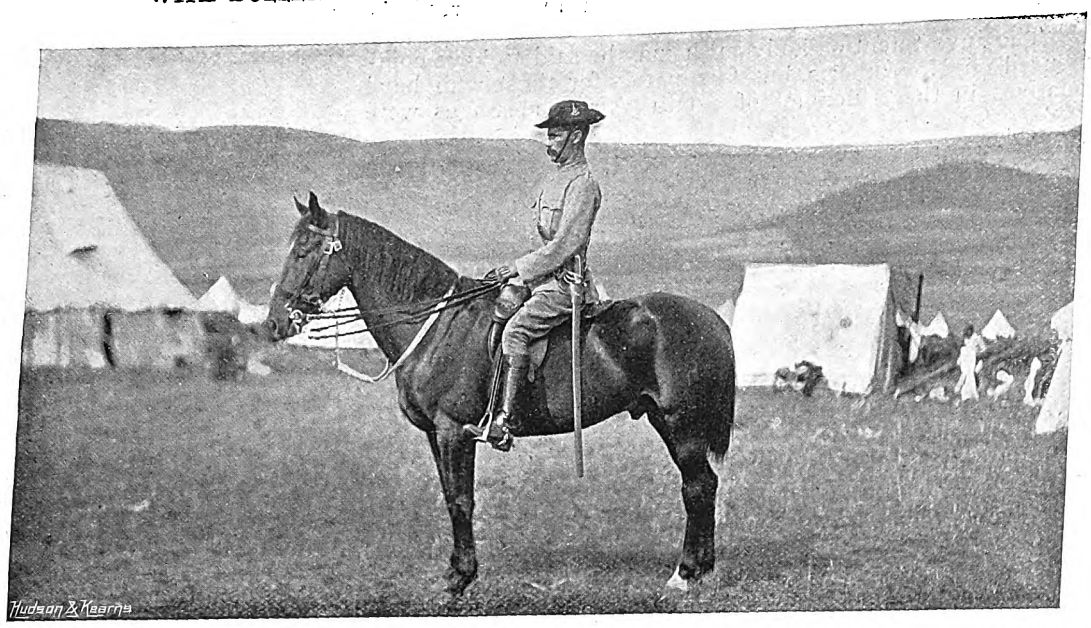

Photo. Copyright. LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GREENE, COMMANDING NATAL CARBINEERS. *Rodwell.*
Colonel Greene Originally Served in the Ranks.

The pictures on this and the next page are illustrative of interesting incidents and events connected with the siege and relief of Ladysmith.

It may be as well to dwell very briefly on the thrilling story of the war operations in Natal.

The invasion of the Colony by the Boers was the immediate result of the failure of our Government to accede to the terms of the famous ultimatum.

War commenced "at tea-time" on October 11, and on the 12th and following days great movements of Boers into Natal took place.

The juncture of the Glencoe and Ladysmith forces was duly and safely effected, but not until the Boers had been routed for the third time. Sir George White now found himself with a force some 12,000 strong, and

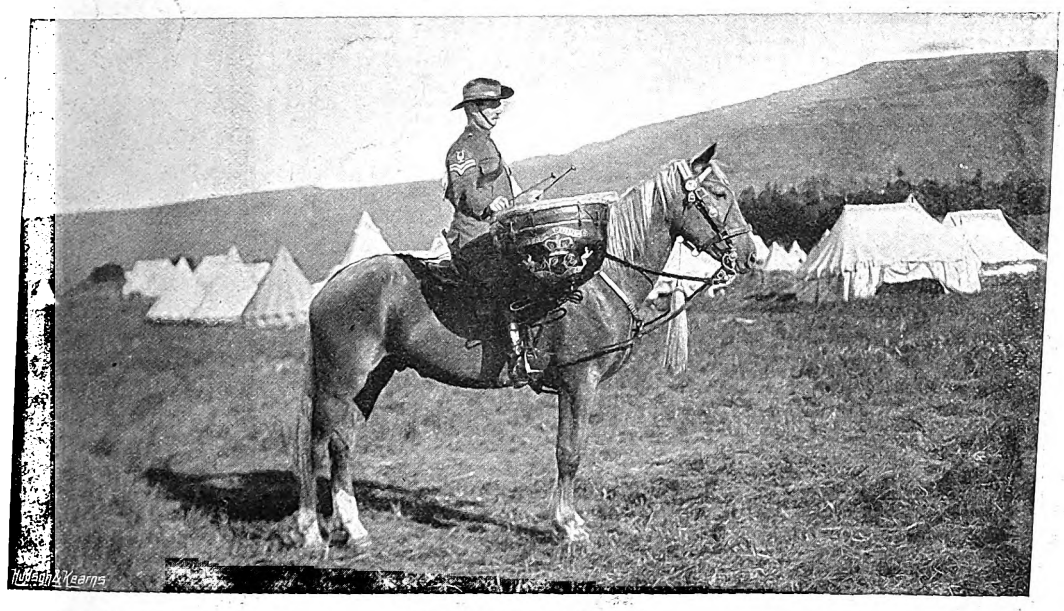

Photo. Copyright. IN HIS WAR PAINT. *Rodwell.*
A Drummer of the Natal Carbineers.

Photo. Copyright. WAITING FOR ORDERS—A COUPLE OF NATAL CARBINEERS ACTING AS SCOUTS FOR CLERY. *Dickinson.*

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settled down to make the best of his position. The loss of the column sent out from Ladysmith on October 30, the arrival of the Naval contingent and its splendid work, the evacuation of Colenso, and the subsequent complete isolation of Ladysmith, all these events are fresh in the reader's mind.

The investment of Ladysmith may be said to have commenced on November 2, but fortunately for those who have relatives in the Aldershot of South Africa messages were

ARTILLERY TO THE FRONT.
The 53rd Battery R.A. Leaves for the Camp.

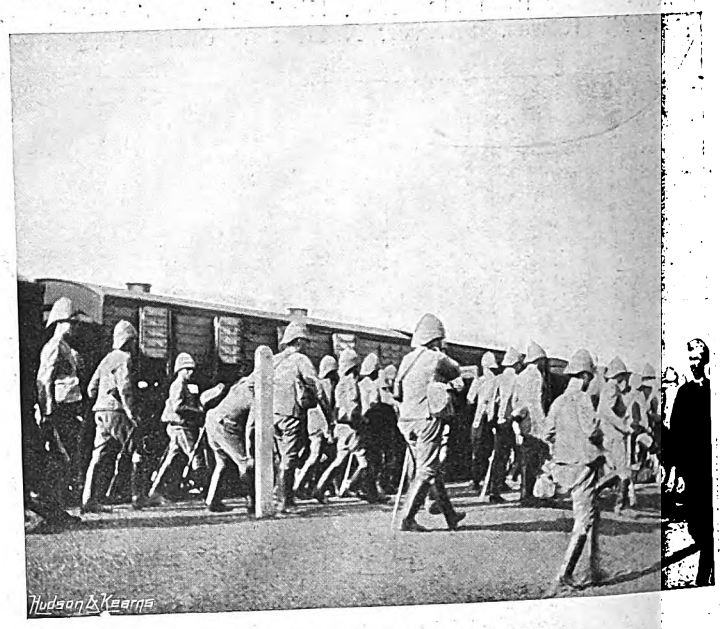
received from time to time by runners and pigeon post showing that the gallant town was holding out bravely.

The Boers believed that the officers' mess was held at the Hospital, and consequently directed their fire there, in spite of General White's protests. As a matter of fact, instead of messing at the Hospital, the Town Hall, and the Royal Hotel, the officers took to living in tents in preference to joining the mess in the town. Under inconspicuous tents they enjoyed

IN ACTION.
Waiting for the Enemy.

THE STABLE PICQUET.
In Camp at Estcourt.

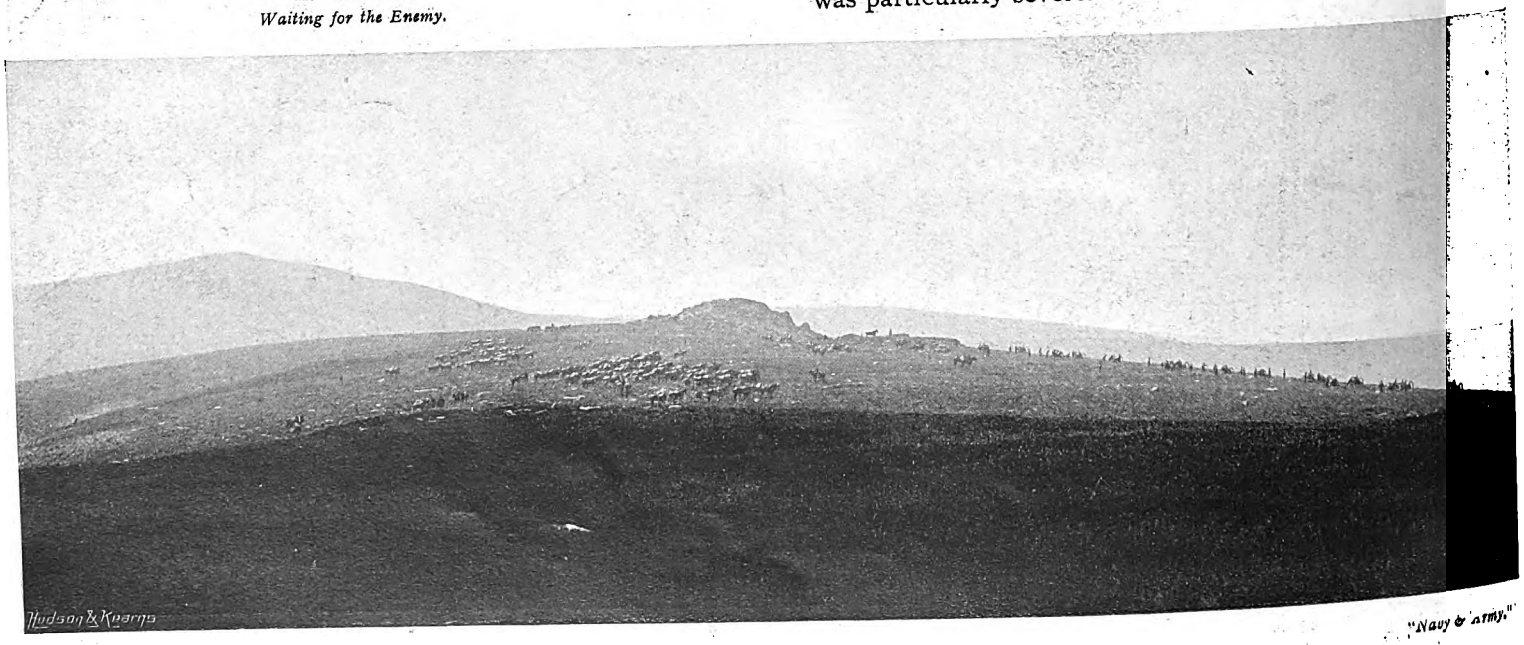
comparative immunity from the attentions of the enemy. That the inhabitants of Ladysmith suffered considerable alarm while the bombardment lasted is not at all surprising. Though many of the shells proved harmless, some burst with considerable effect, and the uncertainty as to where the shells



THE DEFENCE OF LADYSMITH.
Reinforcements Arriving for Clery.

would fall, and what damage they would do, kept everybody alert.

Even at night-time the brave inhabitants were not allowed to rest, for the Boers generally continued their artillery fire in the dark, but the fighting on November 9 was particularly severe.



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DEFENDING A POSITION—FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

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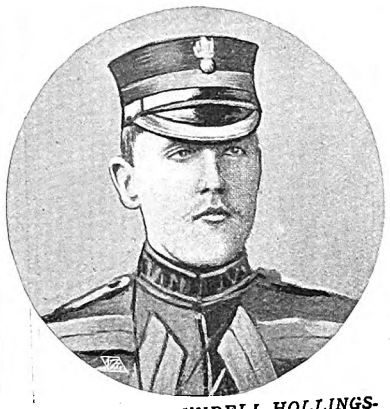
The Heroes We Mourn.

LIEUT.-COL. C. E. KEITH-FALCONER,
1st Northumberland Fusiliers.

LIEUTENANT F. OWEN-LEWIS,
14th Bombay Infantry.

LIEUT.-COL. H. P. NORTHCOTT,
Leinster Regiment.

CAPTAIN HON. D. H. MARSHAM,
4th Bedford Regiment.



LIEUT. W. A. BLUNDELL-HOLLINGS-HEAD-BLUNDELL,
3rd Grenadier Guards.

LIEUT.-COL. H. R. STOPFORD,
2nd Coldstream Guards.

CAPTAIN E. B. EAGER,
Northumberland Fusiliers.

LIEUTENANT A. E. BRABANT,
Imperial Light Horse.

LIEUTENANT F. L. FRYER,
3rd Grenadier Guards.

CAPTAIN G. SENIOR,
Royal Marine Artillery.

LIEUTENANT R. W. M. BRINE,
1st Northumberland Fusiliers.

MAJOR H. SCOTT TURNER,
2nd Battalion Royal Highlanders.

MIDSHIPMAN C. A. E. HUDDART,
H.M.S. "Doris."

Photos. by Messrs. Bassano, A. Debenham, Ryde; Downey, C. Knight, Lock and Whitfield, and J. Russell.

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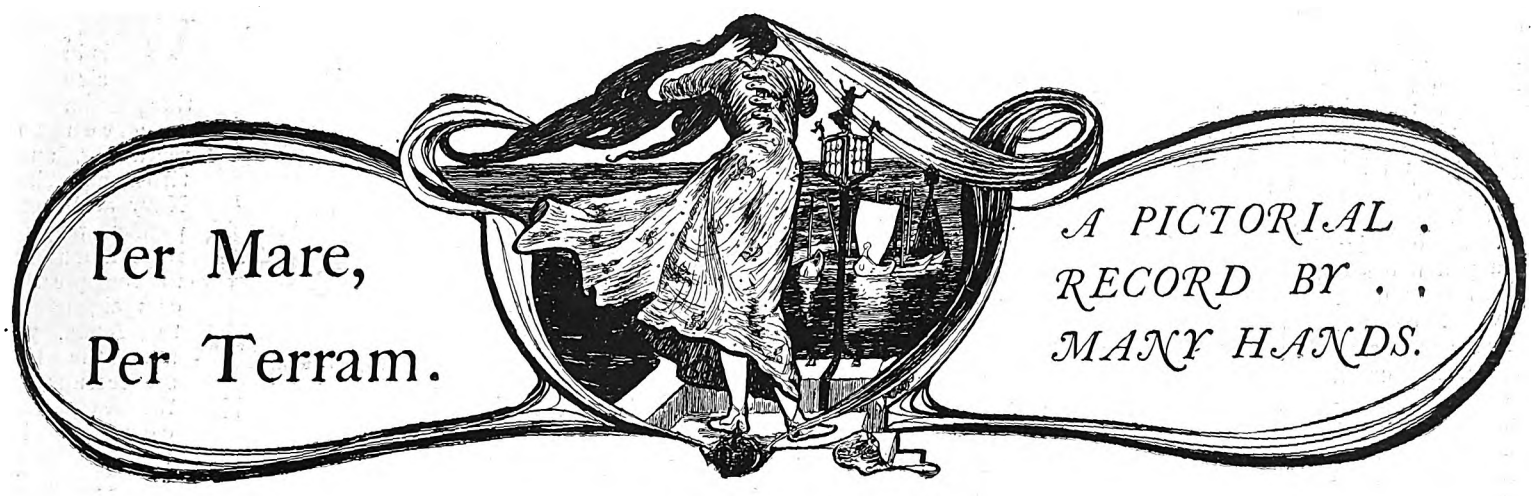
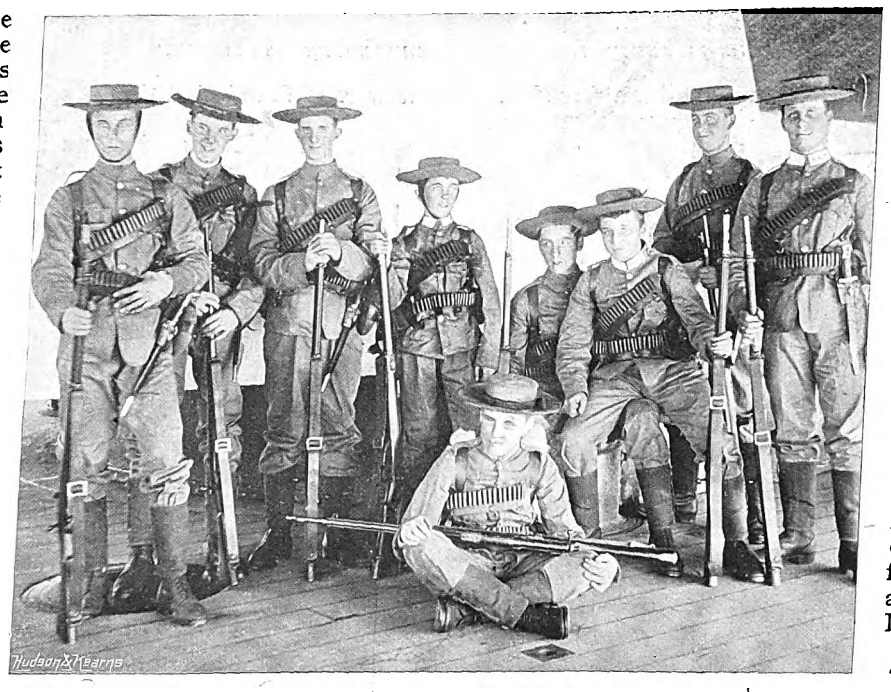


THE very active share which the Navy has thus far taken in the war has been naturally one of the features of the campaign most discussed. Readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED have been kept well up in the doings of the "Handy-Man," and are quite familiar with the splendid behaviour of the Naval Brigades at Ladysmith and Graspan.

The illustrations on this page show how busily the crew of the "Terrible" have been engaged during the last few weeks in getting their guns ready for service in connection with the relief of Ladysmith. The "Terrible" was on her way to relieve the "Powerful" on the China station when she received orders to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope station. On arrival at Cape Town some of the famous 4·7-in. and 12-pounder guns were sent round to Durban in the "Powerful," and were got up to Ladysmith just in the nick of time. The "Terrible" then went to Durban and proceeded to land all available guns and men for the defence of Pieter Maritzburg and Durban, and for service against any heavy Boer guns that might be found on the road to Ladysmith.



"SNOTTIES" IN KHAKI.
Midshipmen of the "Terrible" at Durban.

There is something at once pathetic and humorous in our illustration, which shows nine midshipmen of the "Terrible" going forth to war. The "poor little snotties" have donned for the first time their khaki kit, and each is as eager for a brush with the Boers as the most hardened campaigner in the field.

Another illustration represents the "only Naval cyclist corps." Reader of the "Gun-room Ditty Box" will remember the "Naval Mounted 'Orse."

Here we have the Naval mounted cyclists, who have proved valuable as messengers and orderlies in Natal.

Another picture shows Captain Scott and Commander Limpus, of the "Terrible," superintending the mounting of the 4·7's, 12-pounders, and Nordenfelts on the carriages devised by the former, who has been appointed commandant at Durban.

THE remarkable rise of Japan to the rank of a first-class Naval Power has been more than once mentioned in our columns. The ship-building programme of 1898 is now fast nearing completion. In this were included over twenty torpedo-boat destroyers, six of which were to be built by Messrs. Yarrow, and six by Messrs. Thornycroft.

Our illustration shows the torpedo-boat destroyer "Sazanami," the most recently completed of the six entrusted to Messrs. Yarrow. The names of the remaining five, which have already been launched, are the "Akebono," "Skadsuchi" (Thunder), "Inadsuma," "Oboro," and "Niji."

The Thornycroft destroyers at present launched have received the following poetical names: "Shinonome"

Photos. Copyright.

SEAMEN CYCLISTS
Landed at Durban to Act as Orderlies.

"Navy & Army."

GUNS FOR LADYSMITH.
Captain Percy Scott Directing Operations.

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(Daybreak), "Murakumo" (Darkening Clouds), "Yugiri" (Evening Mist), "Shiranui" (Will o' the Wisp).

The six Japanese destroyers built by Messrs. Yarrow are splendid craft, with a displacement of 306 tons, and a contract speed (generally considerably exceeded on the trial runs) of not less than 31 knots. They are 220-ft. long, 20-ft. 6-in. in breadth, and of the usual design built by the firm, except that they have the officers' accommodation amidship in place of being aft, as in British vessels of the class. The machinery consists of two sets of four-cylinder triple-expansion engines, designed to develop 6,000 indicated horse-power, but capable of developing about 7,000 indicated horse-power if needed. There are four boilers of the Yarrow straight-tube type, and as these are each capable of supplying steam for over 1,500 horse-power, they are of exceptional size; in fact, they are the largest of the Yarrow type yet tried. The engines of these six destroyers are so balanced by a system of Messrs. Yarrow's devising that, as the writer can testify from personal experience, the vibration when steaming at the highest rate of speed is practically nil. The six Thornycroft torpedo-boat destroyers for Japan are of much the same type as the Yarrow boats, but a little smaller and slower. The Japanese Government has also many other torpedo craft building in the yards of France and Germany.

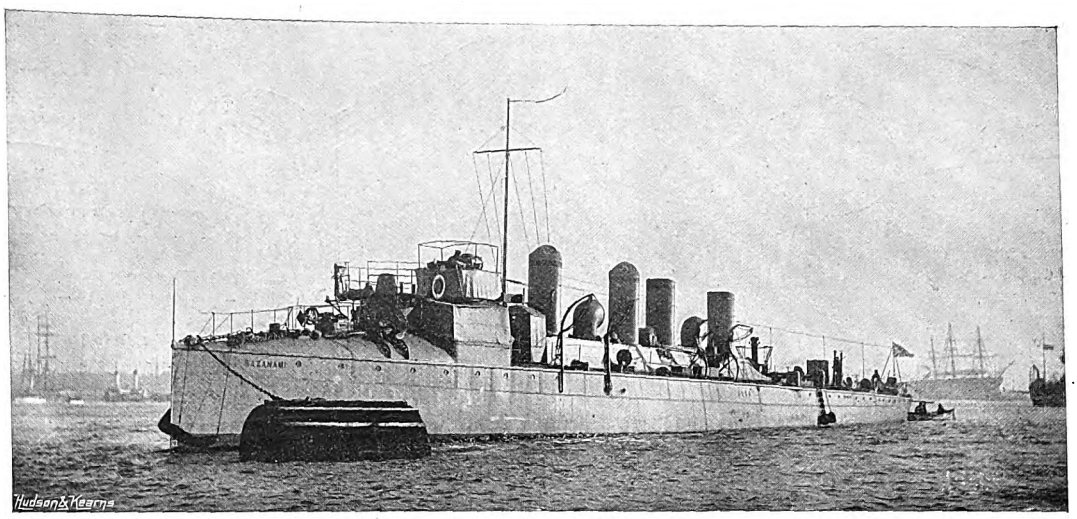
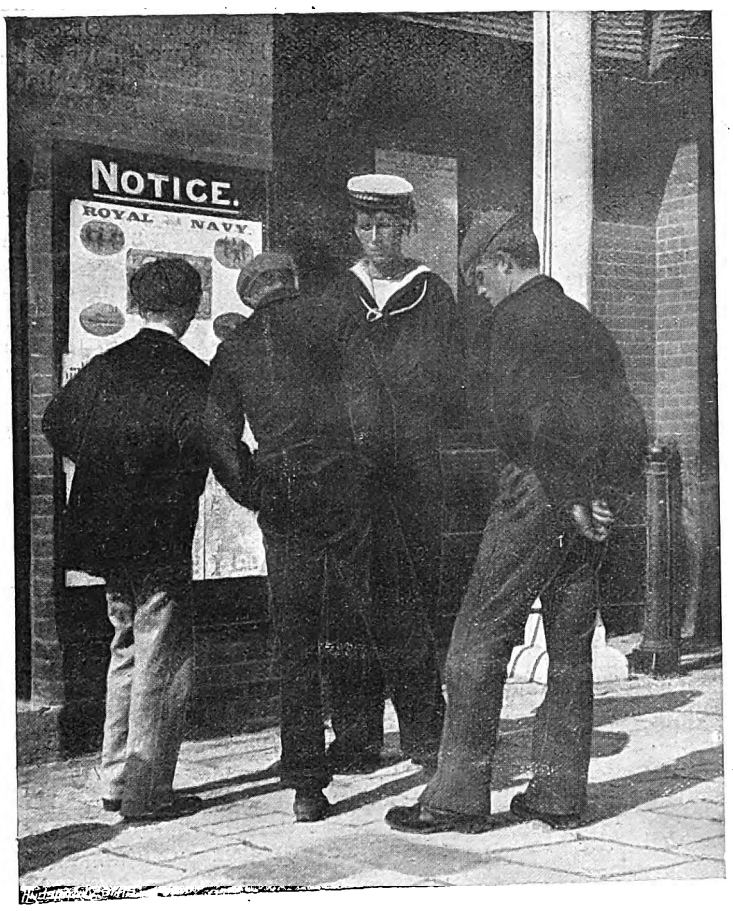


Photo. Copyright. THE JAPANESE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "SAZANAMI." *West & Son.*

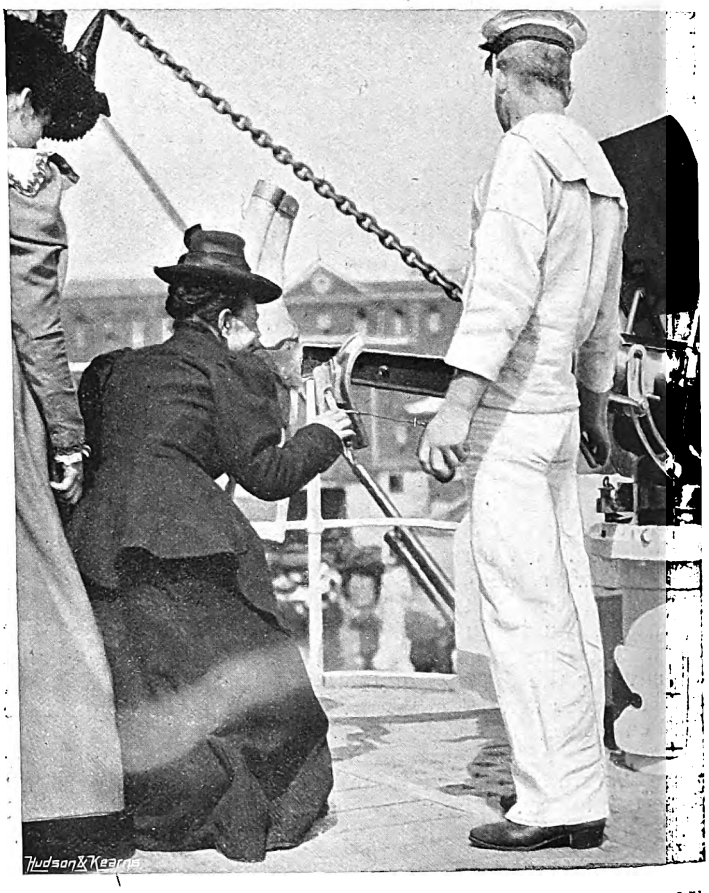
When war is in the air a distinct stimulus is given to recruiting, and though the Navy will not, perhaps, play so important a part in the present campaign as will the Army, yet none the less are recruits for the sea service coming in rapidly.

There is never much difficulty in recruiting for the Navy, and now it is found that there is less than ever.



Photos. Copyright. ANXIOUS TO DON THE BLUE JACKET. *A Scene Outside a Naval Recruiting Station.*

A NOVEL No. 1 of a gun is the enthusiastic lady who is shown training the 6-pounder quick-firer depicted in another of our illustrations on this page. The Bluejacket is evidently reeling out the drill book to her in orthodox fashion, and no doubt she will leave the ship a much interested but extremely puzzled woman.



Cribb. "TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT." *Lady Visitors on Board a Man-of-War.*

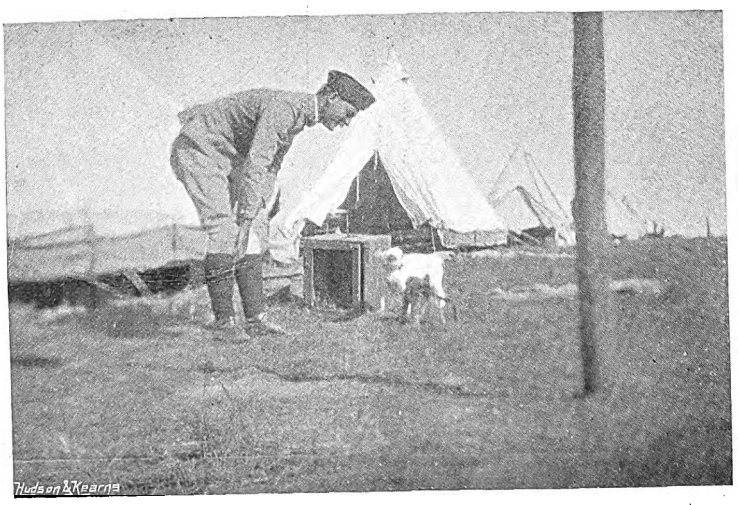


Photo. Copyright. READY FOR THE BOER. *Pets of the 1st Leicestershire Regiment.* *"Navy & Army."*

The smart little terrier and the monkey shown in the illustration herewith may probably now be enjoying all the excitement of active service, for their masters are serving in the 1st Battalion of the Leicestershire Regiment, which is now on the Natal Frontier, and which is usually one of the first of British troops to come into contact with the enemy when fighting is in progress. Sam, the terrier, and Toddie, the monkey, are, almost inseparable. The picture, moreover, is of interest, as it was taken on the very ground where British troops were encamped during the Zulu War of 1879 and the Boer War of 1881.

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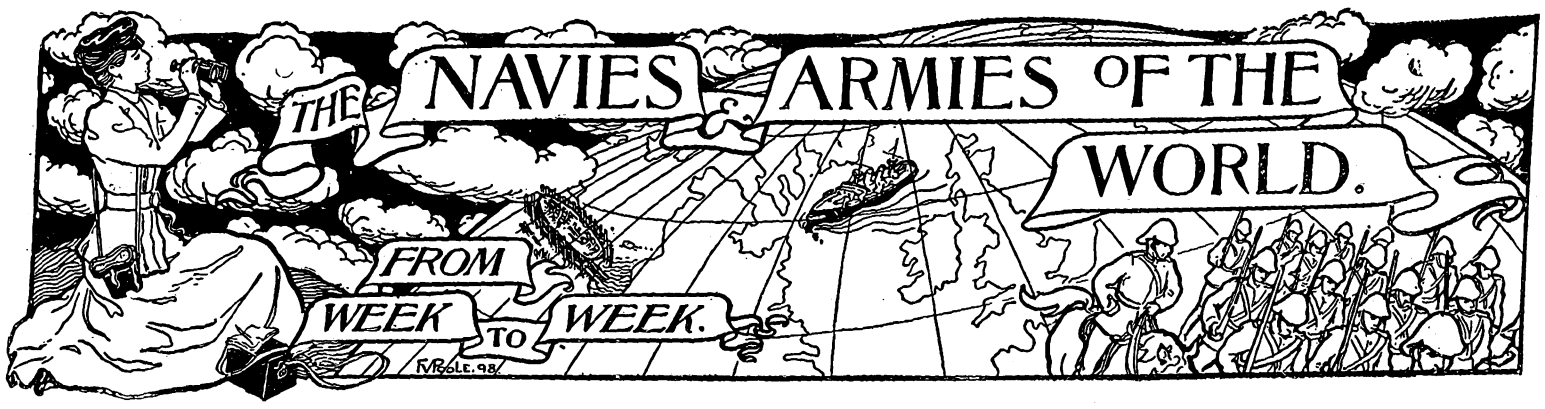

IT is very sad to hurt people's feelings when you only mean to compliment them, but one does so sometimes. There is a pugnacious German gentleman at Hamburg who has been wrought into a state approaching incoherent fury by some innocent remarks of mine on the readiness of his countrymen to take up with the trade of soldier of fortune. He says that it is not true, and that it is a calumny on Germany. Our correspondent allows that in the last century England, aided by some beasts of German Princes, did raise mercenary troops in Germany, but seems to think that this was all. To call even a dead German prince a beast has much the look of *Majestäts Beleidung*, and might get our friend into trouble if we revealed his name. His knowledge of the history of his country is not minute, or else he would know that during centuries before the last Germany was the great market for mercenary soldiers. There were German mercenaries with Dom Sebastian of Portugal when he was killed at Alcazar el Quebir, in Morocco, at the "battle of the three Kings." There was hardly a battle of past centuries in Europe in which they did not take a part. But what is he angry about? It is not dishonourable to be a soldier of fortune when you fight well, as the German nearly always did, and are true to your salt. Nobody is ashamed of making guns for other nations, and there does not seem to be much wisdom in making a fuss over working them. It is much the more courageous business of the two.

* * * *

What is not the least funny part of the German gentleman's letter is that he states with every air of sincere conviction the queer continental faith that it is more honourable to be forced into any army by conscription than to volunteer. If that is so, what are we to think of the officers of their armies who take up with soldiering as a profession? If it is dishonourable for the private to make a trade of arms, so it must be for the officer, which is absurd. The fact is that our continental friends are in this matter very much like the fox which lost his tail. They have been driven to take up with the French Revolutionary invention of universal military service because they have to maintain colossal armies, which would not be raised by voluntary enlistment. So they are tempted to console themselves by making believe that it is more honourable to be forced into the ranks than to go there voluntarily. They are certainly right to make the best of their case, but they cut a foolish figure when they affect to look down on us who are, so far, in no such fix.

* * * *

Whether this will continue to remain true for us is another story. Just now we, the Germans, the French, and, to some extent, the Americans, are all face to face with the same problem—namely, whether they can afford to be powerful at once on sea and land. The German Emperor's desire to create a great Navy is notorious, and fills many of his subjects with fear. His critics say that the friendship of Germany is already valuable to other States, and that she can secure her own interests very fairly. If, say they, she wants to succeed by her own strength at sea, she must create a Navy on something like the same scale as her Army, and she cannot bear the burden. This is the obligation which has hampered France, and has ruined small States like Sweden and Holland, both of which might have retained a respectable strength at sea if they had not been compelled to keep up big Armies. For us the problem is different in form but not in substance. The Fleet we have, but not the equivalent Army. But can we continue to do without both? That is the question. Our land frontiers grow and become more accessible to rivals who have large armies. We, too, must have more troops, and there is before us the prospect that we shall have to assume the double burden. It is a very serious prospect.

* * * *

How serious it is there is surely no need to say now, when we are drawing on forces which are in theory not intended to serve out of the country. Pitt did once answer a Volunteer colonel who pestered him with enquiries whether the corps would be expected to serve abroad, by saying "Not except in case of invasion." But that was a joke. Yet here we are with a war on hand with a power that cannot possibly be called great, and we have to draw on the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers for foreign service. Our colossal luck may serve us again; but supposing that the South African difficulty is complicated by another in Asia? How shall we stand then? The spirit shown under the stress of the Boer War is fine, but behind this immediate trouble there is a really awful problem to be faced. We have ceased to be an insular Power. We have vast land frontiers to hold in three continents, and in one of them we rule only so long as we are visibly stronger. Is it not the case that, so far from being able to do with a smaller Army than other States, we may suddenly find ourselves called upon to provide a greater? It could be got, perhaps, but in what time and at what a cost, and what a burden we might have on our shoulders when the fight was done!

* * * *

It is always prudent to make a careful selection among the actions of your hero when you are drawing a flattering portrait of him. Our contemporary the *Yacht* is publishing a series of short articles on the French war-ships, which include biographical accounts of the officers after whom some of them are named. In its number of December 9 it gets to the "Linois," and, of course, gives a sketch of the life of that officer. His victory, such as it was, over Saumarez at Algeciras is duly recorded, and so are some other passages in his life. The youthful Frenchman may, however, read the *Yacht* from end to end and find no notice of a little transaction which took place at Pulo Aor, among the islands of the Indian Ocean, on the renewal of the war after the Peace of Amiens. Linois was the officer who was frightened away by Sir Nathaniel Dance, the stout old commodore of the East India Company's fleet which was on its voyage from China to India. It is, indeed, not a passage in their Naval history on which the French are fond of dwelling, nor is that to be expected. Few events of the Great War time show more thoroughly how far the nerve of the French had been destroyed by successive disasters. Linois, with a powerful line-of-battle ship and several fine frigates, allowed himself to be scared from attacking the Company's convoy, which was laden with goods to the value of millions, by the resolute attitude of Dance and his brother merchant skippers, who not only faced him, but finally bore down on him and drove him to flight. There is, perhaps, not in the history of war a more remarkable proof of the value of that moral strength which Napoleon thought so much more important than the physical.

* * * *

The sad end of our attempted surprises at Magersfontein and Stormberg makes one look back with regret to cases where the same operation was executed with brilliant success in past times. One of the most memorable of these occurred in the Peninsular War, when Hill's Division routed Girard at Arroyo de Molino, in October, 1811. Arroyo de Molino is a little place at the foot of hills in the valley of the Guadiana, on the road from Merida to Caceres. The allies, for the attacking force included Germans, the Spanish infantry of Pablo Morillo, and the Spanish cavalry of Penne Villemur, had occupied a little village called Alcuesa, to the south of Arroyo. They marched out at two o'clock in the morning of October 28, and fell upon the French in a storm and a mist. Napier tells how "a terrific shout was heard amidst the clatter of the elements, and with the driving storm came the 71st and 92nd Regiments charging down the street." The destruction of the French was complete. The English drove them out of the village, while the Spanish cavalry headed them on the Trujillo road and turned them into the hills, where Morillo's infantry cut them up. Although they fought remarkably well, and Girard tried hard to extricate them, only 600 escaped out of a total of 3,000. But on this occasion Hill had an advantage which is wanting to us now—the country was with him; so thoroughly with him that though every Spaniard in Arroyo and Alcuesa knew of the presence of the allies, not a whisper reached Girard. Napier accounts for this by the strength of the "instinct of revenge" among the Peninsulars, but most people would attribute their silence to patriotism.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

DECEMBER 24, 1791.—Capture of Ootadroog Fort—Mahratta War. After the fall of Savendroog, the strong hill fort of Ootadroog was invested on the 23rd, and was captured next day after a feeble resistance by the enemy.

December 25, 1807.—The Danish island of St. Croix, in the West Indies, surrendered to a force under Major-General Bowyer, embarked in a fleet under Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Cochrane. 1897.—Advance into the Bazar Valley begun—Tirah Campaign.

December 26, 1808.—Defeat of the French near the Mayorga—Peninsular War. Lord Paget, with two squadrons of the 10th Hussars, overthrew a body of cavalry vastly superior in numbers. 1879.—Cabul reoccupied. 1897.—Lundi Kotal reoccupied—Tirah Campaign.

December 27, 1778.—Capture of Savannah. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell defeated the Americans under Major-General Howe. The rebels lost 38 officers, 415 rank and file, 48 pieces of cannon, and 23 mortars, and the capital of Georgia fell into our hands.

December 28, 1808.—Defeat of French cavalry, at Benevente. General Lefebvre Desnouettes with 600 horse attacked part of the reserve of Sir John Moore's army, and by the gallantry of the 10th Hussars was repulsed. The enemy's losses included General Lefebvre Desnouettes.

December 29, 1843.—Battle of Maharajpore. The Mahrattas completely overthrown by Sir Hugh Gough. The 16th Lancers especially distinguished themselves. The enemy lost between 3,000 and 4,000 men. Our casualties amounted to 7 officers and 94 men killed, and 34 officers and 684 men wounded. Battle of Punniar. The Mahrattas, 12,000 strong, defeated by Major-General Grey.

December 30, 1708.—Reduction of Ghent. Count de la Motte, in command of the garrison, capitulated to Marlborough and Prince Eugene, who had invested the town.

DECEMBER 24, 1805.—Capture off Rochfort of the French 40-gun frigate "Libre," by the British 44-gun frigate "Egyptienne" and 38-gun frigate "Loire." The "Egyptienne" chased the "Libre," and was overhauling her when the "Loire" appeared, cut the "Libre" off, and brought her to action. Then the "Egyptienne" came up, and soon afterwards the "Libre" surrendered.

December 25, 1666.—Defeat of a Dutch squadron of five sail, off the coast of Norway, by a British squadron of six sail. Three of the Dutch ships were taken after a sharp action. The British ships were escorting a large timber fleet of great value from Gothenburg.

December 26, 1706.—Destruction of the French "Content," 64, by the "Romney," 50, and the "Milford" and "Fowey," 20 guns each, on the coast of Spain. The "Content" was chased, and ran for protection under a small fort, but the three British ships stood and attacked until the "Content" suddenly blew up with all on board.

December 27, 1742.—Action between the "Pulteney," 16, and two Spanish 12-gun xebecs, resulting in the Spaniards being beaten off after a two hours' fight.

December 28, 1793.—Capture of the French "Sans Culotte," 20, by the British "Blanche," 32.

December 29, 1797.—Capture of the French corvette "Daphne," 20, by the "Anson," 44, in the Bay of Biscay. The "Daphne" was an ex-British ship recently taken by the enemy.

December 30, 1780.—Capture of the Dutch 54-gun ship "Princess Caroline" by the British "Bellona," 74, in the North Sea, after a sharp half-hour's fight.

MAJOR SCOTT-TURNER, whose portrait is given on another page, joined his regiment just twelve years ago, but has been on special service since 1894. He served in the Matabele War of 1893-94, and was adjutant and paymaster to the Mashonaland Relief Force in 1896. After the conclusion of the Mashona Rebellion, Major Scott-Turner was asked by the Right Hon. C. J. Rhodes to become Resident Magistrate of Umtali, the easternmost township of Rhodesia. He accepted the position, coupled with that of the Civil Commissionership. Such a position in a frontier town was no sinecure, and it speaks volumes for the deceased officer's strength of character and administrative ability that he won the good opinion and hearty goodwill of the settlers of that part of up-country Africa. He was one of Mr. Rhodes's "young men," possessing the full confidence of the Colossus—indeed, he held the latter's general power of attorney—and in him Mr. Rhodes will lose not only a warm admirer and supporter, but a close personal friend. Quiet, unostentatious, and a true man, Major Scott-Turner leaves behind him a host of sorrowing admirers all over Africa; and especially the early pioneers and the later settlers of Rhodesia alike will remember his many qualities with admiration, and sorrowfully regret his early death. The accompanying portrait of Major Scott-Turner is characteristic. It was taken while he was in office as magistrate of Umtali.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

"A. B."—An extra income of £80 a year is not quite a large enough allowance for a subaltern in England, but in India he can make himself fairly comfortable on £50 a year besides his pay. If money is an object, why enter the Army through the Militia, which entails considerable expense, and makes you lose two years of Army service? A commission in the Militia is obtained through the mediation of the lord lieutenant of your county, and you must serve for two trainings before you can enter for examination for the Army. You will find in "Notes and Queries" in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED for August 19 and September 23, 1899, further information. I also recommend you to get a copy of "The Queen's Commissions" (John Murray, Albemarle Street), by Captain G. J. Younghusband, which will tell you all you want to know.

* * * *

"PROVISIONAL BATTALION."—When one battalion of a regiment is at home, an overflow of recruits at the depôt can be met by drafting a sufficient number to the home battalion, but if all the battalions are abroad, this cannot be so easily arranged. It is for that reason that a Provisional Battalion now exists, to which recruits crowded out of their own depôts are sent. The staff includes one lieutenant-colonel, one major, one adjutant, one quartermaster, one sergeant-major, one quartermaster-sergeant, one orderly-room sergeant, one orderly-room clerk, one sergeant cook, and one sergeant master tailor. Regiments having both—or in case of three battalion regiments, all—battalions abroad, as well as sending recruits, send also to the battalion from the depôt the following temporary staff: One captain, one subaltern, one subaltern of a Militia battalion, two colour-sergeants, four sergeants, seven corporals, six paid lance-corporals, two drummers, and twelve privates. Drafts from the battalion are sent abroad as required.

* * * *

"F. W. T."—A squadron of cavalry—war strength—is made up as follows: One major, one captain, four subalterns, one squadron sergeant-major, one squadron quartermaster-sergeant, eight sergeants, one farrier-sergeant, one corporal shoeing-smith, three shoeing-smiths, one saddler, two trumpeters, eight corporals, 108 privates, four drivers, twelve batmen, two cooks, and two waggon men—a total of 160 of all ranks. The number of horses is 161, and two four-horse Government service waggons are included in the squadron. A battalion at war strength consists of thirty officers, one warrant officer, fifty-four sergeants, sixteen buglers, and 1,011 rank and file. The battalion is divided into eight companies, each comprising three officers, five sergeants, two buglers, and 106 rank and file.

* * * *

"OLD MARINER" is wrong in supposing that Portsmouth still makes its own rope. As my correspondent is undoubtedly aware, such used to be the case, but the long rope walk has long since been utilised for other purposes, a roadway having been cut through. Formerly it was possible to tell at what particular place any piece of rope was manufactured, this being indicated by a thread of worsted of a particular colour interwoven in each strand. It is only at the Devonport and Chatham yards that rope is now made; but notwithstanding the disappearance of sails in our ships, a considerable quantity is still used in the Service, as may be gathered from the fact that Devonport turns out annually rope to the value of £50,000.

* * * *

"FREEMASON."—It was during the American War of Independence that Washington paid a remarkable compliment to English Freemasonry. It is recorded that during the campaign the "Masonic Chest" of the 46th Regiment (2nd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry) fell into the hands of the Americans, and the fact was in due course reported to Washington. He at once gave orders for a guard of honour under a distinguished officer to return the chest. With its band playing a sacred march, the guard bore the chest aloft through the ranks of the gallant 46th, who received it with presented arms and colours. The actual ceremony over, the regiment cheered the guard loudly. The story is a pretty one, and highly to the credit of Washington.

* * * *

"F. M. F." asks the average age of the senior officers holding commands and staff appointments in the South African Field Force. Of the forty officers of senior rank, three are over sixty years of age, namely, Sir George White, sixty-four, Sir C. F. Clery, sixty-one, and Sir Redvers Buller just over the age; twenty are between fifty and sixty, Colonels J. P. Brabazon and G. H. Marshall heading the list. Sir F. Forestier-Walker, Sir W. F. Gatacre, Major-General G. Barton, Major-General A. F. Hart, and Colonel E. Wood are all fifty-five years of age. Those aged fifty-four are Lord Methuen and Major-General the Hon. N. G. Lyttelton, while one year younger are Major-Generals A. G. Wauchope and Hildyard, and Colonels A. S. Wynne, R. E. Allen, and C. M. H. Downing. Only one is fifty-two, and that is Colonel H. H. Settle. Colonel F. Howard again is the solitary one at fifty-one, and Colonels Pole-Carew, C. E. Beckett, J. K. Trotter, and R. S. R. Fetherstonhaugh have reached the age of fifty. Sixteen of the staff of the rank of colonel are under fifty. Colonels H. S. G. Miles and C. J. Long, forty-nine, come first, and they are followed by Colonels C. W. H. Douglas and R. B. Mainwaring, forty-eight. Three, Colonels J. D. P. French, Hon. G. H. Gough, and J. F. Brocklehurst, are forty-seven, and two, Colonels I. S. M. Hamilton and J. Wolfe-Murray, are forty-six. Colonel Babington is forty-five, and Colonels B. Duff and C. P. Ridley are forty-four, the youngest of all being Colonel B. M. Hamilton, who is forty-one.

* * * *

"E. DE C."—The incident is related by Baron de Marbot in his memoirs. At the battle of Aspern and Essling Napoleon was informed that one of his regiments had been driven out of the village of Aspern by the Austrians, its colonel killed, and that it was retiring in confusion. Napoleon galloped at once to the scene, and, riding into the midst of the mob of fugitives, angrily demanded speech of the colonel. After repeated enquiries one man ventured to say that the colonel was dead. "I asked where he was." "We left him in the village." "What! you left your colonel's body in the hands of the enemy! Go back instantly, find it, and remember that a good regiment should always be able to show its colonel and its Eagle." The men at once turned back, stormed the village, and recovered the colonel's body and laid it at Napoleon's feet.

THE EDITOR.

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A Chronological History of British Dealings with South Africa.

Cape Colony taken by the British under Admiral Elphinstone and General Clarke ... ... Sept. 6, 1795.
Cape Colony restored to the Dutch by the Peace of Amiens ... ... March 25, 1802.
Cape Colony retaken by Sir D. Baird and Sir H. Popham Jan. 9, 1806.
Cape Colony finally ceded to Great Britain ... ... Aug. 13, 1814.
The Dutch Republic, Natalia, put down by the British May 12, 1842.
Engagement at Durban. British besieged for weeks by Boers who, however, retired when reinforcements arrived ... ... June 24, 1842.
Natal annexed to British possessions ... ... Aug. 8, 1843.
Battle of Zoraartkop. Defeat of the Boers by a force under Colonel Richardson ... ... 1844.
Battle of Boomplaats. Defeat and flight of the Boers in the Orange Free State ... ... Aug. 28, 1848.
Transvaal Republic founded by the Boers after several years of conflict with the Natives ... ... 1848.
Orange Free State declared a British Colony ... ... Sept. 8, 1848.
Orange Free State abandoned to the Dutch ... ... 1854.
Basutos become British subjects ... ... 1868.
Annexation of the Transvaal by Sir T. Shepstone, after the country had been reduced to a state of anarchy by misgovernment ... ... April 12, 1877.
The Transvaal declared a Crown Colony ... ... Dec., 1879.
The Boers after many protests against British rule seized Heidelberg and established the South African Republic with Paul Kruger as President ... Dec. 17, 1880.
A party of Boers treacherously surrounded at Bronkhorst Spruit about 250 of the 94th Regiment who, after losing in the fight nearly all their officers and men, surrendered ... ... Dec. 20, 1880.
Potchefstroom seized by the Boers, who retired when shelled; Colonel Bellairs besieged in it ... ... Dec. 27, 1880.
Captain J. M. Elliot treacherously murdered when fording the Vaal ... ... Dec. 29, 1880.
The South African Republic proclaimed by Kruger, Joubert, and Pretorius ... ... Dec. 30, 1880.
Reinforcements sent from Great Britain ... Dec., 1880, and Jan., 1881.
Sir George P. Colley took command of our troops in the war ... ... Jan., 1881.
Sir George Colley's attack on Laing's Nek repulsed with heavy loss—Colonel Deane and Majors Poole and Hingiston killed ... ... Jan. 28, 1881.
Severe engagement on the Ingogo River; British repulsed with heavy loss after being twelve hours under fire ... ... Feb. 8, 1881.
Sir Evelyn Wood arrived with reinforcements and joined Colley ... ... Feb. 17, 1881.
Orange Free State proclaimed neutrality ... ... Feb. 22, 1881.
Sir George Colley marched with 600 in the night to Majuba Hill where, after a desperate conflict, the British were routed. Sir George Colley killed. British loss, three officers and eighty-two men, many wounded and 122 taken prisoners ... ... Feb. 26-27, 1881.
Sir F. (now Lord) Roberts sent out ... ... Feb. 28, 1881.
Armistice proposed by the Boers; accepted from March 6-14; extended March 14; Boers agreed to British terms March 21; peace proclaimed ... March 24, 1881.
Potchefstroom surrendered with honours of war in ignorance of the armistice, March 21; given up as occupied by mistake ... ... April, 1881.
Commissioners appointed to carry out the Treaty of Peace... ... ... April 5, 1881.
Convention agreed to, ceding all the territory to the Transvaal, subject to the suzerainty of the Queen, and providing a British Resident in Pretoria ... Aug. 8, 1881.
Convention ratified ... ... Oct. 25, 1881.
Evacuation of the Transvaal by British troops began ... Nov. 18, 1881.
After a Boer deputation had been received in London, a new Convention was signed—the Transvaal to be recognised as the South African Republic under British suzerainty ... ... Feb. 27, 1884.
Boer filibusters seize and annex Montsioa's land in Bechuanaland; sanctioned by proclamation; withdrawn on remonstrance ... ... Sept. and Oct., 1884.
Ultimatum by Sir H. Robinson requiring protection of frontiers ... ... Oct. 14, 1884.
British subjects exempted from military service by the Transvaal Government ... ... June 24, 1894.
Protest by the British Government against closing the Vaal Drifts as contrary to the Convention—November 3—agreed to ... ... Nov. 8, 1894.
The National Union (Outlanders) in Johannesburg issued a proclamation ... ... Dec. 26, 1895.
Dr. Jameson having received an appeal for help from the Outlanders in Johannesburg, crossed the frontier with a force from Pitsani Pitlogo ... ... Dec. 29, 1895.
Coloney Grey and others started for Mafeking with about 250 volunteers of the British South Africa Company's troops... ... ... Dec. 30, 1895.
Sir Hercules Robinson telegraphed to Dr. Jameson to retire ... ... Dec. 30, 1895.
Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Hercules Robinson intervened to stop hostilities... ... ... Dec. 31, 1895.
Dr. Jameson's party outnumbered and without resources, defeated by the Boers near Krugersdorp Jan. 1, 1896.
Dr. Jameson surrendered after another fight at Vlakfontein ... ... Jan. 2, 1896.
Johannesburg surrendered unconditionally on the advice of the British Government ... ... Jan. 2, 1896.
Dr. Jameson and other prisoners handed over to Sir Hercules Robinson ... ... Jan. 7, 1898.
Petition to the Queen, signed by 21,000 Outlanders, praying for redress of grievances ... ... May 24, 1899.
Conference at Bloemfontein between Sir A. Milner and President—May 30; terminated without any agreement being arrived at ... ... June 6, 1899.
British despatch to the Transvaal setting forth demands for immediate acceptance, Sept. 8; unsatisfactory reply ... ... Sept. 16, 1899.
Troops despatched to Natal ... ... Sept. and Oct., 1899.
Insulting Boer Ultimatum, making war inevitable ... Oct. 9, 1899.
Time for acceptance of the Boer Ultimatum expired. War began ... ... Oct. 11, 1899.
Armoured train shelled and derailed by the Boers at Kraaipan, 40 miles south of Mafeking. Boers invade Natal ... ... Oct. 12, 1899.
Newcastle occupied by the Boers ... ... Oct. 14, 1899.
Statement in the House of Commons that the Militia would be called out ... ... Oct. 18, 1899.
Battle of Dundee—9,000 Boers engaged. Boer position on Talana Hill stormed and four guns captured. Boers retreated. General Sir W. P. Symons mortally wounded... ... ... Oct. 20, 1899.
Battle of Elandsgaate. Defeat of the Boers. Two guns captured and many prisoners. Our losses, 42 killed and 205 wounded ... ... Oct. 21, 1899.
Dundee abandoned by General Yule. Wounded left behind ... ... Oct. 23, 1899.
Battle of Rietfontein (seven miles from Ladysmith). Free Staters replaced by Sir George White. Our losses, 13 killed and 93 wounded. Sortie from Kimberley. Boer attack repulsed with heavy loss, including Commandant Botha killed ... ... Oct. 24, 1899.
Mafeking bombarded. This was the third assault on the town, but little damage was done ... ... Oct. 25, 1899.
General Yule's column reached Ladysmith. Concentration there completed ... ... Oct. 26, 1899.
Boers shelled Ladysmith. British attacked and drove them back several miles. A force consisting of No. 10 Mountain Battery and some companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers and Gloucester Regiment caught in the hills and taken prisoners ... ... Oct. 30, 1899.
Colesberg occupied by the Boers. Sir Redvers Buller landed at Cape Town ... ... Oct. 31, 1899.
Successful reconnaissance at Ladysmith. Heavy Boer losses... ... ... Nov. 3, 1899.
Lord Wolseley announced the mobilisation of another division for South Africa ... ... Nov. 9, 1899.
Skirmish at Belmont. Fighting lasted three hours. Lieutenant-Colonel Keith-Falconer killed ... ... Nov. 10, 1899.
Successful sortie from Ladysmith. Boers repulsed ... Nov. 14, 1899.
Armoured train wrecked near Cheveley. Severe British losses... ... ... Nov. 15, 1899.
Boers beaten back at Kuruman ... ... Nov. 20, 1899.
Skirmish at Willow Grange, near Estcourt ... ... Nov. 23, 1899.
Lord Methuen defeated the Boers near Belmont, and captured their positions. Our losses numbered about 296, including 50 killed ... ... Nov. 23, 1899.
Lord Methuen gained a second victory over the Boers at Graspan. The Naval Brigade, who suffered severely, behaved with great gallantry ... ... Nov. 25, 1899.
Battle of Modder River. Another severe battle, in which, after ten hours' fighting, Lord Methuen's force drove back 8,000 Boers ... ... Nov. 28, 1899.
Boer laager at Kimberley captured by the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police at Kimberley ... ... Nov. 28, 1899.
The transport "Ismore" went ashore at St. Helena Bay. All hands, some 20 horses out of 350, with most of the guns and carbines and some ammunition were saved. The rest of the horses and other property were lost in the vessel, which broke her back ... ... Dec. 3, 1899.
Major-General Kelly-Kenny appointed to command the Sixth Division ordered to South Africa ... Dec. 4, 1899.
Sir Redvers Buller establishes heliographic communication with Sir George White in Ladysmith Dec. 7, 1899.
Successful sortie from Ladysmith by General Hunter. Two Boer guns destroyed and a Maxim captured on Lombard's Kopje ... ... Dec. 7, 1899.
Arundel captured by General French. Australian troops in action for the first time ... ... Dec. 8, 1899.
General Gatacre meets with a reverse on the Stormberg. The column, which was taken by surprise and had to retreat, retreated to Molteno, which was reached after 30 hours' hard fighting. Some 360 of our men were taken prisoners ... ... Dec. 10, 1899.
Another sortie from Ladysmith at night. A Boer gun-hill taken and a gun destroyed ... ... Dec. 10, 1899.
Lord Methuen's attack on Magersfontein failed. We retreat with heavy loss. Highland Brigade suffered most. General Wauchope killed. Our losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners over 800 ... ... Dec. 10, 1899.
The Union Brigade (English, Scottish, Irish, and Welsh Fusiliers) began advance on Colenso from Frere ... ... Dec. 12, 1899.
The "Princess of Wales" hospital-ship left for S. A. Dec. 12, 1899.
Successful operations at Ladysmith. The Modder Spruit Bridge blown up and immediate vicinity cleared of Boers ... ... Dec. 12, 1899.
Freight-ship "Denton Grange" with remounts and stores went ashore near Las Palmas ... ... Dec. 12, 1899.
Successful action by General French near Vaal Kop. Boer advance checked ... ... Dec. 13, 1899.
A Seventh Division ordered to be mobilised for service in South Africa ... ... Dec. 14, 1899.
Sir Charles Warren, commanding the Fifth Division, arrived at Cape Town ... ... Dec. 14, 1899.

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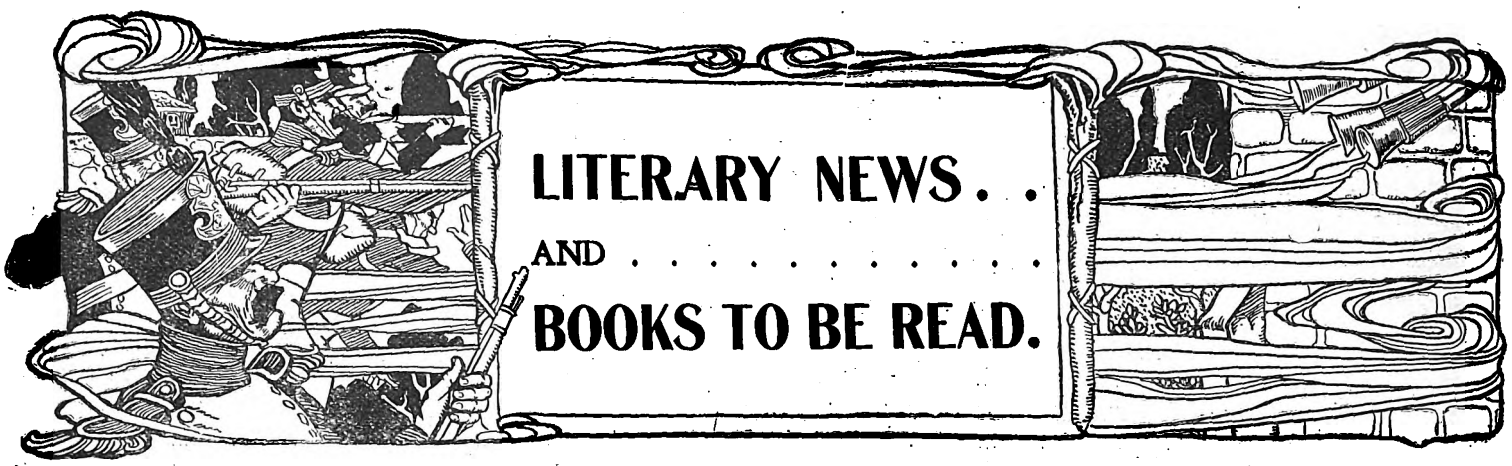

THE chorus of approval which has greeted Sir Herbert Maxwell's "Life of Wellington" (Sampson Low) is certainly justified. He entitles it "The Restoration of the Martial Power of Great Britain," and nowhere else can be found so good an account of the regeneration of our Army which was brought about mainly by the work and the precept of the Great Duke. There was much that was deplorable in our military history before his influence became manifest, and in these two handsome volumes will be found a sufficient explanation of the qualities that were at the root of his power. The brilliant pages of Napier have already made sufficiently known the great events of the Peninsular War, and no new writer can hope to surpass his masterpiece of military history. Sir Herbert Maxwell does not attempt to do so; he is all too modest in describing himself as a writer who collects and collates the views of others. He has properly devoted a large part of his first volume to the wonderful work of Wellington in the Peninsula, but he illuminates the events with a good deal of logical and illustrative criticism. To begin with, he has given an excellent account of Wellington's boyhood and of his services in India, from which we see how thorough was the spirit in which the great soldier prepared himself for his work, and we thus realise how those qualities were developed which would not otherwise be easily comprehensible. There is nothing more splendid in our military history than the long series of events which led up to the final expulsion of the French from Spain. In a difficult country, with half-hearted allies, the troops, who were led by Wellington, and inspired in their military work by men of the mould of Crauford, were confronted with the flower of the French Army, led by men who were regarded by their master as soldiers of superlative power. Their combinations were defeated, and, when Masséna himself took charge of the operations, Wellington resorted to the famous strategy of the lines of Torres Vedras, against which the enemy was to break his strength in a fruitless endeavour. Then followed the great series of triumphs which brought us from the frontiers of Portugal to the Pyrenees and to the conclusive battle of Toulouse.

* * * *

All these events are described in an admirable fashion in Sir Herbert Maxwell's book, and we see how Wellington was the presiding genius that gave us the triumphs sealed by the Congress of Vienna. But there is even greater interest in the account which he gives of the events of Waterloo, and of the great strategic movements that led up to the battle. The latest French writer upon the subject is M. Houssaye, who is filled with just admiration for *la belle Operation strategique* conceived by the Emperor, while we know that the Duke on one occasion, when somebody said something about Bonaparte's plans of campaign, exclaimed, "Pooh! he had no general preconceived idea of a campaign." Now Mr. Ropes, in his really admirable treatise upon the subject, has expended great labour in an attempt to prove that Napoleon never entertained the idea of thrusting himself between the two armies, but marched against the Prussian left because he believed that Wellington's divisions could not concentrate so rapidly as Blucher's corps, and that he would have time to defeat the Prussians before the allies could be on the ground in force. This is not the view adopted by Sir Herbert Maxwell; he shares the opinion of M. Houssaye that the Emperor did actually intend to force his way to Brussels between the two armies opposed to him, and that he assumed, or pretended to assume, that Ney had done his part by establishing himself at Quatre Bras. In this matter, however, Ney was wanting, while General de Perponcher, commanding the Dutch-Belgians, seized the place by a happy inspiration without Wellington's order. Ney's troops were fatigued, and when his advanced guard found Quatre Bras occupied, even by a weak force, he determined not to move until the next morning. Thus it happened that Napoleon's "wedge" was not driven home on that eventful night; and the circumstance, Sir Herbert Maxwell says, was certainly not due to Wellington's dispositions. The fact appears to be that the Duke had contemplated a concentration upon Nivelles, and his later biographer does not hesitate to say that he was completely out-manœuvred.

* * * *

Those who wish to read an excellently lucid account of the movements of the great day of Waterloo must turn to Sir Herbert Maxwell's pages. I should mention at this point that in the edition before me—and the second is in the press—an important map, showing the positions of the troops, has been accidentally omitted; but I hear that the publishers are very wishful that those who possess it should have the map, and that they will send it to any such person desiring to secure it. The remainder of the second volume is devoted almost wholly to the Duke's political services, and to the part he played in the work of reorganising the Army. It has been said that when the Duke entered into political life his active interest in the Service diminished and that his vigilance was quenched. Sir Herbert Maxwell sets before himself the task of vindicating the Duke from this charge, and there certainly can be no doubt that in Wellington's speeches and arguments there was constant and growing anxiety at the apathy which was gradually creeping over our military preparations, and that he foresaw the dangers of that policy which led to the disastrous condition of affairs that prevailed in 1854. At the same time, it would be easy to demonstrate that Wellington never really understood the fundamental conditions of our national defence. He viewed with apprehension the defenceless state of our arsenals and the dangers of invasion, which he thought were aggravated beyond all calculation by the progress of steam navigation and its threatened application to Naval war. Once he said that Her Majesty's dominions were in a state for defence worse than any other state of Europe contiguous to France: "Every port opened to attack, for the defence of which we have not one disposable soldier, and we must depend for our safety upon the operations of our fleets," operations which he clearly thought were scarcely to be depended upon at all. "I am bordering upon seventy-seven years of age, passed in honour," Wellington wrote in 1848. "I hope that the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert." There is no gainsaying that the Duke was deeply in earnest, and, though we cannot but regard his fears as unwarrantable, it is impossible not to revere the memory of a man who did so much for his country, and pursued its welfare to the end. Sir Herbert Maxwell's book is very fully and very excellently illustrated by portraits and by maps, which greatly help the reader to understand the operations described.

* * * *

These pages gave a very full account of the war between Spain and the United States, and they have since kept their readers abreast of the vast literature that has already been the outcome of the operations. "With Sampson through the War," by W. A. M. Goode (Thacker), is the latest addition to it. The author was on board the flag-ship "New York" as correspondent of the Associated Press, and he has written a very complete account of the operations in the Atlantic, including chapters by Rear-Admiral Sampson, Captain Robley D. Evans, and Commander C. C. Todd. I have read the book with great interest, and would commend it as embodying a very good and sufficient narrative of events. There is, perhaps, nothing new to be said on the subject of the war, but there was room for a volume giving a complete record of these naval operations. I do not remember before to have seen any account of the deep feeling with which Rear-Admiral Sicard saw himself replaced by Admiral Sampson at the outbreak of the war. People thought he had voluntarily relinquished, whereas he was removed after the survey of a medical board packed by Secretary Long. Captain Evans's contribution to the volume, "With Schley to Santiago," leaves us still wondering at the singularity of that officer's movements, which have been so much discussed. Mr. Goode does not allow him any special credit for the victory over the Spanish fleet, on the ground that the battle was practically over before his signals could be observed. Admiral Sampson's chapter is the most interesting thing in the book, because it discusses the cause of victory. The first reason, he admits, was the superiority of the American fleet. On the other hand, he points out that the Spaniards had the advantage of knowing exactly when the fight would take place. This is true, but the American advantage lay in the fact that their superiority provided them with the opportunity of making the combinations that gave them victory. At the same time we certainly cannot attribute the victory, as it was achieved, wholly to discrepancy of force. It depended very largely upon superior marksmanship, and Admiral Sampson tells us that the ability was not gained in a day, but was the result of long and arduous labour. The remarks are well worth quoting: "It is very difficult for a man to become a good marksman unless he shows a natural aptitude for such work. He must also reinforce this by constant drills and practice. He must be capable of watching and remembering all the motions of his own ship and those of the enemy. He must judge with accuracy what movement his own ship and the enemy are likely to make next, that he may more certainly be ready to point his gun for the next shot. It is needless to say that only a man of great intelligence can combine all these good qualities. Above all, the captain of a gun on board ship must be practised in judging distances." In relation to this matter, Admiral Sampson mentions an extraordinary thing. It was reported to him that the Spanish gun sights were found adjusted for an absurdly long range, as if the officers started out with a prepossession, and forgot to give out a new range. This he says truly would never have happened in American ships, in which the gunners are constantly occupied in observing changes of distance. Admiral Sampson also insists upon the danger of wood in ships. He concludes with evident truth that if the Spaniards had set out from Santiago at night and separated the result would have been different, and that they might have confused the American search-light by using one of their own, and have disconcerted it by shell fire. The book is extremely interesting right through, and is very well illustrated.

* * * *

In the stress of war many things are overlooked, and so latterly the beams of your "Search-Light" have been turned to other things than fiction. However, room should be found for a mention of "'Baby' Wilkinson, V.C., and Other Stories," by Lieutenant-Colonel N. Newnham-Davis (Downey). These are military stories of Indian life by a well-practised hand, which carry us from the native bazaar to the hills, and from the gaieties of Simla to sanguinary scenes on the North-West Frontier. Capital is the title story—a short impressionist sketch, very well done, with a true touch of human nature, of enthusiasm, and of pathos. Another good short tale is "Sherenee," with an eerie mystery about it. The others are all well-written tales of love and war.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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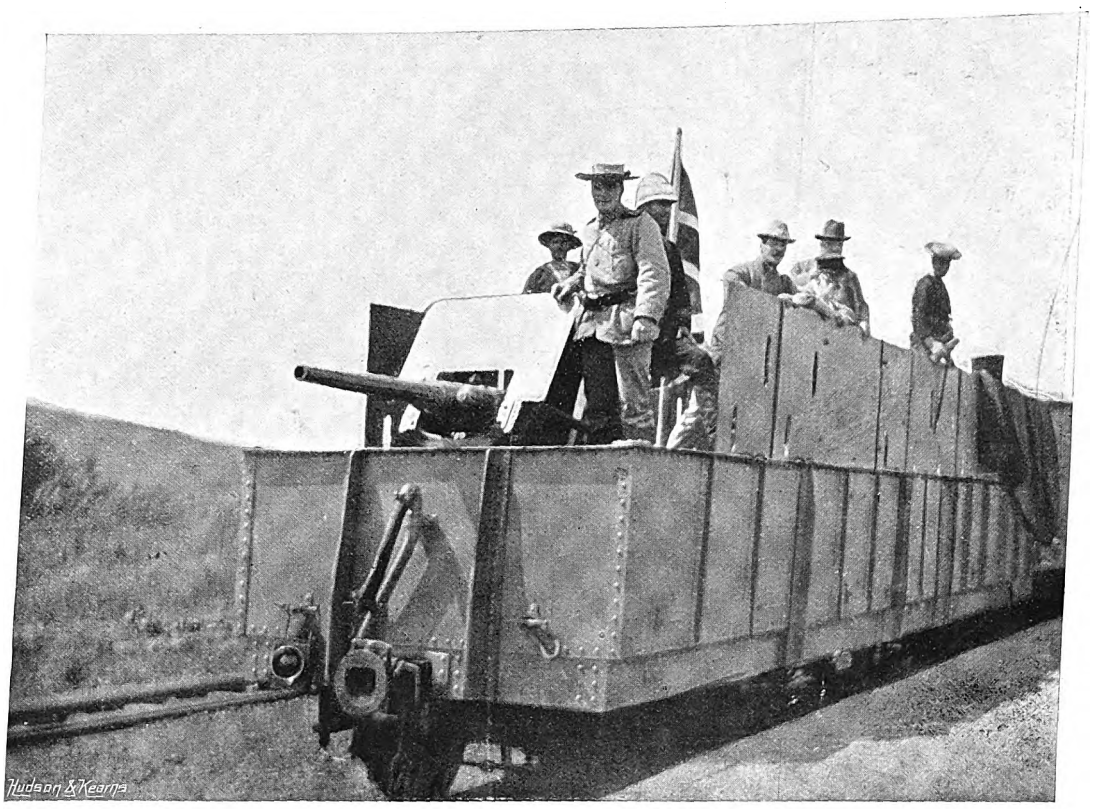
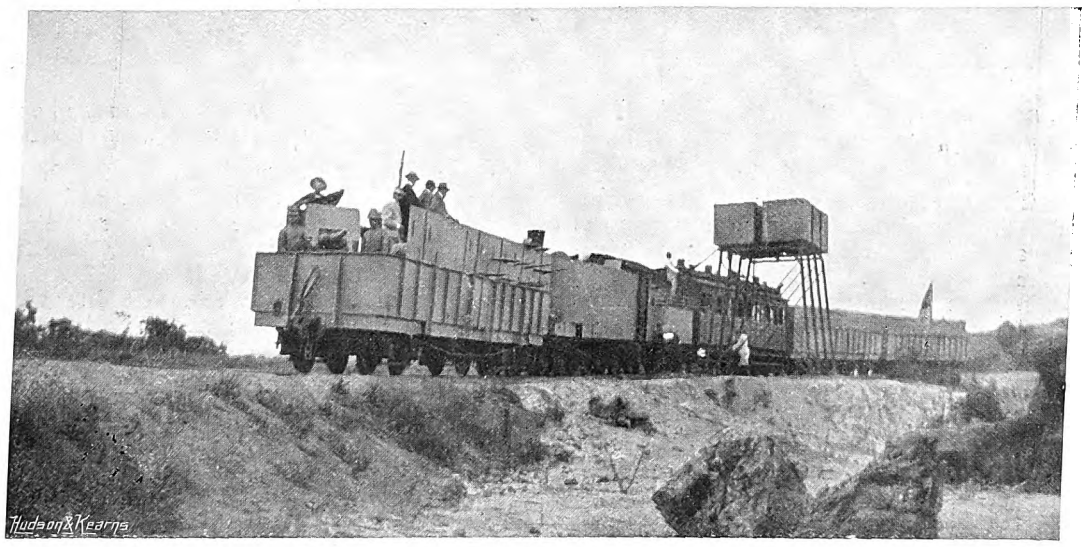
In Loyal Natal.

THE strong and emphatic interest which has from the first been attached to our war pictures is happily continued in the series we reproduce this week. Moreover, it will be noted that, in a sense, a new feature is introduced. Hitherto comparatively little attention has been paid by the journals, pictorial and otherwise, which are devoting particular notice to the war, to the aspects of the campaign which concern the base and lines of communication. In the accompanying pictures will be found an exceedingly attractive presentment of warlike episodes connected with Durban and Estcourt. The significance of both these stations need scarcely be expatiated upon. But in regard to Durban, of which several pictures have appeared in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, it will be observed that we deal in this instance not only with the disembarkation of troops, but also, and more particularly, with the defence of the town as organised by the present commandant, Captain Percy Scott, of the "Terrible."



FOR THE DEFENCE OF DURBAN.
An Armoured Train Manned by Bluejackets and Marines.

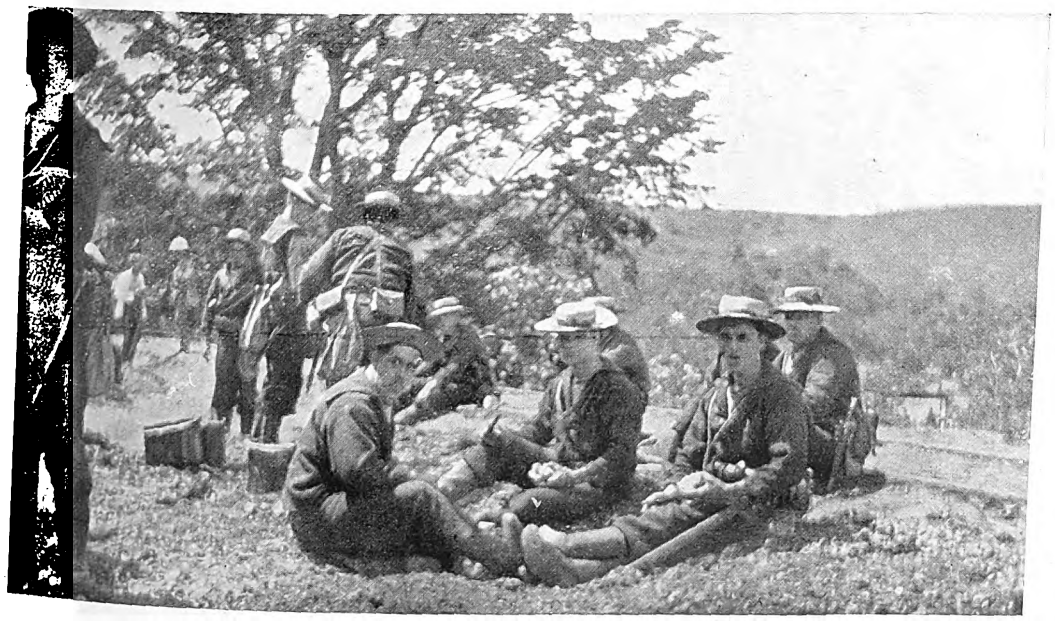
The first six pictures have reference to an experimental trip of an armoured train specially constructed for use in connection with the defence of Durban. This train consisted of an engine and three iron trucks, all made bullet-proof by shields of ⅜-in. iron plate, with slots for rifle firing. The train carried two 3-pounder breech-loading guns, manned by Marines of the "Tartar," and also a party of eighty Bluejackets drawn from the "Forte" and "Thetis," under Commander Morgan, of the "Tartar." The train left Durban Station on November 12 for a run to Tugela, on the Zululand border, some seventy miles distant from Durban. Our pictures show the train before starting and *en route*, and the halt at Tugela, where all hands were piped to dinner. The progress of the train was naturally attended by some demonstrations on the part of residents along the line, and at Stanger on the way back the seamen were landed and marched through the village. There is no question that the political influence of this *promenade militaire*—if one may apply such a term to a function in which only Marines and Bluejackets took part—must have been most salutary.



UNDER WAY.
Naval Armoured Train on a Trial Trip.

Incidentally, in connection with this interesting run, we give a portrait of the Naval officer in charge of the guns on board the train, a picture of the Marines, and an illustration showing the landing of ammunition and spare parts of guns from the "Terrible."

Naval field-guns have often been illustrated in this journal, but rarely under more realistic circumstances than those involved in another picture, which shows one of the "Terrible's" 9-pounders being dragged into Durban Station. Though not in the same category as the redoubtable 4·7-in. gun which did such tremendous execution at Ladysmith and after the battle of Modder River, the Naval 9-pounder is a powerful and handy weapon, which, from the fact that common shell is used, has a longer range than the Army 15-pounder firing shrapnel only.



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ON THE ZULULAND BORDER.
The Crew of the Armoured Train Piped to Dinner.

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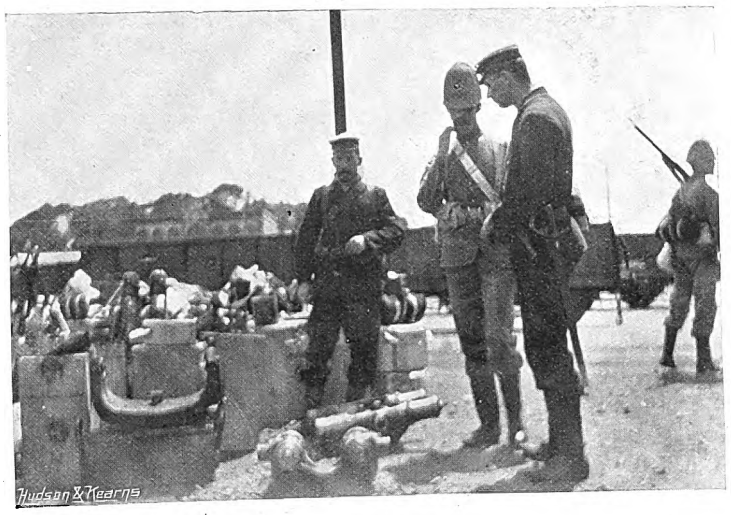
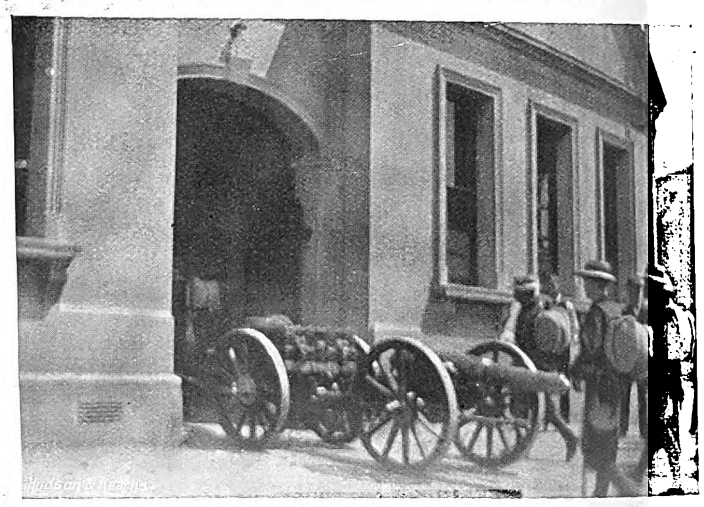
COMMANDING THE GUN CREWS.
Lieutenant Townsend, R.N., in Charge of the Party from the "Tartar."

MARINES ON SHORE SERVICE.
The Party from the "Tartar" Just Landed for Duty with the Armoured Train.



Photos. Copyright. *NECESSARY DETAILS.*
Landing Ammunition and Spare Parts of Guns.



"Navy & Army."
FROM THE "TERRIBLE."
Naval Field Gun being Wheeled into Durban Station.

A very singular interest is centred in the picture showing the disembarkation of the West Yorkshires from the "Roslin Castle." This was the first of the transports taken up for the conveyance of the Army Corps, and its arrival was awaited with extreme eagerness. It will be remembered that at that time matters were becoming critical in Natal, and reinforcements were of vital importance. On her arrival at Cape Town the "Roslin Castle" received instructions to proceed forthwith to Durban, and on disembarkation the West Yorkshires were immediately sent up to Estcourt, in the fighting round which place they were heavily engaged. The bright picture in which the old Prince of Wales's Own is shown landing from the Castle liner will be very attractive to others besides those specially interested in the county of

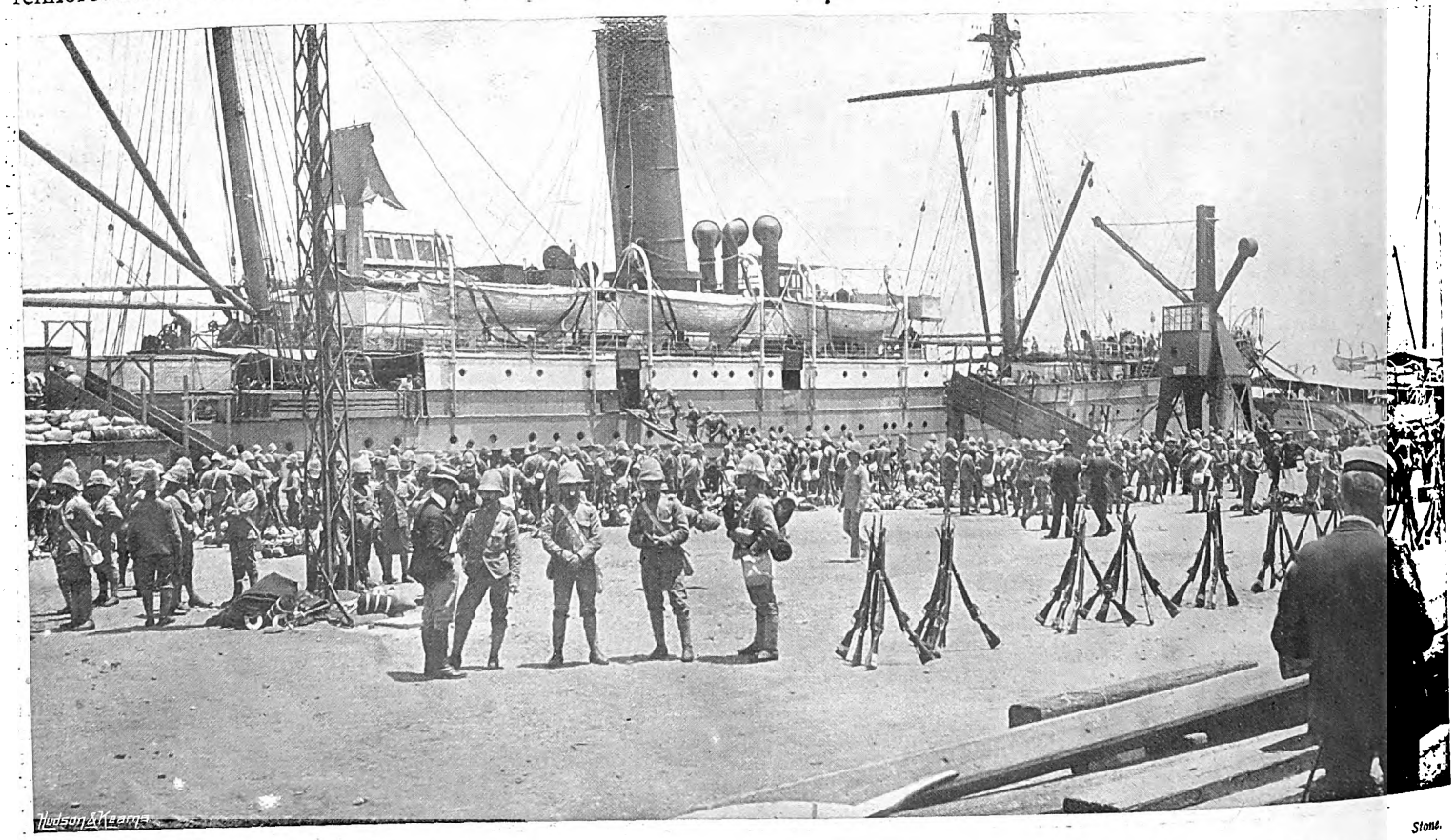


Photo. Copyright. *Stone.*
FIRST ARRIVALS OF THE ARMY CORPS—LANDING OF THE WEST YORKSHIRES FROM THE "ROSLIN CASTLE."

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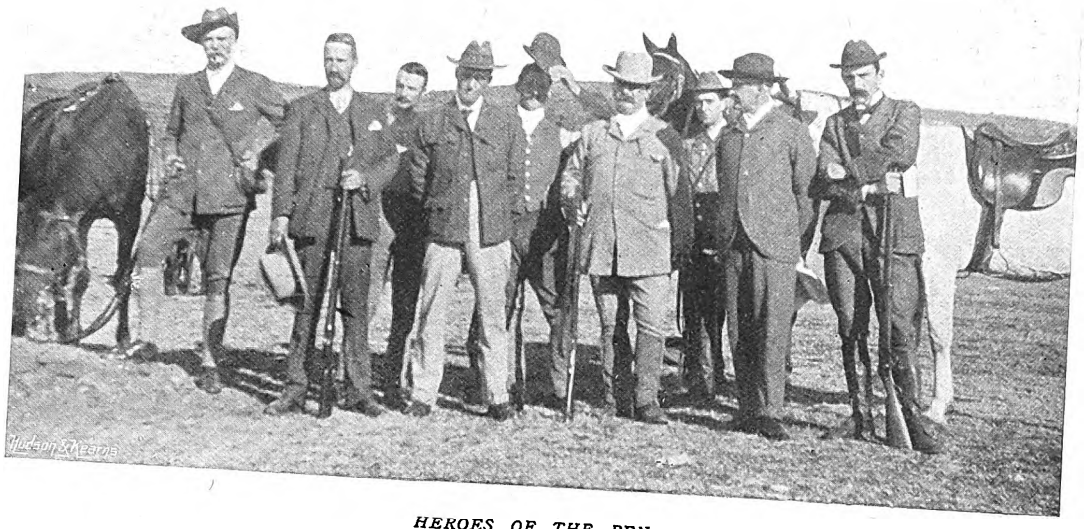
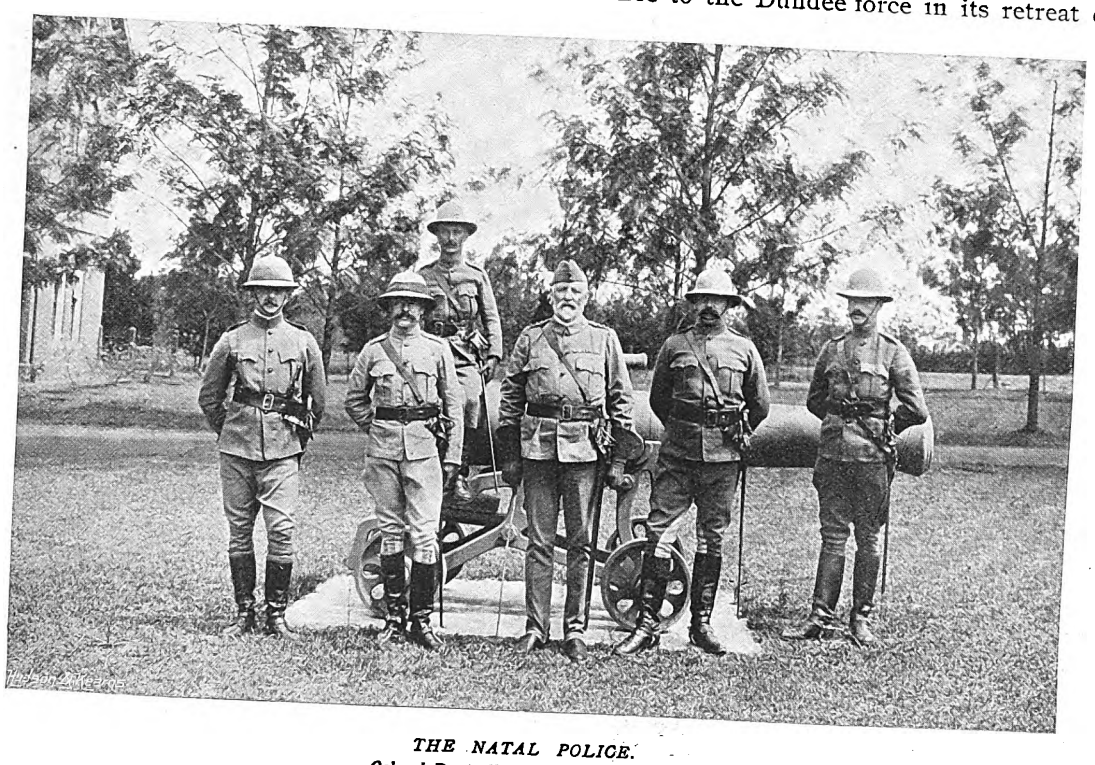
broad acres and its representative corps.

Whether the pen is or is not mightier than the sword is an argument which in this journal, of all journals, it would perhaps be invidious to discuss. But this does not interfere in any way with the satisfaction with which many of our readers will recognise, in the group which we have labelled "Heroes of the Pen," some very notable members of a profession which of late years has come to occupy a very prominent and honourable position. Here will be noticed Colonel Frank Rhodes, D.S.O., who, it will be remembered, was severely wounded when representing the *Times* in the Omdurman Campaign last year, and who has, on a variety of occasions, displayed conspicuous gallantry in the field. Here, too, are a brace of very notable old campaigners in the persons of Messrs. Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and Henry Pearse, of the *Daily News*, both of them veterans in the best sense of the word, and yet still full of "go" and descriptive capacity. Another interesting figure, which illustrates the popularity of this hazardous profession, is that of the Earl of Ava, the eldest son of the Marquess of Dufferin, whom, incidentally, the writer recollects as a youthful and dashing subaltern of the 17th Lancers under the "style and title" of Lord Clandeboye.



HEROES OF THE PEN.
A Group of War Correspondents now at the Front.

The portrait group of Colonel Dartnell, C.M.G., and officers of the Natal Police Field Force is peculiarly interesting. We are able to say that Colonel Dartnell at the battle of Talana Hill placed General Sir William Penn Symons on his own horse under a very heavy fire, and for the time being saved his life, an incident which we believe has not been recorded in any other journal. He also rendered vitally important assistance to the Dundee force in its retreat on Ladysmith. We have often descanted on the marked efficiency of the Natal Police, and are not in the least surprised to learn from our Special Correspondent, who was shut up with them in Ladysmith, that time after time they have rendered splendid service.

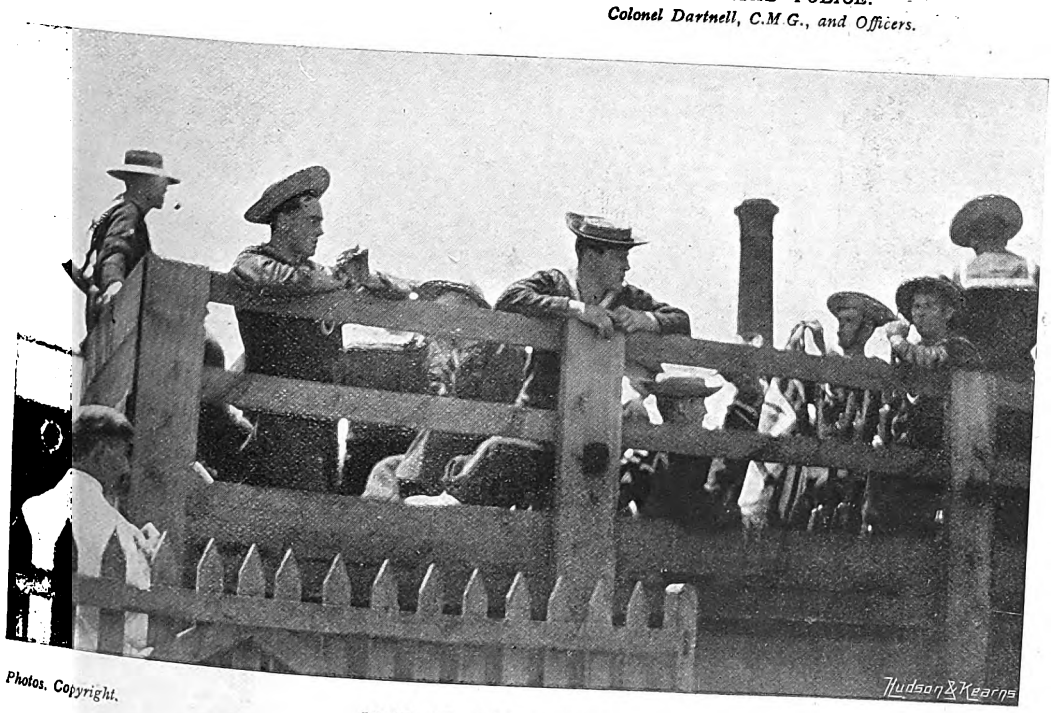


THE NATAL POLICE.
Colonel Dartnell, C.M.G., and Officers.

The remaining pictures in this series have reference to that trying period at Estcourt about the middle of last month, when the disaster occurred to the armoured train near Chieveley, in which over 100 British troops were reported missing. At Estcourt itself we have Kaffir spies awaiting examination by the brigadier-general commanding the garrison. The part played by Kaffirs in this connection has been very remarkable, but it will never perhaps be other than obscurely known to any but the Intelligence officers employed.

The picture of the church parade at Estcourt needs no separate explanation beyond an allusion to the fact that the foreground is occupied by the Imperial Light Horse.

The pictures specially referring to the armoured train affair at Chieveley show the train on the point of starting, and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers clambering into it; the coolies loading a truck which was attached to the train with rails and tools for repairing the break in the line, reported two days previously; and three of the Bluejackets from the "Tartar," who were afterwards reported missing, and who, it is to be feared, are still prisoners in Pretoria.



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SOME OF THE MISSING.
Three of the Bluejackets with the Armoured Train Wrecked at Chieveley.

"Navy & Army."

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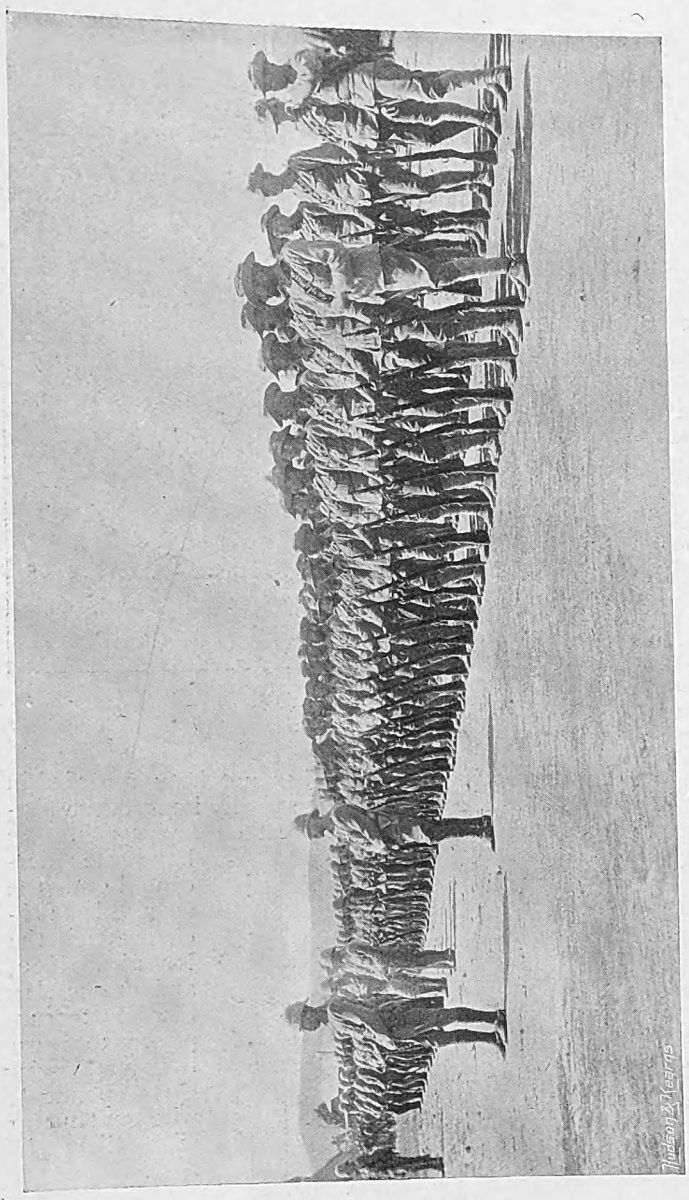
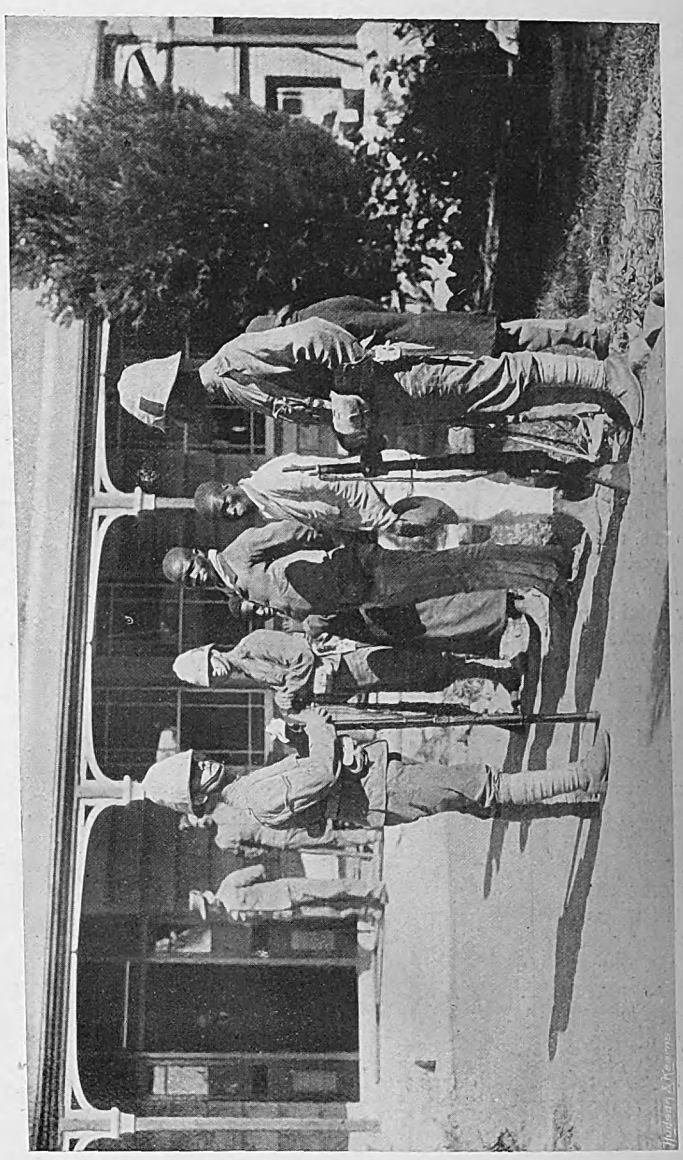
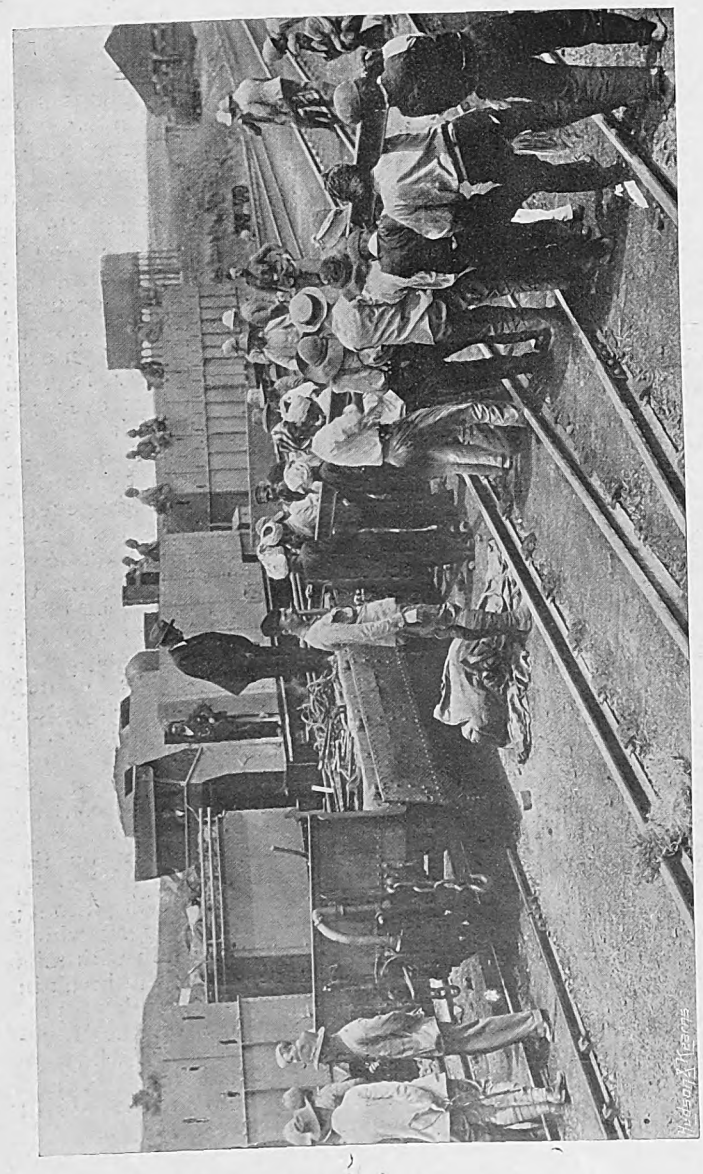


CHURCH PARADE.
Divine Service at Estcourt.

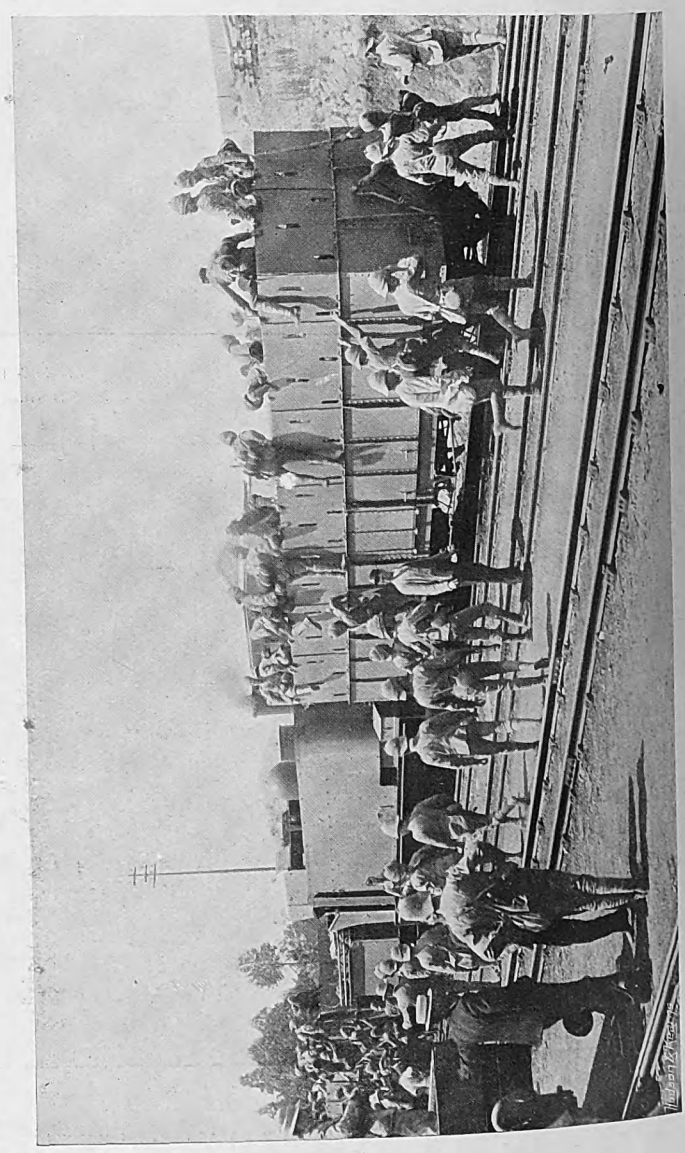


AT ESTCOURT.
Kaffir Spies Awaiting Examination.

H. W. Nicholls.



FOR REPAIRS.
Cookies Loading Truck with Rails and Tools.



AN ILL-FATED TRAIN.
This is the Train that was Afterwards Wrecked at Chieveley.

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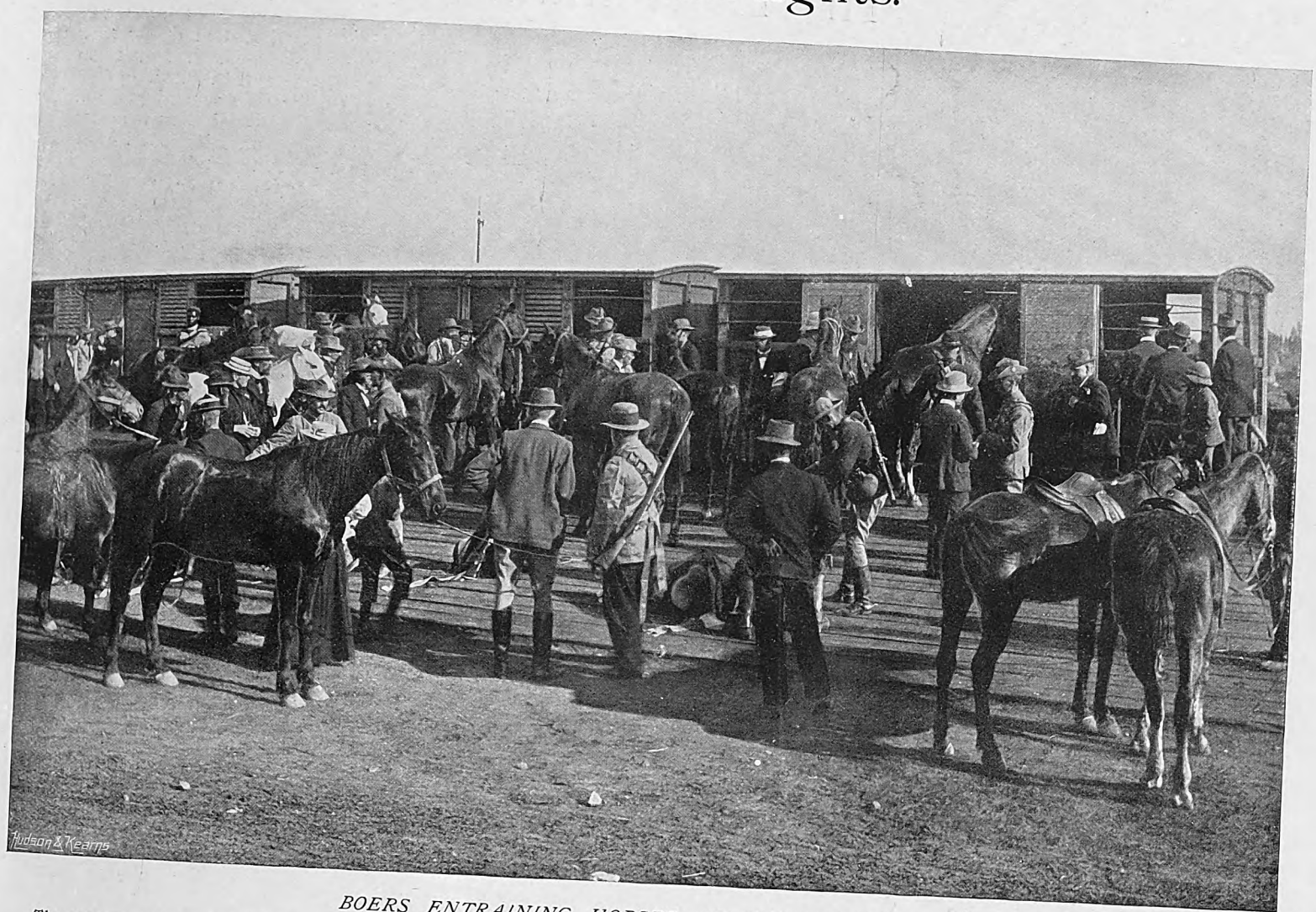
Boer Side-lights.



BOERS ENTRAINING HORSES AT JOHANNESBURG.

The present war has exhibited that "ideal mounted infantryman," the Boer, in several new lights, and has necessitated his adapting himself to a variety of new requirements. In 1881 such a scene as this was impossible, and it must be admitted that it marks a notable advance in Boer capacity for undertaking offensive operations. Added interest of a not very gratifying sort is attached to the picture by reason of the fact that most of these horses have been commandeered from Uitlanders.

Photos. Copyright.

BOER PRISONERS. *H. W. Nicholls.*

These are Boers who have been captured on the railway between Estcourt and Ladysmith, and who have been ordered to sit down outside the General's quarters pending the decision as to their fate. Of one thing we may be certain, namely, that in point of justice and good treatment they will have nothing to complain of. The Boers in our hands have repeatedly expressed their gratitude for the manner in which they have been dealt with by their generous captors.

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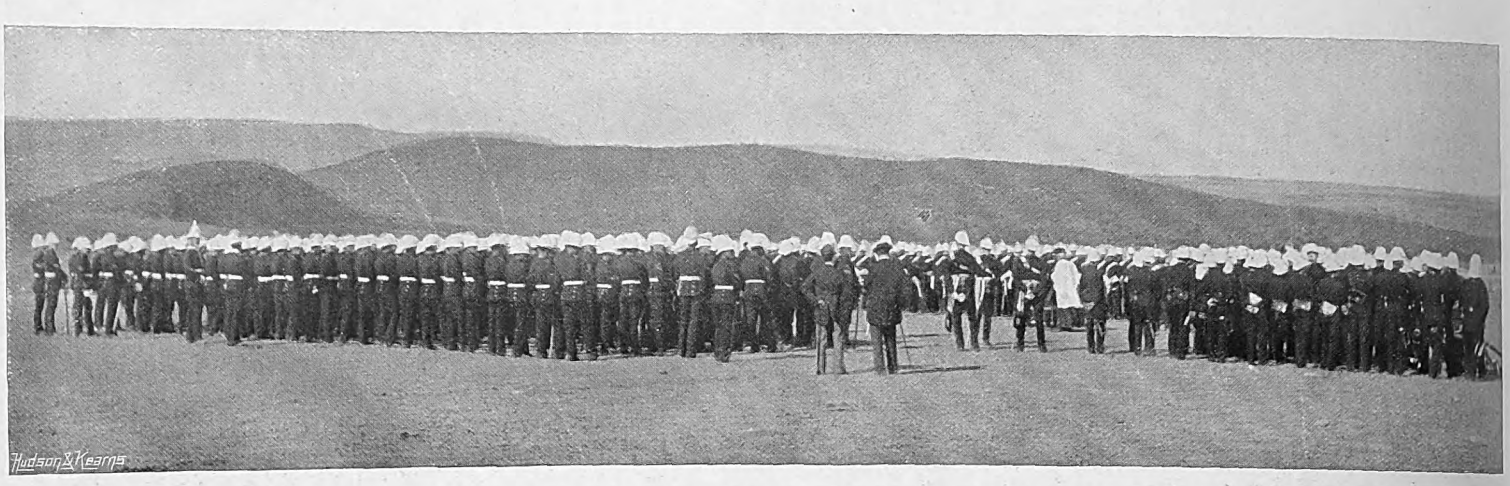
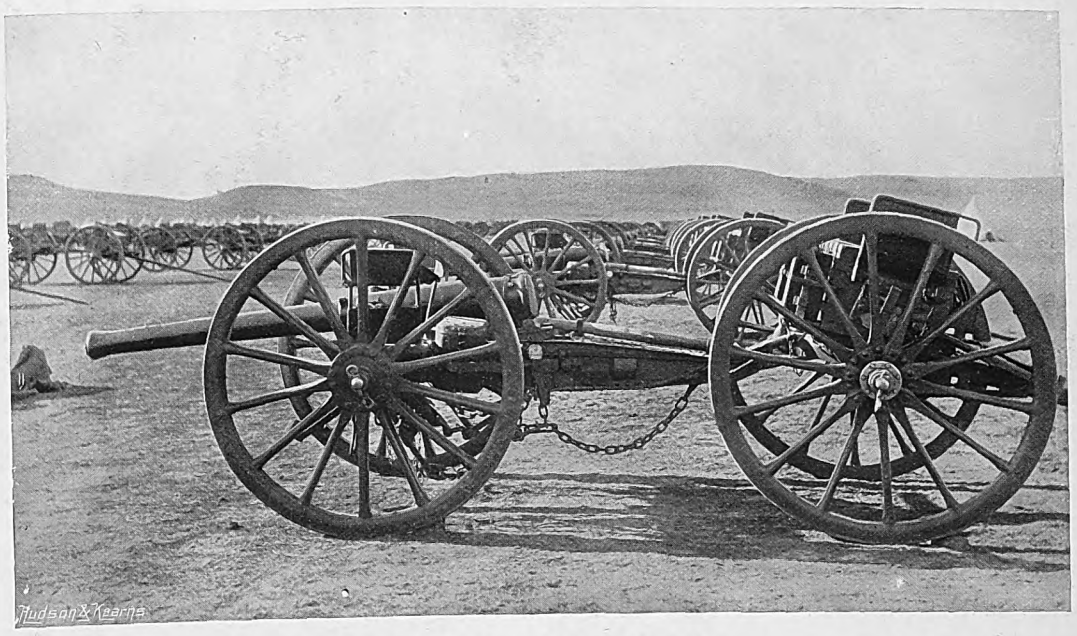
In Ladysmith.



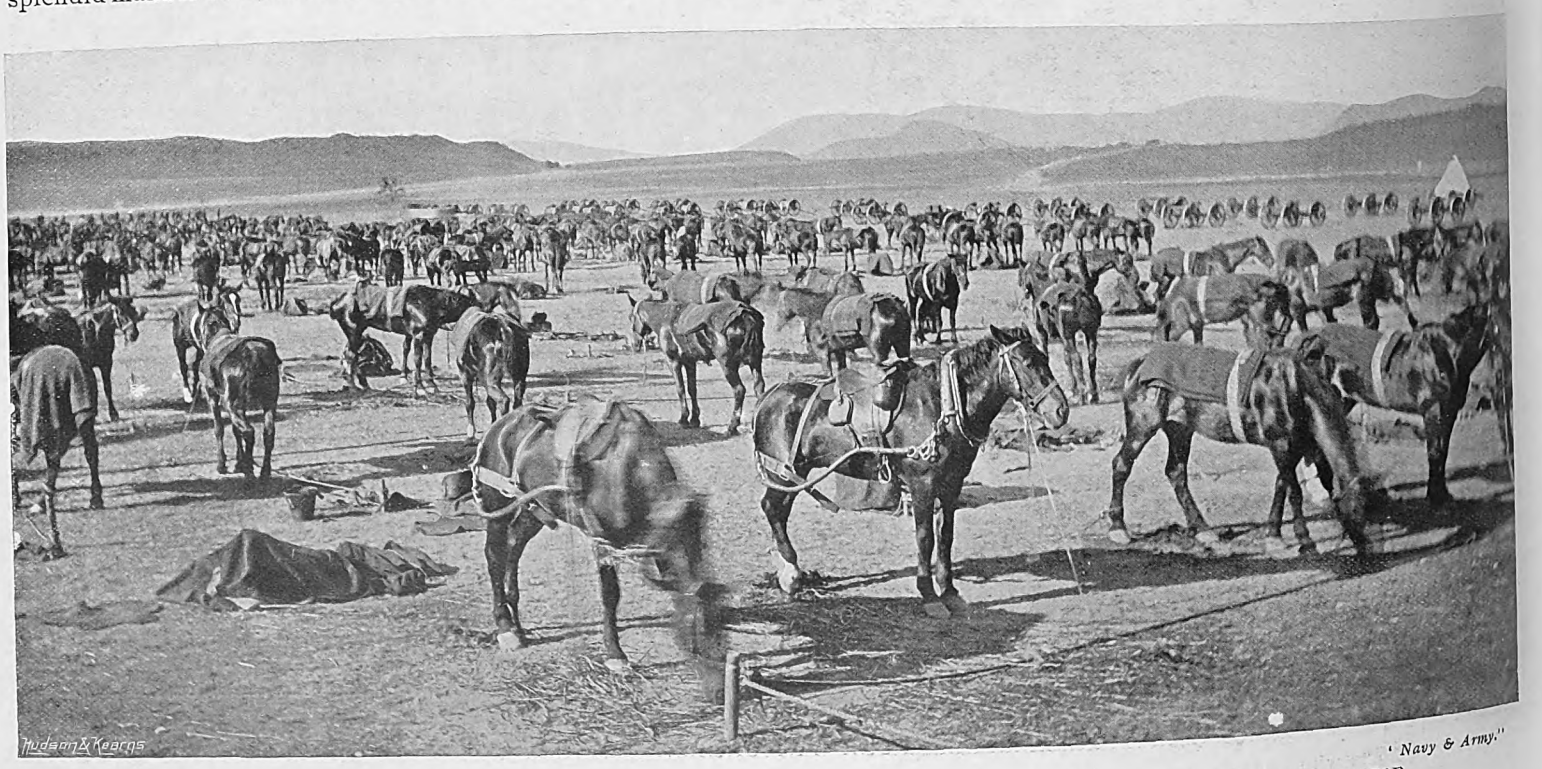
A DAY OF REST—CHURCH PARADE AT LADYSMITH DURING THE SIEGE.

HERE are three highly-characteristic pictures taken during the siege of Ladysmith, and illustrating three very interesting aspects of that momentous episode. A church parade on active service is always a singularly impressive function, if only by reason of the grim reflection that next Sunday's service may reveal a very different scene. Yet it is happily an invariable practice in our Army to make such parades special occasions for the display of a little extra smartness and attention to detail. The picture of the gun-park at Ladysmith and that of the artillery horse lines remind us forcibly of the trying work which the gunners have had to perform during this great siege, and also of the truly splendid manner in which that work has invariably been done.



THEY SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.
Artillery Gun-park at Ladysmith.

No feature of the siege of Ladysmith has been more striking than the calm confidence of the besieged that they could "hold out" with ease until it should suit Sir Redvers Buller to relieve them. This confidence is aptly illustrated by the well-ordered trimness of the church parade, the restful indifference of the battery horses, and the grim rectilinearity of the guns. But if mentally we apply for a moment an imaginary bugle or trumpet call to any of these three pictures, a singularly brisk change of scene is indicated. For these are the men who time after time have burst out in brilliant sorties, sometimes destroying the enemy's guns, and these are the guns and horses which have helped in many a hard and sudden conflict.



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HARD-WORKED COMRADES—THE ARTILLERY HORSE LINES IN THE BELEAGUERED CAMP.

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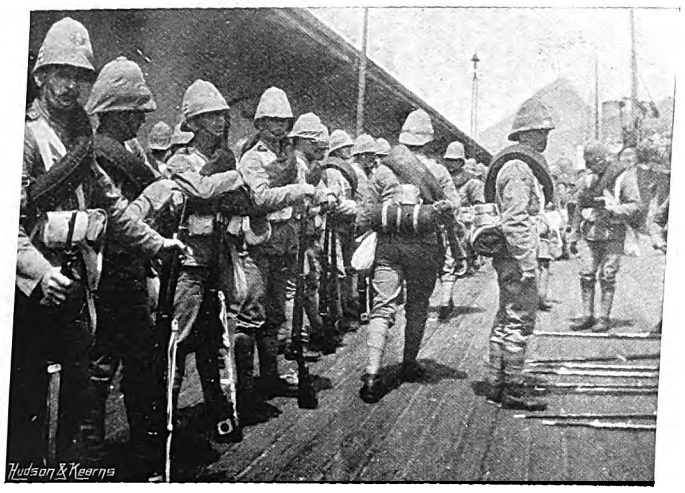
Cape Town and Thereabouts.

TO AND FROM THE BATTLE-FIELDS.



Photos. Copyright. LANDING THE SCOTS GUARDS.
The End of the Voyage.

THE GRENADIERS LANDING *"Navy & Army."*
Leaving the "Goorkha."

CAPE TOWN is now, and for some time will be, a busy place. It is already a somewhat melancholy one, and will continue to be so. Thither will come all the wounded who can be sent back to that base of operations. Thank Heaven it will not present the shocking spectacle which inexperience and red tape combined to produce in the neighbourhood of Constantinople in the Russian War. There may have been mistakes in the management of our present war, and others may be made. It is not in mortals to be always right. In war those miscalculations which are inseparable from human affairs have the deadly quality that they invariably, in one degree or another, lead to the loss of lives and to suffering. But there is no room for hasty criticism either of General Gatacre or of Lord Methuen. But there is a vast difference between the proportion of errors and the sheer blundering which allows nothing to be right. Of this, which ran riot in the commissariat and medical services during the Russian War, there will, one hopes, be none now. Not that, even in the Russian War all was wrong, but only that very much was. Bad as things were, fewer of the sick and wounded died in our hospitals than in the French, while what we thought hardship would have been luxury to the Russian or the Turk. Still, that was no great consolation to us, and we do not want to be driven to have recourse to the same again. Measures have been taken to avert such a misfortune, and it is right that they should. It is only too clear that no precautions we can take

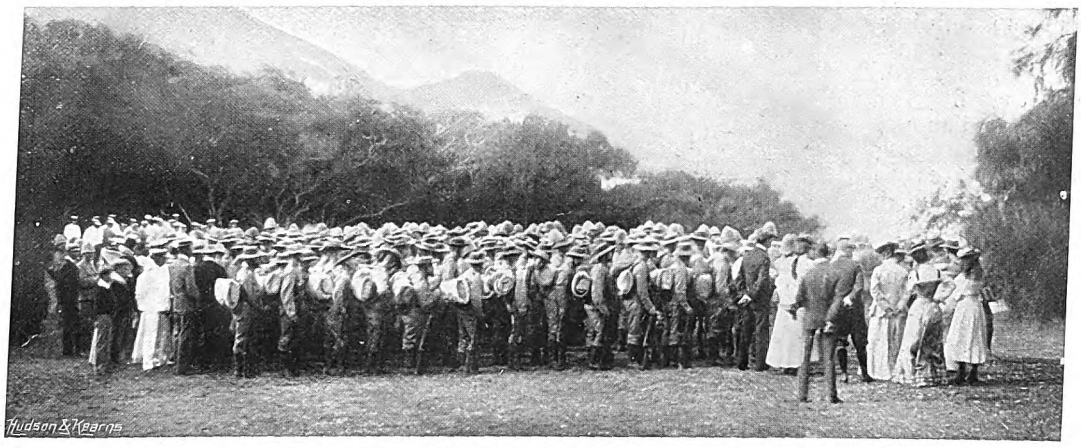


Photo. Copyright. THE ADMIRAL'S OWN. *V. Harris.*
Admiral Harris Addressing Seamen for the Front.

Photo. Copyright. A WOUNDED ENEMY—COMMANDANT PRETORIUS LANDED AT CAPE TOWN. *"Navy & Army."*

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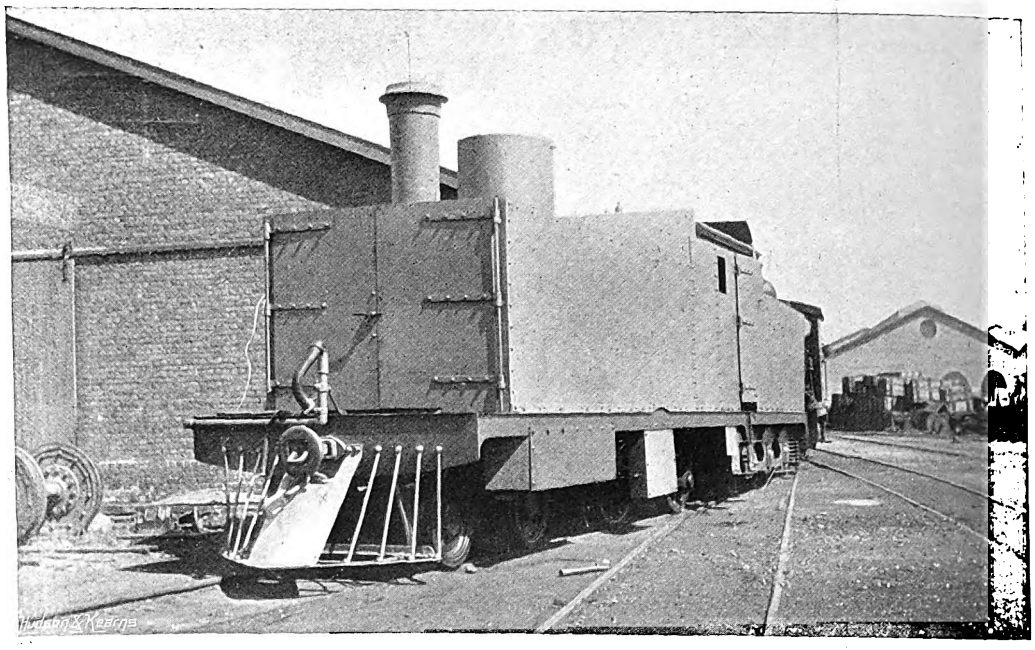
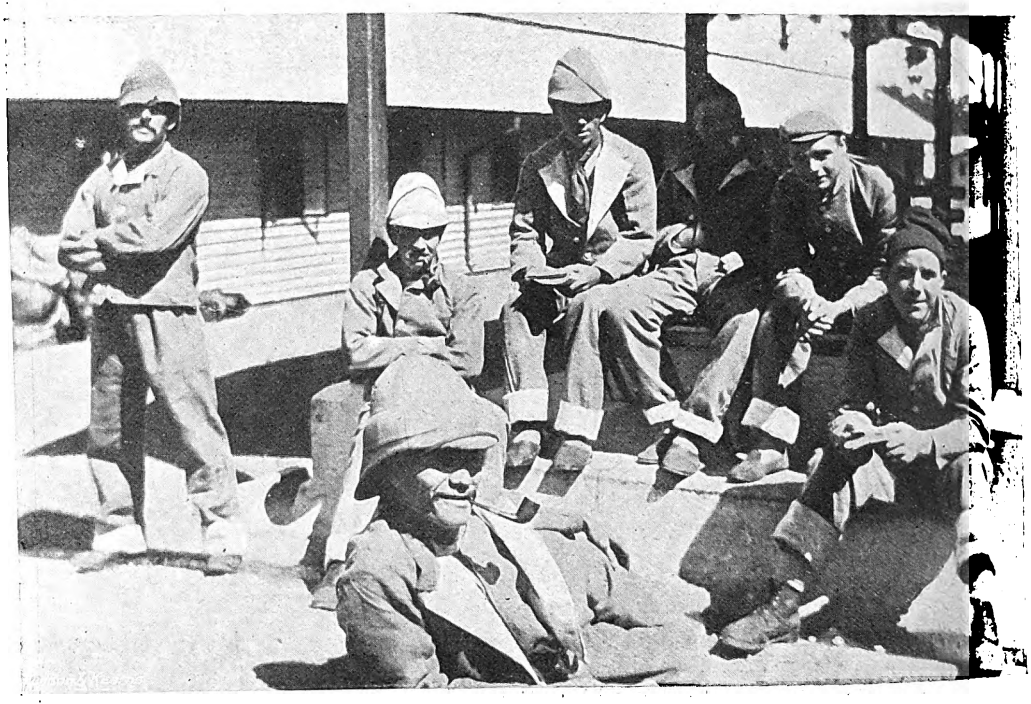
will be superfluous. Already our loss is twice as great as that we suffered during the whole of the last campaign on the North-West Frontier, while it is as certain as anything well can be that, to translate a Spanish phrase, we have the tail to skin yet. Many more men will come back wounded to Cape Town, to the hospital there, and on their way home. Then, too, there is the sickness, which kills many more than the sword in all wars. However well cared for men may be, they cannot sleep in the open and be drenched in rains, and go about with their wet clothes clinging to them in the cold night air and the keen breezes of sunrise, with impunity, while all newly-turned earth is full of deadly germs.

Meanwhile, Cape Town has only had a first taste of this, the ugly, seamy side of glory. It has seen more of the bustle of preparation and of the pomp and circumstance. The landing of regiments on their way to the front has been the chief spectacle hitherto. Nothing is more exhilarating, and the Cape Town people must enjoy it vastly—to say nothing of the fact that this influx of visitors must be extremely lucrative. All who land are not fighting men on their way to the front. There are friends and families, and, we may be sure, also that floating population of curious Englishmen with independent means and nothing to do which always contrives to flock together when anything worth looking at is in progress. All these must be lodged and fed, and have to pay for food and lodging at war rates. A Spanish novelist introduces a personage in one of his stories of the Peninsular War who prays that "My Lady the War may live for a thousand years." One guesses that this man's wish is not far from the hearts of a good many worthy people in Cape Town. They look with a very appreciative eye on armoured trains, which, after all, mean work and wages, on the Guards landing, and the Naval Brigades starting for the front. It is not a very amiable trait of human nature, this readiness to see in war only so much as helps one's own pleasure and profit, but it is natural and will always exist. The hospitals are grim reminders of the reality of war, which, be it ever so just and necessary, is a sad business.

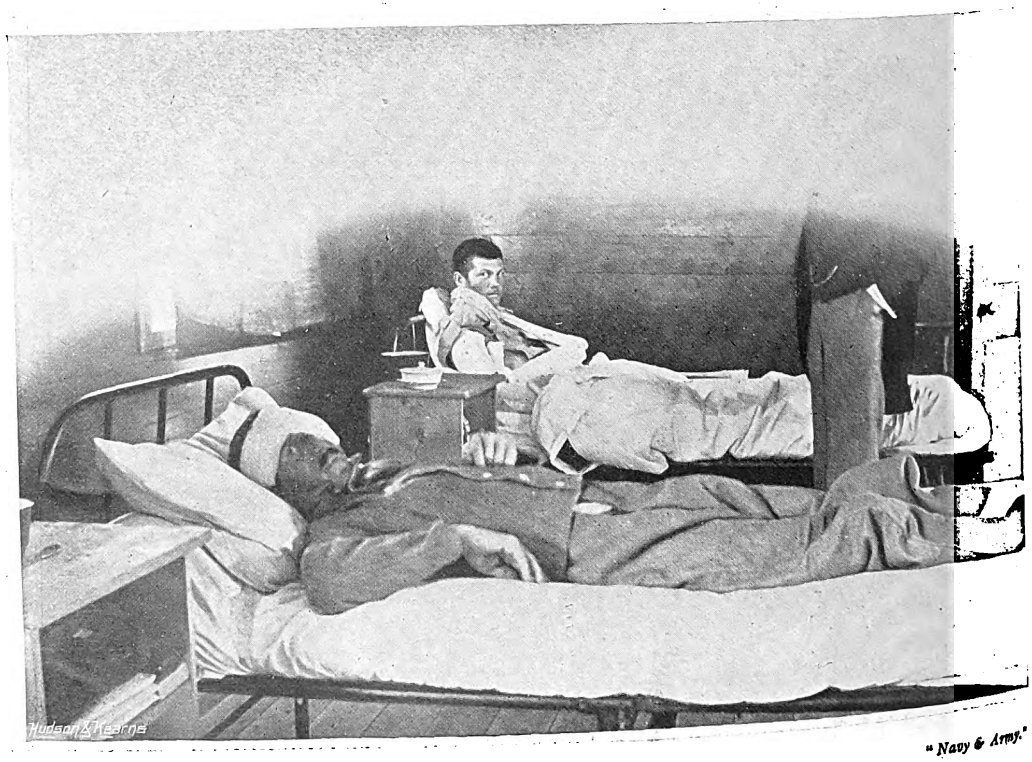
And Cape Town is seeing the reality of war in a way that no colonial capital has ever yet done. It is, in a sense, to-day the hub of the Empire, for within it have been gathered men flocking from every part of the Empire to do their *devoir* under the flag. Colonials from every part of the Empire, troops of every arm, regiment, and battalion that our regular Army possesses, have all been hurried through it on their way to the front. Transports, taken from one and all of the Companies whose ships form the greatest mercantile marine of the world, have, day after day, been discharging their troops and munitions of war under the shadow of Table Mountain. And the big military hospital at Wynberg is a microcosm of the suffering and misery that the war is producing. But Cape Town will emerge from the ordeal as gold tried in the fire, and the blood shed will only consolidate the great South African Federation that we yet shall see.



AN ARMOURED ENGINE.
A Real Hog in Armour.



CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS.
The Pipe of Comfort.



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TWO OF THE WOUNDED.
Crippled "Cocks of the North."

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Calamity Jane.

By Major W. P. Drury, R.M.L.I.

"A guilty silence fell upon Benbow Ward."

THERE was deep (and wholly enjoyable) indignation in the Benbow, or Pensioners', Ward of the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar. The ancient mariners who doze away the evening of their days therein had a Grievance, and where is a grievance better loved than among the sheer hulks and derelicts of Britain, who (to mix the metaphor) are so admirably dry-nursed in second childhood by their grateful country?

The Grievance's name was Jan Pearse, and his style, like their own, Naval Pensioner. He had arrived that morning from Plymouth, whence he had been transferred—sorely against his will, it is but fair to add—owing to lack of accommodation at the western hospital; and when I tell you that he was a mere stripling of sixty summers you will perceive how righteous was the indignation of these eastern elders. Surely the flower of the Navy (at a time when it had been a Navy!) merited better treatment at the hands of its Sovereign than the infliction of an upstart from the western wilds *who had served in ironclads!* But there. As the radical engine-room artificer in the enteric ward had said, when refused beef-steak pudding for breakfast—"the Admiralty has been a corrupt department ever since the days of 'Peepy's Dairy.'"

Recognising the futility of expostulation with an unprincipled Board, the highly incensed mariners adopted the obvious alternative—they visited the iniquity of Whitehall upon the head of the innocent Grievance himself. They were resolved, as Tommy Tunks, bedridden septuagenarian, put it, "to lead him an 'ell of a life," and they had been living up to that resolve the whole afternoon. With senile chuckles at the brilliance of their wit, they had inflicted on the resentful Jan every stale and laboured taunt to which west country seamen have been subject since the days of Drake. He had been questioned, with a show of deepest interest, by William Butterbiggins (late captain of the fo'c's'le), concerning the monkey washed ashore at Mevagissey, and hanged for a French spy. High words had passed between him and Chesapeake Veever, paralytic, touching the stopbutt wall on Staddon Heights, which the latter averred to have been built by the Devon farmers to prevent the seagulls flying inland. He had thrown a boot at ex-Corporal Mullall, of the Gosport Marines, for enquiring whether the smallpox had really been kept out of Saltash by the erection of a net round that ancient borough. When, therefore, "Loony" Dafter (sometime bo'sun's mate of the "Royal Charlotte") sepulchrally asked whether they buried corpses beyond the Exe "as per usual," it was not surprising that Jan flung his woollen bed-gown on the floor and offered to fight the Benbow Ward *en masse*.

This was precisely what the Benbow Ward desired, and had been striving all the afternoon to bring about. Abandoning with cheerful alacrity the fearful and wonderful woolwork on which he was stertorously engaged, Butterbiggins began to clear the ward for action. In the excitement of the moment some still more dreadful paper roses, the handiwork of Tommy Tunks, were irremediably crushed by their bedridden creator; while, in his anxiety to obtain a good view of the contest, the other paralytic lost among his bedclothes the pill-box, pins, and apple-pips with which he was fashioning a Liliputian cage of mice. In the breast of each weather-beaten mummy a spark of the old fighting spirit still glowed, and a quavering chorus of approval went round the room when the ex-corporal (in virtue of the boot episode) claimed the right of accepting the challenge.

He was in the act of rolling up his sleeves when the door suddenly opened and a guilty silence fell upon Benbow Ward; for framed in the old oak doorposts and lintel was as charming a picture as man could desire to see. Against a background of old garden and golden sky stood a young and very beautiful woman, clad in the uniform of a nursing sister of the Royal Navy; and when a beautiful woman dons that dress the effect is bewitching indeed. Her close-fitting gown of blue serge was covered in front, from waist to hem, by an apron of snowy whiteness, and the bands of the latter, passing over her shoulders, accentuated the soft curves of her figure. On a wealth of auburn hair—turned by the sunset to red gold—nestled the daintiest of caps, while the big white bow in which its strings were tied under her chin gave an added charm to the sweet face above it. In her arms she carried a bunch of gladiolas, the brilliant hue of which was repeated by the scarlet edging of her tiny cape and the Red Cross badge upon her sleeve. So lovely a vision could not have failed to set a young man's blood rioting in his veins, and even these stragglers of a dead and gone generation, accustomed as they were to her daily presence among them, were dimly sensible of its beauty.

Closing the door behind her, she shook a reproving finger at the abashed belligerents.

"You *naughty* old men!"

The sweet, low voice, following upon the senile bickerings, was like a silver hour bell after the jangle of cracked chimes.

"Mullall, I'm ashamed of you," she went on; "the only representative of your corps in the ward, and quarrelling like a schoolboy—the leader of the chapel choir, too! Why, however should we have managed that new Te Deum next Sunday if you had been laid up in bed?"

O, the wiles of woman. The corporal's pet vanity was his poor old quavering treble, and he was instantly mollified by her reference to it.

"I don't want to 'urt nobody," he asserted, picking up his bed-gown with palsied hands, "and if that west country noosance will pass his word as he'll 'eave no more boots at my 'ead, I won't knock 'im about *this* time."

"I am quite sure you won't," she returned gravely—the thing was too pathetic for mirth. "And as for you, Pearse, why, I hope they are not in the habit of throwing boots about the wards at Plymouth Hospital."

"We don't 'ave such aggeravatin' old figger 'eads down along to Plymith," urged the youthful Jan, in extenuation of his behaviour. "What do they want to bullyrag me for," he continued, on the verge of tears, "about that there Mevagissey monkey fewlishness?"

"Well, well"—she was smiling now—"you mustn't mind that you know. Why, I'm a west country woman myself, and have often been chaffed about the same silly story. There, now that they know *my* 'nationality,' I am quite certain they will be too polite to speak disrespectfully of it again. Shake hands with Mullall—that's right. Now, see what I've brought you all from the Sisters' garden. Will one of you please fill these jars with water? Thank you, Mullall. Of course, you get much finer flowers at Plymouth, Pearse, but we must try

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to make the Benbow the gayest of the Haslar wards at all events, mustn't we?

And so, soothing, cajoling, humouring them like the fretful children they were, she moved nimbly about the ward, shaking this one's pillows with deft and practised hands, giving that one his medicine, and ever brightening her path with bunches of scarlet blossom and the sunshine of her presence. Then, with a cheery "Good night all!" an admonition to quarrel no more, and a smile and word of thanks to the struggling quartette who opened the door for her, she was gone.

A hush of some seconds prevailed in Benbow Ward, as with a congregation dismissed with the Blessing. Then Tommy Tunks, a lower-deck poet of some acceptance, broke the silence.

"Whenever she comes into the bloomin' ward," he mused, "she 'minds me of one o' they Cowes yachts cruisin' among the 'ulks in Portsmouth 'Arbour."

"Aye. Pity she 'as that cork leg, though," observed Veever, hunting for apple pips under his pillow.

"*I* didn't see no cork leg," said Jan, with more truth than tact.

The paralytic regarded him with a cold stare of disfavour.

"P'r'aps, Mister," he retorted, "you didn't observe no sham 'air, neither?"

Jan, it appeared, had not.

"Nor teeth?" suggested the cynic.

"Nor teeth," echoed Jan.

"Then," said Veever with the air of a counsel who has brought a long cross-examination to a triumphant issue, "maybe you'll explain to us, my lad, why we call her 'Calamity Jane'?"

Now, had the Archangel Gabriel come down from heaven and testified to the genuineness of the lady's head and limbs, he would have been received by Benbow Ward with incredulity. Somehow or other the strange delusion had taken firm root in their obstinate old naval heads; and none but that other dread Angel would ever kill it.

"'Ow do you come to know about that leg?" enquired Jan, parrying one question with another.

"She dropped her scissors on the deck," chuckled Dafter, "an' when she stooped to pick 'em up we all see the 'inge aworkin' inside of her dress."

"And fancy her goin' to marry an orf'cer!" put in Mullall, disapprovingly.

"Well, why does *he* want to marry a woman as is three parts Guy Fawkes?" demanded Jan, not unreasonably.

It is one thing to disparage your own property, quite another to hear a stranger do so. The ward resented this description of its idol exceedingly.

"Because," retorted Veever, severely, "it don't matter a damn—when the other part is angel."

"It don't matter so much about the leg," conceded Jan, "since it lives for the most part in the dark. But, angel or not, you'd 'ave that sham 'air and teeth before your blessed eyes from 'Revelly' to 'Out Lights.' Who's the 'appy man?"

"Cap'n o' Joeys, I believe, aboard of the 'Andromash,' 'omeward bound from the Mediterranean," mumbled Tunks.

Jan, who had betaken himself to bed, sat up on the instant like a child suddenly awakened from sleep.

"Then the banns o' that there weddin'," he announced, impressively, "'ave been forbid by the Almighty, in a manner o' speakin'. The bridegroom-select fell down the 'Andromash's' main 'atchway this mornin' in Plymith Sound, an' broke his bloomin' neck."

So dazed were the ancient mariners by this dreadful intelligence that for some moments they entirely lost the power of speech.

"Cap'n or no cap'n," burst forth Butterbiggins at length "if he could walk into this 'ere ward now I'd punch his ugly 'ead for disappointin' 'er!"

"He must 'ave been three sheets in the wind or he'd 'ave seen where he was agoin' to," said Mullall, indignantly. "It'll break her pretty 'art," he added, with a snuffle, "when she reads it on the mornin' papers."

"Then she mustn't see them papers," said Veever, with decision. "Look 'ere. What's to prevent our breakin' the noos to her ourselves?"

"Who's goin' to do it?" asked Jan, suspiciously. "Not me," he promptly added, getting under the bedclothes.

"How about puttin' it in a letter?" suggested Dafter from his corner. "Tunks writes 'arrowin' potry beautiful."

The poet, while modestly admitting the fact, protested that lack of time was the sole hindrance to his doing himself justice in verse. He consented, however, "to knock off somethin' sootable" in humble prose, and was speedily furnished by Veever with a sheet of the half-inch black-edged notepaper which the latter kept by him for future invitations to his funeral. Then, following the laborious twistings of the pen with his tongue, and delightedly conscious of the admiration of the onlookers, he began the letter.

"*Deer Sister*——"

"Sounds like as if you was writin' 'ome, don't it?" said Mullall, dubiously.

Tunks tacitly acknowledged the force of this criticism by dipping his pen in the ink and adding the word "Miss." The letter proceeded.

"Following the laborious twistings of the pen with his tongue."

"*Hopping this finds you, as it leeves us at present*——"

"With one foot in the grave, most o' you," commented Jan. "I ask you, is it manners to 'ope that to a young lady?"

Tunks regarded the inexperienced sexagenarian with pity.

"I've lived longer in the world than what you 'ave, my lad," he said, kindly, "and it stands to reason that I know more things. The Queen herself always begins her letters ilke that."

Not being in a position to contradict this statement, Jan wisely allowed it to pass.

"*Us at present*," repeated Tunks, "*we takes the libberty of braking it jently to you that your financeer*—"

"Her 'ow much?" demanded Jan.

"Lat'n for promised 'usband," explained Tunks, airily. "*That your financeer*," he continued, with emphasis, "*as dislokated his pore neck*."

The rapt silence with which this epistolary masterpiece was received was presently broken by Jan.

"It must be a rare treat," he thoughtfully observed, "to 'ear you break noos roughly."

"Well, 'ow the 'ell would you put it?" demanded the offended author.

"Couldn't you make it more romantic like?" insinuated Butterbiggins, anticipating further boot throwings. "It might seem less 'ard to her, too, if he'd died abroad instead of in Plymouth."

With the characteristic promptitude and resource of the British seaman Tunks scored out the last five words, and substituted the following:

"*While climeing the Rock of Giberaltar was bit in the stummick by one of they wild monkeys.*"

Jan's objection to this mode of death, on the score that it would remind her of the Mevagissey story, was unanimously overruled.

"Put in somethin' about 'Christian fortitood,'" suggested the leader of the choir.

"I'm agoin' to, of course, if you'll give me time," said Tunks, irritably. "*He was took aboard to the sick bay where he slowly sank being able to eat nothing but a little food with his meals. He departed this life with Christian fortytewd freely forgivin the monkey what ad killed him his last words*

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being jacko jacko thou little knowest what mischief thou ast done."

This slightly embroidered narrative meeting with general approbation, it was signed (and well thumbed) by every one present, and placed in so grief-stricken an envelope that two-thirds at least of the address were lost in the gloom of the border. The question—as to who should convey the sad tidings was settled by placing the letter in a conspicuous position on the table. And here, long after its worn-out collaborators were wrapped in slumber, it was found and read with smiling lips and dimmed eyes by its fair addressee.

The following forenoon she brought a visitor to Benbow Ward. That her tears were perilously near falling it was plain enough to see; but she was smiling very happily nevertheless, and so was the tall sunburnt gentleman in the tweed suit who accompanied her. Benbow Ward felt that such conduct was an outrage on morality.

"A sojer orf'cer," whispered Tunks behind his hand. "I know 'im by the cut of his jib."

"An' that there pore financeer a-coolin' in his cawfin," added Veever, *sotto voce.*

"See, I have brought some one to visit you," she was saying, and her children caught a new note in the sweet, familiar voice. "He is very anxious to make your acquaintance, so I am going to leave you to entertain him while I go round my other wards. And I can assure you, Harry"—she smiled at her companion—"that I could not leave you in better hands."

"Harry" seated himself on the foot of Tunks's bed, entirely unabashed by its owner's stare of disfavour.

"Now, then, which of you wrote the letter?"

Had the old gentlemen been taxed with forging it they could scarcely have been more upset by the question. The ordinarily slow-witted and decrepid Dafter slipped under his bed, and the paralytic Veever covered his head with the counterpane, while Tunks remained where he was and blubbered.

"Come along; I want to know, you know."

The voice was kind and even gentle, but it was also the voice of one accustomed to be obeyed; and the ancient mariners recognised the fact.

"Well, then, if you *will* 'ave it," sobbed Tunks, defiantly, "it were me." The next moment he was gazing stupidly at a sovereign which lay in his shrunken palm.

"A trifle to buy some tobacco with for Benbow Ward," exclaimed its donor, cheerily.

"An' beggin' your pardon, sir, for makin' so bold," said Dafter, crawling from under his bed, "but who in the Lord's name may *you* be?"

"Well, as far as I can gather," laughed the visitor, "I am the man that was bitten to death by monkeys at Gib."

"'Calamity Jane's' financeer!" ejaculated Tunks. "Let me get at that bloomin' west country faker o' fairy tales, an' 'e won't 'ardly be worth pickin' up when I've done with 'im."

"I take you all to witness," retorted Jan, appealing to the ward in general, "that the old fule told me she was goin' to marry Cap'n O. Joyce o' the 'Andromash.'"

"Cap'n o' Marines, I said," corrected Tunks, stiffly.

"Cap'n O. Joyce," insisted Jan.

"Cap'n o' Joeys, I might ha' said," admitted Tunks, on reflection.

"There, there," laughed the visitor, "it is quite easy to see how the mistake arose—the words sound very much the same, don't they? *I* am the 'Andromache's' Captain of Marines—or Joeys, as you call us, and Captain Joyce, the navigating commander, was the officer who unfortunately fell into the hold. So, you see, our west country friend was partly right, though he was wrong about the accident being a fatal one. Are these pretty paper roses for sale, may I ask?"

"They're for Calam—I mean, the Sister's weddin'—bless 'er 'art!" explained their proud creator. "We're each of us makin' somethin' for her trooso."

And then, while their new friend was praising Veever's woolwork, and the cage of mice, and the rest of the poor little tributes of affection, the door opened, and their future recipient returned. And when the "financeer" explained to her the object of Benbow Ward's labours, she felt as if she wanted to laugh and cry at the same time. But presently recovering herself, she made the old men a little speech.

"Dear old friends," she said, in the low, silvery tones which had soothed them in many an hour of pain, "from the bottom of my heart I thank you all very, very much. I have received many presents already—some of them very costly—and be sure that yours will have an honoured place among them; but the one that I shall prize most highly of all, and shall cherish to my dying day, is the kind letter I cried over in Benbow Ward last night when you were all asleep."

"Three cheers for 'Calamity Jane!'" piped the ex-bo'sun's mate, forgetting, in his enthusiasm, her official tally.

"*And* the financeer," added Tunks, mindful of the sovereign in his nightcap.

The Heroes We Mourn.

THE tough fighting that Lord Methuen has encountered in his advance to the relief of Kimberley will make this Christmas season a sad one in many an English home. In the reconnaissance under Colonel Gough on November 10, the Service lost one of its most promising young officers by the death of Captain and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Keith-Falconer. Colonel Keith-Falconer was only just thirty-nine, and had not quite completed seventeen years' service, for he only joined the "Fighting Fifth" in January, 1883. He graduated from the Staff College in 1895, and then got his chance in Egypt, serving through all Lord Kitchener's campaign, thrice winning mention in despatches, and earning two brevets. By Colonel Keith-Falconer's death one of the most ancient houses in Scotland is thrown into mourning, he being a first cousin of the present Earl of Kintore. In the toughly contested attack on the Boer position at Belmont the Northumberland Fusiliers lost two more of their mess, for Eagar and Brine were killed. Both had served with their battalion through the Omdurman Campaign. Eagar was the senior captain of his battalion, but poor Brine was quite a junior lieutenant, and not twenty-five. He was the only surviving son of Colonel Brine, who lately commanded the Royal Engineers at Aldershot, and he came of a stock that has supplied many officers to both Army and Navy for the last three generations. At Belmont the 3rd Grenadiers also lost two officers, both lieutenants, Fryer, who was killed, and Hollinshead-Blundell, who died of his wounds. Fryer was only a week short of seven years' service when he lost his life, and had been adjutant of his battalion since January 1. Blundell, who was a nephew of Colonel Blundell, M.P., of Ince, and whose death will create deep sorrow in Lancashire, was just a month senior in service to Fryer, and was the senior subaltern of his battalion. He was a thorough sportsman, and had for two years hunted the Windsor Draghounds. Belmont was fought on November 23, and two days later another heavy engagement took place at Graspan, or Enslin, as it is now termed, at which the Naval Brigade suffered heavily.

Our portraits are of Captain Senior, a young captain of the Royal Marine Artillery, only twenty-four years of age, and of Midshipman Huddart, who was senior midshipman of the "Doris," the flag-ship at the Cape, and who was acting as A.D.C. to Flag-Captain Prothero, who commanded the Naval Brigade, and was himself severely wounded. The day before the battle of Enslin an armoured train reconnaissance was made, and in the fighting that ensued a very promising young Irish officer, Lieutenant F. Owen-Lewis, lost his life. With his death the Indian Staff Corps loses its first officer in this campaign, for it was to the Indian Army that Lieutenant Lewis belonged. In 1897, when the plague was so virulent at Poona, Lewis was in charge of the military force detailed to assist the sanitary authorities in stamping it out. His rigorous efforts drew down upon him the hatred of the religious fanatics of Poona, and he narrowly escaped assassination. He happened to be in South Africa when hostilities broke out, and applying at once for employment, was attached to the mounted infantry of the Loyal North Lancashire, only to meet almost immediately the death he had two years ago escaped at Poona. Of the two officers whose portraits are here given who lost their lives in the Modder River fight the senior was Lieutenant-Colonel Stopford, who commanded the 2nd Coldstream Guards. Colonel Stopford, who was a grand-nephew of the third Lord Courtown, joined the Coldstreamers, as a subaltern of a year's service, in 1875, and only succeeded to the command of the battalion, at the head of which he died, in February last. Colonel Northcott had seen much and varied service in Africa, mainly on the West Coast, where the conspicuous tact and ability he displayed as Commissioner and Commandant of the Gold Coast Northern Territories earned him the C.B. When the Army Corps was mobilised he was appointed D.A.A.G. to the 1st Division. The loss of Major Scott-Turner was a very severe one to Colonel Kekewich and the Kimberley garrison. A very young captain in the Royal Highlanders, Major Scott-Turner had seen much service in Matabeleland, he having been for many years seconded for service with the British South Africa Company's forces. He was only promoted regimental captain in May last year.

Our remaining portraits are of officers who perished in the opening phases of the war. Lieutenant the Hon. D. H. Marsham was a son of Lord Romney, and a grandson of the Marquess of Hastings. He was senior lieutenant of the 4th Battalion Bedfordshire, but had been seconded for service with the Bechuanaland Frontier Police. Lieutenant Brabant, of the Imperial Light Horse, who was killed near Ladysmith, was a son of Colonel Brabant, C.M.G., the well-known Cape soldier and politician.

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The Story of the War.

OUR yarn was necessarily broken last week just after the reverse to Gatacre's force before Stormberg. According to all the "rules of the game," what should then have followed was, first, an advance on the part of Methuen from Modder River, with, perhaps, a sharp but successful struggle on the road to Kimberley; and, secondly, a collision between the large force concentrated under Buller on the Tugela and the Boers at Colenso, with the relief of Ladysmith to follow as a matter of course. But, alas! "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," and the actual sequence of events has been something very different from that imagined above. In point of fact, Gatacre's reverse has been followed by two fresh reverses in an ascending scale of disaster, and we are now face to face with a situation far more serious than any which has yet been apparent since the war began.

On Monday, December 11, at daybreak Lord Methuen, having on the previous day shelled the Boer position at Magersfontein, running along the road some miles to the north of Modder River, made a desperate attempt to dislodge the enemy, with, however, very disastrous results. The force engaged consisted of the 9th and 12th Lancers, a howitzer battery and three field batteries, the Brigade of Guards, and the Highland Brigade. The latter, under the command of the gallant Major-General Wauchope, was advancing in close formation to the eastern spur of the Boer position, when it was suddenly met with a terrible fire on its flanks, and forced to retire with heavy loss. Re-forming under cover, the brigade again advanced most gallantly to the attack, but could not get home, and all the troops could do was to hold their ground in front of the Boer entrenchments, the Guards successfully repelling an attempted flank attack, and the guns doing considerable execution against the trenches. The casualties at this unfortunate affair were most serious, and included twenty-one officers killed and mortally wounded, forty-four wounded, and three missing. The casualties among non-commissioned officers and men are estimated at nearly 700. Among the officers killed was General Wauchope, whose sad death was universally deplored.

Some relief to the painful sensation caused by the bad news of this reverse was afforded by the report of a bright little action fought by the cavalry under French not far from Nauwpoort. But the relief was of sadly short duration. Early last Saturday morning news began to come through of a yet more serious repulse suffered by Buller's force on the Tugela, to which all had been looking to effect a brilliant coup by dealing the Boers at Colenso a really sharp blow and forthwith relieving Ladysmith. Early on Friday morning Sir Redvers Buller had attempted to force the passage of the Tugela River, and had failed, with appalling loss (the first list of casualties numbering some 1,100), and the abandonment of eleven guns. Exactly what happened it is impossible to describe in the space at our disposal here. But it may be briefly stated that when one brigade had failed to cross by one drift, the Artillery supporting it was sent to aid another brigade to cross by another drift, and, moving incautiously to the edge of the river, was fired on by a concealed force of the enemy, and nearly all the horses killed, with the result that only seven guns out of eighteen were saved. Deeming it impossible to continue forcing the passage without artillery aid, Buller now withdrew his troops, leaving the Boers masters of the field.

It is needless to say that this positive defeat created a most painful impression throughout the whole country. The Cabinet was hastily summoned, and the situation was vigorously and promptly dealt with. On Monday morning a succession of measures was announced which caused the greatest satisfaction, the most comprehensive of them being the proposed despatch of strong contingents of Yeomanry and Volunteers to the front, the employment of a dozen Militia battalions on service outside the United Kingdom, the acceptance of further troops from the colonies, and the formation of fresh local corps. The Seventh Division, now in course of mobilisation, would, it was mentioned, be promptly sent out to South Africa, together with Artillery reinforcements, including a Howitzer Brigade.

But, over and above these far-reaching steps, another announcement was made of, in some respects, still greater interest. While retaining Sir Redvers Buller in command in Natal, the Government had appointed a fresh Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, Lord Roberts, with Lord Kitchener as his Chief of the Staff. It is difficult to describe the enthusiasm which these appointments created, and it is premature to discuss their full significance. But it goes without saying that they indicate not only a clear realisation of the gravity of the situation, but also a stern resolve to bring every possible leverage to bear upon the accomplishment of our task in South Africa with essential thoroughness. Already great numbers of the Volunteers have come forward, and it is not too much to say that if 200,000 more men were wanted they would be readily forthcoming.

England may not be a military nation in the continental sense, but she has some resources, and in the present crisis her motto is, to borrow the German Emperor's exhortation, "Full steam ahead!"

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards	E	Natal
6th ,, ,,	B	Cape Frontier
1st Royal Dragoons	D	Natal
2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys)		Cape Colony
5th Lancers	E	Natal
6th Dragoons	B	Cape Colony
9th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
10th Hussars	B	Cape Colony
12th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
13th Hussars	D	Natal
18th ,,	E	Natal
19th ,,	E	Natal

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

G and P Batteries, R.H.A.	A	Cape Frontier
O and R ,, ,,	B	Cape Frontier
4th Battery, R.F.A.		Cape Colony
7th ,, ,,	D	Natal
13th ,, ,,	E	Natal
14th ,, ,,	D	Natal
18th ,, ,,	A	Cape Frontier
21st ,, ,,	E	Ladysmith, Natal
37th ,, ,,	B	Cape Frontier
38th ,, ,,	C	Cape Frontier
42nd ,, ,,	E	Ladysmith, Natal
53rd ,, ,,	E	Ladysmith, Natal
61st ,, ,,	D	Natal
62nd ,, ,,	A	Cape Frontier
63rd ,, ,,		Cape Colony
64th ,, ,,	D	Natal
65th ,, ,,		Cape Colony
66th ,, ,,	D	Natal
67th ,, ,,	E	Ladysmith, Natal
69th ,, ,,	E	Ladysmith, Natal
73rd ,, ,,	D	Natal
74th ,, ,,	C	Cape Frontier
75th ,, ,,	A	Cape Frontier
77th ,, ,,	C	Cape Frontier
79th ,, ,,	C	Cape Colony
No. 4 Mountain Battery	D	Natal
No. 10 ,, ,,		Natal
14th Co. W. Division, R.G.A.	D	Cape Colony
23rd ,, ,, ,,		Kimberley

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	A	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	E	Natal
1st Devonshire	E	Natal
1st Leicestershire	E	Natal
1st Gloucestershire	E	Natal
1st Border	D	Natal
1st North Lancashire*		Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	A	Cape Frontier
1st King's Royal Rifles	E	Natal
2nd ,, ,, ,,	E	Natal
1st Manchester	E	Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	E	Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers	E	Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers	E	Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	E	Natal
2nd Devon	D	Natal
2nd West Yorkshire	D	Natal
2nd West Surrey	D	Natal
2nd East Surrey	D	Natal
1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Highland L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
1st Scots Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Irish Rifles	C	Cape Frontier
2nd Northamptonshire	A	Cape Frontier
3rd Grenadiers	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Black Watch	A	Cape Frontier
1st Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Scottish Rifles	D	Natal
1st Argyll and Sutherland	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Seaforths	A	Cape Frontier
1st Durham Light Infantry	D	Natal
3rd King's Royal Rifles	D	Natal
1st Rifle Brigade	D	Natal
1st Welsh	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Somerset L.I.	D	Natal
2nd Northumberland Fusiliers	C	Cape Frontier
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Connaught Rangers	D	Natal
1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Royal Scots	C	Cape Frontier
1st Gordon Highlanders	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Shropshire L.I.		Cape Frontier
2nd Cornwall L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
1st Suffolk		Cape Frontier
1st Essex		Cape Colony
1st Derbyshire	D	Natal
1st Yorkshire		Cape Colony

NOTE.—The troops whose station is given as "Cape Frontier" are thus distinguished: A denotes those under General Methuen pushing on to Kimberley; B those keeping the line of communications and holding the line De Aar-Nauwpoort-Stormberg that connects the three railway systems whose termini are Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London; C those advancing from East London to drive Boers out of North-Eastern Provinces. Troops marked D form the Ladysmith Relief Force. Troops marked E are those with Sir G. White.

The regiments that have left or are immediately about to leave by this date are as follows: Cavalry—Composite Regiment Household Cavalry, and 14th Hussars. Artillery—R.H.A., Q, T, and U Batteries; R.F.A., 19th, 20th, and 28th Batteries; 15th Co. W. Division, and 20th Co. S. Division, R.G.A.; and a siege train of 32 officers and 1,104 men. Infantry—2nd R. Lancaster, 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, 1st South Lancashire, 1st York and Lancaster, 2nd R. Warwickshire, 2nd Dorsetshire, 2nd Middlesex, 2nd East Kent, 2nd Bedford, 1st Royal Irish, 1st West Riding, 1st Oxford L.I., 2nd Wilts, 2nd Worcestershire, 2nd Gloucester, 2nd Lincoln, 2nd Norfolk, 1st Scottish Borderers, 1st East Lancashire, 2nd Cheshire, 2nd Hampshire, 2nd South Wales Borderers, 2nd North Staffordshire, 1st Lincoln, and 2nd East Yorkshire.

* Left half battalion with Methuen.

NOTE.—Naval Brigades are now at Ladysmith, De Aar, Nauwpoort, and Durban.

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The Naval Defence of Bombay.

THE particular duty of the Bombay Defence Squadron is the protection of the Indian ports and harbours from the attack of any hostile cruisers that might threaten them.

This squadron is maintained by the supreme Government of India, in addition to the regular sea-going squadron of cruisers and gun-boats always kept in commission on the East Indies station and periodically relieved from home.

The "Naval Defence" of Bombay consists at the present time of two small double-turreted coast defence ironclads, the "Magdala" and the "Abyssinia" (in reserve), two gun-boats (one in reserve), and seven first-class torpedo-boats.

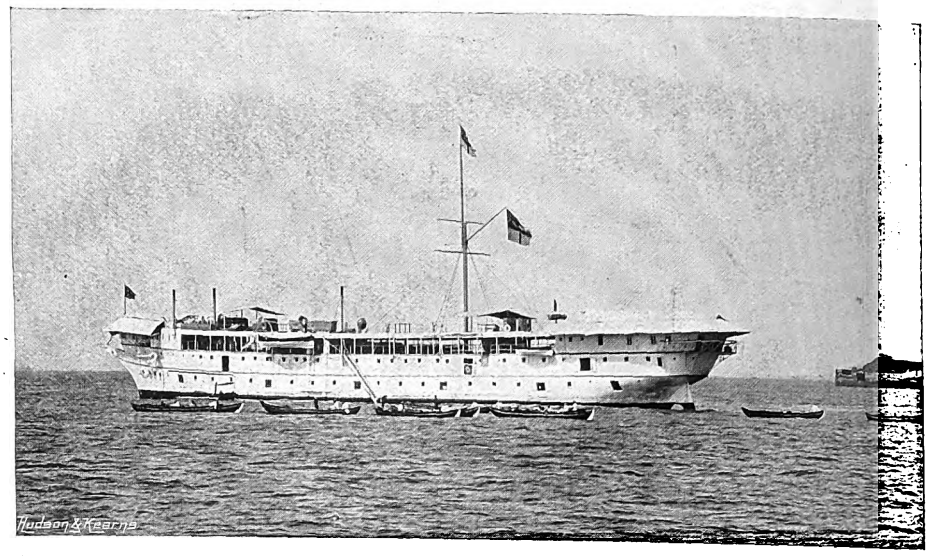
This force, while under the general command of the rear-admiral on the East Indies station, has a separate administrative existence under the charge of a captain R.N.

Since 1897 the senior Naval officer of the Bombay Defence Squadron has been Captain H. L. Fleet, who has just accepted the post of flag-captain to Rear-Admiral R. M. Lake, of the "Howe," Port Guard-ship at Queenstown.

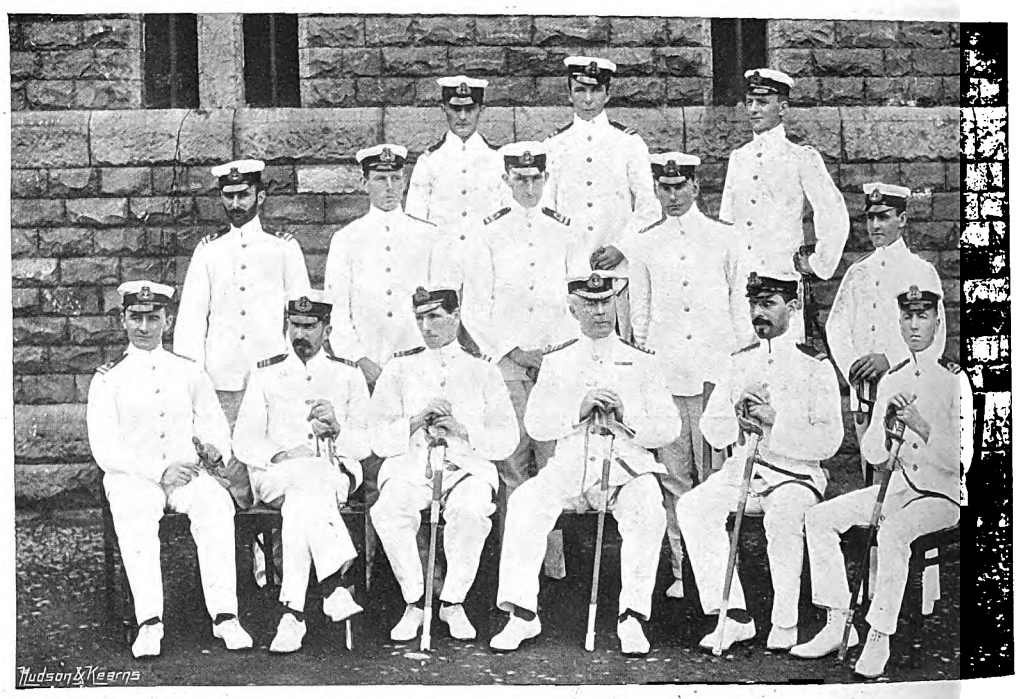
The floating home of the European portion of the officers and men of the Bombay Naval Defence is a hulk known as the "Tenasserim," which figures in one of our illustrations.

Another picture shows the personnel of the whole force, which numbers close upon 600 men, and comprises four companies of native seamen.

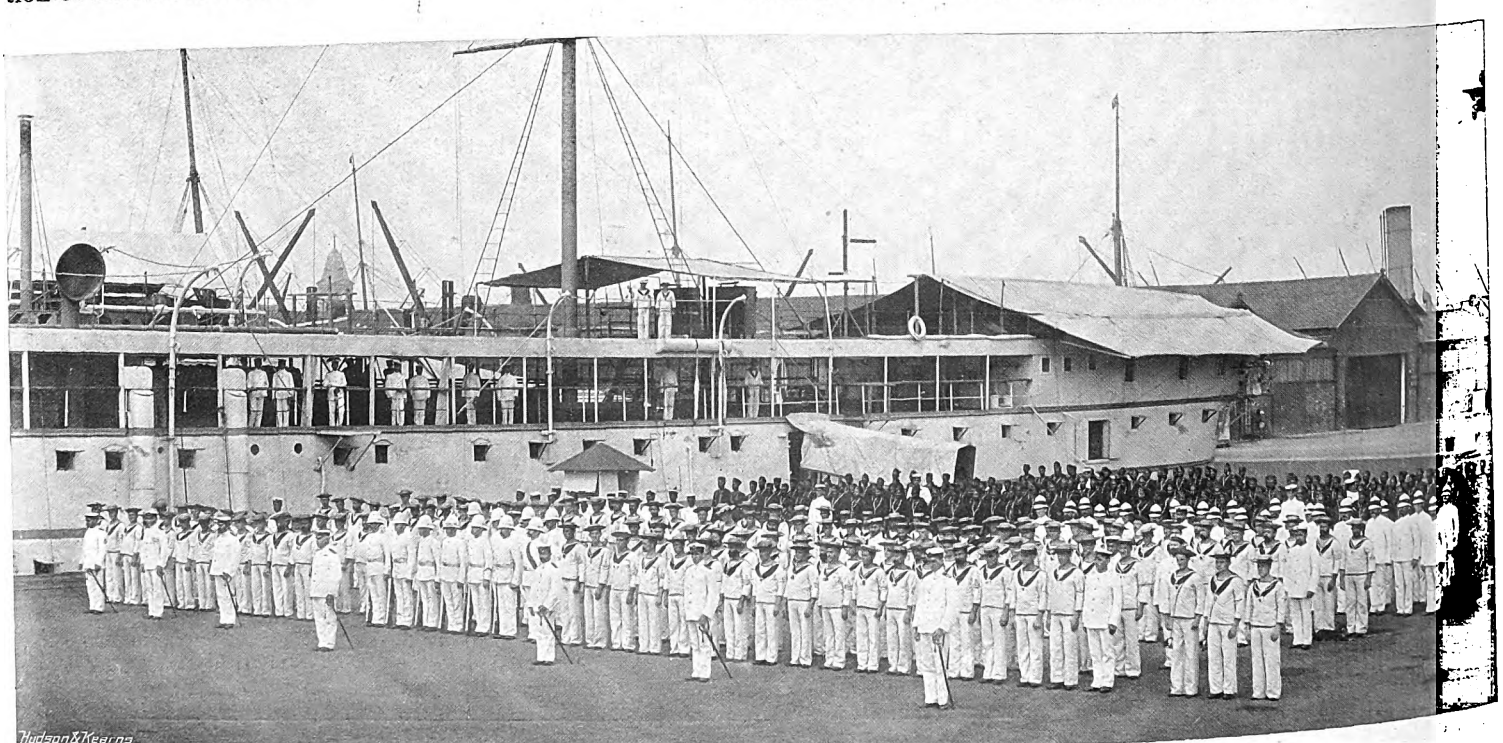
Captain Fleet will be much missed at Bombay, both inside and outside the Service. He is a smart seaman, and at the last inspection was complimented very highly by Admiral Douglas on the efficiency and discipline of the Naval Defence, which, it may be mentioned, is locally known as the "Indian Marine." The crews of the squadron consist of about one-half British, and one-half native lascars, raised from among the seafaring population of the Malabar Coast



THE FLOATING HOME OF THE BOMBAY NAVAL DEFENCE.
The European Portion of the Crews Live on Board the Hulk "Tenasserim."



THE OFFICERS OF THE "INDIAN MARINE."
Captain H. L. Fleet and the Officers of the Bombay Naval Defence.



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WHITE AND COLOURED—THE EUROPEAN AND NATIVE PERSONNEL OF THE SQUADRON.

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Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—VIII.

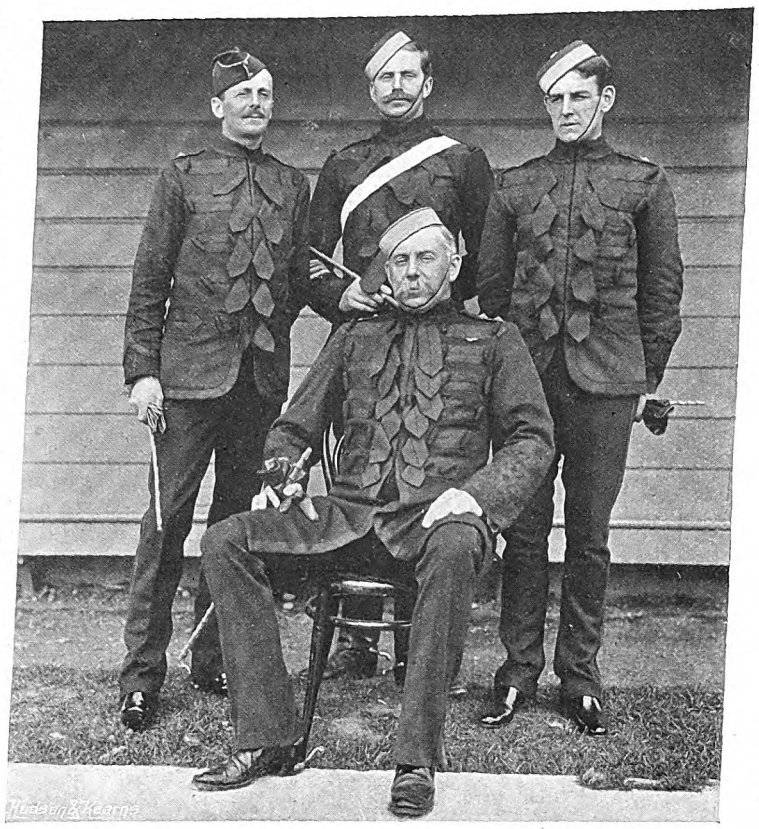
THE war in which we are now involved has proved beyond doubt that the British Empire is united in every sense of the word.

The loyal sons of our colonies have shown their willingness to range themselves against the enemies of the Home Government, for are not the foes of the nation the enemies of the whole Empire?

Already have several of our colonial corps given a good account of themselves against the Boers, and ere the campaign is over we may expect to hear still more of their prowess.

Having regard to the fact that New Zealand has furnished a corps of mounted riflemen for service in South Africa, the accompanying illustrations of the Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry should prove of interest.

There is in New Zealand material in abundance for the formation of cavalry or mounted rifles. Every New Zealander is partial to "horse-flesh," and it is not surprising that in nearly every district of the colony a mounted corps has been formed. The ranks are for the most part filled by yeoman farmers or squatters, and there are to be found among them not a few men of wealth, for as a rule the officers have risen from the ranks.



OFFICERS AND SERGEANT-MAJOR, Canterbury Volunteers.

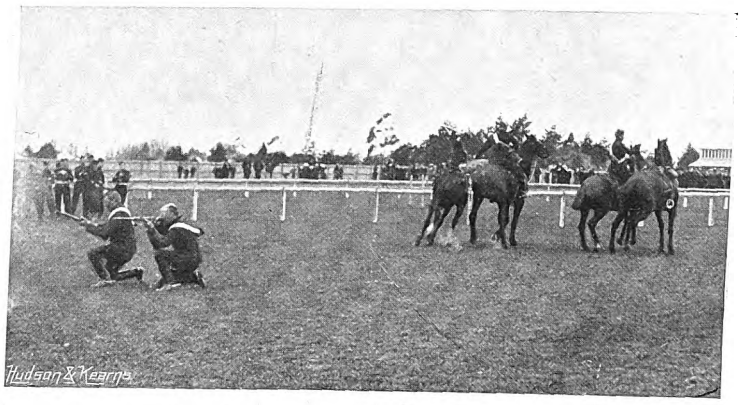
TRUMPET-MAJOR THOMPSON, CANTERBURY YEOMANRY CAVALRY. A Typical Mount.

It is hardly to be believed by one who has not been brought up among them that the inhabitants of a colony so small can produce such an efficient number of mounted men. For the last twenty years the Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry and other corps of the same description have called forth the surprise and admiration not only of civilian "globe-trotters," but of military critics, both British and Continental. If in the domain of drill they cannot compete with our regular cavalry, the latter can certainly give them no points as far as equitation is concerned.

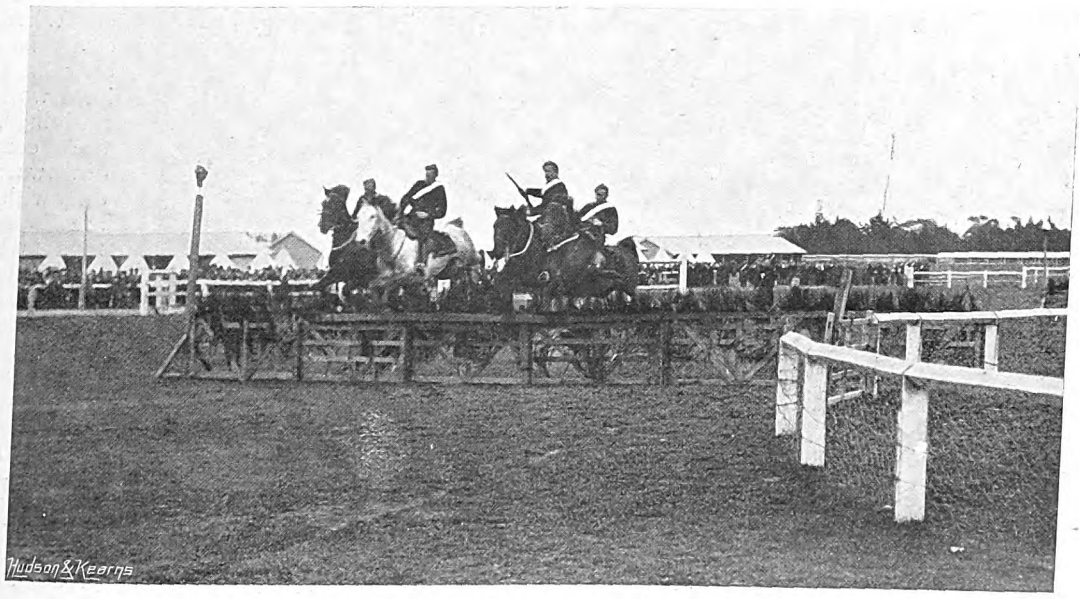
This is easily explained when it is considered that not only the officers, but the rank and file of such corps as the one here represented, are accustomed regularly to follow the hounds on steeds that are at once chargers and hunters. Nor do these "Sons of the Empire" allow any ordinary obstacles, whether stone wall, fence, wire, or river, to stand in the way of their riding straight to hounds.

Only recently a visitor to New Zealand, fresh from the Long Valley and the Fox Hills, was heard to eulogise the local troops in no measured terms. "They are fine fellows and magnificent riders," he said. "As a body I am sure they have not their equals in the world. I should like to see a match across country between them and an equal number of men from any crack cavalry corps of American rough riders. They would show up to advantage, and I have no doubt as to what the result would be."

It would certainly be hard to find a regiment so well mounted, for most of the troopers ride thorough-breds, at all times in the pink of condition. There are a number of other mounted corps in the colony. They are, in order of seniority, the Alexandra Cavalry, Wairoa Mounted Rifles, Otago Hussars, Heretaunga Mounted Rifles, Hawere Mounted Rifles, North Otago Mounted Rifles, Waikato Mounted Rifles, Manawatu Mounted Rifles, Southland Mounted Rifles, Clutha Mounted Rifles, and No. 2 Waikato Mounted Rifles.



CANTERBURY YEOMANRY CAVALRY. Lloyd-Lindsay Competition—Restive Steeds.



CANTERBURY YEOMANRY CAVALRY. A Section in the Lloyd-Lindsay Competition Returning.

All are mounted rifles, with the exception of the Canterbury Yeomanry

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 152.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30th, 1899.

Photo. Copyright. D'Arcy.

THE RIGHT HON. FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C., K.P., ETC.,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN SOUTH AFRICA.

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The Imperial Service Troops.

THE KASHMIR ARMY.

IN 1889, during the Viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin, a most important reform was introduced in the organisation of the armies of the Native States in India. The rulers of the various principalities had offered money to the extent of 125 lakhs of rupees to aid in the military expenditure for the defence of the peninsula. Instead of accepting this offer of money, the Government of India determined rather to organise the irregular troops maintained by the feudatory princes into a reliable force. It was anticipated that under the control of British officers, instead of remaining a source of political danger, these troops might, in time of war, be converted into a valuable reserve.

Amongst many others, the Maharajah of Kashmir made the definite offer of giving 1,000,000 rupees and of placing at the disposal of the Government all the troops and material of war which his State possessed. The Government of India accepted two squadrons of cavalry, about 350 men; six regiments of infantry, about 3,700 men; and two mountain batteries, each of 47-pounder rifled guns. It should be added, however, that the military liabilities of Kashmir are different to those of other Native States. It has to safeguard its northern frontier—the first duty of its Imperial Service Troops.

GENERAL SURAM CHAND.
Kashmir Army.

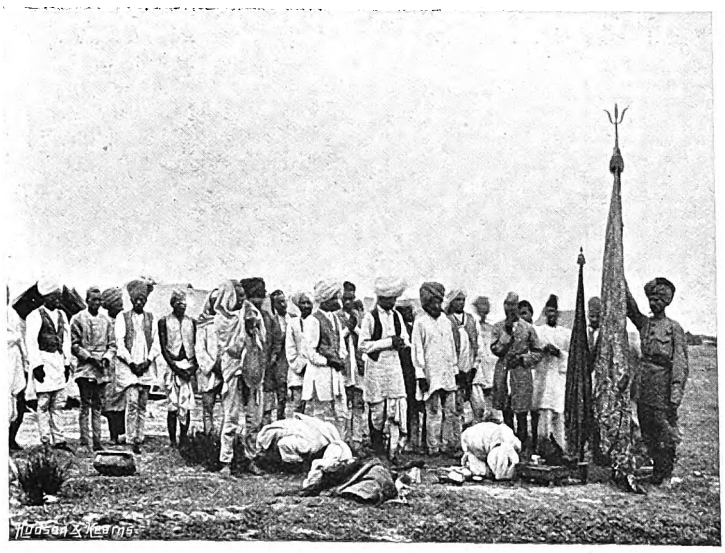
The regimental centre of the Kashmir Army is at Jummu. All Imperial Service Troops are under the control of an inspector-general (Colonel H. Melliss), with his headquarters at Simla. British inspecting officers are appointed, who live in touch with the native troops. Those at present in charge of the Kashmir Army are Major E. T. Gastrell, I.S.C., and Captain F. MacMunn, R.A.

During recent years the innovation brought in by Lord Dufferin's Government has borne the best fruit, and, trained by British officers, the Imperial Service Troops have not only shown themselves smart and well-turned-out soldiers on parade, but have proved valuable allies on the battle-field.

But the severest test of all has fallen to the lot of the Kashmir infantry, illustrations of which service we now reproduce. They were first actively engaged in the Hanza-Nagar troubles; but it was during the memorable siege of Chitral that the 4th (Ragunath) Regiment of Kashmir Infantry earned the first great laurels of the Imperial Service Troops. Forty riflemen of this corps were with Lieutenants Edwards and Fowler at the siege of Reshun, while in the fort at Chitral Sir G. Robertson's garrison consisted of 340 riflemen, of whom eighty-three were Sikhs of the British Service, the remainder being Kashmir Infantry. One has only to read Sir G. Robertson's excellent "History of a Minor Siege" to realise of what stuff the Kashmir troops are made.

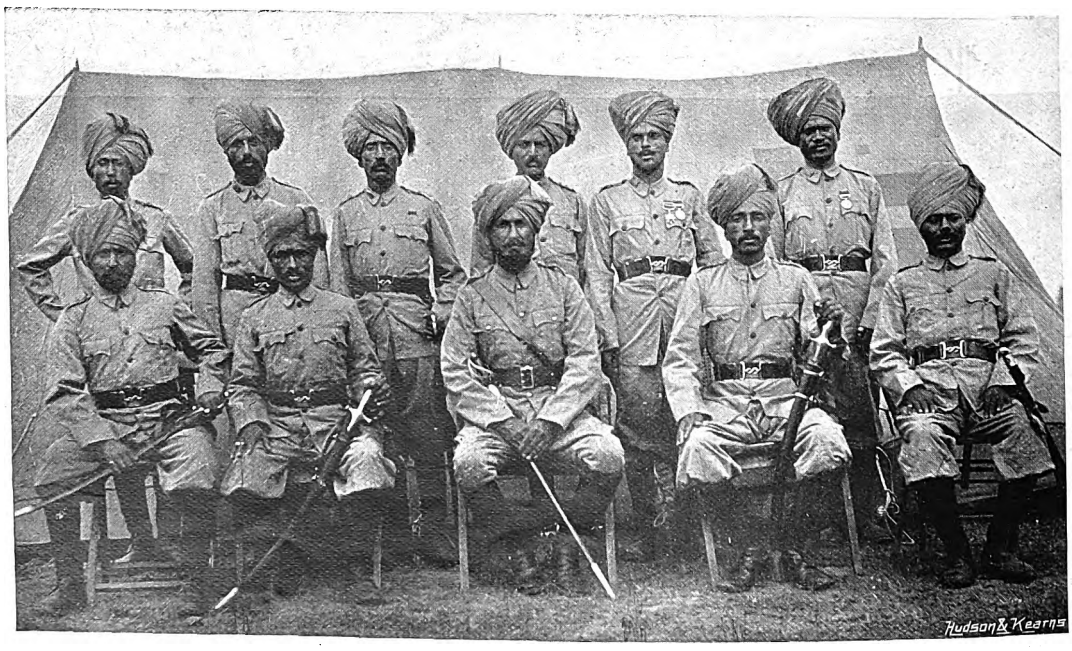
The majority of the Kashmir troopers and riflemen are Dogras, a classification of the Rajput, but a considerable number are recruited Ghoorkas, and there are some Mohammedans. The picture of General Suram Chand gives a very fair type of the Dogra officer, who, like the late General Baj Singh, is prepared to die doing his duty. We also give an illustration of the reverence in which the regimental colours are held. Before these colours all Hindu recruits are sworn in, and daily the regimental priests hold ceremonies in which devotion to the colours is the principal. The group of the officers of the 2nd Regiment, with Lieutenant-Colonel Makhan in the centre, gives evidence of the soldierly appearance of the Dogra.

It will be observed that three of the men wear decorations, one having the Order of Merit, which is bestowed upon the native army for distinguished service in the field.



SWEARING IN RECRUITS.
Saluting the Colours.

"TURN OUT THE QUARTER-GUARD."
General Salute.



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COLONEL MAKHAN AND OFFICERS OF THE 2nd KASHMIR RIFLES.

Jemadar Karam Bahan. Jemadar Nakhun. Ram Rakha. Jemadar Anant Ram. Jemadar Bajitar Singh. Jemadar Karam Bahan. Subadar Mokhum Singh. Subadar Nathu. Lieut.-Col. Makhan. Subadar Chutr Yang. Subadar Rabel Singh.

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REGIMENTAL pets will be an institution as long as there is a British Army. Naturally the Welch Regiment follows the tradition of the senior corps of the Principality, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and has for its regimental pet a goat, which heads the battalion when on the march, and should be making an excellent figure with the forces in South Africa. In our illustration the goat is seen making serious love—with a distinct purpose in view—to Lieutenant F. H. Romilly, who has the proud distinction of carrying the regimental colour as junior subaltern of the 1st Welch. (Spelt with a C, remember, for that, though unauthorised by Pall Mall, has always been the regimental custom.) Billy's lot, however, is not altogether a happy one, for he has a rival in the shape of an owl recently captured and gaining favour rapidly in the regiment. Billy does not like the owl, and the owl, in all the majesty of its superior wisdom, looks down with contempt upon Billy. There will be trouble in the 1st Welch unless the two agree to sink their differences in the presence of a common foe; and when they do, let "Oom Paul" beware.

Photo. Copyright. CUPBOARD LOVE. *C. Knight.*
The Goat of the Welch Regiment.

IRELAND has always been a most prolific recruiting ground for the British Army, and to-day it is more than ever so, and Dublin, of course, as the chief recruiting centre of the country, is specially busy. The staff of this important depôt is shown in our second illustration, the two officers seated in the centre and in mufti being (on the left) Major Dunlop, recruiting staff officer, and Lieutenant-Colonel M. L. White, medical officer. Major Dunlop is—or rather was till the other day—a Royal Irish Rifleman, he having exchanged into that regiment from the 1st West India, in which corps he commenced his military career. Quite recently, however, he has left the Service, having been appointed chief constable of the East Riding of Yorkshire. Major Dunlop has made recruiting work a speciality, worked wonders at his own depôt, that of the Royal Irish Rifles at Belfast, and was from there appointed to Dublin. It will be noticed that staff sergeants, of course, preponderate amongst the non-commissioned officers at the depôt, but regimental and departmental non-commissioned officers are also in evidence on the look-out for likely lads for their various corps. On the extreme left, as you look at the picture, stands a stalwart 5th Royal Irish Lancer, who wears the medal and star denoting that he served through the Afghan War of 1878-80 and shared in Roberts's famous march from Cabul to Candahar. Next to him is an Army Service Corps man, then a Coldstream Guardsman in the picturesque white shell-jacket worn only by Guards and Highlanders. Towering above his comrades is a Scots Guardsman, while at the extreme end of the line are an Army Service Corps man and a Gunner. The veteran seated just on the left of the sitting row has most decidedly put in the best part of his service "somewhere east of Suez, where

MEN WHO GIVE THE QUEEN'S SHILLING.
The Recruiting Staff of the Dublin District.

Photos. Copyright. RESULTS OF THE WAR FEVER. *Chancellor.*
The First Batch of Recruits for the Doctor on Monday Morning

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the best is like the worst, where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst." As well as one can distinguish in an illustration he holds the Indian Mutiny and General Service medals, that for Abyssinia, and one it is impossible to make out, besides the long service and good conduct. In the lower picture Pensioner Colour-Sergeant Goggins is shown taking the first batch of recruits to the doctor in the morning. He is an old hero of the Russian War, for he has the medal with three clasps, the Legion of Honour, and the Turkish medal.

Photo. Copyright. C. Knight.

THE GOAT'S RIVAL.
An Owl Captured at Woolmer and now a Pet of the Welch Regiment.

THE accompanying picture brings vividly before us the contrast between the calm of Sunday in a war-ship as opposed to the bustle and work that goes on throughout the week. The guns, polished to an abnormal brilliancy, are not housed as usual, but run out and trained on the beam. From truck to keel the ship is spotless, and will fill with admiration the crowd of visitors that later on will board her. For wherever a ship or fleet calls, crowds flock to visit her, and all the more if it be a Sunday is the crowd composed largely of the working classes. The little tradesman, the artisan of the country town, and the yokels of the neighbourhood all hugely delight in a Sunday trip out to a battle-ship lying in their harbour, and all go away with the conviction that, however heavily we are taxed, at any rate so far as the Navy is concerned we get full value for our money, which is a most excellent thing for the voter to realise.

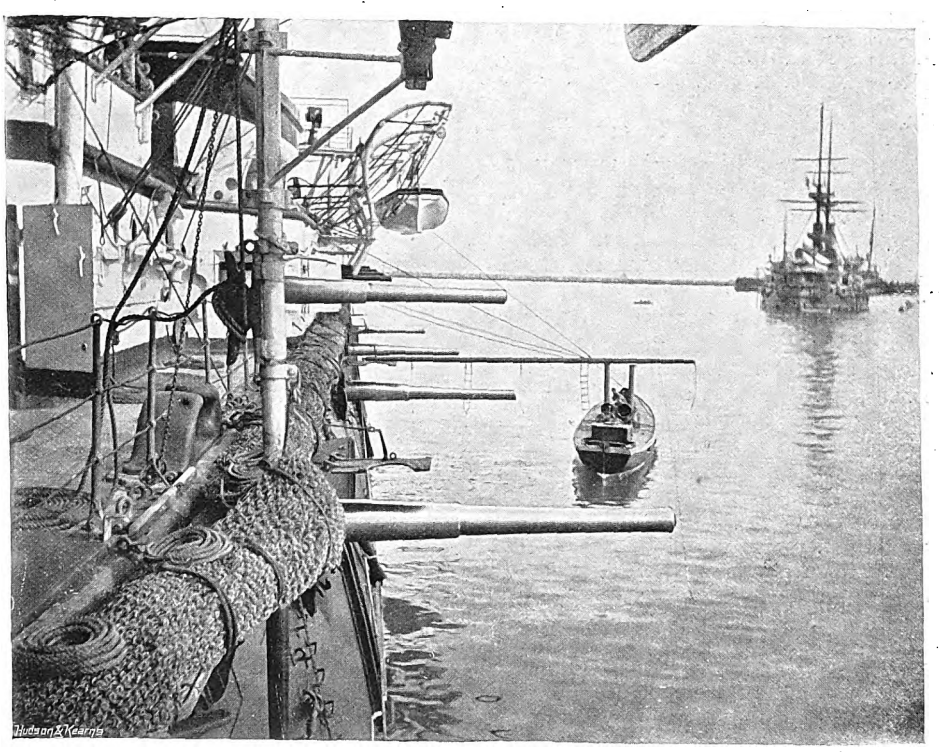


Photo. Copyright. A. Debenham, Ryde.

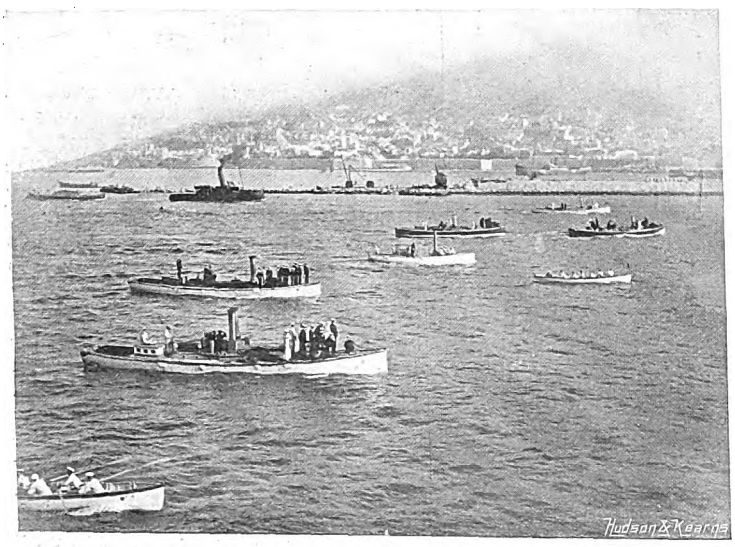
"READY, AYE, READY!"
A War-ship's Guns "Run Out."

IN our issue of November 25 we gave a portrait of Lieutenant Ogilvy, one of the two officers who so ably assisted Captain Scott, of the "Terrible," in the carrying out of the construction of a gun-carriage on which heavy Naval guns could be brought into the field and utilised with rapidity. The portrait of the second officer who so assisted him, Mr. Roskruge, is here given. Mr. Roskruge is the senior assistant-engineer of the "Terrible," and he took no small share in the putting into practice of Captain Scott's invaluable idea, for he made the drawings and superintended the construction of all the metal work. How completely successful the gun-carriage designed by Captain Scott has been, is now amply demonstrated, and though, of course, the credit for the idea is due to that officer alone, none the less are praise and reward due to the two young officers whose knowledge and expertness aided him in putting his idea into practical effect. Mr. Roskruge is quite a young officer, having joined the Service as recently as 1894, and, like many another good man in the Navy, hails from Cornwall.

Photo. "Navy & Army."
ASSISTANT-ENGINEER ROSKRUGE,
H.M.S. "Terrible,"
Who Helped to Construct Captain Scott's Gun-carriage.

AN important sporting annual function of the Channel Squadron came off on December 6, namely, the race for the challenge cup presented to the midshipmen of the squadron by Captain Prince Louis of Battenberg, until lately flag-captain of the squadron. It is an event that always arouses keen interest, and at an early hour in the morning the calm waters of Gibraltar were alive with rowing and steam boats crowded with officers from the various ships, intent on accompanying and witnessing the race. After a tough struggle, the "Repulse" won by the narrow margin of 8-sec. The "Magnificent's" boat was second, and the middies of the "Hannibal" came in third.

The starters were Commander Hutchison, of the "Arrogant," and Lieut. Ellerton, of the "Pactolus," while Capt. Foley and Lieut. Vivian, of the latter ship, were the judges.



Photos. Copyright.

WATCHING THE RACE.
Looking On from the Picket-boats.

"Navy & Army."

THE STRUGGLE.
The "Repulse" Crew Win after a Hard Fight.

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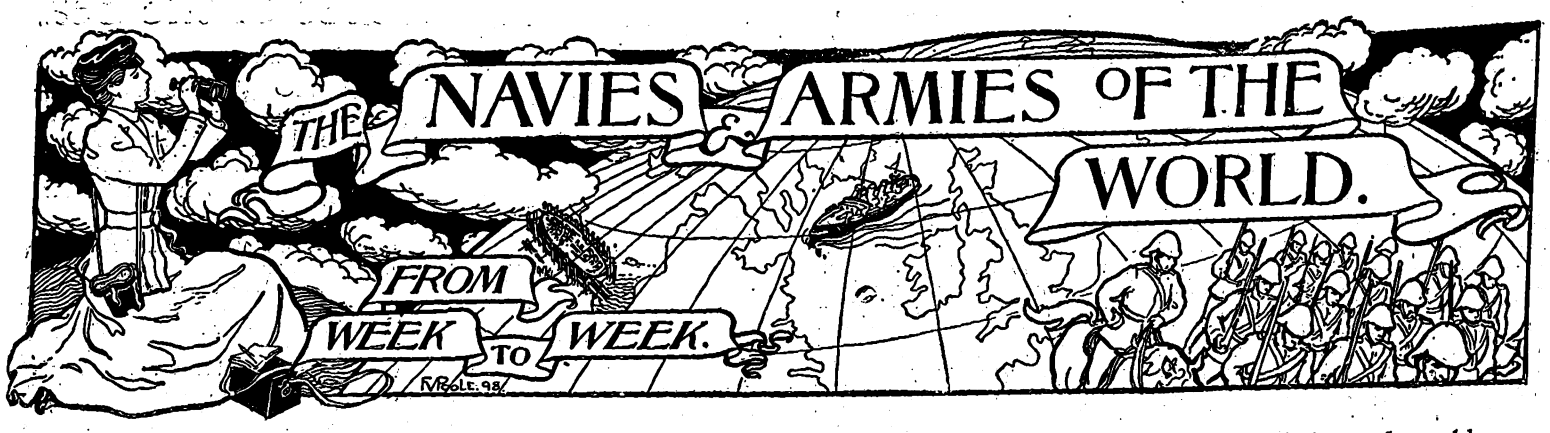

I HAVE come across a little passage of military reminiscence which is curiously applicable to the season, and to events which are attracting all our attention just now. It is from no very recondite source, being, in fact, in the "Private Journal of F. Seymour Larpent, Judge-Advocate-General attached to the headquarters of Lord Wellington during the Peninsular War." The passage is under the date of December 21, 1813, and was written at headquarters, Saint Jean de Luz. This was in the interval between the repulse of Soult's attempt to rescue the French garrisons of San Sebastian and Pampeluna and the advance of the allies into the South of France. Invitations for "Christmas dinners on Saturday next" were flying about. Larpent accepted one from Colonel E——, though he would probably "lose a great party at Lord Wellington's by so doing, for he generally asks heads of departments on those days." He did not greatly care for the loss, for, says he, "I own, however, that I prefer his smaller parties, when fewer grandees are there, and Lord Wellington talks more, and we drink less." This side-light on the social habits of our army in Spain has its value. The said habits, by the way, seem to have been both noisy and bibulous, to judge from other passages in Larpent.

* * * *

But the particular passage to be quoted here is this, "I attended another sale yesterday of Colonel Martyns' effects. It was quite ridiculous to observe the price at which some old things sold. Two second-hand nightcaps, which cost about 1s. 6d. each new in England, fetched 13s. This results partly from distress, partly from fun in the bidders. Old towels, 5s. each; blankets, 25s. I always feel hurt at seeing all an officer's old stock sold in this way, even to his ragged shirts and stockings, tooth-brushes, etc., everything ransacked. This was very near being my case, also, when I was taken prisoner. Mr. Jesse's stock was sold, and he was not a little distressed in consequence." This is a rather grim picture of Christmas at the seat of war, as it was at any rate in 1813 after five years of hard campaigning, and when to be ragged was very much the rule, even with quite distinguished officers. Dandy as he was in his own person, the Duke was almost curiously careless of appearances in his staff so long as the work was done. Mr. Larpent, we see, had pretty much the luck of Mr. Peter Simple when he returned to the "Rattlesnake" to find his effects being made the subject of a premature auction at the mainmast. He might, by the way, have accounted for the high prices commonly offered at these sales by something better than "distress" and "fun," namely, the wish of the survivors to make up a little purse for the family of a comrade. The bulk of the Peninsular officers were very far from rich, and Napier quotes a case in which one of them brought his son with him into the camp, in the hope of securing him a commission, and because he was unable to support him elsewhere.

* * * *

The most pathetic example of the resolution with which Englishmen can be jolly under difficulties at Christmas, and when engaged in warlike operations, is to be found in the narrative of Basil Ringrose the Buccaneer. It is to be met bound up with Esquemeling or Oexmelin. This Basil Ringrose had been at the sack of Panama, and then went into the South Seas with Coxon, Harris, and that "great sea artist and valiant commander," as I think he called himself, Bartholomew Sharpe. He came home by the Horn, and then went out in the "Cynet," not, says Dampier, of his own good will, but being "necessitated to engage in it (*i.e.*, the voyage) or to starve." Buccaneering was not in the long run a profitable business to the great majority of the adventurers. When they did get a little money they frequently took to robbing and murdering one another, there being, as a matter of fact, less honour among thieves than among most classes of persons. Even the adventurers who went with Morgan to Panama divided less than they could have made by honest industry, and numbers of them perished miserably on the Spanish Main, because their wretched little craft could no work up from leeward. Yet the life, with its freedom from restraint and its occasional bouts of indulgence, had a great attraction for the more reckless kind of adventurers. Even Ringrose, though a comparatively sober and steady fellow, may have felt like Kingsley's "Old Buccaneer:"

> "Oh! sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
> A swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
> With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
> Of the breakers on the reefs outside that never touched the shore."

Be that as it may, back he went, and it ended unfortunately, for he was cut off in a skirmish on the coast of Mexico.

* * * *

But to the point. The irrepressible jollity of the Buccaneers was shown in the voyage home from the cruise with Harris, Coxon, and Sharpe. They sailed along in a ship taken from the Spaniards, spending part of their time in investigating one another's past moral characters, a fertile but dangerous subject of enquiry. As Christmas came on it was felt that the season must be duly celebrated, but the means were sadly wanting. At last they made a plum pudding with salt water and wine lees. It must have been a terrible mess, but it was made, and, what is more, it was eaten. The palate of the average Buccaneer was probably not delicate, and his reliance on the capacity of his digestion must have been great. So he fell to and made the best of what he could get. But there were limits even to the digestive powers of a Buccaneer, and the following entries in the diary contain frequent notices of cases of colic. It would not be easy to find a more pathetic example of an effort to be jolly under difficulties than this. The Buccaneers, in spite of a certain halo of romance which hangs about them, and though many of them were above the level of mere pirates, were in the main rather sordid ruffians, but even the Spaniards would have felt some pity for a crew of them struggling round the Horn, on short rations, half naked, and writhing in the pangs of colic, brought on by indulgence in a sloppy mess of salt water and flour (for they must have had some), flavoured with wine lees.

* * * *

Yet great as were the hardships of these men, it is doubtful whether the law-abiding sailors who served the King were always much better off at the festive season. We all know the sad story of the "frigate made to sail on Christmas Day, it blowing hard with sleet, and snow, and hail," as sung by Poll, who leaned against the sentry's box and gave the port-admiral a piece of her mind:

> "So while they cut their raw salt junks,
> With dainties you'll be crammed;
> Here's once for all my mind, old hunks,
> Port-admiral, you be d——d."

When Marryat wrote that he was taking his revenge on the port-admiral, "who would be obeyed, and who would no listen to reason," and therefore sent the "Imperieuse" to sea all in disorder, with the result that nearly deprived the British Navy of Dundonald and of the future author of "Peter Simple." Even in the regular course of war service Christmas must have been little enough of a festivity to the crews of, say, the inshore squadron at Brest, when the unexpected present of a sucking pig from home was a godsend even to the admiral. We have changed all that, and if every tale be true, our soldiers and sailors who are at the front have run some risk of being rather in the state of the port-admiral who was crammed with dainties than in the sad case of the mess which cut their raw salt junks. If they have eaten all they are promised, their training will be none the better. But we need not, perhaps, be much afraid of that, seeing "as how" there cannot be very much appetite for Christmas dinnering from the Modder round to the Tugela. There are too many of us making our feast on prisoners' rations to allow the rest to feel free to exceed in hilarity.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

DECEMBER 31, 1811.—Capture in the Channel of the French 16-gun brig "Chasseur," by the British 20-gun corvette "Blossom."

January 1, 1807.—Capture of Curacoa by the frigates "Arethusa," "Latona," "Fisgard," and "Anson." The fortress was reckoned to be impregnable, but the squadron surprised it at daybreak, the fortifications were stormed, and four Dutch war-ships were taken in the harbour. One of the most brilliant feats of arms on record.

January 2, 1807.—Dashing cutting out affair by the boats of the "Cerberus," 32, off Martinique, by which two French vessels anchored under a battery were taken. Naval medal granted.

January 3, 1801.—Capture of the French "Sénégal," 18, by the boats of the "Melpomene," 38, off the West Coast of Africa, while lying inside a heavy surf bar and under the protection of a heavy battery.

January 4, 1761.—Capture of the French "Bien Aimée," 20, off Cap Tiburon, by the "Trent," 28, after an hour's sharp action.

January 5, 1795.—The famous ship duel between the "Blanche," Captain Robert Faulknor, 32 guns, and the French "Pique," 36 guns. The fighting was at close quarters, and very dashingly maintained from 1 a.m. to 5 p.m., each side repeatedly trying to board, when the French cried for quarter. The heroic Captain Faulknor was shot dead in the act of lashing the "Pique's" bowsprit to the capstan of his ship.

January 6, 1814.—Capture of the French "Cérés," 40, by the British "Niger," 38, and "Tagus," 36. The "Tagus" first brought the "Cérés" to action, whilst the "Niger" headed her off in her attempt to escape, and then, as the latter stood in to assist the "Tagus," the "Cérés" surrendered.

DECEMBER 31, 1811.—Siege of Tarifa. This place was held by 500 British—47th and 87th Regiments—and 1,150 Spaniards. The French laid siege to it with 7,000 men on December 19. A breach was made in the fortification on December 30, and next day the French assaulted, and were driven back with heavy loss.

January 1, 1815.—Defence of Corigaum. A detachment under Captain Francis Staunton, consisting of Poonah Horse and 2nd Bombay Native Infantry—800 men in all—successfully beat off an attack by 25,000 Mahrattas. 1896.—Dr. Jameson and his troopers defeated at Krugersdorp.

January 2, 1606.—Spanish Invasion defeated. A Spanish force having landed in Ireland and taken possession of Kinsale, the town was besieged, and the Spaniards capitulated. 1757.—Calcutta recaptured in less than six months after the taking of the city by Suraja Dowla, and the "Black Hole" avenged. 1896.—Dr. Jameson surrendered to the Boers at Dornkoop.

January 3, 1810.—Storming of Shenoz. This place, in the Persian Gulf, was successfully stormed by a force under Colonel Smith, consisting of the 47th and 67th Foot and the 21st Bombay Native Infantry, with a Naval contingent.

January 4, 1826.—Repulse of the Burmese on the Zittang River. Colonel Pepper successfully repelled an attack by the Burmese on the village of Meekoo.

January 5, 1753.—Defeat of Mahrattas. A British force on the march from Trivadi to Trivendapa was attacked by 4,000 Mahrattas, who were repulsed with heavy loss.

January 6, 1781.—Invasion of Jersey repulsed. A French force of 1,000 men, under Baron Rolancourt, landed in Jersey and took St. Heliers. Major Pierson, after a sharp action, in which Rolancourt was killed and the major himself mortally wounded, defeated the French, and took 700 prisoners.

THE establishment of communication between Ladysmith and Kimberley and their relieving forces by means of the electric search-light has aroused much comment. It has generally been assumed that this constitutes a new departure in signalling, but this is by no means the case. Search-lights have long been used at sea for communicating with distant ships, and at home our chief garrison towns are all fitted with the same apparatus. Messages are sent by means of the ordinary Morse code of long and short flashes. This can be done by simply raising and lowering the beam of light, or by throwing it on and off a convenient cloud. This method is rather slow, and Captain Scott, of the "Terrible," who has sent his ship's search-light apparatus to the front, is the inventor of a simple improvement on it. He has fitted in front of the light a shutter arrangement something like a Venetian blind, which can be opened and closed by a lever, and the flashes thus made more quickly. This and other methods of distant signalling were fully treated of in an article on "Signalling" in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of July 1 this year.

Some Ghost Tales of the Sea.

By EDWARD FRASER.

THE great ghost story of the sea is, of course, the immortal legend of the "Flying Dutchman." There is nobody, I suppose, who has not heard the tale

". . . of that Phantom Ship, whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm;
When the dark scud comes driving hard,
And lowered is every topsail yard;
And canvas, wove in earthly looms,
No more to brave the storm presumes.
Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,
Top and topgallant hoisted high,
Full spread and crowded every sail,
The Demon Frigate braves the gale;
And well the doomed spectators know
The harbinger of wreck and woe."

From Vanderdecken and the Cape of Storms we pass to the Baltic, which also has its story of a doomed ship, little less widely known, in the old legend of the "Carmilhan."

"A ship of the dead that sails the sea,
And is called the 'Carmilhan,'
A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew.
In tempests she appears,
And before the gale or against the gale
She sails, without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers.

"And ill betide the luckless ship
That meets the 'Carmilhan,'
Over her decks the seas will leap,
She must go down into the deep,
And perish, mouse and man."

Away across the Atlantic we have

"The spectre ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water in the loom of morning clouds,"

and also the legend of the "Palatine," the spectre of a ship wrecked on Montauk Point, that is said to appear year by year on the anniversary of her destruction—

"With shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the 'Palatine.'"

The British Navy has its interest, too, in one of these Transatlantic spectre ships. A phantom ship, the story goes, is to be seen at times off Cap d'Espoir, in Gaspé Bay, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Lights are seen in her, and she is crowded with soldiers. On the bowsprit stands an officer, pointing shoreward with one hand, and with a female on the other arm. Suddenly the lights go out, a scream is heard, and the ship sinks. She is said to be the ghost of a transport, one of a fleet sent to reduce the French fort by Queen Anne, which fleet was wrecked here and all in it lost.

In the West Indies we have, again, another Naval ghost story of our own, told by the poet Glover, in his ballad of "Admiral Hosier's Ghost," written as a panegyric on Admiral Vernon, who won his fame where Hosier died. The ballad, as is well known, purports to relate how, at midnight once, while Vernon lay at anchor off Porto Bello,

"A sad troop of ghosts appeared
All in dreary hammocks shrouded."

. . . . . .

"On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave,
His pale hands were seen to muster,
Rising from their watery grave."

Sent out in 1726 as a "Naval demonstration" against the Spanish Main, Admiral Hosier, with a squadron of twenty ships, was kept demonstrating in the unhealthiest climate in the world for four years. He died; his successor died; the next in command, a commodore, died; ten captains, seventy lieutenants, and over 4,000 petty officers and men died. It is a fact that the ships of the squadron had to be manned twice over. The sharks of the Spanish Main must have got to know well the funeral bells of Hosier's ships, as the hapless squadron of the lost tacked wearily to and fro, day after day, with ensigns ever at half-mast.

Nearer home, off the coast of Ireland, we have the spectre ship of Deadman's Island, so terrible in its notoriety for disastrous shipwrecks in old times:

"To Deadman's Isle, on the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast,
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world."

Nearer home still, one of the many phantom ship legends of the Cornish coast used, in the days of Queen Anne, to attach itself to the death of Sir Cloudesley Shovell and the loss of his flag-ship, the "Association." In the year

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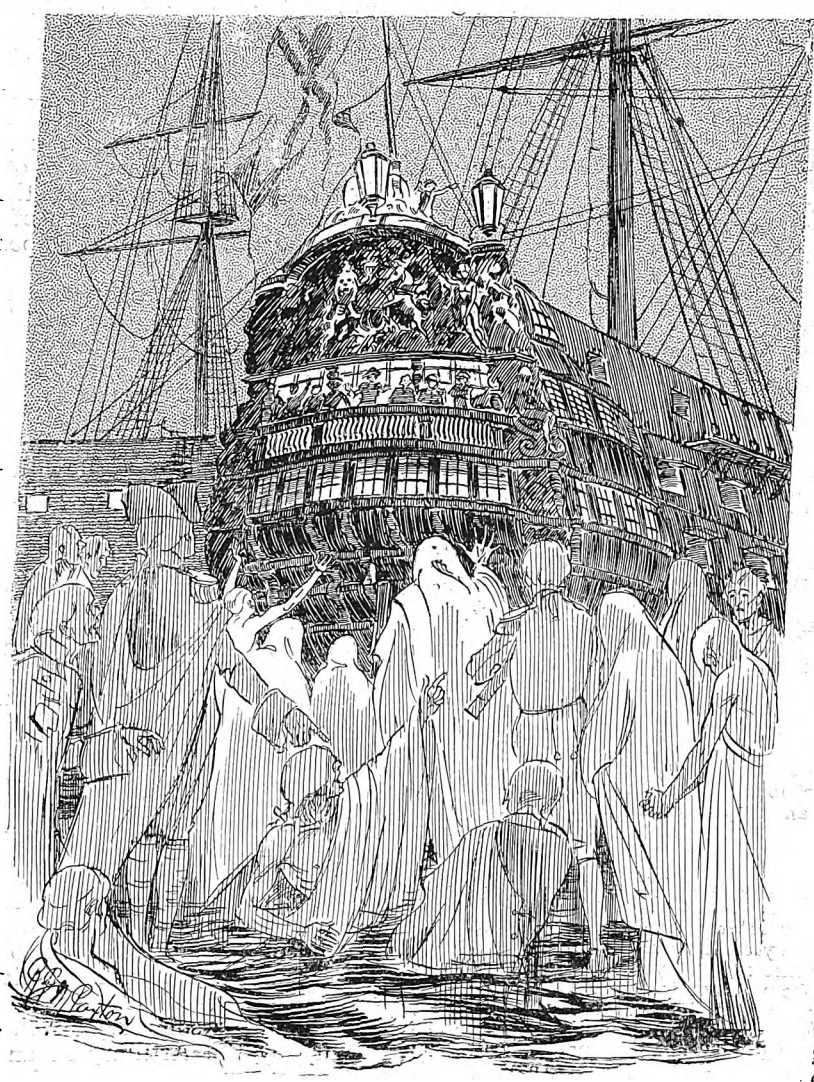
1707, in Gibraltar Bay, the story goes, just before Sir Cloudesley's fleet sailed for England, a seaman of the "Association" was court-martialled for some minor offence, and sentenced to the yard-arm. The man loudly proclaimed his innocence, and appealed to the admiral; but Sir Cloudesley was inexorable. The morning of the execution came, the crew were all mustered on deck, and the man had already the rope round his neck, when he asked leave to read aloud a psalm and speak a farewell word. He chose the terrible minatory verses of the maledictory 109th Psalm; and then in a loud voice addressed the admiral before the ship's company: "Sir, you are murdering an innocent man. May God, as a proof of my innocence, never allow another officer of your name or race in the English Navy, and may neither you nor any of your crew return home alive——" The poor fellow was cut short, and run up sharply to the yard-arm. The fleet sailed, and ran on the Scillies in a fog, the flag-ship just touching a reef and capsizing and going down bodily then and there with the admiral and every soul on board. Shovell's two stepsons perished with him in the disaster.

But there are other ghost stories of the sea of another kind, and all, it is said, absolutely true. Here are two of them referring to the Royal Navy:

In the year 1744 the "Dreadnought" man-of-war, under Captain Boscawen, cruising in the Channel, captured the French frigate "Médée." A prize crew was put in her, and she was ordered to Portsmouth. The first night on board there was a terrible hubbub amongst the French prisoners in the hold. They had seen a ghost, they declared, a ghost that had haunted the ship for the past three weeks. Their boatswain, the Frenchmen said, had three weeks ago murdered his wife, whom he had brought to sea with him, and though the man had been hanged, the woman's ghost still haunted the ship. Before the "Médée" got to Spithead some of the English prize crew swore that they had seen the ghost too. The "Médée," on arrival, was not thought good enough for the British Navy, and was sold to a privateer captain. He rechristened her the "Boscawen," and sailed away in her to cruise in the Channel. But the crew had no luck. One morning an old sailor, the steadiest and soberest man in the ship, came to the quarter-deck and told the captain that he had on the night before seen a ghost on board, which had told him that the ship was doomed to be lost. Captain Walker—it was the famous Fortunatus Walker—reassured the man; but the tale soon spread, and after that other men said they saw the ghost, and the whole ship in the end became panic-stricken. It was December, just before Christmas, in very wild and stormy weather. Now the ship, which had been badly built, began to leak like a sieve. Her head was turned for England, but it soon became more and more doubtful if she would ever reach there. Again the ghost was seen, and shortly after that the men, panic-stricken anew, formed a design to seize the boats and make off, and trust to some passing ship to pick them up. The plan was only stopped by the captain's watchfulness. "With his pistols in his belt, he never quitted the quarter-deck nor once lay down for seven days, sleeping only as he stood, leaning on the barricade or rail of the quarter-deck, for the men watched every motion and every word, and had he disappeared a minute it is believed the duty of the ship had stopped, the officers themselves sometimes being as despondent as the men." The ship managed at length, with extreme difficulty, to reach St. Ives, on the coast of Cornwall. She was by now too deep with the water in her hold to anchor in the roads, and boats had to put off to tow her to the pier. They failed to get command of her. A heavy sea drove the ship bodily on a reef, and as she touched she broke up. The wreck was near enough to the shore, however, for the crew to be saved by shore boats—all except three men; those three were the very men who had sworn positively they had seen the ghost and had been spoken to by it.



Hosier's Ghost.

And now to conclude, in the orthodox way, with a ghost story that really has a happy ending. It is one of the strangest stories of the sea ever told, and it also accounts for the fortune of one of our noble families at the present day; furthermore, it is a tale of exactly one hundred years ago to the present year. The story is recorded of the grandfather of the present Lord Digby (Admiral Sir Henry Digby), and the late peer, the second Lord Digby, whose death occurred ten years ago, used to vouch for its absolute authenticity and truth. The event gained for the father of the late peer the sobriquet by which he was always known in the Navy, that of the "Silver Captain." The extraordinary story, as Lord Digby used to tell it, ran in these words:

"On October 14, 1799, Admiral Sir Henry Digby, then captain commanding the British frigate 'Alcmene,' on a cruise off the Spanish coast, had shaped his course for Cape St. Vincent, and was running to the southward. At eleven o'clock at night, when in the latitude of Cape Finisterre, Sir Henry rang his bell to summon the officer of the watch. He asked the lieutenant, 'How are we steering?' 'South-south-west, sir,' was the reply. 'What sort of weather?' 'The same, sir, as when you left the deck—a fine, strong breeze, starlight night.' 'Are we carrying the same sail as at sunset?' 'Yes, sir; double-reefed topsails and foresail.' Digby looked at the officer of the watch attentively for a moment, and then asked him whether, to his knowledge, anyone had entered the cabin. 'I believe not, sir,' was the reply; 'but I will inquire of the sentry at the cabin door.' 'Sentry!' called the officer of the watch at once, 'has there been anybody in the captain's cabin?' 'No, sir, nobody.' 'Very odd,' rejoined Digby; 'I was perfectly convinced that I had been spoken to.'

"The officer of the watch then left the cabin and returned to the quarter-deck. At two in the morning the captain's bell was again rung, the same questions again repeated to the then officer of the watch who had relieved the former one, and the same answers given. 'A most extraordinary thing,' said the captain; 'every time I drop asleep I hear somebody shouting in my ear, "Digby, Digby, go to the northward!" I shall certainly do so. Take another reef in your topsails, haul your wind, tack every hour till daybreak, and then call me.' The officer of the watch went back on deck and acted in strict accordance with these orders.

"When relieved at four in the morning by the third lieutenant, the officer of the morning watch, that officer expressed great astonishment at finding the ship's course altered. 'What is the meaning of this?' he said to his messmate. 'Meaning,' replied the other; 'why, the captain has gone stark staring mad, that's all.' And then he told his story, at which they both laughed heartily. There being no help for it, of course the captain's orders were strictly obeyed, and the frigate was tacked duly at four, at five, at six, and at seven o'clock. She had just come round for the last time, when suddenly the man at the mast-head called out, 'Large ship on the weather bow, sir!'

"On nearing the strange sail a musket was discharged to bring her to. She was promptly boarded, and proved to be a Spanish vessel, laden with an enormous booty in dollars and a very rich cargo of cochineal and spices as well. By this prize the fortunate dreamer secured a large portion of the great fortune which he amassed from Naval prize-money.

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Literary News.

EVERYTHING that is written by Captain Mahan will necessarily receive great attention in England, and his new book, "Lessons of the War with Spain" (Sampson Low), is peculiarly welcome, because it shows such an excellent spirit towards this country, with due recognition of the circumstances which, in the course of the war, caused Great Britain, and Great Britain alone, to appear the friend of the United States. The book is full of the discerning insight, wide grasp of facts, and powerful presentment of them, which is always found in the writings of Captain Mahan. I shall say little about the book, because to do so with justice would demand much space, and because the major part of the volume originally appeared in the form of letters published in America and in the *Times*. I think it important to point out that the reader must not forget that the book was written for Americans, and that the argument in favour of fortifications does not apply to a strong Power like ourselves. They will discern that Captain Mahan is illustrating how the alarm of the American people led to a false strategical distribution of the fleet, which, if they had not been so timorous, might have been better used. They would, it seems, have been fortified by fortifications. In this country, at least, there can be no doubt that money is much better spent upon ships, and Captain Mahan himself admits that fortification must depend upon special conditions, and is not a truly constant factor. No one who would understand the necessities implied in Naval defence should fail to read this masterful treatise.

* * * *

The publishers have been busy in their useful work of equipping men and women—thinkers, writers, and workers of all classes—for their occupations in the New Year. It is truly amazing to find how many annual volumes are now published, and to discover that scarcely any department of activity is without its manual published true to the date. Of diaries of all kinds the name is, of course, legion, and he must be difficult to please who cannot find the issue to his taste. "The Royal Navy List Diary and Naval Handbook," which Messrs. Witherby publish, is special in its adaptation for the use of Naval officers, and is admirable. Apart from diaries, the stately volume of old "Debrett" (Dean) claims precedence by real merit and ancient right. "The Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" is indeed a splendid volume. The pristine vigour of the book is nowise diminished; but, on the contrary, has grown with the century, and to contrast the new volume with the old "Debrett" would be a revelation. Famous are the associations of the book. Great statesmen and notable heroes like Nelson and Wellington have thumbed its pages, and looked with rather eager scrutiny at its presentment of themselves. The new volume differs in nothing from the last, except that it includes some new features, adding to its usefulness. The same care that has always distinguished it has presided over the preparation of the fresh issue, and the publishers point out, with legitimate pride, that no other peerage can boast of having borne the index numbers of three centuries upon its title pages. It saw the light in the eighteenth, it rose to its high position in the nineteenth, and it enters with great promise upon the twentieth. There are rivals in every sphere, but fortunately in the matter of peerages there is rivalry with a difference. "Debrett" is *sui generis*. "Whitaker's Peerage" (J. Whitaker and Sons) is a different book entirely. It is made for the man who runs while he reads, and has just been developed out of "Titled Families," a book which, by bringing every titled person with genealogical and descriptive accuracy into a single alphabetical list, made itself a useful companion. Practically it is the same book, but there are many improvements here and there, and the accuracy is unimpeachable, though the information is necessarily brief. The book is the size of "Whitaker's Almanack," which also has just been published for the year 1900. To commend it is unnecessary. There are few Englishmen who have not found its use, and it still combines something of the qualities of an encyclopædia with its calendar features.

* * * *

A true encyclopædia of the year is "Hazell's Annual." "Avaunt, Perplexity!" is its appropriate motto. It is everybody's handbook. If you look for politics, national or international, for the progress of institutions or of States during the year, the events which have arisen in regard to them, or any other like subject, you will find it here. It ranges from the Anglo-American Commission to Old-Age Pensions, from anthropology to Stock Exchange movements, and from the Licensing Laws to yachting. The Dreyfus case, to single out one feature, is extremely well recorded. The "Annual" again is particularly good in its treatment of Naval and Military matters. Here, among such volumes, it is far ahead of its rivals. The British Navy, for example, is treated exhaustively under the headings of finance, personnel, the Naval Works Act, Royal Marines, Royal Naval Reserve, the ship-building programme and work, launches and trials, administration, incidents, appointments, etc., and there is a complete account of the Naval Manœuvres. The Army is treated in a similar way, and, with the "Occurrences during Printing" is well up to date. Foreign Navies and Armies are also dealt with very fully. To illustrate how well the book is up to date, let me add that it contains the particulars of the Samoan Agreement, and records events in South Africa up to Lord Methuen's advance to the Modder and the retirement of the Boers on the Tugela. "The Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory" (Black) is, in its way, just as useful. It deals with everything that engages the activity and interest of women—art, literature, music, science; sports, pastimes, and diversions; nursing, teaching, employments generally, and religious work, with much else. Particulars of homes and institutions of all kinds are also included. A book to be commended emphatically. With an allusion to "Who's Who" (Black) I must conclude this survey of annuals. The book has been issued for more than half a century, and, as everyone knows, is an annual biography of public men in all spheres of life who personally, or through their work, are known and talked of. In these pages you may learn not only who they are and what they have done or are doing, but how they occupy their leisure, and what are their individual tastes. There is something curious and original about this feature, which I think can scarcely have been found in the first edition of "Who's Who."

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

Food for the Boers.

By CALLUM BEG.

ACCORDING to regulation, 309 rounds are always officially at the disposal of the infantry soldier in the field. Of this number he carries at all times 100 in his pouches, 77 rounds are carried in small-arm ammunition carts and on mules (of which more hereafter), 77 are found with the divisional ammunition column, and the remaining 55 rounds are stored in the ammunition park.

Before "a general action" is about to take place each man receives 50 rounds from the S.A.A. carts (for so they are officially styled), and has therefore 150 rounds when he commences his target practice against the Boers; but the supply is kept up in a most systematic manner, and it can hardly prove anything short of disastrous if the firing line is left, even for a few minutes, without cartridges.

We have said that 77 rounds per man are carried in S.A.A. carts and on mules. Four of the former and two of latter are attached to each battalion.

Here it may be explained that an infantry brigade consists, on an average, of four battalions. Thus, in the Guards Brigade of Lord Methuen's Division are battalions of the following regiments: Scots Guards, Coldstream Guards (two battalions), and Grenadier Guards. Two brigades constitute a division, as far as infantry is concerned; and besides other troops, the Army Corps as despatched at the outbreak of war consisted of three complete infantry divisions (*i.e.*, twenty-four battalions, with other arms added). When fire is about to be opened, after the troops have taken up a battle formation, the two mules of each battalion are moved as close to the firing line as possible, having regard to their safety.

For the present purpose let it be presumed that the mules are well disposed, and are, therefore, to be found in rear of the supports carrying their share of the 27 rounds per man still remaining on their backs and in the four S.A.A. carts after each soldier has been supplied with 150 rounds.

Behind the firing line in action is a sufficient number of reliable men (provided with canvas bags), whose duty it is to serve out cartridges to the men as their supply runs short. These bags, containing 600 rounds, can from time to time be replenished from the mules, one of which is in rear of the centre of each half battalion.

The mules' store is in turn made up from the S.A.A. carts, two of which follow in action the reserve of every battalion. The two other carts are at a convenient distance in rear, and form with others of the brigade, amounting to eight in all, the brigade ammunition reserve, which in turn supplies the two carts with the battalion reserves.

The brigade reserve is commanded by an officer specially appointed, who, as well as being responsible for them in action, takes command of the eight S.A.A. carts on the line of march. In action this important part of the brigade is situated at a convenient distance in rear of it. As soon as the carts in front are emptied they are sent back to the brigade reserve, and replaced by full carts. When there are four empty carts with the brigade reserve it is time for the officer in charge to look to his supply, and with this view he communicates with the divisional ammunition column, with which, as has been mentioned, are 77 rounds per man. This column is some 2,000-yds. in rear of the first position taken up by the Artillery in an attack, and commanded by the officer in charge of the Artillery with the division. It consists of 5 officers, 201 of other ranks, 236 horses, 12 S.A.A. carts, and 29 other waggons.

It supplies the brigade reserve ammunition whenever the officer commanding the latter signals or sends for ammunition, but its S.A.A. carts do not proceed further to the front. On arrival at the brigade reserve they exchange the full for empty carts, but retain their own horses, and move at a trot with the empty carts back to the ammunition column. Four S.A.A. carts are sent to one brigade at a time, and the ammunition is received by the officer commanding the brigade reserve on the strictest business principles, for a receipt has to be signed by him for every cart received.

In turn, the officer commanding the ammunition column can replenish his supply from the ammunition park, which is under the G.O.C. Royal Artillery of the South African Field Force, Major-General Marshall, R.A. One ammunition park accompanies the Army Corps, and is well in rear of the troops in action. With it are 20 officers, 672 of other ranks, 848 horses, and no fewer than 119 vehicles. It is divided into three sections, and replenishes from the advanced depôt on the lines of communication. The divisional ammunition column, it may be mentioned, supplies not only the infantry, but other arms of the division, and similarly the park carries ammunition for all arms of the Army Corps.

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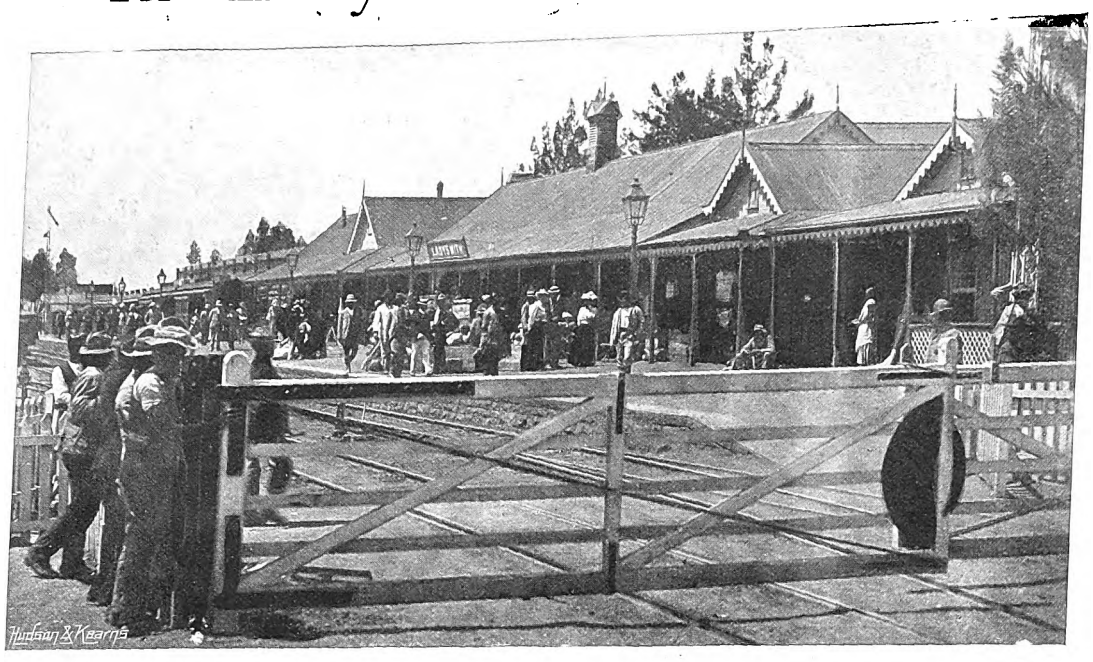
In Ladysmith.

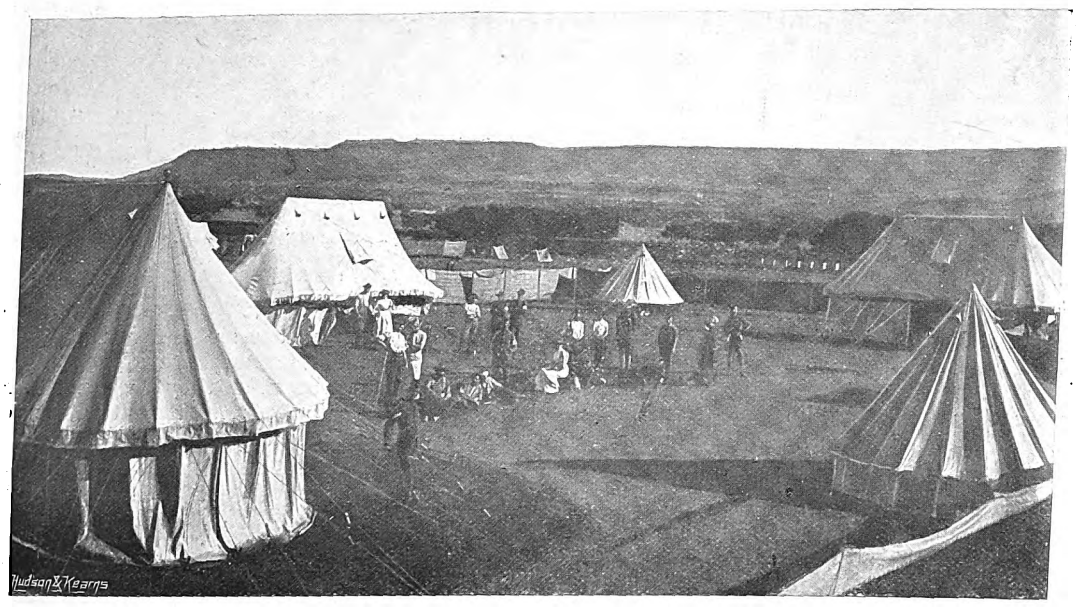
OUR pictures illustrating the various sights and scenes connected with the famous siege of Ladysmith continue to afford a vividly descriptive idea, such as is only produced by photographs, and only by photographs, too, which have been taken literally "from inside." It wants no very great stretch of imagination to realise the circumstances in which these pictures were produced, in view of the abundance of warlike intelligence, some of it in very graphic literary shape, which has been flooding our daily journals for many weeks past. But, apart from any such sensational considerations, the subjects chosen have a distinct value, as indicating just those matters of detail in connection with the active pursuit of war which the historian cannot stay to mention, and which even the contemporary chronicler is apt to pass by.

Most of these pictures are more or less self-explanatory, but they will certainly bear a little talking about. The first two have a curiously pathetic interest. One can imagine that not a few wistful glances have been cast at that railway station, and that it has been repeatedly, even when ordinary communication with the outside world had ceased, the centre of many anxious hopes and fears for the success of the armoured train in its work of reconnaissance. Of the hospital it is enough to say that it is difficult to imagine a much more trying position than that of a sick man during a siege. The mere fact of his sickness, depressing as it is, is naturally accentuated by the reflection that the next transition may be from hospital to something still grimmer, namely, the inside of a prison in the enemy's country.

The Devonshires, who have borne a conspicuous part in the siege, are shown in their own camp, which they have protected, laager-



LADYSMITH RAILWAY STATION.
Line Clear for Armoured Train Only.



THE BASE HOSPITAL, LADYSMITH.
Convalescents and Anxious Friends.

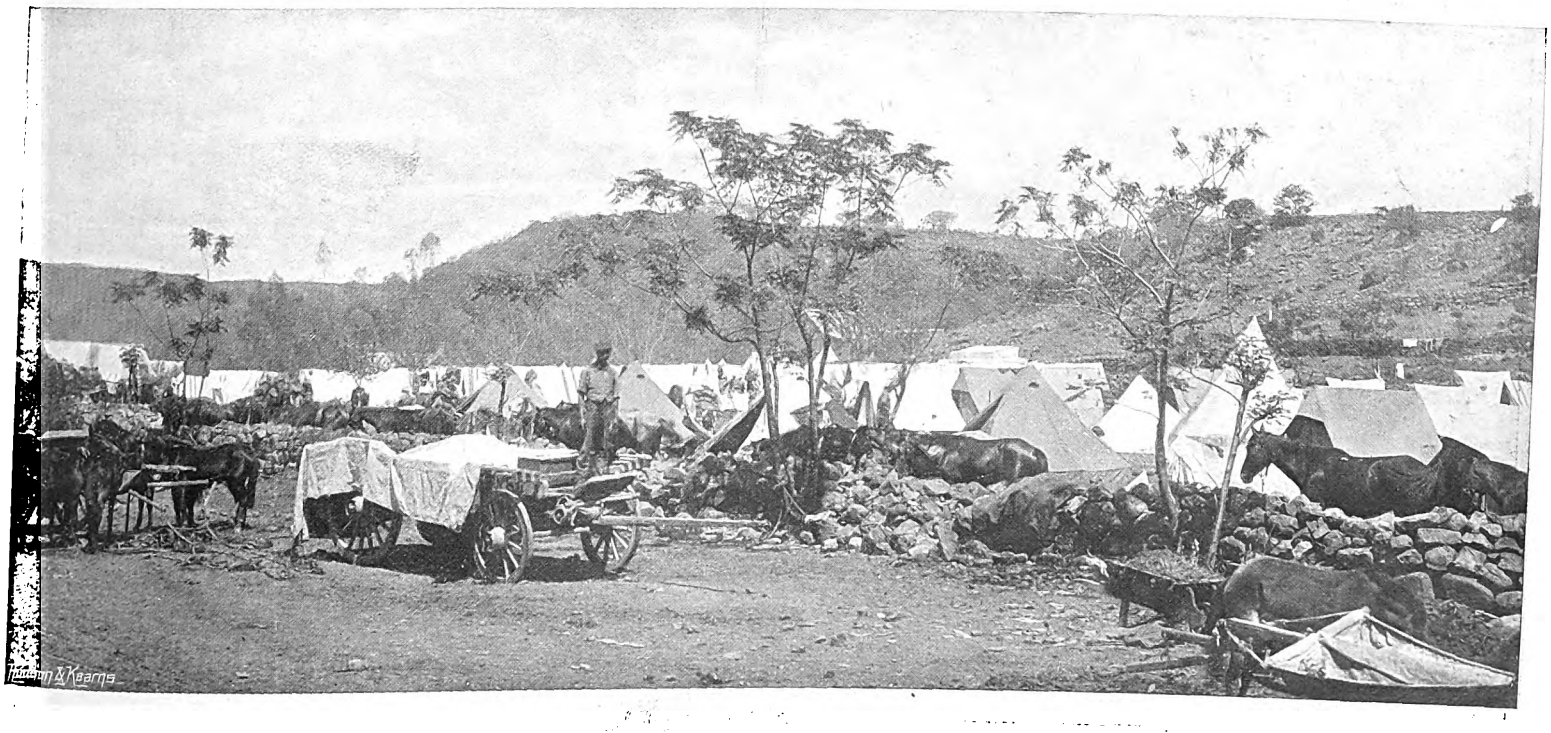


Photo. Copyright. *IN LAAGER—THE CAMP OF THE DEVONSHIRES AT LADYSMITH.* *Laws Caney.*

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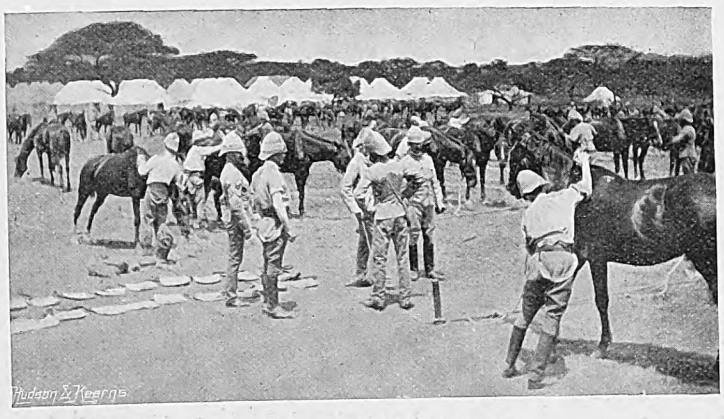
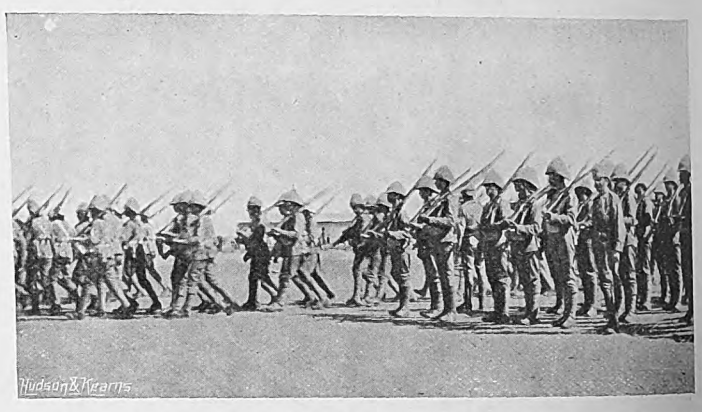
Photo. Copyright. GALLANT NATAL—MOUNTED RIFLES WHO HELPED TO CAPTURE "LONG TOM." Laws Caney.

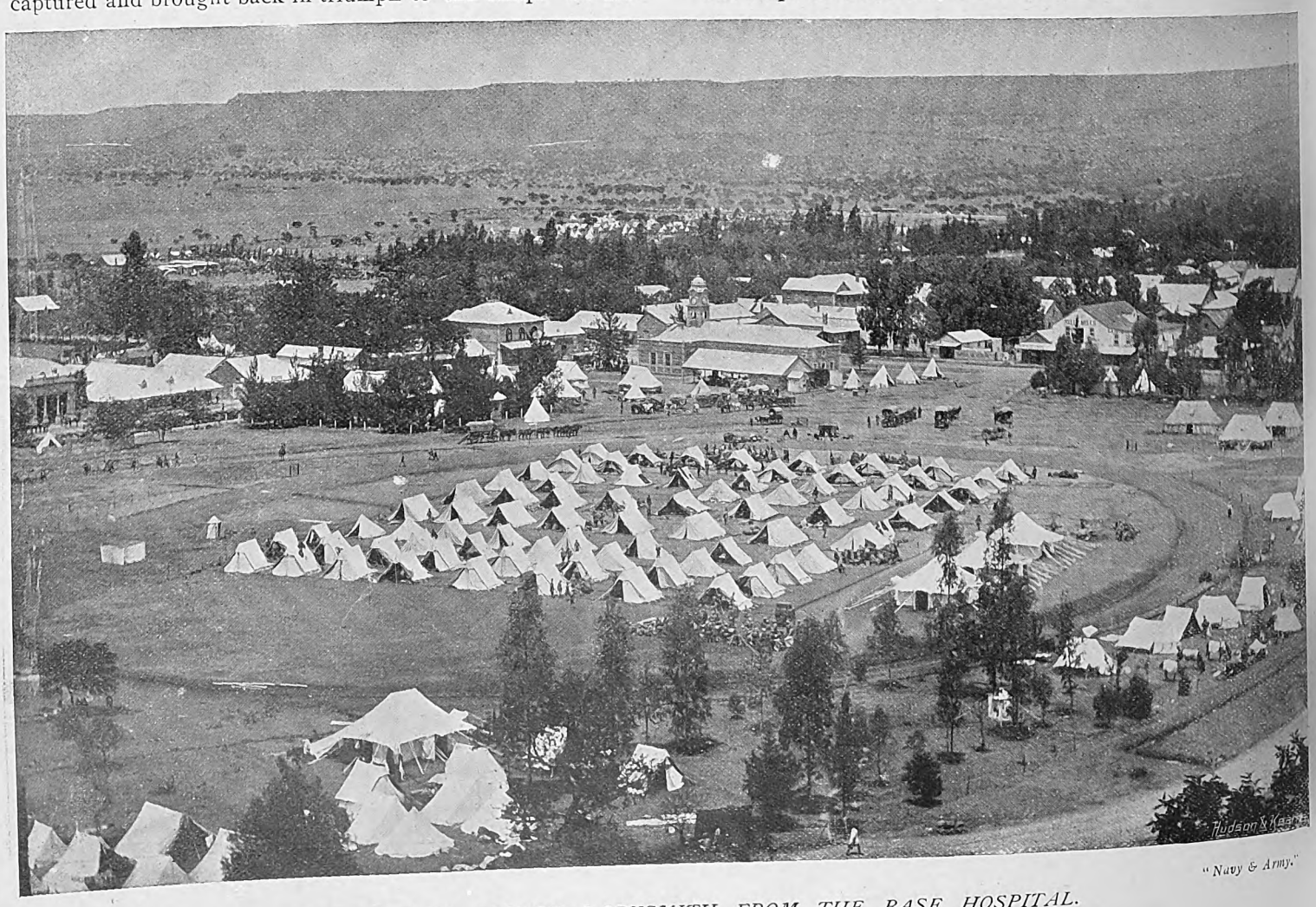


PREPARING FOR A SORTIE.
The 62nd Field Battery "Takes the Floor."



WARNED FOR OUTPOST DUTY.
The Devonshires Leaving Ladysmith for a Long Day's Work.

fashion, against a sudden rush. The Natal Mounted Rifles honourably distinguished themselves in the sortie of the 8th inst. under General Hunter, in which "Long Tom" and another big gun were blown up with gun-cotton, and a Maxim captured and brought back in triumph to the camp. Of the work of the Field Artillery during the siege it is needless to say much more than we have said on several previous occasions. "Ready, aye, ready" they have been, as they always are, and have lost no chances of acting up to the glorious traditions of the corps of which they form the backbone.



Photos. Copyright. BELEAGUERED INDEED—LADYSMITH FROM THE BASE HOSPITAL. "Navy & Army."

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With Kekewich and Rhodes at Kimberley.

ONE of the brightest features of the war has been the gallant defence of Kimberley. It is all the more noteworthy as the garrison is entirely composed of colonial troops, except for a detachment of the 1st Battalion Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. Every despatch from Kimberley tells of the garrison steadily holding its own against tremendous odds, and of the general cheeriness of the gallant defenders. Lieutenant-Colonel Kekewich of the Loyal North Lancashires is in command, and he is ably assisted by Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Lately Mr. Rhodes has been engaged in the construction of his "Siege Avenue," which stretches right out into the veldt. One of our illustrations shows the Diamond Fields Club, where, after a hard day's work, the officers meet for a little relaxation. There, too, may often be seen Mr. Cecil Rhodes, always cheerful and ever full of resource.

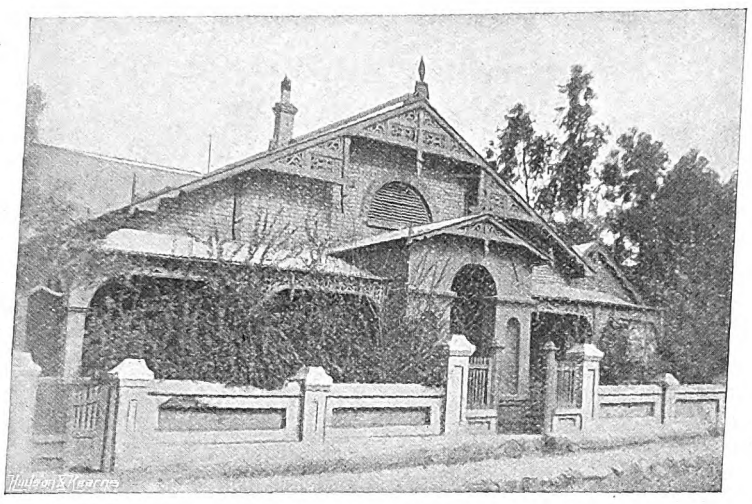

Photo. Copyright. THE DIAMOND FIELDS CLUB. *Stewart.*
Where Mr. Cecil Rhodes may be Found in the Evening.

In another illustration we see the scouts who were commanded by the late Major Scott-Turner, who was killed in one of the sorties. He was universally beloved, and on the day of the funeral of the gallant officer and his comrades who fell in that sortie the whole of the population of Kimberley turned out to do them honour. Six volleys were fired over the graves by the firing party, and six blasts were blown on the bugles. In spite of almost daily bombardments, the news from Kimberley has lately seemed to be a stereotyped "All's well."

Among the defenders may be mentioned the Diamond Fields Artillery, which has done remarkably good service.

Our illustration shows the regiment on parade. The men, it will be observed, are not in their fighting kit, like Major Scott-Turner's scouts, but are in review order paraded for inspection. Another of the corps in Kimberley that is particularly worthy of mention is the Diamond Fields Horse, which is depicted in our illustration, also in parade uniform. This regiment has the honour of having Mr. Cecil Rhodes as its honorary lieutenant-colonel.

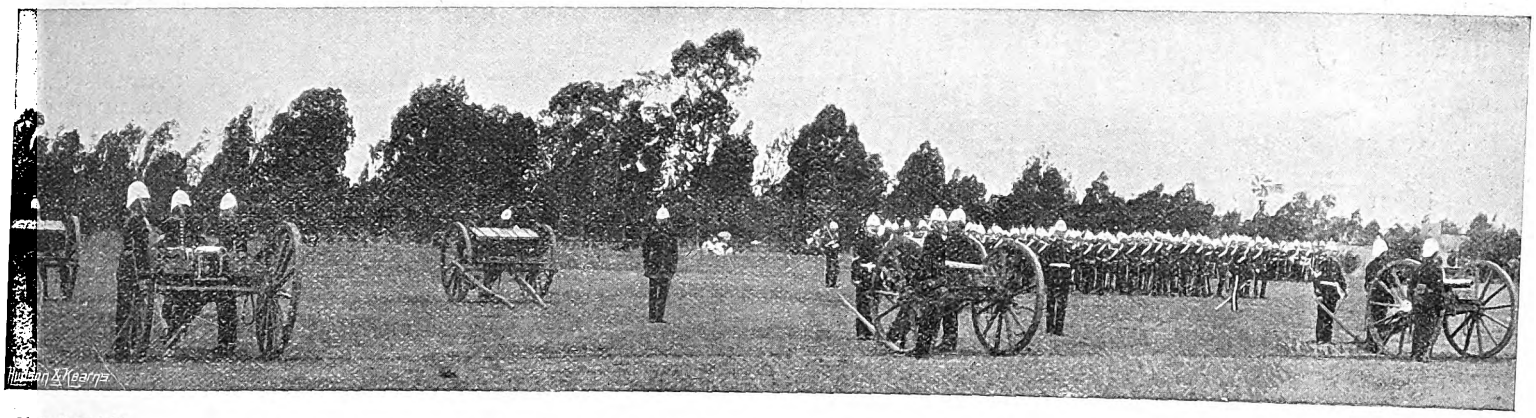

Photo. Copyright. KIMBERLEY'S GUNNERS—THE DIAMOND FIELDS ARTILLERY WITH THEIR GUNS. *B. Fyne.*

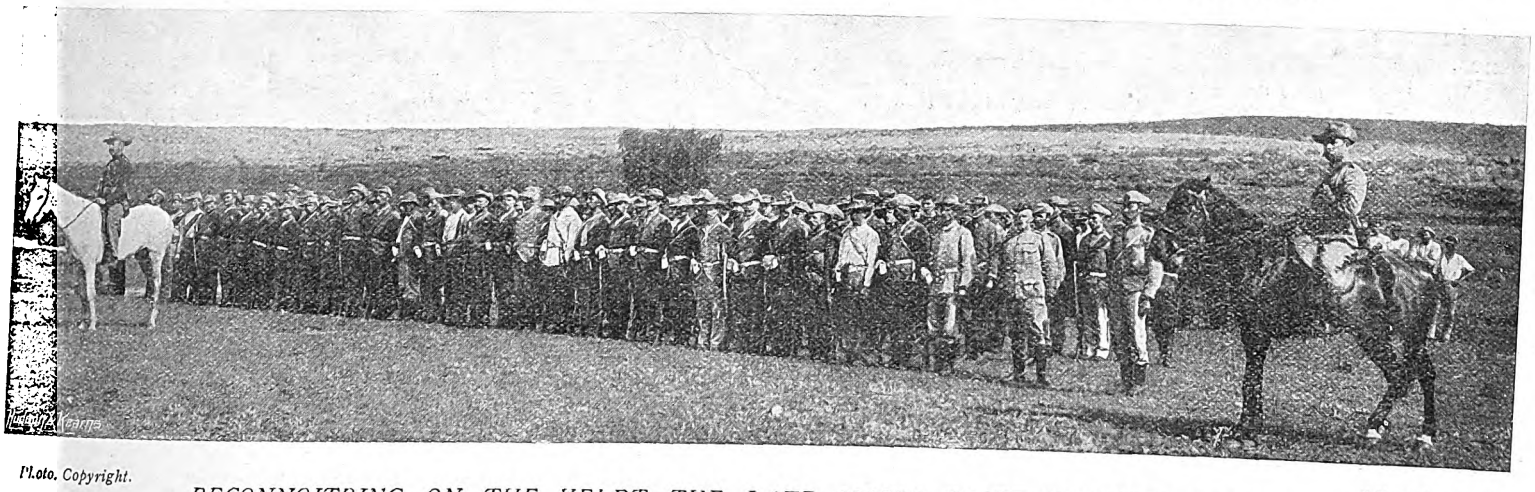

Photo. Copyright. RECONNOITRING ON THE VELDT—THE LATE MAJOR SCOTT-TURNER'S SCOUTS. *"Navy & Army."*

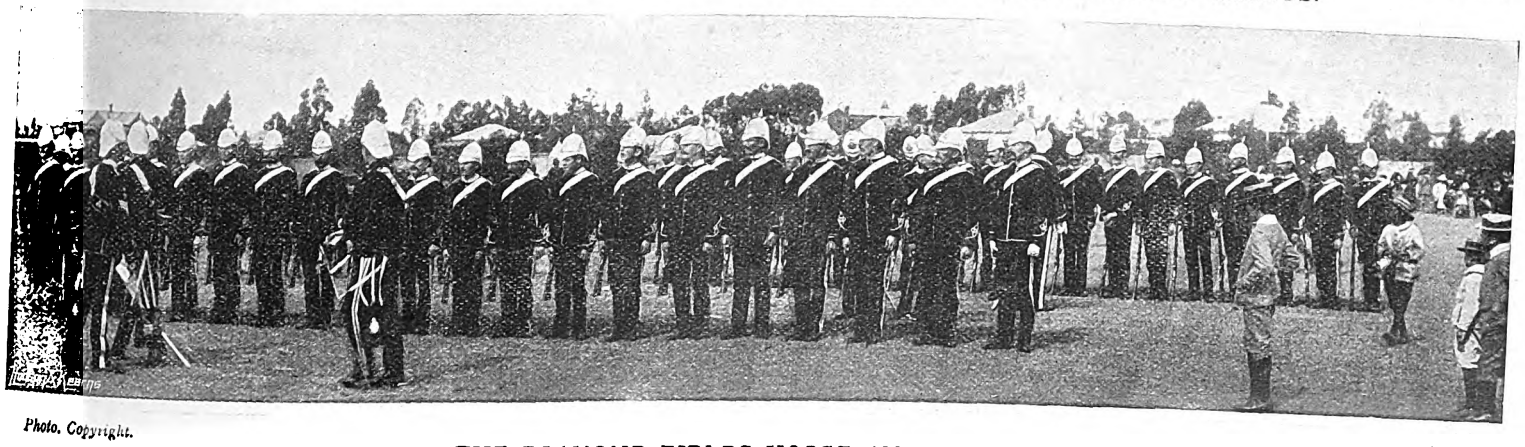

Photo. Copyright. THE DIAMOND FIELDS HORSE ON PARADE. *B. Fyne.*
The Regiment of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes is Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel.

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was a clear and clean reverse, accompanied by what in all war is the surest sign of defeat—the loss of guns. Ten of our pieces remained in possession of the enemy. We have to go back far beyond the Peninsular War—to the surrender of Whitelocke at Buenos Ayres, of Fraser in Egypt, of Cornwallis at York Town, and of Burgoyne at Saratoga—to come to anything like such a loss. To be sure, all these cases were worse than the fight on the Tugela, for they were accompanied by capitulation; but once more it must be remembered that none of them was quite so much of a cruel surprise. York Town, too, though the report of it made the Prime Minister (Lord North) throw his arms out and stagger as if he had been shot, was an inevitable thing, and the force opposed to us was overwhelming. Nobody could well have felt amazed that a small British force should surrender to superior numbers of the Americans, whom Washington had turned into good soldiers, supported by a corps of fine French troops. It is another thing that we should have to fall back before the Boers, leaving ten of our guns in their hands, and a hard-pressed British garrison unrelieved. As for the fight itself, one foresees that it will be the subject of not a little discussion in future. The reputation of a general from whom his country hoped great things was tarnished in the popular mind. The question at once suggested itself, What had been done with all our scouts that we should walk into a trap with our eyes open—or rather that we should shut our eyes and walk in? But the list of questions was endless, and they all in the long run came to the enquiry, What is the good of studying the art of war if at the end of it all we are to fight on the principles of some hot-headed Spanish general of the old Peninsular type, whose one idea of arranging a battle was to go blindly ahead? For that is what it looked like. Examples of individual valour, as in the case of the officers and men who strove so gallantly to redeem the guns, are a consolation, but we must not make too much of them.

Photo. Copyright. BRITISH CAMP AT ESTCOURT. *The Starting-place for the Advance.* *H. W. Nicholls.*

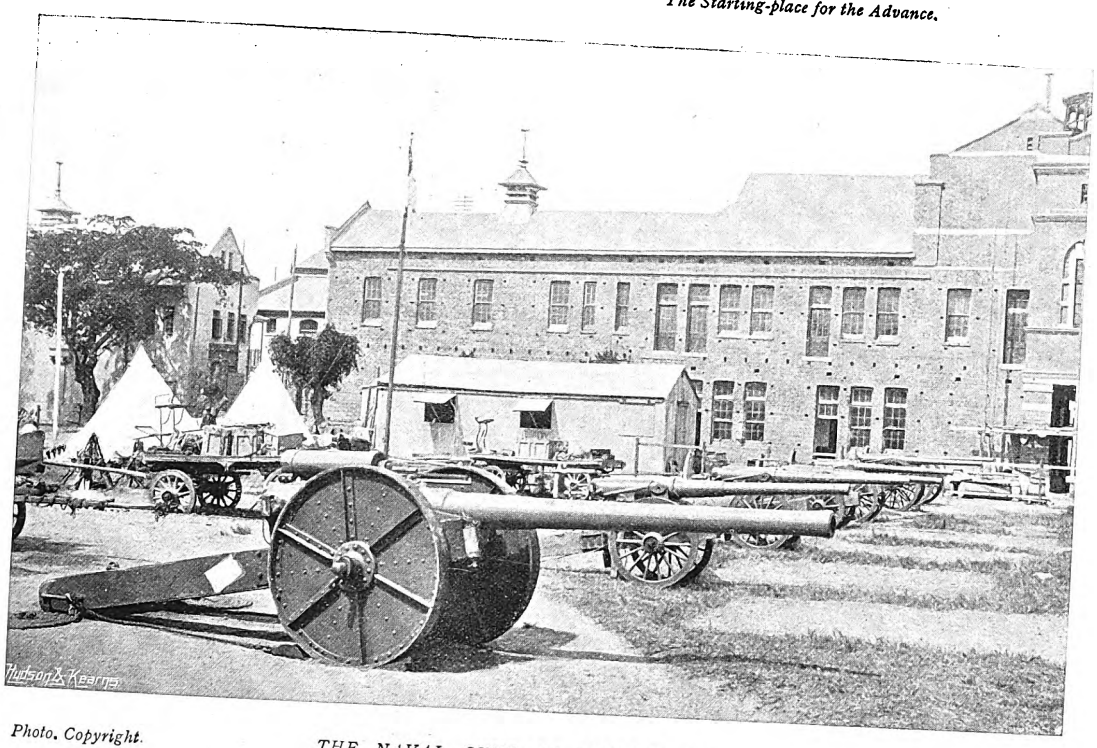

Photo. Copyright. THE NAVAL GUNS ON THE TUGELA. *Jack Ashore.* *Williams.*

Photo. Copyright. NATIVE CAMP FOLLOWERS. *Black Warriors—Reduced.* *"Navy and Army."*

In every army belonging to a courageous people there will be found those who hold their lives cheap in comparison to honour; but they do not avert defeat. They only save it from absolute shame. More is wanted than that. It is unpleasant to look at the picture of Buller's native camp followers and speculate on what they thought. They could not well have come to the conclusion, some said, that their British masters were cleverer than the Boers.

It was very painful, but what was to be done except to say, like poor Braddock when he was mortally wounded in the defeat at Fort Duquesne, "We will do better next time"? And we did better without a doubt. Taken in that spirit, there is some use in a defeat; it is the stimulus that braces men to good work.

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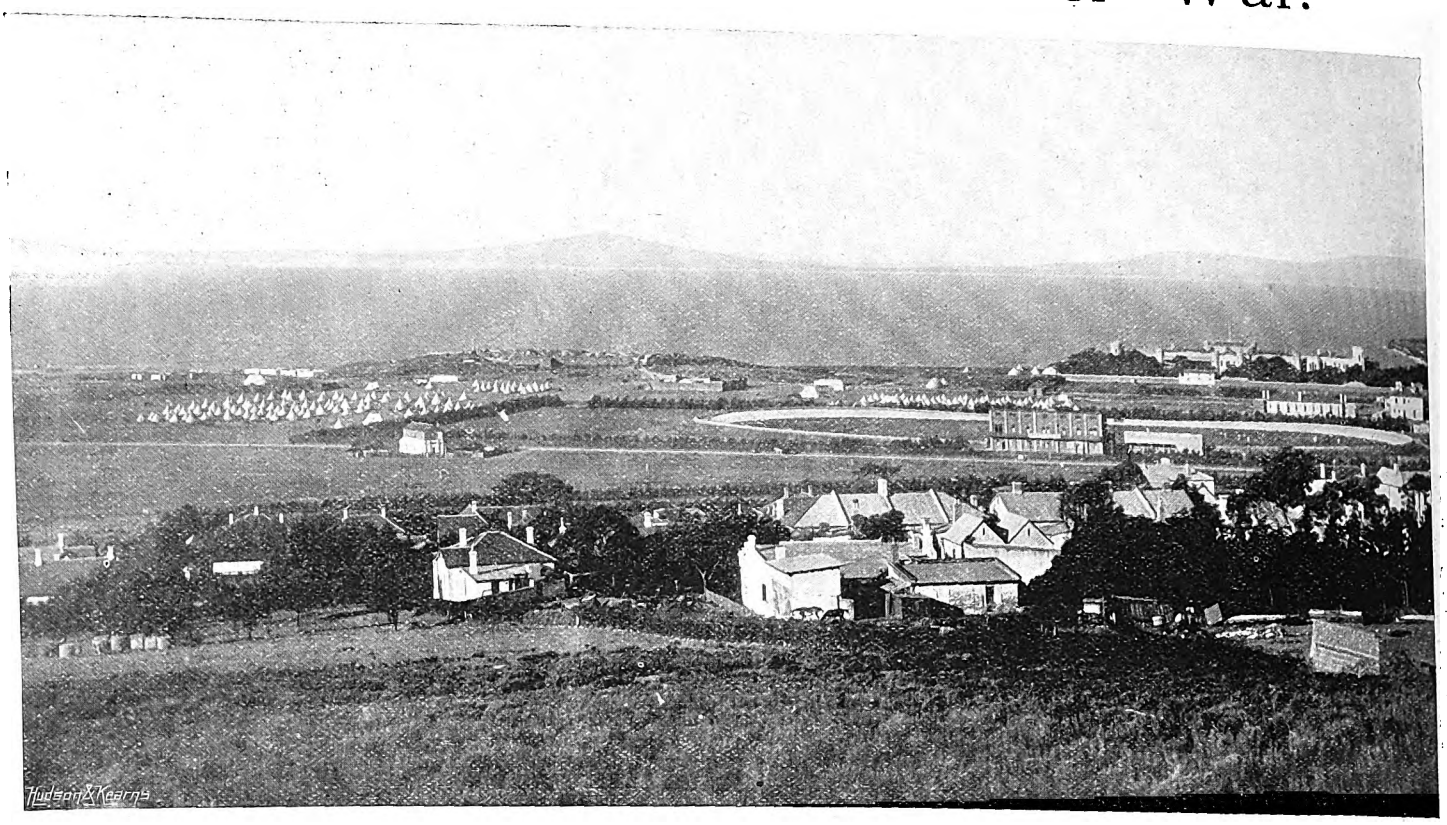
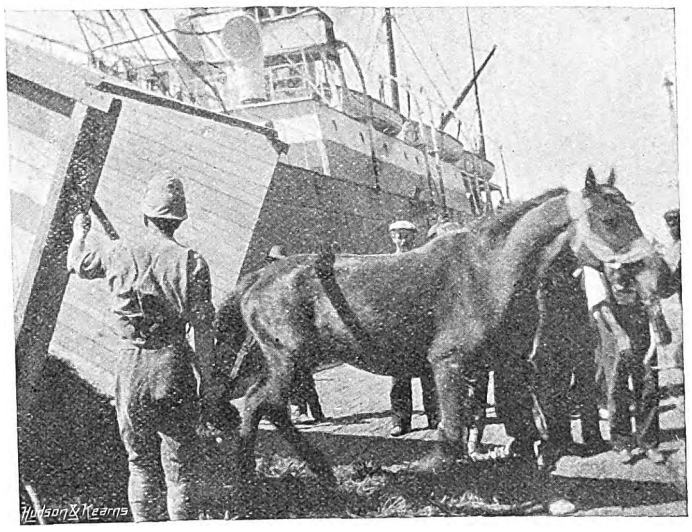
The Second Boer War.



Photos. Copyright.

PANORAMA OF THE PRINCIPAL BASE

THE interest shown from the first by the public in Lord Methuen's column for the relief of Kimberley has been very keen, and, moreover, extremely natural. Although the position of the town of diamonds was not then critical, it was felt that no time should be lost, and it was with great satisfaction that the details were received of Methuen's vigorous and sensible preparations for speedy movement. That opposition would be forthcoming was easily foreseen, but it was hardly anticipated that the relief of Kimberley would be delayed by such a series of engagements as those at Belmont, Enslin, Modder River, and Magersfontein, and that a succession of heavy losses, as well as the presence of the enemy in considerable strength, would necessitate the despatch of reinforcements on a large scale. In connection with these reinforcements, the accompanying pictures are highly interesting. The panorama of Cape Town is especially so, since it shows, in a very graphic and comprehensive manner, the capabilities of that important capital as a base of operations. In the centre of the picture may be seen Table Bay breakwater, under the shelter of which no fewer than sixteen transports were lying at the time the photograph was taken. It would be difficult to quote better evidence of the contention advanced that Cape Town is a truly exceptional "base." Prominent among the transports is the Cunarder "Servia," inshore of the P. and O. "Nubia." In dock several other transports are discernible. The long building to the right of the breakwater is the military hospital, where several Boer prisoners have been lodged. The castle-like edifice to the left of the breakwater is the New Somerset Hospital, and between that and the cycle track is to be seen the camp of the Cape Garrison Artillery. Further east, some of the Regulars are encamped between Fort Wynyard and the race stand. The mountain above Fort Wynyard, on the opposite side of the bay, is Blaauwberg, the scene of the battle between the British and the Dutch a century ago, just prior to our occupation of the Cape. The picture of the horses of the 12th Lancers being landed on the jetty from the transport "Mohawk" recalls the fact that this regiment was the first reinforcement which Lord Methuen received, and one which, we may be sure, was peculiarly welcome. For undoubtedly we have lost many opportunities in the present campaign through lack of cavalry, more particularly in pursuit of the enemy when beaten. There is nothing that



ORDERED TO THE WESTERN BORDER.
Horses of the 12th Lancers being Landed from the "Mohawk"

Photos. Copyright. "JOE CHAMBERLAIN." "Navy & Army."
A 4·7-in. Gun from the Flag-ship "Doris."

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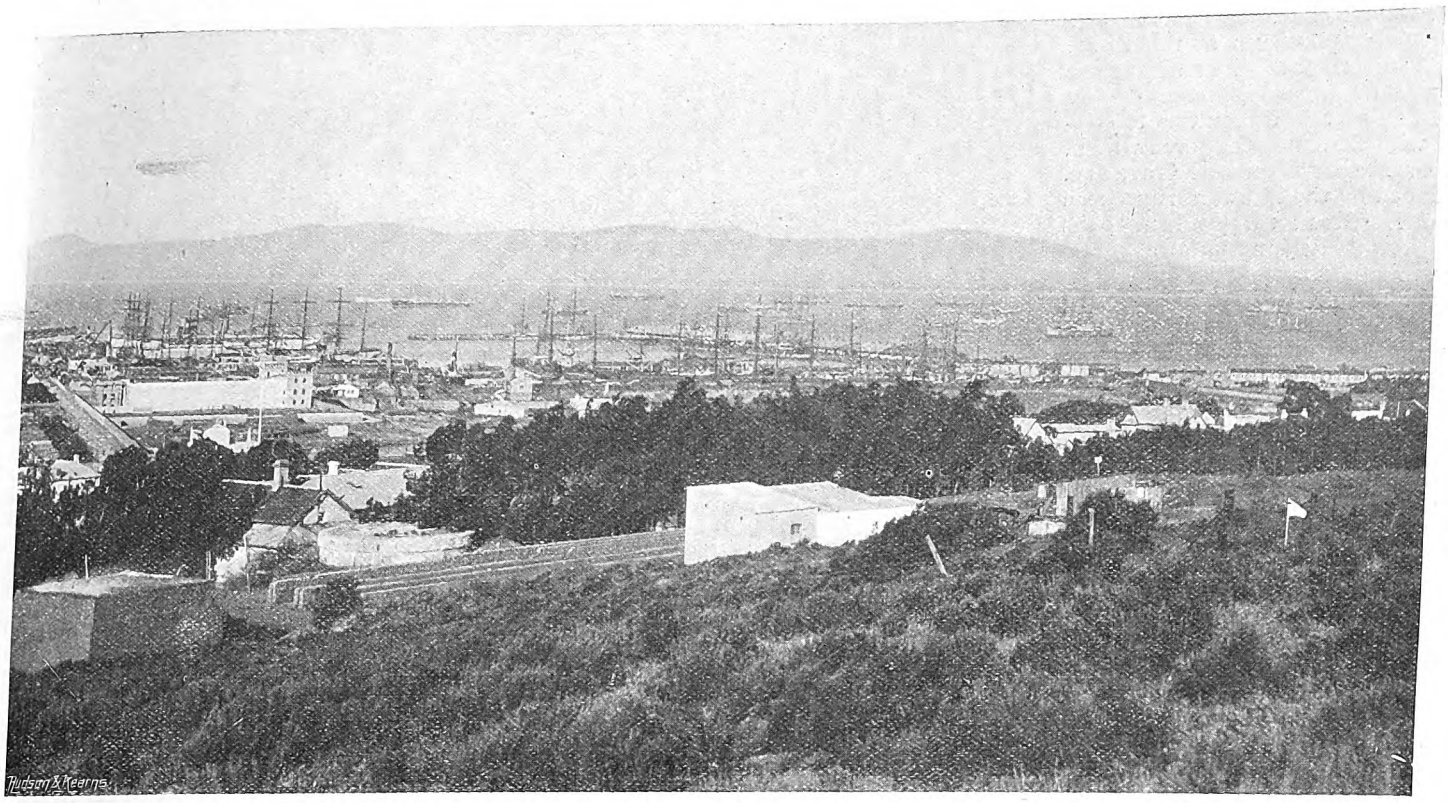
Reinforcements for Methuen.



OF OPERATIONS IN CAPE COLONY. *C. F. Juritz.*

turns a defeat into a rout more quickly than the thunder of the hoofs of pursuing cavalry, and the knowledge that at any moment they may be in the midst of the fugitives, cutting with their swords or thrusting with their lances as the case may be.

The picture showing the Black Watch landing at Cape Town is rather painfully interesting in view of the terrible losses suffered by the regiment at the fateful battle of Magersfontein. In common with all the regiments of the Highland Brigade the battalion—this is the 2nd—lost a number in killed and wounded, but it had further, and specially, to deplore the death of the gallant Brigadier-General A. G. Wauchope, who formerly commanded the battalion and was almost worshipped by it. General Wauchope's funeral, with its mournful surrounding of officers and men of his old corps, is described as one of the most touching and impressive scenes which the war has produced.

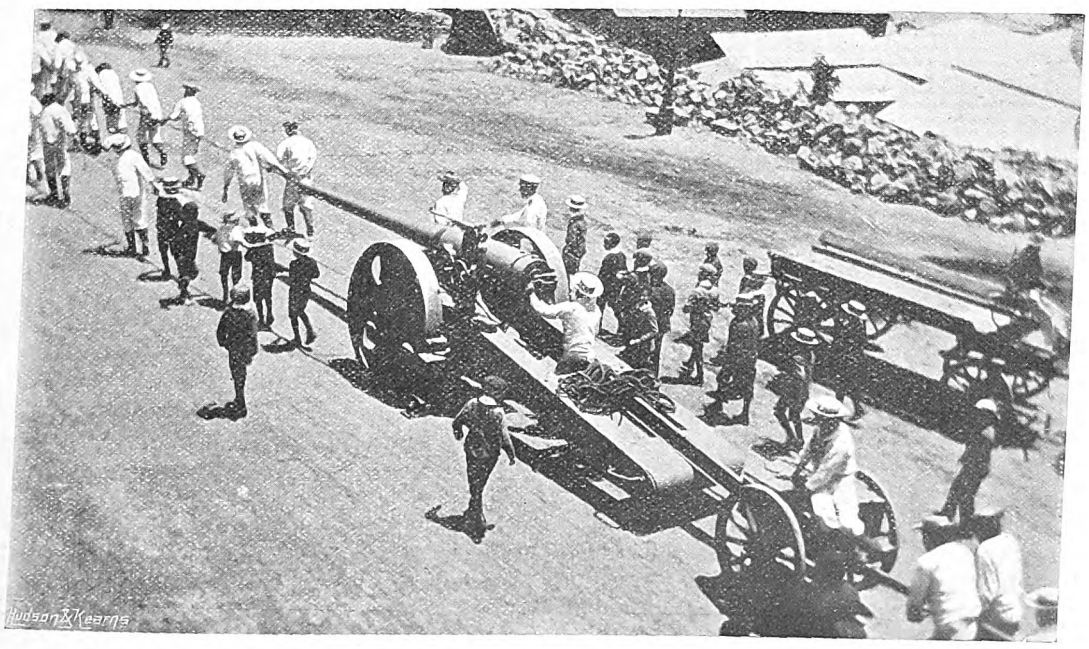
The 4·7-in. Naval gun has been frequently illustrated of late, but never, perhaps, so brightly and so instructively as in the accompanying two pictures. The gun here shown is one belonging to the "Doris," the flag-ship on the Cape of Good Hope station, and the efficiency of the travelling carriage is indicated by the steady workmanlike manner in which the weapon in the second picture is moving off to the front.

CLEARING THE "MONGOLIAN."
One of the Last to Leave.

This is the gun which has been named "Joe Chamberlain," and, powerful speaker as is the Colonial Secretary, he never spoke to such good purpose as did his namesake from the vicinity of Modder River Camp.

It should be clearly understood that the term "reinforcement" must be here applied in quite a different sense from that in which it was used at an earlier stage of the war. In the case of a column actually on the move, reinforcements must necessarily be supplied under conditions involving considerable strain upon those responsible for organisation at the front, and in this particular instance there were circumstances which rendered it by no means easy to give Lord Methuen all the assistance he so urgently required. But the thing was done, and done quickly.

At a later stage in our advance there will probably be large "diversions" from the Western Border of the Orange Free State, and, when that occurs, it will be satisfactory to recall that at a time when things were in anything but a forward state we were still able to send "reinforcements for Methuen" in his advance to the relief of Kimberley.



Photos. Copyright. *HOW "JOE CHAMBERLAIN" WENT TO THE FRONT.* *"Navy & Army."*
This is the Gun that Cleared Out the Boer Trenches at Magersfontein.

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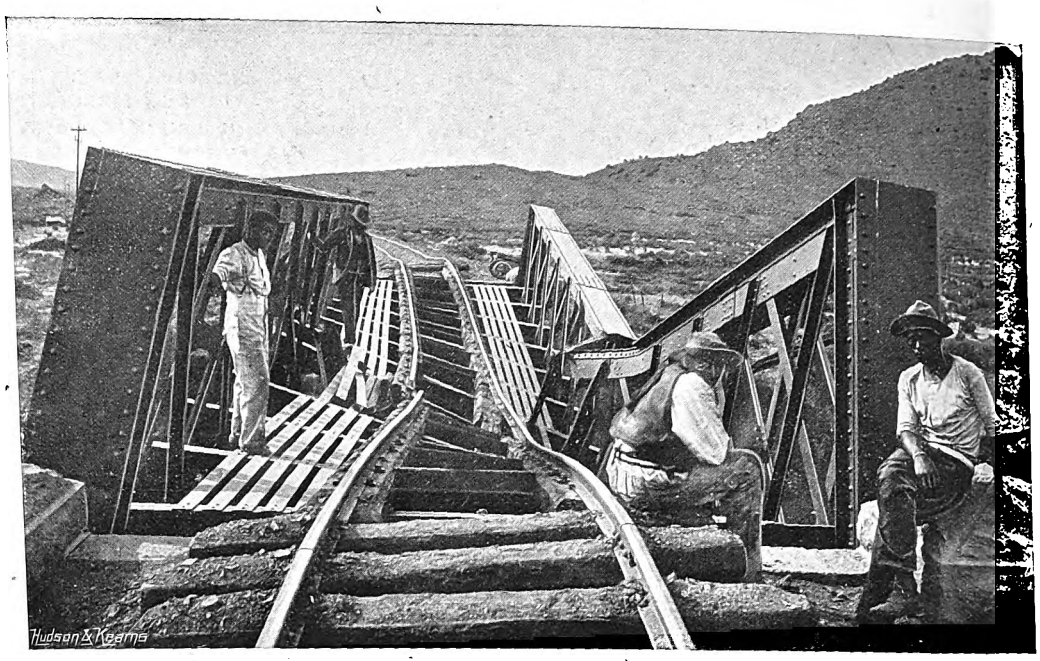
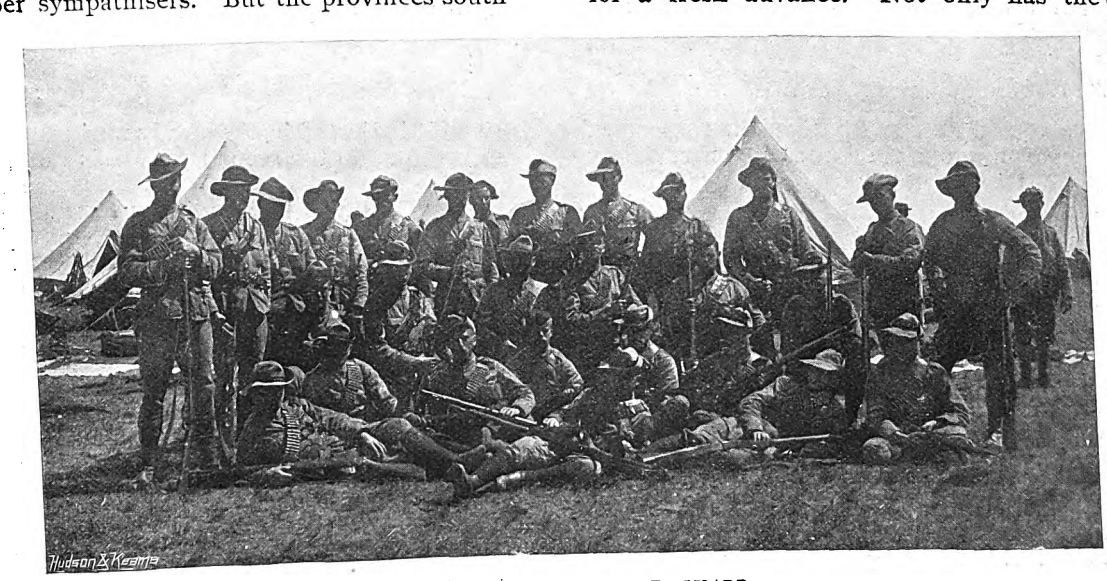
With Gatacre's Column.

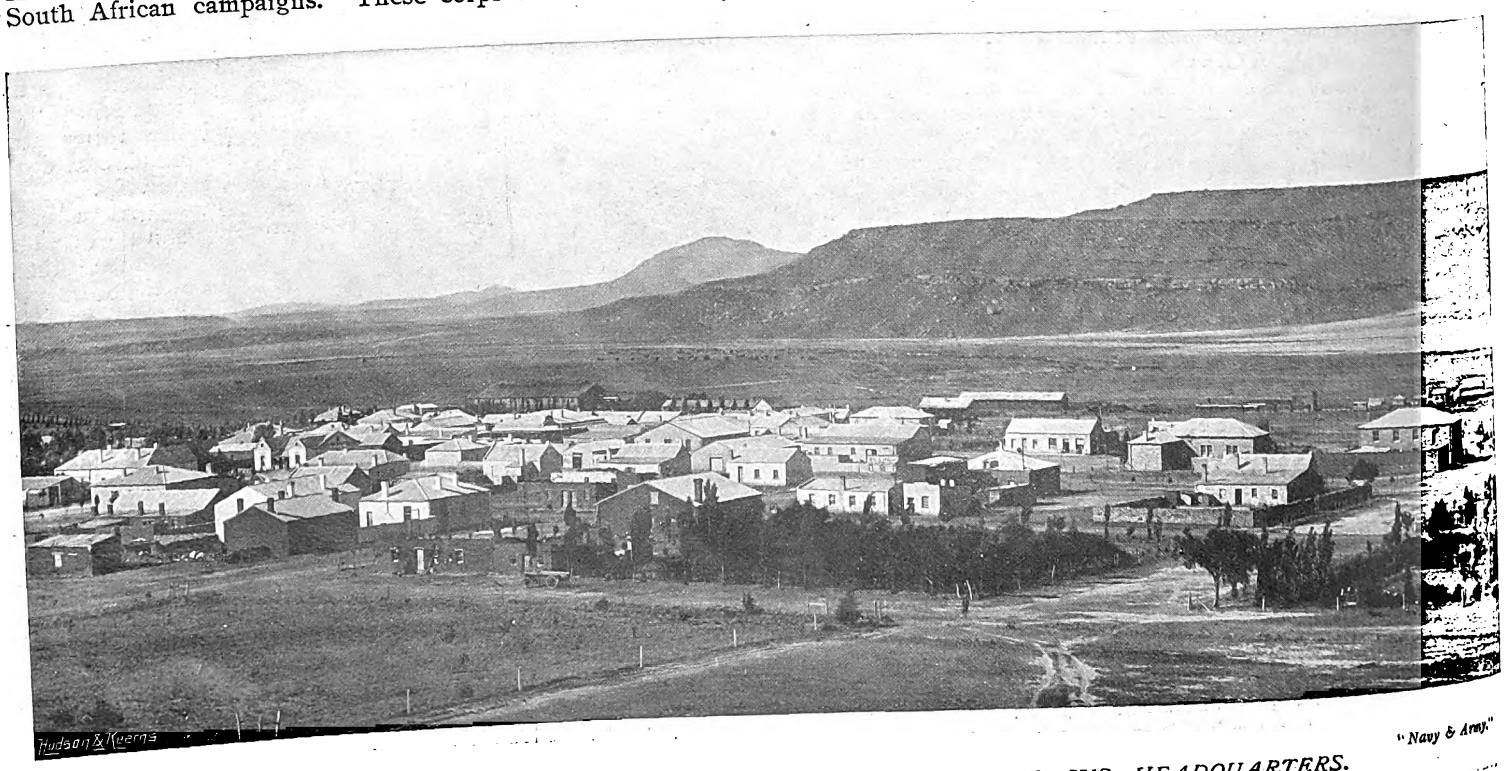
"PERHAPS," writes one of our correspondents at the front, "none of the separate columns acting against the enemy have had greater difficulties to contend with than has the force which, under Major-General Gatacre, advanced by the line that runs from East London, *via* Queenstown and Stormberg Junction, to Bloemfontein and Pretoria." Some views in connection with this advance which he sends us are here reproduced. In one the destroyed bridge at Leeufontein is shown. This bridge was destroyed not by the Boers, but by our own troops, so as to render the line unavailable for the enemy within those districts of the Cape Colony which are populated by the Dutch who are siding with the enemy. It is on the line half-way between Stormberg and Burghersdorp, the former place being the objective of Gatacre's disastrous attack from his advanced post at Molteno, a few miles to the southward of it. Gatacre is under tremendous difficulties, for he is fighting in a country swarming with Boer sympathisers. But the provinces south produce some of the finest of the many fine Volunteer corps that the Colony is so freely giving to the service of the country. Notable amongst them are two, types of which are shown in our second illustration, these being the Kaffrarian Rifles—an infantry corps—and the Frontier Mounted Rifles. Of the eight executive officers with the former regiment five have seen service in one or other of our recent South African campaigns. These corps are now forming part of Gatacre's force which is concentrating at Sterkstroom for a fresh advance. Not only has the general to make his advance through what is practically a hostile country, but through one that bristles with natural difficulties, and the utility to him of these colonial troops who know the country it would be hard to over-estimate. Our third picture gives a view of Molteno, from which Gatacre's advance on Stormberg was made. It will be the base for the next push forward, and is some sixty miles to the north of Queenstown, where the first concentration of the column operating on this line took place.



THE BRIDGE DESTROYED BY GENERAL GATACRE AT LEEUFONTEIN.



THE FRONTIER ADVANCE GUARD.
An Old Corps with a New Name.



"Navy & Army."

Photos. Copyright. A VIEW OF MOLTENO—WHERE GENERAL GATACRE HAS HIS HEADQUARTERS.

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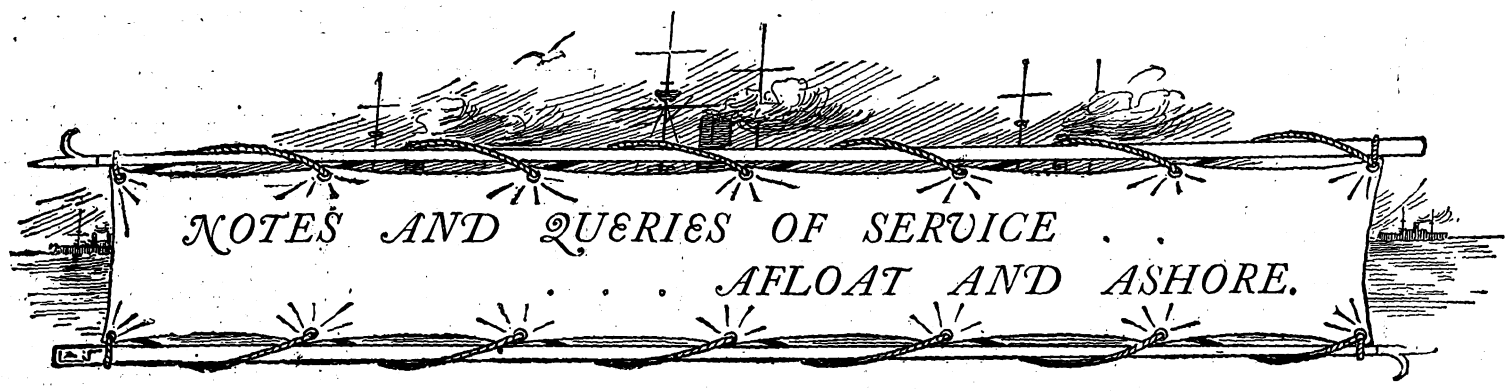

"RED CROSS."—With regard to your enquiry, I cannot speak from personal experience. There are, as you must be aware, many improvements, which have been introduced of late years, in disinfectants, surgical dressings, and sanitary clothing, but the latest development is a substance called "Petanelle." Not having seen the new material actually applied, I can only give you, in effect, what has been said of it by eminent medical and surgical authorities. It is antiseptic, deodorant, destructive of micro-organisms—in fact, a natural hygienic material, at once absolutely harmless and perfectly effective. Surgical pads of Petanelle can be left, it is said, longer on a wound than any other material, and without becoming offensive. Horse-clothing and flannels made of it absorb moisture without getting wet, owing to its natural capacity for evaporation; and disinfecting powder from the same substance, while itself pleasant and refreshing, annihilates the worst odours. These qualities are derived from peat, the preservative virtues of which have long been recognised. Now that they are made available for practical purposes, our brave defenders should have the benefit of them. Mr. John Burke, of the Wool Exchange, should be communicated with if further information be desired.

* * * *

"ANGLO-INDIAN."—Rimington's Horse, mention of which you have seen in telegrams from South Africa, is a corps of guides raised by Major Rimington, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, soon after the outbreak of the war. It is mainly composed of English and Scotch farmers from the Orange Free State. As members of a corps of guides, the men were carefully selected. Knowledge of the country and familiarity with the Kaffir language were essential for recruits in this fine corps. The men supply their own kit, and receive 10s. a day. They are known as "Rimington's Tigers," because of the leopard's tail they wear round their hats. Major Rimington is well known as a smart cavalry officer, and is a first-rate polo player. He captained his regimental team when it won the Inter-Regimental Polo Tournament two years in succession. He went out to South Africa on special service in July last.

* * * *

"A. E."—Major Charles Heaphy, of the Auckland Militia, won the Victoria Cross for his gallant conduct at the skirmish on the banks of the Mangapiko River, in New Zealand, on February 11, 1864. He was gazetted for the decoration on February 8, 1867. Captain Andrew Scott, 4th Sikhs, on July 26, 1877, saved the life of an officer at Quetta by his personal bravery, bayoneting two Pathans and closing with a third, who was finally killed by some men of the 4th Sikhs. For this plucky act he was gazetted for the Victoria Cross on January 18, 1878. I cannot find the names of Private Samuel Hoope and of Lieutenant Beyer in the list of recipients of the Victoria Cross, nor do I remember their winning the decoration since the publication of the last list.

* * * *

D. POWELL.—You are confusing regimental ranks with staff appointments. Generals rank according to their seniority. There are seven generals in the cavalry and infantry, two in the Artillery, one in the Engineers, three in the Staff Corps, and one in the Indian Army. The post of Adjutant-General to the Forces is held by Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., but he is sixth in the list of generals, and his staff appointment does not give him any higher rank.

* * * *

"J. E. M." (Jersey).—The "Victoria" was lost on what was practically her first commission. Lord Armstrong drove the first rivet in her keel plate at Elswick in June, 1885, she was launched on April 9, 1887, and went through her steam trials in June, 1888. Prior to launching, her name was changed from "Renown" to "Victoria," in honour of the Queen's Jubilee. She was commissioned at Chatham on March 19, 1890, by Captain J. E. Stokes, to relieve the "Camperdown," then the flag-ship on the Mediterranean station. She recommissioned on April 29, 1890, with officers and crew turned over from the "Camperdown," Sir Anthony Hoskins hoisting his flag in her as C. in C. in the Mediterranean, his flag-captain being Captain J. C. Burnell. Sir George Tryon relieved Sir Anthony in command, and hoisted his flag in the "Victoria" on August 20, 1891, his flag-captain being the Hon. Maurice Bourke. The disaster occurred on June 22, 1893. The guns carried in the "Victoria" were breech-loading 111-ton guns, with a calibre of 16·25-in. The charge was 960-lb., and the weight of projectile 1,800-lb. Perforation at muzzle was 38-in. of wrought iron. Only six of these guns were ever brought into the Service. Two are now in the sister ship the "Sans Pareil," and the other two in the "Benbow," of the Admiral class.

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"BARFLEUR."—I propose publishing in the course of the next few weeks an article setting forth, as near as possible, how many Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, or Englishmen there are in the various British regiments.

* * * *

I HAVE to thank an old subscriber for the following letter: "In 'Afloat and Ashore' you answer a correspondent and describe therein the flag of the Orange Vry Hout and of the Zuid Afrikaansche Republick. Your description is a little incorrect. The Free State flag has thirteen stripes (like the U.S. flag), seven orange, six white. Top corner next the pole, the Dutch flag. What you describe as the Transvaal flag is altogether wrong. You describe the old flag, a private one (like a standard), once the fancy of the late President Burgers, and so far as I know only sported by him when abroad. The Transvaal flag is the same as seen round the coat of arms, on stamps, on coin, on the President's breast. It is the Dutch flag with a vertical green stripe along the pole. I have been fifteen years in that country, so I know it well. I was at the siege in 1880—Pretoria—and left after the Kaffir Wars in Zoutpansberg, 1895. On commando every field-cornet takes a flag with him, on which very often is printed in black or gold letters, on the white stripe, the name of the ward where he and his men hail from. Also the commandant of a district takes with him a flag, also mostly with the name of the district; this comes in handy by laager formation. The flags are invariably carried on horseback attached to a long bamboo whip-stick. A small flag is also attached to the waggon of commandant or field-cornet. The flags vary in size, from 6ft. by 4ft., and larger, and are made of bunting, very seldom of silk. It is heavy work carrying the flag in a little wind."

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L. PERRY.—Entry as assistant clerk in the Royal Navy may take place up to the age of eighteen. There is no direct admission to the rank of paymaster. The examination is divided into two classes. Class I.: Mathematics.—Arithmetic as far as interest; algebra to easy quadratics; Euclid, Books I. to III. English.—Dictation, composition, precis. English history to present times, especially the period subsequent to Queen Elizabeth. Geography.—Elements of physical and political. French and Latin.—Translations, grammatical questions, and in regard to French dictation and conversation. Class II.: Shorthand or drawing (*a*) Freehand and simple rectangular model, or (*b*) Geometrical. Additional Mathematics.—Elementary trigonometry, harder questions in arithmetic, algebra and geometry, Euclid, Book VI., 1-12. German.—Same as French, with knowledge of German written characters. Natural science, *i.e.*, Mechanics with either (*a*) Physics, or (*b*) Chemistry. In Class I. all the subjects have to be taken up. In Class II. shorthand or drawing and one other subject are requisite—shorthand is the more advantageous. The medical examination takes place before the educational examination. Two or three defective teeth, if properly stopped when decay had only slightly advanced, should not operate against a candidate. The examination may be considered the hardest of any for young gentlemen on first entry. About four candidates are nominated for each vacancy in the Navy; the competition is therefore keen, and the candidates must obtain such an aggregate of marks as will satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners.

* * * *

"F. B. G." (Ormskirk).—If you are anxious to obtain a commission in a Volunteer corps you ought, in the first place, to write to the adjutant of the corps you select, who will no doubt furnish you with full particulars. It is always an advantage, however, to be personally acquainted with the commanding officer, who, to all intents and purposes, has the power of appointing you. Should he consider you a suitable candidate, a paper will be sent you to be filled up. On this form are entered particulars as to age, profession, etc. After answering the questions specified thereon, you must be examined by a medical man, who will fill up a form of certificate (attached to the paper mentioned) to the effect that you are physically fit to perform your duties. A certificate as to moral character from a clergyman or schoolmaster must also be sent with your application for a commission, which is eventually sent to the War Office. If deemed a suitable candidate, you are then "gazetted," that is to say, your appointment appears in the *London Gazette*. With reference to the annual expense of holding a Volunteer commission, no rule can be laid down. You ought certainly to be prepared to spend £15 annually for the good of the corps, but in certain "crack" corps the minimum is about £40. The adjutant of the corps you wish to join could no doubt give you full particulars.

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"G. H. B." (Maidstone).—1. The "star" given for the Ashanti Campaign of 1895-96 is a four-pointed star crossed by a St. Andrew's Cross, there being in the centre an Imperial crown surrounded by a raised band inscribed "Ashanti, 1896." The ribbon is yellow, with a narrow black stripe down each edge. 2. No special medal was granted for the Tirah Campaign, but to the troops employed the *third* Indian General Service Medal (just issued for the Chitral Campaign) was given, with clasps inscribed "Punjab Frontier, 1897-98," "Malakand, 1897," "Samana, 1897," "Tirah, 1897-98," according to the district in which recipients were employed. The medal is a shade thicker than the old issue, weighing ½-oz. more. The ribbon has three stripes of red and two of green, of equal width. 3. For the last phase of the Soudan Campaign, the medal given by the Khedive in 1897 was issued, with clasps for "Khartoum" and "Gedaref." This was in addition to those already earned with it, viz., "Firket," "Hafir," "Atbara," "Abu Hamed," and "Nile, 1897." The ribbon is yellow, with a blue stripe down the centre, all the stripes of equal width. This medal is rather larger in diameter than our usual size, viz., 1·4-in. The Queen also gave a medal for this campaign after the fall of Omdurman. The issue was, however, to be retrospective, and it goes to all Queen's troops who served with Kitchener since the commencement of the advance in 1896. The ribbon is half black, half yellow, with a narrow stripe of red running down the intersection of the colours. 4. This question would take up too much of my space to answer. You can see them all if you get a permit to visit the "pattern-room" at the Army Clothing Factory at Pimlico.

THE EDITOR.

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The Omnibus War Horse.

By Lieutenant-Colonel John Graham.

NOTWITHSTANDING the amusing raillery of which the "Omnibus War Horse" has been the innocent occasion, that deserving quadruped must be taken seriously. It cannot, of course, be imagined by anyone possessed of the most elementary equine knowledge that the reserve of working horses at the disposal of the Government could ever be employed in the cavalry or artillery. These animals have not been trained to the rapid and precise manœuvres which are essential to the efficiency, and even to the existence, of a cavalry regiment or a horse battery. For combatant purposes, horses must be not merely in hard condition, but must have undergone a most thorough and careful training in the drills and exercises prescribed for the education of military horses.

"Cavalry," says Major Maude in one of his thoughtful essays on "Attack and Defence," "is the arm which has made, perhaps, the greatest relative progress of all since the last great European wars. In precision of movement and shock-power nothing like it has been seen, except in individual regiments, since the days of Frederick the Great, but in actual mobility depending on the breeding and care of the horses, it is far ahead of all former standards." Of two opposing armies, equal in strength and training, with apparently even chances of victory, success will fall to that which is possessed of the most carefully schooled and most intelligently managed cavalry and artillery horses.

While, therefore, our reserve cannot supply animals capable of taking a place in the fighting line, it relieves us from anxiety as to the equally important matters of transport and distribution. The roads by which ammunition, stores, and the necessary food and forage are brought up, frequently become impracticable. Even the lightest of railways cannot be everywhere laid down in the wake of a marching force, and the tasks assigned to transport animals have a way of becoming excessive, notwithstanding the exercise of care and forethought. In these circumstances, horses, especially if young and green, rapidly lose condition; many of them get into a miserable plight, and either drop down and die or are put out of their pain by a "merciful bullet."

The bearing of loads and the draught of waggons in the rear of an army account for the untimely death of more horses than are killed in action. The omnibus horses would thus seem to have made good their claim on our gratitude. They are in splendid condition, seasoned, matured, and in hard work. In point of fact, they are in every respect the very best kind for transport duties, and when they are taken over, there will be less suffering and less pecuniary loss, although a good price may be paid, than when cheaper, but younger and softer, animals are employed.

The exigencies of a campaign are such that some degree of cruelty seems unavoidable. It may, however, be minimised by skilful management, and by attention to the numerous small matters that make for the comfort and efficiency of the pack or harness quadruped. If good work is to be got out of him, it is evident that he must not be placed *hors de combat* in the first few days of his service, and this remark, of course, applies equally to mules, which are considered more suitable than horses for the labours of transport in South Africa.

Ill-fitting pack saddles, badly distributed weight, and improperly stuffed collars, are among the preventable causes of sores, suffering, and loss of power. Overloading should be included, but that is looked on as a necessary evil, when the lives and success of the troops at the front are considered. We cannot, however, get away from the fact that the prevention of overloading is just one of those things that should be insured by the skill and prescience of the responsible officers. It would diminish both the cruelty and the cost of transport.

When an animal has been gradually accustomed to the collar, his shoulders become hard, like those of the omnibus horses, and no amount of fair draught will cause a sore; but if, on the other hand, he is put into the collar when his shoulders are soft, and given a good weight, and a good day's work to start with, the probability is that his shoulders will soon be raw, and that he will be a jibber in consequence. It is evident that the presence of an animal in the latter state is worse than useless, and that it was a wise policy to enrol a reserve of sound harness horses, in the prime of their age, and ready for immediate work. The existence of such a reserve produces a feeling of security with regard to the probable requirement of military draught horses.

At the same time it must be admitted that we are not in so good a position in so far as cavalry are concerned. It should be understood that we cannot afford to lower the attainments of our cavalry horses, whose "mouths and manners" are already regarded by experts as hardly up to the form of past years.

Real Ghosts in the Army.

By A. B. Tucker.

THERE is a general supposition that it is only sailors who see ghosts, and that soldiers are never given to being visited by the inhabitants of the unseen world and to receiving impressions beforehand of their own deaths or the deaths of their comrades. But the Army has its legends of ghosts and presentments which are just as well authenticated as those of the Navy. Real ghosts? I think I hear my readers exclaim. I can only reply that the stories here set down are not invented, but are properly authenticated cases, and my reader may explain them how he will. Here, for instance, is a case about which many enquiries have been made from time to time in *Notes and Queries*. I mention my authority in order to show that the story is not pure fiction.

In 1785 the 33rd Regiment, which at that time was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Forke, was stationed at Sydney, in Cape Breton Island. Among the officers of the regiment were Captain (afterwards Sir John) Sherbroke and Lieutenant (afterwards General) George Wynyard. These two young officers were great friends, both being of a somewhat studious disposition. Their similarity of taste threw them much together, and kept them very much to themselves. On October 15, 1785, these two officers were sitting talking before the fire in Wynyard's room. It was in the barracks that had lately been built, and the room had two doors, one opening on an outer passage and the other into Wynyard's bedroom. As these young men sat talking together over some literary question in which both were deeply interested, Sherbroke happened to glance towards the door that opened to the passage and observed a tall lad of about twenty years of age, pale and emaciated, standing beside it. Taken aback at the appearance of a perfect stranger, Sherbroke turned to his friend and drew his attention to the unbidden guest. Wynyard turned to the stranger and showed in his face inexplicable agitation. "I have heard," said Sherbroke, in recounting the story afterwards, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse except Wynyard's at that moment." As the two friends looked at the stranger they did not speak; Wynyard, indeed, seemed to be deprived of speech, and Sherbroke, from sympathy with his friend, was also silent. As they gazed intently and silently on the mysterious and pallid stranger, the figure slowly glided into the bedroom, passing quite close to them. As it passed them it cast its eyes on Wynyard with a look of affection. When the figure had left the room in which the friends were sitting, they seemed to recover themselves, and Wynyard, grasping Sherbroke by the arm, said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Great God! my brother." "Your brother! What can you mean Wynyard?" Leading the way, Sherbroke immediately took his friend into the bedroom, whither the figure had gone. Imagine their astonishment when they found the room empty. At that moment Lieutenant (afterwards Colonel) Ralph Gore joined them, and the three searched the cupboards and other likely places of concealment for the stranger, but in vain. The bedroom had but one door, which opened into the sitting-room, and there was therefore no possibility of anyone escaping them. Wynyard was convinced that he had seen the apparition of his brother. Sherbroke, on the other hand, was equally convinced that some delusion had been practised on them. For the satisfaction of both, Lieutenant Gore took a note of the day and hour of the occurrence, and it was agreed that no mention should be made of it in the regiment. Gradually, even Wynyard, though he could not help expressing anxiety as to the fate of his brother, became persuaded that they had been the victims of some practical joke on the part of their brother officers, though they could not imagine how it had been carried out. At any rate, they were ready to believe anything rather than admit the possibility of anything supernatural. Wynyard's anxiety for his brother's health at length made him reveal to his comrades the events of that mysterious night. His brother officers assured him that they had had no part in the affair, and soon the fate of Wynyard's brother became a matter of the deepest interest to the whole mess. At length the long looked-for mail from home arrived. There were letters for everyone except Wynyard. The newspapers were examined, but they contained no mention of the death of Wynyard's brother. The officers were at mess

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when the letters arrived, and it was noticed that Sherbroke left one of his letters unopened for some time, regarding it as if he dreaded to read its contents. At length, when the conversation had begun to hum again and men were beginning to discuss the news brought by the mail, Sherbroke opened his letter. The first lines of the letter were as follows: "Dear John,—Break to your friend Wynyard the death of his favourite brother." It was then found that the young man had died on the very day and at the very hour that the pallid stranger had appeared to Wynyard and Sherbroke. Now, in discussing the merits of this story, we must remember that Sir John Sherbroke and General Wynyard were gentlemen whose veracity could not be called in question for a moment, and both of them in after years shared the belief that they had seen a ghost or spirit. I should add that the young officer who died on October 15, 1785, was Lieutenant John Otway Wynyard, of the Scots Guards.

Here is another story told by a Chelsea pensioner sixty years ago, and preserved in an old history of the hospital, which, by the way, contains more stories of the same kind. The regiment to which the old fellow belonged was serving in Canada during the American War, and it was there that the scene of his story was laid. There was a man in his company named James Sweetlove, who was married, and, having left his wife and children in England, never ceased to bewail his hard fate at being parted from them. All jokes, all arguments, all remonstrances failed to cure him of his habitual melancholy. "Well, well," he would reply, "you may say what you like, but when I embraced my wife and little ones on the beach at Portsmouth something whispered in my ear that it was for the last time; and you will see whether or not it spoke truly." On the night of July 15, 1814, Sweetlove was on picket duty not far from Niagara, on the St. Lawrence. About midnight it came to his turn to mount sentry by the river side. Half-an-hour later a musket shot was heard, and our old friend, the Chelsea pensioner who tells the story, was ordered by the officer in charge of the picket to take a file of men and ascertain the cause. As he approached Sweetlove's post they saw him—there was no moon, but it was a bright starlight night—cast his firelock from him, dash towards the river, and jump in. The current of the river being strong, the man was carried down stream some considerable distance before he was dragged out, drenched and scared. When Sweetlove recovered himself at the picket fire he was pressed for an explanation of his extraordinary conduct. After some hesitation, he said:

"Seized my firelock and strove to take it from me."

"It's all over with me, corporal! You have often laughed at me when I said that I should never see my wife and family again, but before many hours pass you will change your note. I shall be a dead man to-morrow."

Of course the corporal laughed, and told Sweetlove that he was more likely to die of lack of heart than by sword or bayonet, and wound up his exhortation to Sweetlove to cheer up by asking him why he fired. "It was not I that fired," said the wretched man. "My piece went off in the struggle—but I never touched the trigger."

"What struggle, Jem? For Heaven's sake don't talk in riddles! There was nobody near your post when we came up. With whom did you struggle?"

"With my wife, corporal," replied Jem. "Listen and I will tell you all. You had not left me more than ten minutes when, on starting on my rounds, I saw my wife standing near me. Margaret looked very pale and very thin, and she was dressed in a long white wrapper. Her hair had come undone and was streaming down below the cap she was wearing. She looked ever so sad. For a moment she gazed at me without speaking, and then her thin white lips moved and she said to me: 'Jem, leave this place or it will be too late.' I heard the words distinctly; I was not dreaming. I told her that I could not desert my post, and, moreover, that nothing would induce me to do so. She argued with me, persisted in her entreaty, and, finding that I was not to be persuaded, seized my firelock and strove to take it from me. In the struggle the piece went off, and then Margaret, letting go her hold, drew back from me, I don't know how, for her limbs never turned, and her face was still towards me. Her face was terribly sad to look at. I looked at her without being able to keep my eyes off her. All at once I saw her with our two babies in a canoe. She sat there as pale as she was when I saw her first, but the babies were as red as my coat; and in the stern sat a horrid red savage, who grinned as he steered the boat towards the rapids. Margaret waved her hand to me and said: 'We meet to-morrow.' They were getting into the current. I could hear the water roaring. What could I do? I cast my firelock from me and jumped into the river to save them."

Sweetlove told his story quietly and impressively. There was no doubt that he was telling the truth as far as he knew. In the morning his hair, which had been dark brown, was grey, almost white. That day the enemy attacked our men and our pickets were driven in. Sweetlove, who behaved with great gallantry in the engagement, was killed. But the story is nothing without its sequel. Six weeks after the battle letters arrived from England, one of which gave an account of the death of Mrs. Sweetlove and her children. The latter had died from an attack of scarlet fever, and the mother had sunk into a decline and had followed her babes.

In no portion of the British kingdom are ghost stories more abundant than in the Isle of Man. Waldron, whose account of the island is well known, contains one that is especially curious. An apparition called the Manthe Doog, in the shape of a spaniel, was formerly supposed to haunt Peel Castle, which was then a military station. The dog particularly haunted the guard-room, where it would come constantly and lie down by the fire at candle light. The soldiers lost much of their terror of it by the frequency of the sight, yet as they believed it to be an evil spirit waiting for an opportunity to injure them, their belief kept them so far in order that they refrained from swearing and even from talking while it was present. None of them liked to be left alone with such a companion. Now, as the Manthe Doog used to come out and return by the passage through the church, by which one of the men had to go to deliver the keys every night to the captain on duty, the men used to do this duty in couples, and never would a man do it alone. One of the soldiers, however, on a certain night having taken more drink than was good for him, insisted on going with the keys alone, although it was not his turn. His comrades in vain tried to dissuade him from what they felt to be a dangerous and foolhardy freak. At length he snatched up the keys and departed on his errand. Some time afterwards a great noise disturbed the men in the guard-house, and, while they were sitting wondering and awe-stricken, the adventurous soldier broke in upon them. He was inarticulate with horror and fright. He could not even make signs to convey to his comrades what had happened to him. The man was distracted, mentally paralysed, and in an hour or two he died, with his features distorted, obviously in mental agony. After this no one would go through the passage, which was soon closed up, as it remains to this day. The apparition was never seen again. Waldron says that this event took place about sixty years before he wrote the account, and that he heard it attested by an old soldier, who assured him that he had often himself seen the Manthe Doog.

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The Story of the War.

THE present is an eminently favourable moment for temporarily checking the course of our narrative of the events in South Africa, for the purpose of "taking stock." As a matter of fact, owing to the exigencies of newspaper productions at Christmas-time, it would be impossible to make this week's chronicle a really up to date one, but, apart from this, there is no question that we have just reached one of those halting-places in the history of a war at which it is expedient to take breath, and, more or less, "admire the view."

Casting up the record of the past ten weeks is not altogether a pleasant task from either a national or a military standpoint. But it is absolutely essential to a proper understanding of this great and really epoch-making conflict, that the lessons of the war should not be obscured by any attempt to minimise the seriousness of significant failures or exaggerate the importance of minor successes. Let us then be plain-spoken, as well as systematic, in our present attempt to describe our military position at the end of the year by the light of what has happened since that eventful Eleventh of October, when the time fixed by the Boers for compliance with their ultimatum expired, and Great Britain and the two South African Republics—for by its own act the Orange Free State was from the first day associated with the Transvaal—were definitely at war.

The catalogue of our unquestioned mistakes is not particularly pleasant reading. In the first place, we were strategically wrong, as it turns out, in attempting to defend Mafeking, and in neglecting to hold in some strength the entire line from De Aar to Stormberg. Secondly, there is no doubt either that we were utterly misinformed as to the real strength of the Boers and their resources, or that, having good information, the War Office neglected to take precautions which would have been obvious to a Sandhurst cadet. As the Intelligence Division is part of the War Office, it is absolutely impossible to regard the latter as free from some serious blame in this connection. Thirdly, the supply of artillery and cavalry has been hopelessly inadequate, the provision of guns of the proper description having been strangely neglected. The authorities in due course will have to answer the question "Why were not howitzers sent out at the commencement of the war, and why was not common shell supplied to the Field Artillery?" and it is already evident that no satisfactory reply will be forthcoming. Fourthly, some of the early transports were a simple disgrace to our maritime resources and to the credit of the Department of the Admiralty which looks after these things. Fifthly, the Army Corps organisation has proved a comic failure, having already gone to pieces in the most ludicrous fashion. Sixthly, the conduct of the operations has revealed an absence of intelligence, and a neglect of proper precautions in the way of scouting, reconnaissance, and maintenance of touch, which have caused us the loss of hundreds of lives and of not a little national prestige.

On the other hand, the fighting quality displayed has been superb. At Talana Hill, Elandslaagte, Belmont, Enslin, and Modder River, where we triumphed, and at Magersfontein and on the Tugela, where we failed, the gallantry of the British troops was truly magnificent. Time after time they faced a fire before which the bravest soldiers in the world might well have recoiled, and where retirement has become absolutely necessary it has been effected in an orderly manner and with such a show of vigorous pugnacity that the enemy has had no thought of following it up. The work of the Artillery throughout has been as perfect as first-class material and the *ne plus ultra* of training and splendid spirit would make it. Wherever the cavalry could get a chance they have taken it, and, among the infantry, England, Scotland, and Ireland have vied gloriously with one another to "get there" at all hazards, proudly indifferent to some genuine hardships and to losses occasionally of quite an appalling character.

It is now apparent that the task to which we have set ourselves in South Africa is far more serious than at first we imagined it would be. But the temper of the nation is such that this has, if anything, accentuated our determination not only to, as Lord Rosebery has said, "See this thing through," but to do so with a completeness which may possibly surprise some of our good friends across the Channel.

From about the middle of December an entirely new position, so far as we were concerned, was set up in South Africa, and, though as yet it is impossible to forecast what the result will be of the changes then effected, it is instructive to note that most of the warnings we have received have borne fruit in very definite and sensible action. Two generals have been appointed, one as Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, the other as Chief of the Staff, whose names are household words for brilliant leadership and organising capacity. Reinforcements are being prepared which will ultimately bring the British force in South Africa up to an aggregate of about 150,000 men, and war material is being hurried out in fast transports.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

5th Dragoon Guards	E	Natal
6th " "	B	Cape Frontier
1st Royal Dragoons	D	Natal
2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys)		Cape Colony
5th Lancers	E	Natal
6th Dragoons	B	Cape Colony
9th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
10th Hussars	B	Cape Colony
12th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
13th Hussars	D	Natal
18th "	E	Natal
19th "	E	Natal

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

G and P Batteries, R.H.A.	A	Cape Frontier
O and R " "	B	Cape Frontier
4th Battery, R.F.A.		Cape Colony
7th " "	D	Natal
13th " "	E	Natal
14th " "	D	Natal
18th " "	A	Cape Frontier
21st " "	E	Ladysmith, Natal
37th " "	B	Cape Frontier
38th " "	C	Cape Frontier
42nd " "	E	Ladysmith, Natal
53rd " "	E	Ladysmith, Natal
61st " "	D	Natal
62nd " "	A	Cape Frontier
63rd " "		Cape Colony
64th " "	D	Natal
65th " "		Cape Colony
66th " "	D	Natal
67th " "	E	Ladysmith, Natal
69th " "	E	Ladysmith, Natal
73rd " "	D	Natal
74th " "	C	Cape Frontier
75th " "	A	Cape Frontier
77th " "	C	Cape Frontier
79th " "	C	Cape Colony
No. 4 Mountain Battery	D	Natal
No. 10 " "		Natal
14th Co. W. Division, R.G.A.	D	Cape Colony
23rd " "		Kimberley

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	A	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	E	Natal
1st Devonshire	E	Natal
1st Leicestershire	E	Natal
1st Gloucestershire	E	Natal
1st Border	D	Natal
1st North Lancashire*		Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	A	Cape Frontier
1st King's Royal Rifles	E	Natal
2nd " " "	F	Natal
1st Manchester	E	Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	E	Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers	E	Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers	E	Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	E	Natal
2nd Devon	D	Natal
2nd West Yorkshire	D	Natal
2nd West Surrey	D	Natal
2nd East Surrey	D	Natal
1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Highland L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
1st Scots Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Irish Rifles	C	Cape Frontier
2nd Northamptonshire	A	Cape Frontier
3rd Grenadiers	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Black Watch	A	Cape Frontier
1st Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Scottish Rifles	D	Natal
1st Argyll and Sutherland	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Seaforths	A	Cape Frontier
1st Durham Light Infantry	D	Natal
3rd King's Royal Rifles	D	Natal
1st Rifle Brigade	D	Natal
1st Welsh	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Somerset L.I.	D	Natal
2nd Northumberland Fusiliers	C	Cape Frontier
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Connaught Rangers	D	Natal
1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Royal Scots	C	Cape Frontier
1st Gordon Highlanders	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Shropshire L.I.		Cape Frontier
2nd Cornwall L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
1st Suffolk		Cape Frontier
1st Essex		Cape Colony
1st Derbyshire	D	Natal
1st Yorkshire		Cape Colony
2nd Royal Warwickshire		Cape Colony
2nd Dorsetshire		Cape Colony
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers		Cape Colony
1st South Lancashire		Cape Colony

NOTE.—The units are thus distinguished: A denotes those under General Methuen operating on the Western Frontier; B, troops on line of communication from Cape Town, and those who under General French are holding the railway systems whose termini are Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London; C, those under General Gatacre's command in the North-Eastern Province; D, those troops in Natal who under Sir Redvers Buller are operating for the relief of Ladysmith; E, those beleaguered in Ladysmith under the command of Sir George White.

The regiments leaving or *en route* are: Cavalry—Composite Regiment Household Cavalry, and 14th Hussars. Artillery—R.H.A., Q, T, and U Batteries; R.F.A., 19th, 20th, and 28th Batteries; 15th Co. W. Division, and 20th Co. S. Division, R.G.A.; and a siege train of 32 officers and 1,104 men. Infantry—2nd R. Lancaster, 1st York and Lancaster, 2nd Middlesex, 2nd East Kent, 2nd Bedford, 1st Royal Irish, 1st West Riding, 1st Oxford L.I., 2nd Wilts, 2nd Worcestershire, 2nd Gloucester, 2nd Lincoln, 2nd Norfolk, 1st Scottish Borderers, 1st East Lancashire, 2nd Cheshire, 2nd Hampshire, 2nd South Wales Borderers, 2nd North Staffordshire, 1st Lincoln, and 2nd East Yorkshire.

* Left half battalion with Methuen.

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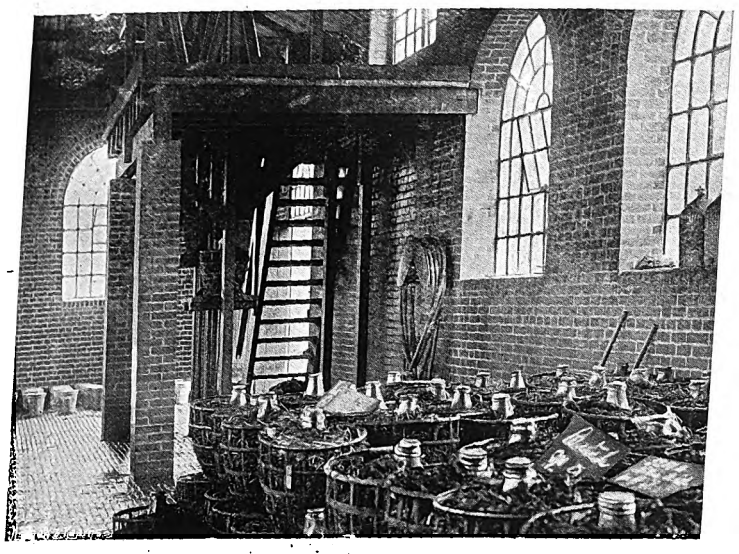
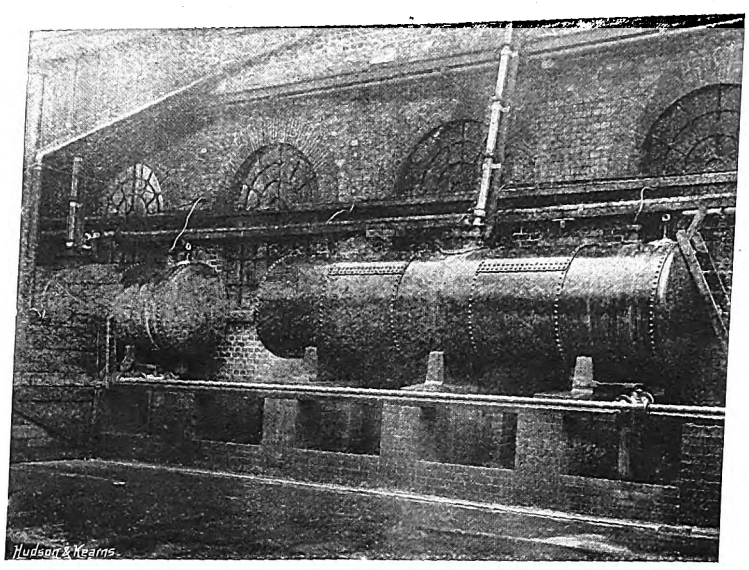
Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—II.



THE GENESIS OF GUN-COTTON.
The Acid Mixing Shed.



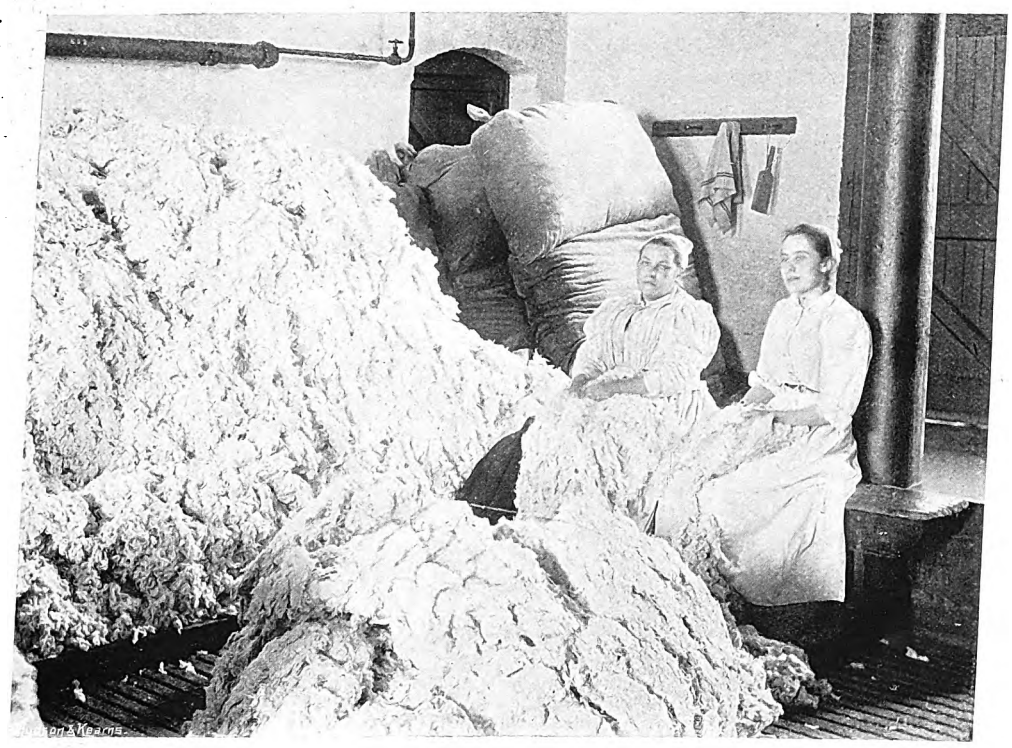
MIXING ACIDS BY COMPRESSED AIR.

BEFORE describing the working-up of the new product, it is as well to closely examine the manufacture of its chief constituents. Taking 90 as the whole, the proportions are as follows:

Nitro-glycerine	43·5
Gun-cotton . .	27·75
Acetone . . .	15·1
Mineral jelly .	3·75

As regards the mineral jelly or vaseline, this is used simply to render the resulting mass softer and more readily moulded. It takes no part in the explosive force, and acts quite mechanically. The acetone, mentioned in the preceding article, is derived by the destructive distillation of acetate of lime. Its function is to dissolve and to amalgamate the gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine for the purpose of moulding. This object achieved, the manufacturer gets rid of the solvent by drying under gentle heat.

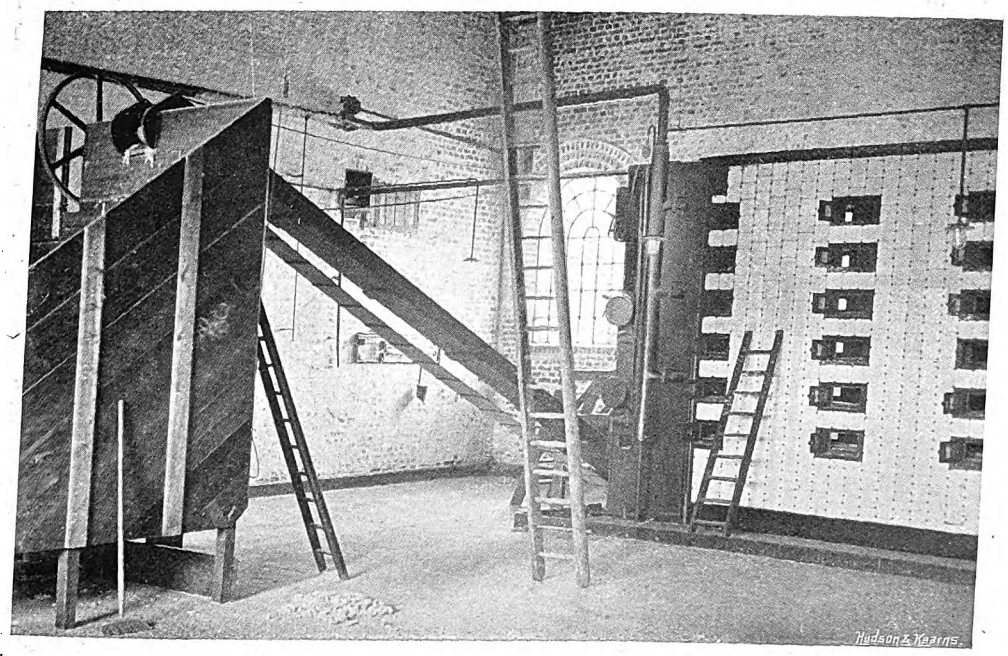
The exigencies of space require nitro-glycerine, or N.G., as it is familiarly known at Waltham, to stand over until the next article, and hence gun-cotton, although second in point of proportion, is taken first. This powerful explosive can be watched in *all* its processes, being altogether most amenable to treatment. It is produced by the action of nitric and sulphuric acids upon cotton, a chemical process sufficiently marvellous, seeing that it converts that innocuous material into an explosive second only to nitro-glycerine in its power.



A STUDY IN THE COTTON-PICKING ROOM.

To begin with, carboys of acids made in the factory are brought into a huge shed, where they stand in batches ready for use. By means of a lift, shown in Ill. 1, the carboys are hoisted up some 10-ft. and tipped into a lead conduit. First nitric and then sulphuric acid is poured out, the corrosive stream flowing into large cylindrical boilers (Ill. 2).

By means of tiny tubes seen at the extremity of the boilers, a jet of compressed air bubbles through the acids, making their union complete. For the manufacture of gun-cotton, the finest cotton waste is bought in Manchester, and arrives in bags weighing 1-cwt. In spite of great care in packing, various foreign bodies get into the cotton, and hence it has to be hand-picked and teazled. This essentially feminine occupation falls to the lot of nine women, who are either the widows or relatives of men employed in the factory. When picked



Photos. Copyright. OVEN FOR DRYING COTTON. "Navy & Army."
The Cotton Passes into the Oven on the Right of the Picture.

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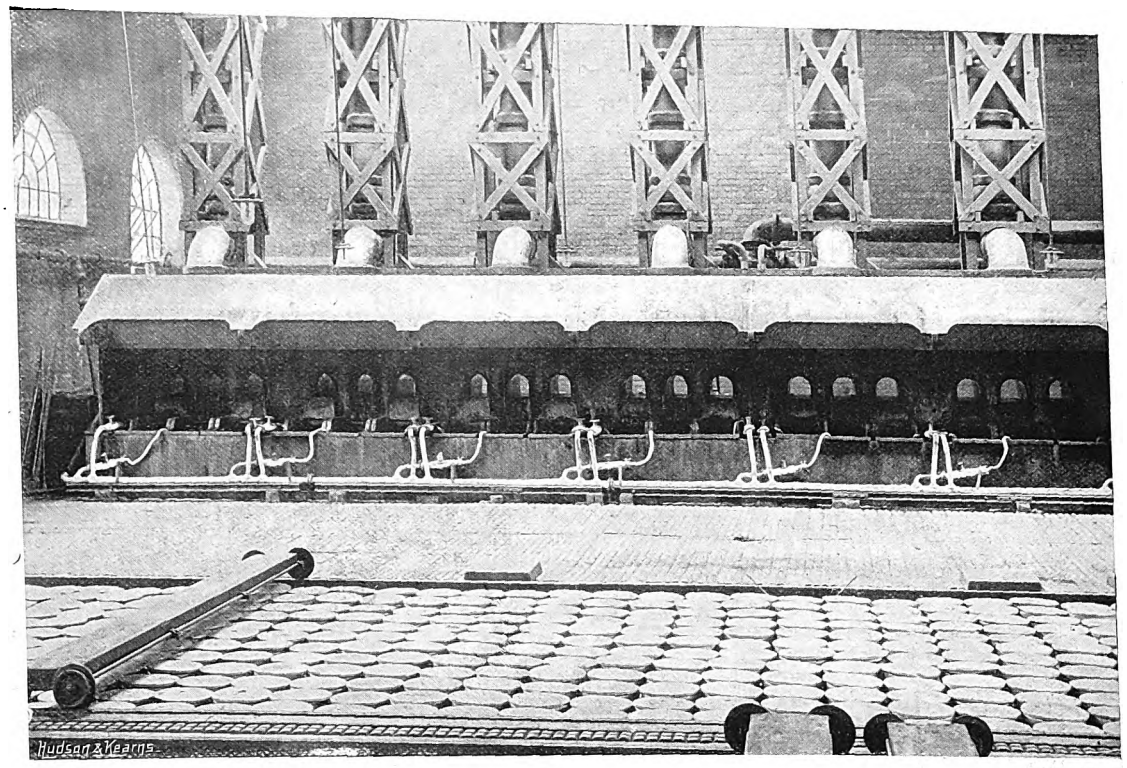
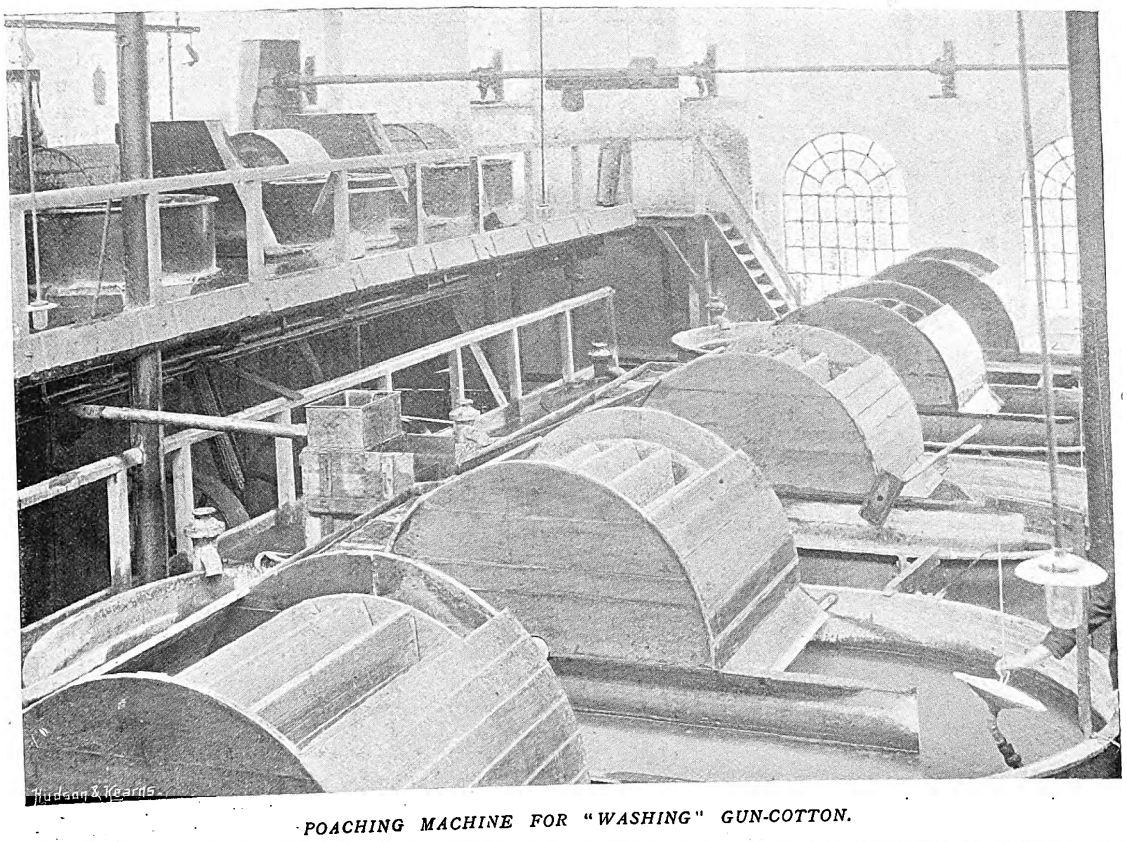
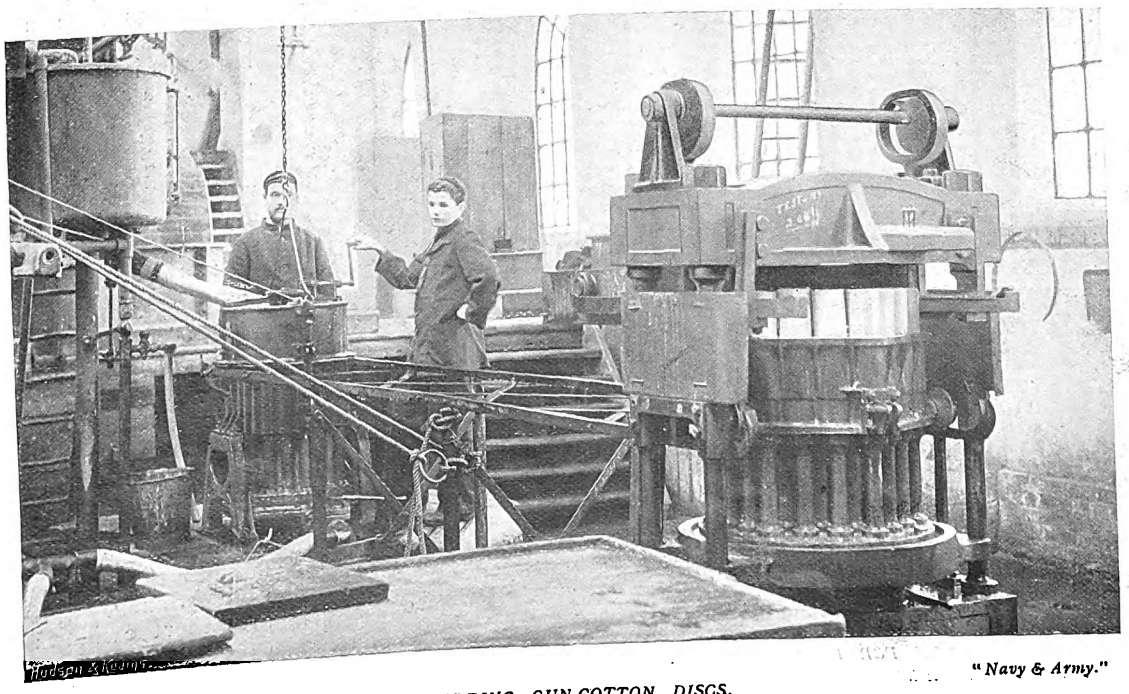


NITRATING SHOP.
In the Dinner Hour.



POACHING MACHINE FOR "WASHING" GUN-COTTON.



Photos. Copyright. *MOULDING GUN-COTTON DISCS.* *"Navy & Army."*

and teazled (Ill. 3), the cotton is thrown on to a wide revolving band, which carries it through a species of window into the drying-room. Here is a vast oven with a multitude of tiny doors (Ill. 4), each one of which opens on to the cotton as it passes through. In the oven is arranged an endless band, which, as it passes backwards and forwards, carries the cotton from the top to the bottom of the drying chamber. The journey takes 20-min., and the heat is kept up to 180-deg. before the charge is considered absolutely dry. Finally, when at the lowest tier, it passes out, still on the band, up an inclined shoot and drops into a bin. From this receptacle it is weighed into tins, each holding 1¼-lb., and is sent forward for the nitrating process in the next shop.

It must be understood that these buildings are only subdivisions of one large factory, and are thus side by side, a fact which reduces the handling of the charge to a minimum. In Ill. 5 small tunnels will be noticed under the chimneys, and it is through these that the dried picked cotton is thrust to fall into the bath of acid below. The 1¼-lb. of waste soaks up nearly 14-lb. of the fuming acid, some of which has to be removed. The workmen, armed with iron wringers, squeeze the free acid from the cotton and place it, after 5-min. immersion, in covered pots, which can be seen standing in water in the foreground of Ill. 5.

At this stage innocent cotton makes its exit and "explosive" enters, and the normal care has to be increased or explosions will inevitably occur. The fumes given off by the acids in this airy shop are very corrosive, and men working long in the nitrating-house find that their teeth suffer. Worn-out Army clothing is served out for use in the factory, as the acid plays havoc with cloth of any kind, and this produces a most bizarre effect upon the visitor. After a due period of cooling, the contents of six pots are placed in a centrifugal wringing-machine, and in it the bulk of the superfluous acid is removed. The much-harassed cotton is then washed by machinery, until almost every trace of the acid is removed. The washing finished, there remains the boiling, which takes place in huge vats closely resembling elephantine casks in appearance. In all, twelve different waters are used in this process, and the boiling takes seventy-two hours to complete.

When wrung out, the cotton is placed in bags and carried to the pulping-machine shop, where rapidly-revolving knives so mince it that it forms an impalpable powder, rendering milky white the water with which it is flooded. The paddle-wheel machine, or poacher, as it is called, shown in Ill. 6, is used for thoroughly washing every particle of

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the powdered gun-cotton, and by the rapid revolution of the paddles this purpose is completely achieved. Then with a funnel, shown to the right of Ill. 7, the workman draws off the supernatant water, leaving the explosive as a white precipitate. From these machines the gun-cotton is carried into a large receiver styled the "stuff-chest." From this, smaller tanks are filled, called gauge-tanks, seen in Ill. 7 (high left), which hold enough to fill the moulder shown in the same illustration. Then by means of rails the soft mass is carried to the press, where, under a pressure of 34-lb. to the square inch, it is moulded into discs of gun-cotton.

These still contain far too much water, and after being drilled like so many wooden blocks they are carried to another press (Ill. 8). There, under a pressure of six to seven tons per square inch, the disc is reduced in size to half, and the moisture brought down to about 14 per cent. The workman is guarded from injury by a heavy rope mantlet, which protects him far more than thin iron or steel would do. Fortunately for the comfort of the visitor, gun-cotton requires lighting and confining in a closed space to develop its terrific power, otherwise the pressing-room would be a trying one to visit.

The gun-cotton intended for cordite manufacture is, of course, *not* compressed, but is dried and sent to the N.G. factory, where in the next article its progress can be watched.

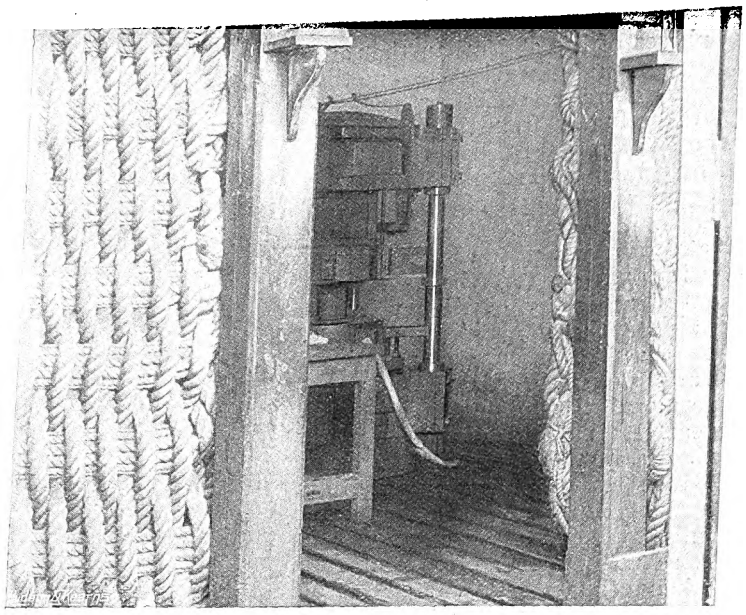

Photo. Copyright. A SILENT GIANT. *"Navy & Army."*
Machine for Pressing Gun-cotton Discs.

(Previous articles of this series appeared on July 15 and October 14.)

Durban and the War.

WHEN this war is over Natal will have owing to her by the Empire a very deep debt of gratitude. It would be hard to over-estimate the splendid services that its colonists have rendered to the Imperial cause. They have seen their country overrun by the enemy, and their property destroyed, without a murmur or complaint, and the gallant little colony has put the cream of her manhood into the field to fight the Empire's battle. Truly they "come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban; little used to lie down at the bidding of any man." And the Empire will never forget Natal's work for it in the hour of stress. Although Pieter Maritzburg is the capital and seat of the Government, Durban is by far the largest and most important town; doubly important in that it is the only port in the colony, whose coast-line extends along 170 miles of the Indian Ocean. It is a wonderfully well-watered country, for in this small stretch of coast-line no less than twenty-three distinct rivers debouch into the sea. Two of our pictures illustrate a couple

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
THE LATEST ARRIVALS FROM ENGLAND—TROOPS DISEMBARKING FROM A TRANSPORT.

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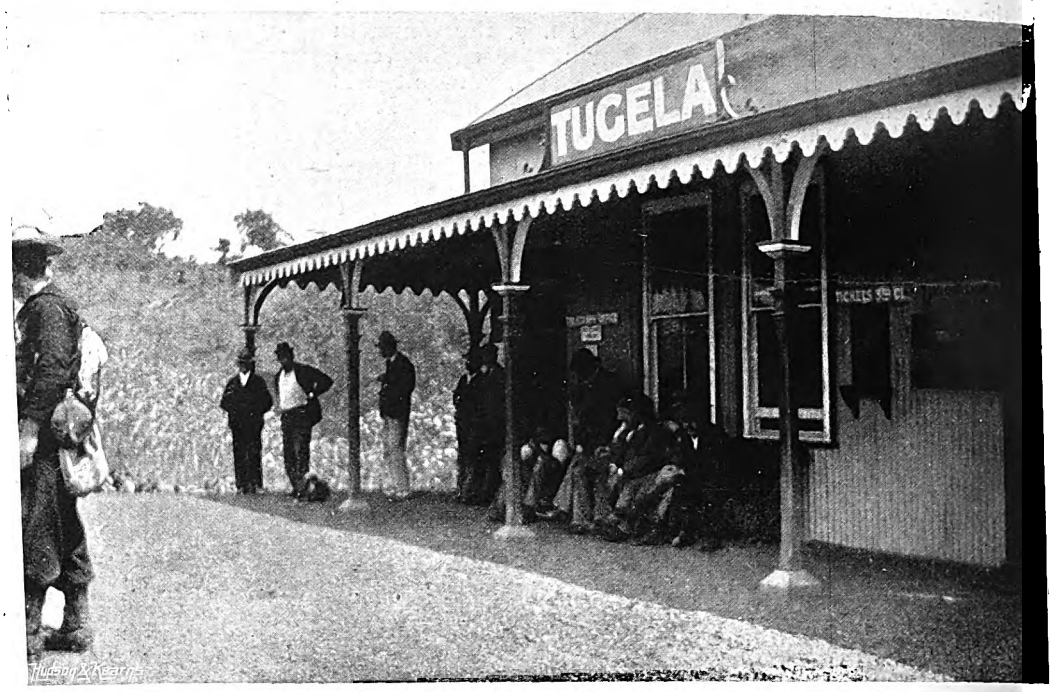
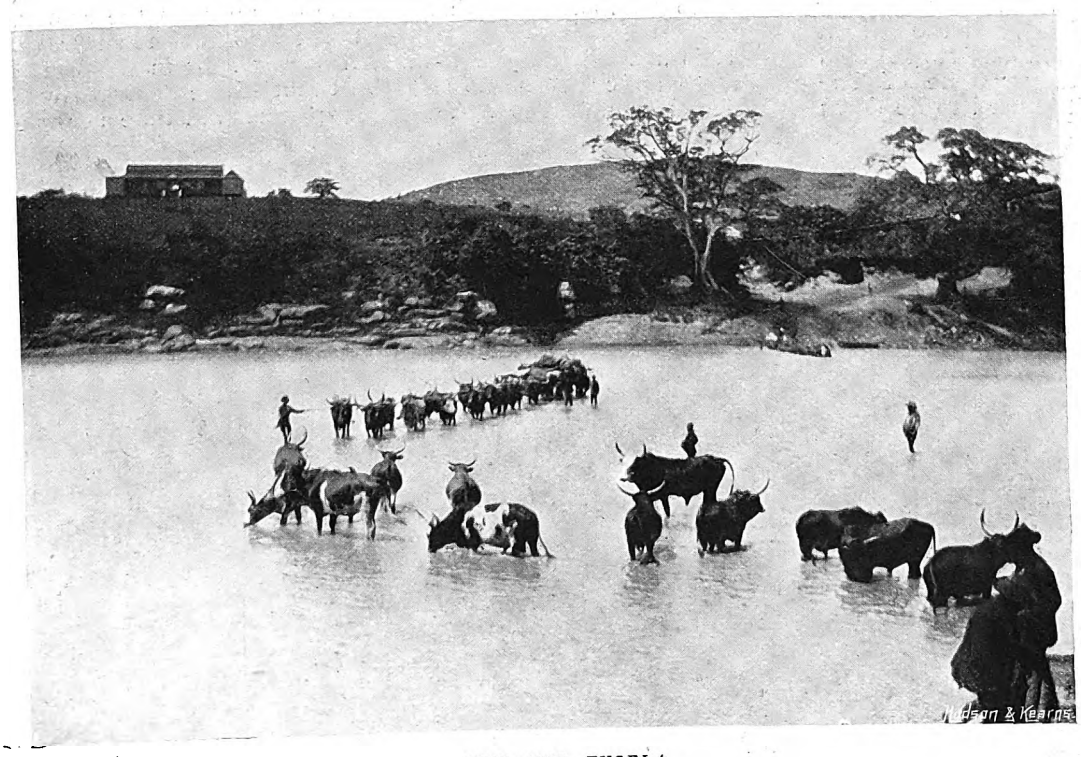
of phases of life at Durban that are to-day strongly in evidence, one the landing of troops, the other the camp of the refugees from the Transvaal who have made Durban their temporary home. Troops to form the force for the relief of beleaguered Ladysmith continued to pour into Natal for weeks, and, of course, by its only port, Durban. Thanks to the ingenuity of that splendid engineer, the late Sir John Coode, the bar at Durban has now been made possible for the largest steamers. But a few years back steamers had to discharge their cargoes in the open roadstead into lighters, as only ships of very light draught could cross the bar. The bulk of the destitute Uitlanders, who at scant notice had to clear from Johannesburg, gravitated from Lourenco Marques to Durban, the first British territory where they could find succour and shelter. Many, moreover, flocked in from Zululand when the Boer inrush on the north-east forced our farmers and traders located on the borderland along the line of the Tugela to fall back into Natal. Two of our illustrations show scenes on the Zululand border of the colony.



TUGELA RAILWAY STATION.
Waiting for the Train to Durban

One is of the railway station, where the line ends that runs from Durban along the coast to the point where the Tugela debouches into the Indian Ocean, and the picture is of special interest, for the two seated under the signboard "Tugela" are the Mayor of Durban and the Right Hon. Harry Escombe. Mr. Escombe is one of the most prominent of Natal's public men. He has been Attorney-General, Minister for Education, and Prime Minister.

He is one of the most popular of Durban's citizens, and has represented that town as its premier member in the Legislative Assembly of Natal since 1872. He is also honorary commander of the Natal Naval Volunteers, who are now doing such good work at the front, and was from 1881 till 1894 chairman of the Natal Harbour Board, and it is in a great measure due to his exertions that the colony has got the fine seaport that it now possesses. When, two years ago, the Empire celebrated Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee, it was Mr. Escombe who represented the loyal little colony of Natal in London, and on that occasion the University of Cambridge, of which he is a graduate, conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. Mr. Escombe is, moreover, a very fine chess player, and an astronomer of some repute. Another illustration shows a bullock waggon crossing the Tugela, and very typically depicts the country method of transportation.

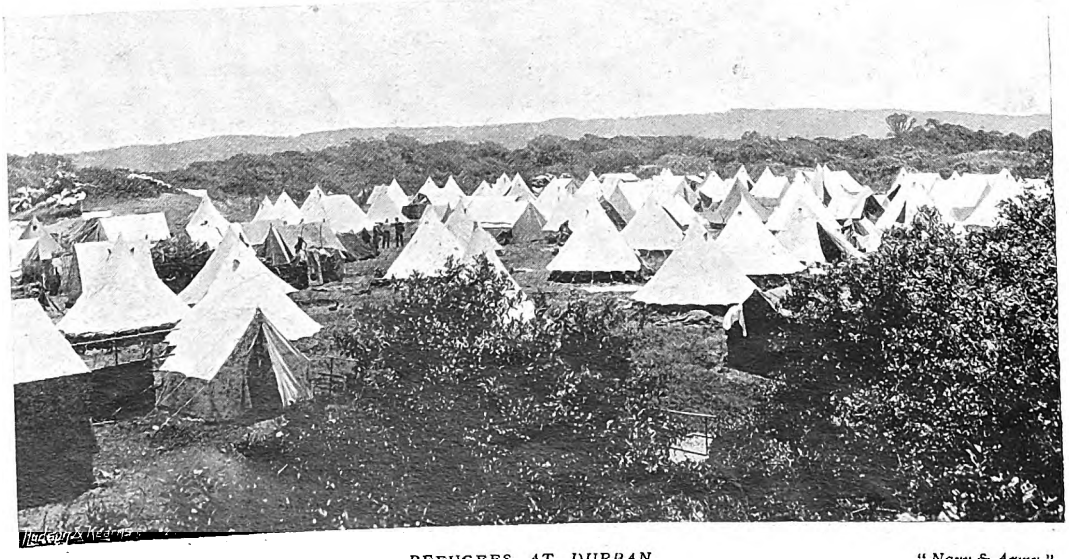


CROSSING THE TUGELA.
Leaving Zululand to Escape the Boers.

All the Boer transport service is done by these bullock waggons, and the one here shown with its team of trek oxen is that of one of the raiding parties that crossed the Tugela where that river forms the boundary line between Natal and Zululand.

Great improvements have been made at Durban since the troops were landed there for the Zulu War. Then the troop-ships were forced to lie some three miles off the bluff, but nowadays, as we have explained, large steamers can enter the port with ease, as there are 27-ft. of water on the bar at high tide, and disembarkation can be carried out with ease and safety.

In the Zulu War every man and horse had to be landed in lighters, whereas everything can now be taken direct to the wharves, and bad weather does not delay the work in the least.



REFUGEES AT DURBAN.
The Temporary Home of Transvaal Uitlanders.

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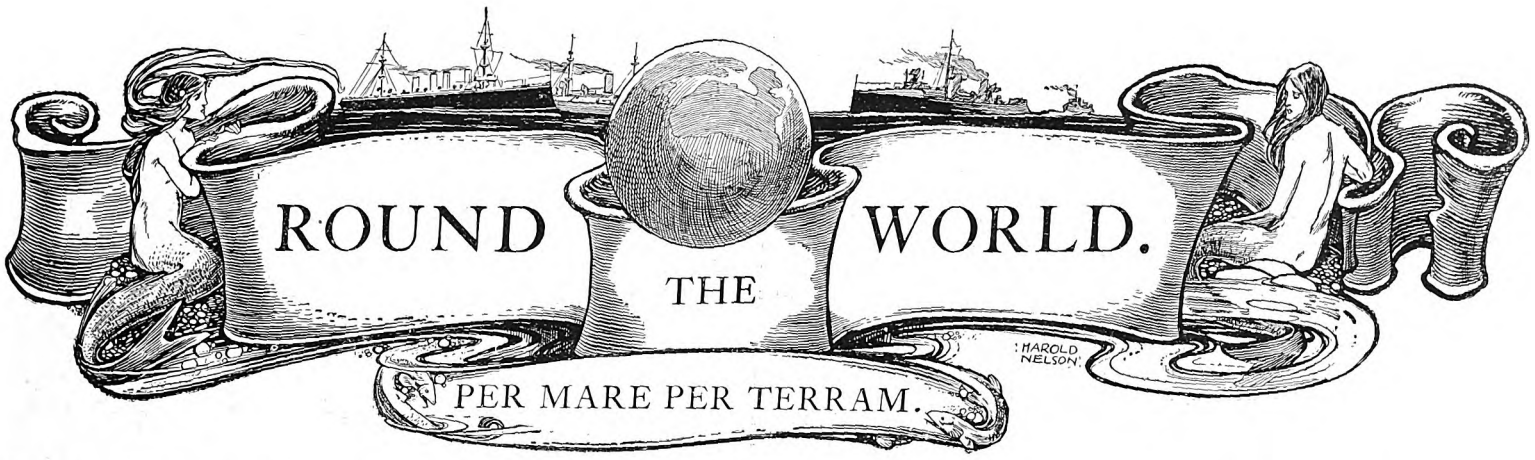
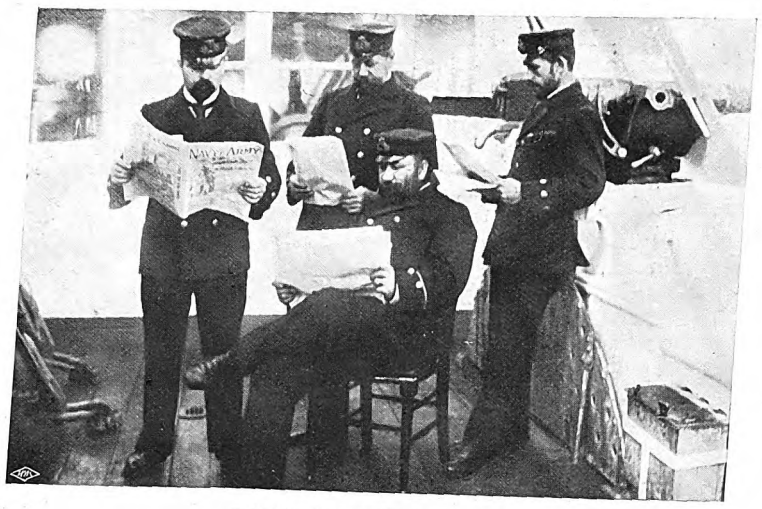


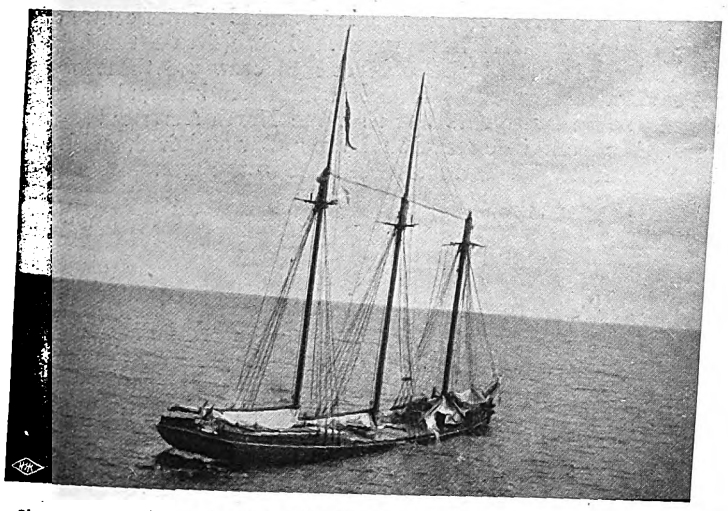
NEVER more than now were the officers and men of Her Majesty's Services, both ashore and afloat, keener to know how their compatriots who are fighting the Empire's battles are doing; and so it is little to be wondered at that the group here illustrated are conning their NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED with the keenest of interest. Good pictorial illustration helps the man who has but little time to spare to follow events, which is one reason why the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED is so popular in our war-ships.

The diverse duties that devolve upon the Naval officer whilst guarding our sea realm



NEWS FROM THE FRONT.
Petty Officers Reading "The Navy and Army Illustrated."

American ensign, upside down to show distress. The vessel when boarded was found to be derelict. And no wonder her crew had abandoned her, as for about 40-ft. amidships, on both sides, her bulwarks were washed away, the sea had completely gutted her upper works, and had reduced her to a condition in which she floated with a free-board of something like 18-in. The "Crescent" took her in tow, but had, owing to weather conditions, to abandon her when nearing Bermuda. But a derelict like this, if left floating almost submerged, is a danger to navigation, and so the "Crescent" again put out to seek her. The hunt was suc-



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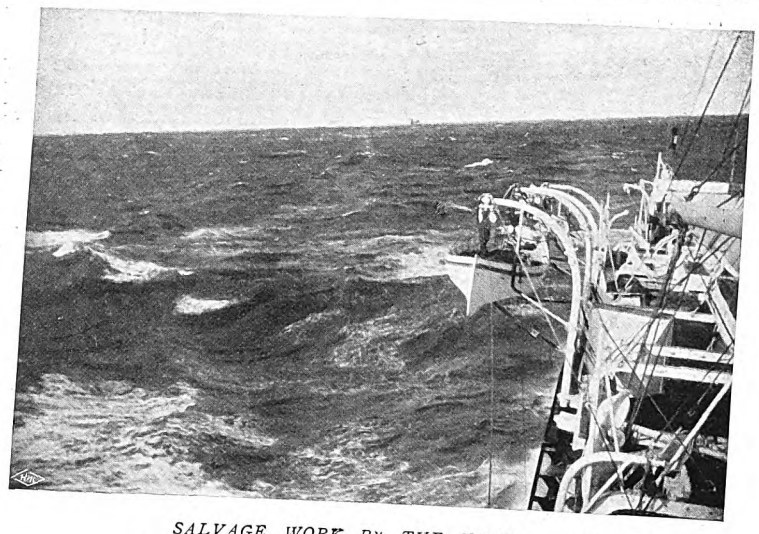
A DANGER TO NAVIGATION.
A Derelict Timber Ship in Mid-Atlantic.



SALVAGE WORK BY THE NAVY. *"Navy & Army."*
The "Crescent" Preparing to Take a Derelict in Tow.

—which means the British realm—are always onerous, and very often quaint. One of the little duties self-imposed on Her Majesty's Navy fell to the lot of the "Crescent," the flag-ship on the North American station, when she was the other day crossing from Halifax to Bermuda. A heavy water-logged timber ship, the "William E. Downes," from Newhaven, Connecticut, was seen flying a ragged and torn

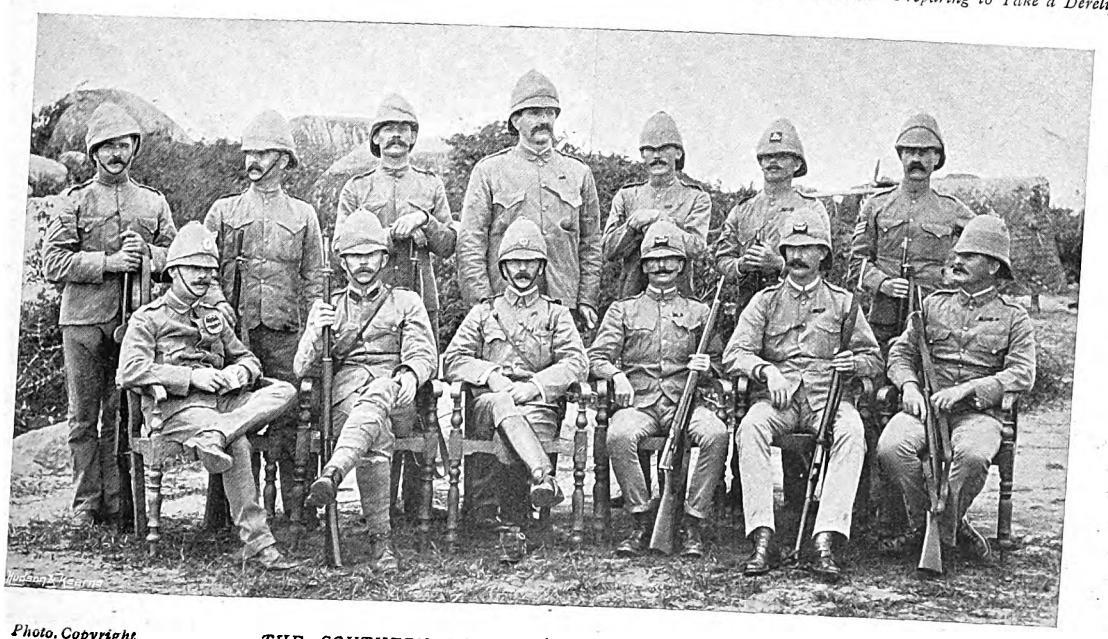


Photo. Copyright. *THE SOUTHERN INDIA ARMY RIFLE TEAM, 1899.* *Barton, Son, & Co.*
Winners of the Match "Army v. Volunteers."
C.-Sgt. Worsley, Rl. Warwick. C.-Sgt. Hornsey, E. Yorks. Sgt. Shipway, Cheshire Reg. Major E. J. Lamb, Cheshire Reg. Sgt. D. E. Instone, E. Yorks. Sgt. Scriven Middlesex Reg. Sgt. Evans. E. Yo ks.
Hon. Lt. W. Church, Lincoln Regt. Capt. Dixon, Rl. Warwick. Major H. R. Blyth. Rl. Warwick. Lt.-Col. Mackenzie Kennedy, 1st Madras Pioneers. Major Pagnal, E. Yorks. Capt. How, Secretary.

cessful. She was found, with considerable difficulty, as a heavy sea was running, got again in tow, and brought into Bermuda. In our pictures are seen first the derelict, and in the second the "Crescent" preparing to get her in tow. And now the question comes in of who is going to get the salvage. The ship and cargo are estimated to value at least £4,000. As will be seen from our picture, she was a well-found ship in spars, and her

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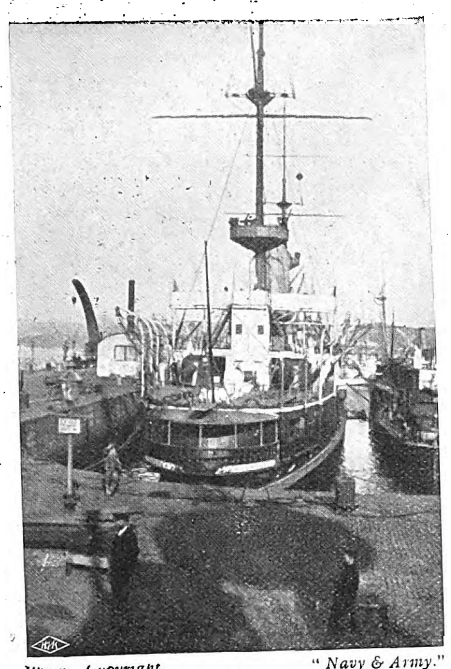
mainmast alone is valued at £70. Bermuda, the writer believes, has a law under which all derelicts become the property of the local government, and whether that law is going to override the ordinary settlement of salvage is an interesting point.

The team illustrated over-page is that which, at the recent meeting of the Southern India Rifle Association at Hebbel, in the Madras Presidency, was selected to compete in the annual match of Regulars and Volunteers. The match was won by the Army. In all regiments, and especially those stationed in India, there will be found many officers who are exceptionally keen on musketry, and first-class rifle shots, and, as will be seen from our illustration, a good percentage of the team consisted of officers.

There is no truer saying than that all things change, and nothing does so more rapidly and consistently than second-class cruisers. On the East Indies station a second-class cruiser is usually the flag-ship. We have jumped well within ten years from the "Apollo" class, of 3,400 tons, to the "Highflyer," of 5,600 tons, and this latter ship, here depicted in dock at Keyham, now goes out to replace, as flag-ship on the East Indies station, the "Eclipse," of the same size but just four years older. And the four years' difference makes her a ship of considerably higher gun-power and speed than the cruiser she replaces. As will be seen from our illustration, a very low free-board ship like the "Polyphemus" is not the most comfortable vessel to be on board of in bad weather. At present it is evident that the officers have found the usual mess routine rather rudely broken in upon. But the carpenter's crew are busy at work, and it will not be long before a stop will be put to the inrush of salt water amongst the breakfast cups and dishes.



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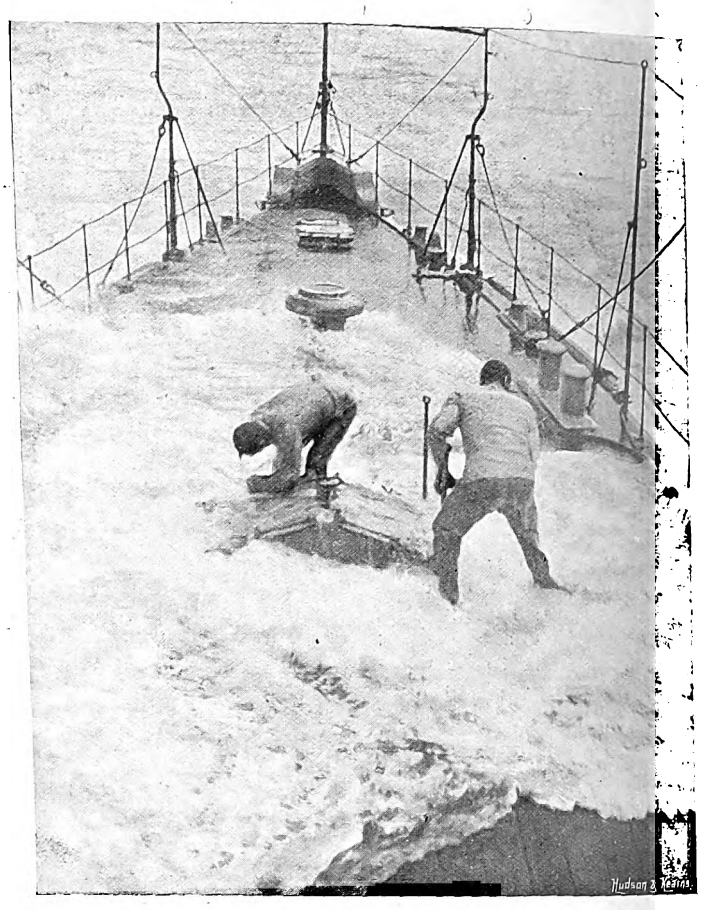
A NICE COMMAND.

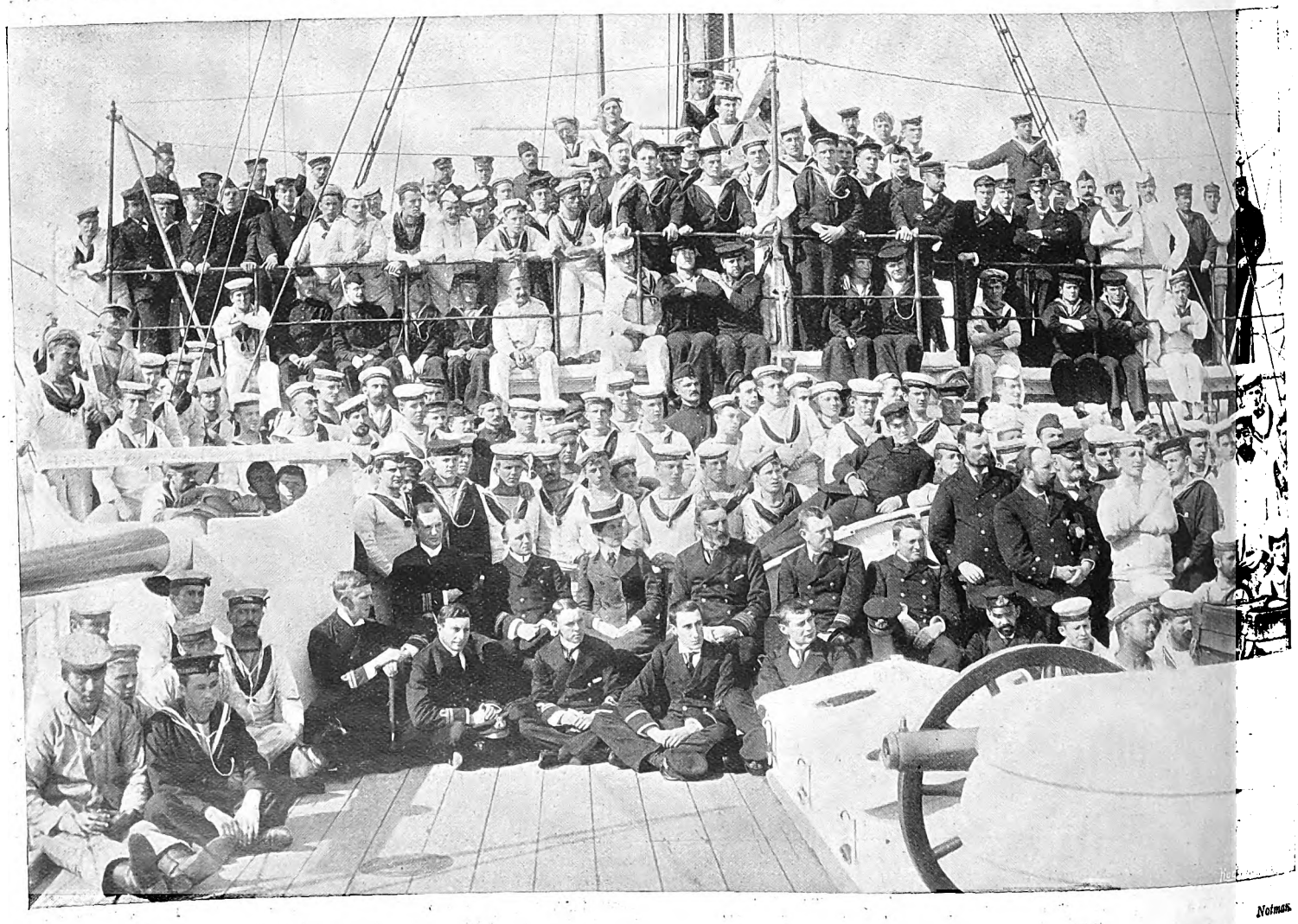
The "Highflyer," New Flag-ship for the East Indies Station.



UNCOMFORTABLE BUT AMUSING.

The Low Free-board Torpedo-ram "Polyphemus" Shipping a Sea.

It is not often one sees a lady seated in the centre of a group such as that here given. In this case the lady is Mrs. Goodrich, and the officers and crew are those of the "Pearl," the third-class cruiser which her husband commissioned some two years back for the North American station. Mrs. Goodrich is exceptionally popular on board, and it was by a general wish that she should be in the group.



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THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE "PEARL."

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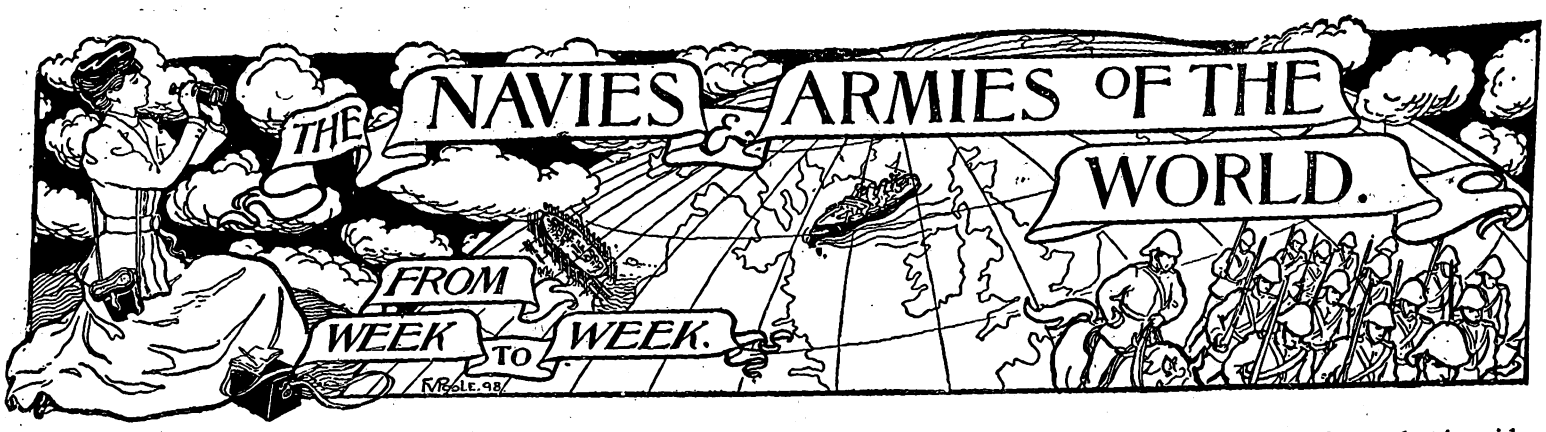

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL and his opponent at Mafeking, Commandant Snyman, may not, and probably do not, know it, but they have been holding a modern version of a famous military conversation which took place more than two thousand years ago. The colonel says to the commandant: "Sitting there and looking at Mafeking is not the way to take it." His proposition is of dubious accuracy, since all fortresses can be taken by sitting and looking at them, if you do it long enough. Yet it served its turn, which was to worry the Boer commandant, who answered: "Why do you not come out and drive me away?" Now, in the Social War of Rome, when the subordinate Latin States took arms against her, this very exchange of taunts went on between Caius Marius, who commanded for Rome, and Pompedius Silo, who commanded for the enemy. This is how it is told in North's Plutarch: "It is said also that Pompedius Silo, who was the chiefest captain of reputation and authority the enemies had, said unto Marius on a time: 'If thou be Marius, so great a captain as they say thou art, leave thy camp and come out to battle.' 'Nay,' said Marius to him again; 'if thou be a great captain, pluck me out by the ears, and compel me to come to battle.'" In one form or another this little dialogue has passed between many fighting men. The French generals in the Peninsula were often much annoyed by the Duke's caution, but it was never found that he allowed himself to be drawn by their sarcasms. Indeed, unless it be for the purpose of heartening his own followers, one does not see why any leader utters them. He must be an innocent general who allows himself to be trapped into doing what his enemy wants by such a very obvious device.

* * * *

Our excellent friends on the Continent go on making the same old foolish assertions about the constitution of the British Army. In fact, as is but natural, they are making them rather more than usual at present. Here, for instance, is an article in the usually sane and well-informed *Revue du Cercle Militaire*, signed "Count H. de Missy," which repeats all the old platitudes. The British Army, it seems, is composed of the cream and the scum, of officers who are all aristocrats of the bluest blood and soldiers who are the dregs of the people mostly forced into the ranks by hunger. Count H. de Missy repeats all the old common-places, and makes the stock quotations from Wellington—his complaints of his own drunken blackguards, and his praise of the French armies, because the conscription brought many of the best elements of the population into their ranks. Of course, there is an element of truth in all this, and yet it is mostly nonsense. It was never true that the bulk of English officers were "aristocrats" in any rational sense of the word. As for the men in the ranks, there were ruffians among them, no doubt, but their French equivalents were swept into the ranks of Napoleon's army by the conscription. If the French armies of that time were kept better in hand than ours when their generals chose to control them, which was not always the case, the reason was not so much the presence of better elements among them, as because the Emperor's armies had a fine military police in the gendarmerie.

* * * *

Do Frenchmen when they talk like this forget that, after all, Wellington beat them? It was a difficult thing to do, and for a long time he had to be very cautious; still, it was done. His delays were not due to the quality of his army, but to its size. The troops which turned Soult out of Oporto would have been perfectly capable of making an end of Victor at Talavera—if there had been enough of them. It was the want of solid British and German troops (for we ought not to forget that some of the best of Wellington's men were Germans), the inexperience of the Portuguese, and the utter want of organisation and good officers in the Spanish armies, which forced the English general to play a very careful game for long. But the mere fact that his army stood the strain, and continued to grow steadily better, ought to make critics pause before asserting that it was so badly composed. As for the French armies, there is a good deal to deduce from what is said about them as proofs of the excellence of a conscription. The truth is that the excellence of the Imperial armies was mainly due to the professional soldiers. They were the survivors of the vast hosts of the early wars of the Republic. Napoleon kept them permanently with the colours, and recruited his Guard among them. As they were worn out the quality of the French troops sank rapidly. There was a great fall in the armies in Spain when the Emperor drew the older men of every regiment away for service in the Russian Campaign and replaced them by conscripts, who perished in enormous numbers in the hard Spanish climate. When the Grand Army was destroyed in Russia the French armies became decidedly inferior to the Allies. The great host which the Emperor led into Germany in 1813 practically disappeared in one campaign. It was the veteran element of professional soldiers which alone came through. What the history of those wars really proves is the superiority of the man to whom war has become a trade. Of course, large numbers of them can be got by making a national levy, by using them up in tens of thousands, and then combining the survivors into *corps d'élite*—which is what the French did. But it takes years of war to do that, and it is a very costly process. We reached the same result by voluntary enlistment at a much cheaper rate.

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The sentimental vein of the French comes out very strongly in the last sentence of Count H. de Missy. After drawing his fancy picture of the British Army, all aristocrats and scum, he ends by saying: "Such are the soldiers called to fight the Boers, who are animated by the most ardent patriotism, and are supported by that most powerful moral factor, the defence of the hearth, independence, and freedom." Our French friend begs the question freely; but supposing he is right, were not his countrymen fighting for the hearth, for independence, and freedom in the Army of the Loire, and yet they were beaten? If ever armies had this moral factor on their side, the Spaniards had in the Peninsular War, and yet they were routed over and over again by the so-called French forces, which were largely Germans and Italians, Poles and Dutchmen, recruited by the Emperor against their will. The successes of the Boers do not need to be accounted for by such superfine reasons. They have a good practical system of fighting, which they thoroughly understand; they are well armed, are cleverly led in the main, and have fought, as they are perfectly entitled to do, on the conditions most favourable to themselves. Also they come of a tough race, with plenty of fight in it. Therefore, their successes are in no wise miraculous. If we have played part of their game for them, which appears to be very much the case, so much the worse for us, and we must arrange to do better next time. When all is said, we have not suffered more from the Boers than the French did from the Chinamen at Lang-Son.

* * * *

If one must cast about for a moral reason to explain the successes of the Boers, one can be got without the use of high falutin'. War, when science has done its best, is a business of making holes in other people at the risk of having a hole made in yourself. That is to say, it is essentially brutal. The more civilised a race is, the higher its standard of comfort, the more keen its humanity, the more will it suffer from the hardships of war. It will not become less brave at any given moment, but it feels the pressure. So it requires a special training to harden it for the business of war. Now the Boers, in the Transvaal particularly, lead a harder life than Englishmen, and are the coarser of fibre in consequence, which, so far, is all to their advantage. There is a large element of truth in the old doctrine that "luxury," by which what is really meant is the love of comfort, unfits men for war. The French have only to remember their own experience in 1870-71 to see so much. They did not compare very favourably with the Germans, of whom the large majority had been brought up on rye bread and potatoes.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JANUARY 7, 1602.—Attack on Ostend repulsed. Archduke Albert of Austria attacked the town, but was repulsed by Sir Francis Vere. 1760. — Action at Eybach. Major Keith's Highlanders — afterwards the 87th—attacked a regiment of French Dragoons, and supported by Lackner's Hussars defeated them, taking eighty prisoners, 200 horses, and the baggage of the regiment. 1809.—Engagement near Cayenne. A force of British and Portuguese, under Sir James Yeo, defeated the French. 1841.—Capture of Chuenpee. Major J. L. Pratt, with a force composed of Royal Artillery, with a howitzer and two field pieces, and detachments of the 26th and 49th, a battalion of Royal Marines, the 37th Madras No. 1, a detachment of Bengal Volunteers, and some Bluejackets, aided by the guns from war vessels lying near the town, carried the enemy's works, and the British flag was planted on the upper fort. 1898.—Taking of the Sangho Pass—Tirah campaign.

January 8, 1782. — Sortie from Tellicherry. Hyder Ali's army defeated by Major Abington. 1795.—Battle of Beueren. Defeat of the French by Lord Cathcart. 1806.—Sir David Baird defeated the Dutch at Blue Mountains, Cape of Good Hope. 1809.—Capture of Cayenne completed. 1812.—Redoubt of San Francisco captured—Peninsula War.

January 9, 1753.—Action near Trivadi. Defeat of the Mahrattas, by Major Lawrence. 1779.—Surrender of Sunbury, America, to General Prevost. 1806.—Surrender of the Cape of Good Hope by the Dutch, after the battle of Blawberg.

January 10, 1781.—Repulse of Hyder Ali, at Vellore. Colonel Lang successfully repulsed an attack on the town by a strong body of Mysoreans. 1782.—Sir Eyre Coote succeeded in lodging a convoy of provisions within the walls of Vellore. 1818.—Mahrattas routed by Major-General Brown, at Ranpoora.

January 11, 1757.—Hoogly taken. Sir Eyre Coote took this city with the loss only of three Europeans and ten Sepoys. 1782.—Trincomalee captured by surprise. 1879.—Zulu War began, in consequence of Cetewayo refusing to deliver up the perpetrators of an outrage in British territory.

January 12, 1809.—Capitulation of Cayenne. 1810.—Capture of Booloe Comba. This Dutch settlement to the south-east of Macassar was captured by a small party of troops and sailors landed from the "Cornwallis," and led by Captain Forbes and Lieutenant D. Stewart. 1842.—Action near Candahar. Major-General Nott attacked Prince Suftur Jung five miles to the west of Candahar, and routed his army. 1879. — Lord Chelmsford crossed the Tugela, and entered Zululand.

January 13, 1782.—Surrender of Calicut. The Mysoreans, without waiting to be attacked, surrendered to Major Abington. 1814.—The French driven from Merxem. During a reconnaissance of Antwerp, by the Prussians under Bulow, and the British under Sir Thomas Graham, the French were dislodged from the village of Merxem by Colonel M'Leod's brigade. 1849.—Battle of Chillianwallah. The British, under Lord Gough, utterly defeated the Sikhs, who lost between 3,000 and 4,000 men, while our casualties were 26 officers killed and 66 wounded, and 731 men killed and 1,446 wounded.

JANUARY 7, 1806.—Capture of the Spanish 16-gun brig "Raposa," by the boats of the "Franchise," 36, in the Bay of Campeachy. The boats pulled in five leagues, and attacked in broad moonlight, picking the "Raposa" out of a flotilla in which were two other Spanish gun-brigs, an armed schooner, and seven gun-boats. Carrying the "Raposa" by boarding, they then, with her own guns, beat off the rest of the Spaniards, and then brought their prize off safely.

January 8, 1758.—French privateer "Vengeance," 32, taken by the "Hussar," 28, the prize became the first "Vengeance." 1761.—The French frigate "Vestale," 32, taken by the "Unicorn," 32, prize—renamed—became the first "Flora." 1780.—Rodney's capture of Spanish convoy off Finisterre. French privateer "Betsey," 16, taken by the "Kingfisher," 18. 1880. — Promotion of the Duke of York to midshipman.

January 9, 1734.—John Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, born. 1801.—Capture of the cutter "Constitution," by two larger French cutters, off Portland, and recapture by the "Harpy," 18, and the "Greyhound," cutter. 1811.—French privateer "Aimable Flare," taken in the channel by the "Princess Charlotte," 38.

January 10, 1806.—Dutch "Bato," 68-gunship, and "Atalante," 40-gun frigate, destroyed by a British squadron at the Cape. 1810.—French privateer "Saratin," 20, taken by the "Plover," 18.

January 11, 1782.—Capture of the "Trincomalee," by the seamen and marines of Sir Edward Hughes's fleet. 1794.—Daring escape of the "Juno," Captain Samuel Hood, after entering Toulon Harbour. 1810.—French privateer "Aimable Nelly," 16, cut out of Dieppe by the "Cherskee," 10. Naval medal.

January 12, 1617.—"Dolphin," 18, beat off five Turkish cruisers. 1806.—Naval force assists at the reduction of the Cape of Good Hope. 1810.—French "Oreste," gun brig, taken by the "Scorpion," 18, under the batteries of Basse Terre Guadeloupe.

January 13, 1797.—Action between the "Indefatigable," 44, and the "Amazon," 36, with the French "Droits de l'Nomme," 74. 1829.—Admiral of the Fleet, Sir J. E. Commerell, G.C.B., V.C., born.

Heroes We Mourn.

THERE is not in the Empire one soul whose heart does not go out in sympathy to the veteran who, when plunged in grief for the loss of his only son, finds himself called on to assume a responsibility as onerous as can fall to the lot of any soldier. Poor young Roberts died in a gallant effort to save the guns on the banks of the Tugela. So gallantly, indeed, that he carried recommendation for the same cross that his father won forty-one years ago. Let us hope that a posthumous award may, at any rate, give a glow of pride to the hearts of the bereaved parents, a procedure for which there are several precedents. Roberts—who was only twenty-seven—joined the Service at the age of nineteen, and in eight years had seen four campaigns. He took part in the Izazai Expedition in 1892, in the Waziristan Campaign of 1894, in the Relief of Chitral in 1895, and in the capture of Omdurman in 1898. The poor lad had received an abdominal wound, and, though Sir William MacCormac operated and removed the bullet, there was from the first but faint hope of his recovery. Lieutenant Roberts vacated the appointment of A.D.C. to his father to go on active service.

Two other of those whose portraits are given also fell at the Tugela on that sad December 15. The 1st Dublin Fusiliers lost their senior company officer in Captain A. H. Bacon, the erstwhile most popular adjutant of their 4th Battalion, the Royal Dublin City Militia. Another Irish Fusilier Battalion, the Inniskilling, lost its most junior captain, Cochrane Loftus. He had only quite recently returned from active service with the West African Rifles, and when he went to Natal with his regiment was scarcely recovered from a severe wound received in the late fighting in Sierra Leone. Five of those whose portraits are given in this issue met their death at Magersfontein. One, Colonel G. L. J. Goff, had been for close on eighteen months in command of the 1st Argyll and Sutherland, a battalion he had joined as a youth of twenty, a little less than a quarter of a century ago. He was not seeing service in South Africa for the first time, for with the battalion he was commanding he had as a subaltern been through the Zulu Campaign of 1879, and served both at Ginginhlovo and at the relief of Eshowe. One of the most popular officers of the Coldstreams was Major A. J. H. Beaumont, Marquess of Winchester. Head of one of the most ancient of our noble families, he was premier Marquess of England, and hereditary bearer of the Cap of Maintenance, an heraldic emblem of dignity carried before the sovereigns of England at their coronation. He also was not seeing his first war service, for, as A.D.C. to Sir John M'Neill, he had shared in much stiff fighting in the Soudan in 1885, notably at "Machill's Zereba," or "Tofrek" as it is officially termed. The Northumberland Fusiliers have both battalions suffering heavily in the Old Colony, and at Magersfontein they lost one of their best young officers, who was detached for duty with mounted infantry. In eleven years Ray, who was only thirty-one when he lost his life trying to save a comrade, had gained a brevet majority. He had been adjutant of his battalion since 1895 up to last October, and it was his service in that capacity that had won him his brevet in Kitchener's Khartoum campaign. Portraits of two of the subalterns killed in the fighting—both Highlanders—are also here given. One was Lieutenant E. Cox, the second senior subaltern of the Seaforths, who, although he had barely completed eight years' service, had already made his mark. For he was one of Gatacre's A.D.C.'s in the Khartoum Expedition, and served with such distinction that he earned mention in despatches and received, in addition, of course, to the two medals given for the campaign, the Fourth Class of the Medjidie. Poor Campbell, of the Gordons, was senior second lieutenant of his battalion, though he was under twenty years of age, and had not been quite seven months in the Service. Lieutenant Fergusson of the Rifle Brigade had some three years' service in the 2nd Battalion of his regiment, the one now with White in Ladysmith. He met his death in the sortie made by his battalion on the night of December 10, when the Boer heavy gun mounted on Surprise Hill was captured and destroyed. He was a son of the regiment, his father, Colonel Fergusson, Professor of Tactics at Sandhurst, having been a quarter of a century in the brigade. He served with his battalion through the last Soudan Campaign.

Major Plumbe, R.M.L.I., was the senior officer of the Marines belonging to the Naval Brigade who behaved so superbly at the battle of Graspan. Plumbe's dying shout to his lads was, "Go forward, men, never mind me." He had seen service in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, and was wounded in two places at Tel-el-Kebir. Finally, in the person of Major E. W. Grey, the Royal Army Medical Corps lost the first of its number to fall in this campaign, in the action fought at Farquhar's Farm, outside Ladysmith, on October 30.

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Coercion and the Volunteers.

By Callum Beg.

MOST of us know something of Volunteering. Indeed, there are but few families in Great Britain which have not a more or less personal interest in our Citizen Army. It is, however, very rarely that we encounter anyone—be he volunteer or civilian—who has the slightest elementary knowledge of the rules to which volunteers are subject in peace and war. It is commonly believed that the volunteer "Tommy Atkins" is subject to no such rigid discipline as is his brother of the Regular Army. It is imagined that a *volunteer* may go out and come in as he thinks fit, and obey no order of which he does not approve; but this is far from being true.

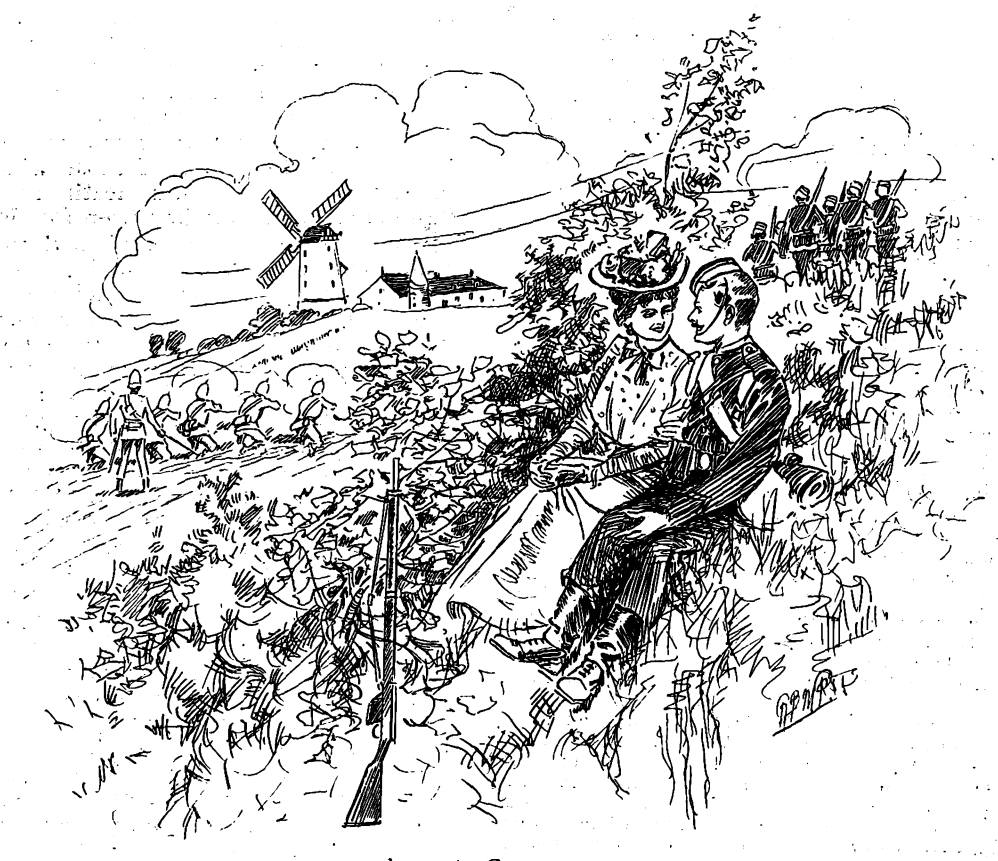
Generally speaking, a volunteer corps is governed by the Volunteer Act, 1863, and the details of discipline, etc., are set out in this Act and in the "Regulations for the Volunteer Force," but there are times when our gallant defenders, although they undertake their arduous duties without hope of reward, become subject to the Army Act, and are liable, then, to be tried by court-martial for any offence they may commit. Before touching on the punishments which may, in these circumstances, be meted out, it will not be out of place to make some mention of discipline as it exists under ordinary circumstances—let us say on a Saturday afternoon parade.

Among the finest corps of volunteers are the Queen's Westminster and London Scottish in London; the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade in Edinburgh; the 1st V.B. Warwickshire Regiment in Birmingham; and the 1st V.B. Hampshire Regiment in Winchester. It is not suggested that the battalions mentioned are superior to any others in the Force, but those we have mentioned are all renowned for their smartness and efficiency, and we feel sure that one or other of them is known to the majority of the readers of the Navy and Army Illustrated. Let us suppose, then, that some private in one of the corps named—despite the fact that all alike are known as well-disciplined battalions—is foolish enough to "kick over the traces" when marching through the streets of his native city. It may be that he continues to smoke when the word of command "Attention!" is given, and refuses to remove his pipe when ordered to do so by his company officer. What mode of procedure would be adopted? A simple method might be found in knocking the briar from between the teeth of the offending party; but this is not according to the military "Cocker." The case would at once be reported to the commanding officer, who would place the offender in the custody of another private or non-commissioned officer. He would be deprived of his arms, and return to headquarters a prisoner. This power is allowed by the Volunteer Act, but, unfortunately, the colonel has no power to keep the offender in custody after the corps is dismissed. Therefore, if he were anxious to make an example of the insubordinate volunteer, he would of necessity be obliged to keep the corps on parade while he administered the "telling off."

Now on such an occasion the commanding officer could not award imprisonment or any similar punishment, because the corps would not be subject to military law; but he could, there and then, by the power vested in him, dismiss the erring one from the corps without further ceremony—a punishment which, for any but the most abandoned, would be hard enough to bear. Although discharged, the ex-volunteer would still be obliged to deliver up in good order his arms, clothing, and appointments, and to pay any money due to the corps by reason of his discharge or otherwise.

There is practically only one other punishment which can be inflicted on a volunteer when *not* subject to military law, and which is in itself most degrading. Everyone knows how proud are all ranks of the volunteers of the Officers' Volunteer Decoration or of the Long Service Medal, but there are occasions on which Her Majesty is wont to deprive the recipient of one of these honourable decorations. This is only done when the wearer of the V.D. or medal has been guilty of some dishonourable conduct, such as misappropriating the funds of the corps. In addition to this deprivation—itself a punishment—the individual stigmatised in this way would, if still serving, be "gazetted out" if an officer, and if a non-commissioned officer or man, dismissed from his corps. When an officer is removed from the Volunteer Service, it is usually stated in the *London Gazette* that the Queen has no further need of his services.

In the event of a volunteer failing to attend sufficient drills to qualify himself as "efficient," he is straightway applied to for the amount of the capitation grant paid by the Government and lost by his carelessness. If he refuses to pay, he is summoned before a magistrate, and unless he can show some very good reason for not having made himself efficient, is fined the amount, with costs. This, however, can hardly be regarded as a punishment, seeing that the volunteer is merely sued for debt due to the corps.



Careless of Consequences.

So much for the punishments to which volunteers are liable when not under military law, if, indeed, they can be called punishments.

When the amateur "Tommy" comes under the grasp of the Army Act, the strings of discipline are drawn considerably tighter; but before touching on the penalties which may be enforced by our military code, it may be well to explain in what circumstances and at what times volunteers become subject to military law.

First, then, if called out on actual military service, the citizen soldier becomes to all intents and purposes a soldier. Nor can he disregard the call to arms. In the event of invasion he would be disciplined in exactly the same manner as his comrades of the Line, and would be placed under similar *régime* if attached at any time to regulars or militia when out for training. When, therefore, a volunteer proceeds to Aldershot for training and is attached to regular troops, he at once becomes a soldier "within the meaning of the Act," but cannot be compelled to subject himself to military law by being so attached unless called out for "actual military service." Thus, if a brigade of five or more battalions takes the field in mimic warfare, at Easter or in summer, unaccompanied by regular troops, the men composing it cannot be punished in a more severe manner than is sanctioned by the Volunteer Act and the "Regulations for the Volunteer Force." If, on the other hand, a body of regular troops is brigaded with the volunteers, the latter at once change their status as far as discipline is concerned, no matter how small may be the number of regular soldiers "told off" to assist them in acquiring some knowledge of field manœuvres. At such times the volunteer may be tried by a court-martial, if he be guilty of any offence liable to trial, and punished, in accordance with the Army Act, by "death or such less punishment as is in this Act mentioned." Capital punishment is, of course, only allowed in the cases of murder or of certain offences committed on active service.

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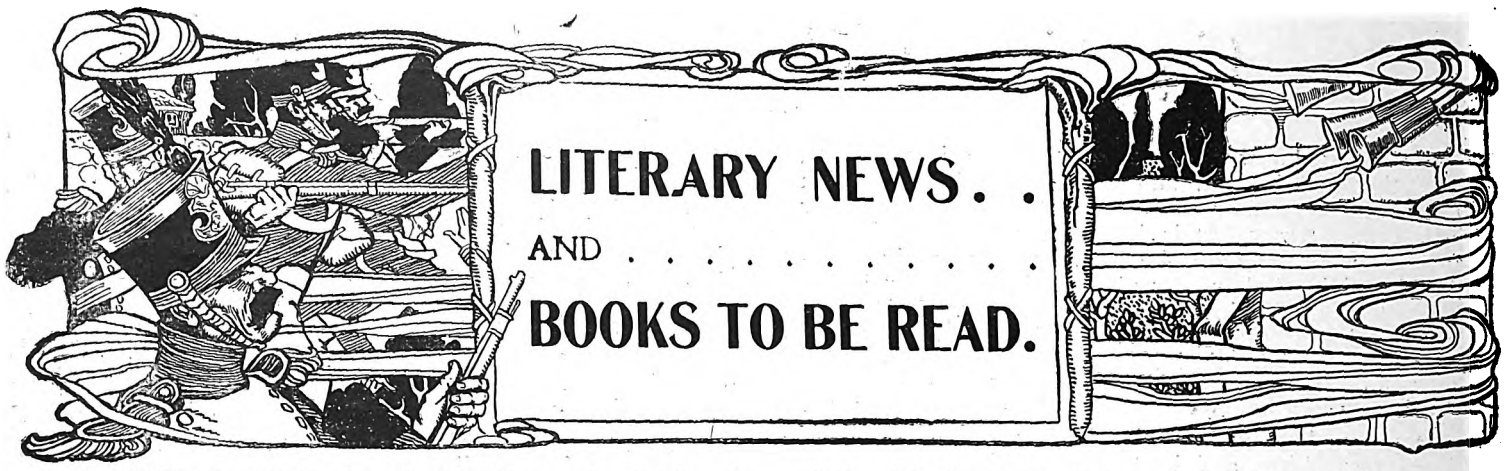

A "HISTORY of the British Army" (Macmillan, 2 vols. 36s.) should have many readers at the present time, for the military glories of the country are now appealing very largely to popular and patriotic feeling. The book, however, has very great permanent value, and, though brilliant in style, is serious and scholarly in manner. It is by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, and its two volumes are the introduction to the series of four which will bring down the history from early times to the year 1870. So far as the work has at present gone, it recounts our military history up to the end of the Seven Years' War. Though the period was full of sounding achievements, it was certainly not the most important in our military annals; but, at the same time, we do not forget that it was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that the British Army actually took shape, and that the most far-reaching changes in armament and tactics were made. Since that time there has been no change so important as the veritable revolution which was caused by the introduction of firearms, and by the creation of the military caste. In earlier periods our forces had been more comparable to a militia, and although the English archer had been the pioneer in reducing the value of the mediæval heavy mounted arm, and had taught the lesson to the Continent, it was from the Continent that we received our instructions in the tactics of firearms. Perhaps the most successful part of Mr. Fortescue's book is in his treatment of the important changes of that period, and of the constitutional questions that were raised by the creation of a standing army. It was largely the excesses of Cromwell's military despotism that led to the national fear of a standing military force, which was regarded as a menace to the liberties of the people, and the prejudice which was engendered existed even into the nineteenth century.

* * * *

The book contains a particularly good account of the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough, and of the tactics and strategy of the time. It was chiefly due to the Duke of Cumberland, and to the Great Commoner, that the Army was raised from the state of chaos into which it afterwards fell, and that the force was created which was used so effectively by Wellington. The men who swore so terribly in Flanders had left a tradition of iron discipline, which came from the armies of Frederick. But, under enlightened leaders, a more powerful and a more flexible organisation was created, which added largely to the means of victory. It would have been a pleasure to quote many passages from Mr. Fortescue's book. He is a brilliant writer, who has recounted splendid achievements with becoming enthusiasm, and his chapters glow with the fervour of personal gallantry, even where they do not record the accomplishment of military triumph. For the rest, they contain an adequate account of all our military transactions during the period under review. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that we have not a clearer picture of military life at certain periods, but in writing a book of this kind there is the necessity of choice, and, on the whole, Mr. Fortescue has chosen exceedingly well. One extract may suffice to illustrate his style. It is in an account of Abercromby's attack at Ticonderoga: "And then came such a scene as had not been witnessed since Malplaquet, nor was to be seen again till Badajoz. The men stormed forward anew, furious with rage and heedless of bullets or grape shot, through the network of trunks and boughs, against the invisible enemy. Behind the breast-work, the French were cheering loudly, hoisting their hats occasionally above the parapet and laughing loudly, when they were blown to pieces, but pouring in always a deadly and unquenchable fire, while the British struggled on, grimed with sweat and smoke, vowing they would have that wooden wall at any cost. . . . They had no ladders, and as fast as they hoisted one another to the top of the breast-work they were shot down. . . . Men who had passed through the ordeal of Fontenoy declared that it was child's play compared with Ticonderoga. Nevertheless, not once only, but thrice more, the British, and the Americans with them, hurled themselves desperately against the French stronghold, only to be beaten back time after time, until the inner abatis was hung with wisps of scarlet, like poppies that grow through a hedge of thorn, some swaying with the contortions of living agony, some limp and still in the merciful stillness of death." Such is the manner in which Mr. Fortescue tells his great and heroic story, filling it alike with the fruit of his laborious enquiries and the fervour of military enthusiasm. His marshalling of facts is masterful, and his book is one of the most interesting military works, other than biographies, produced for a long time. Though exhaustive, Mr. Fortescue is not diffuse, and he never fails to attract the reader.

* * * *

Sir George Clarke has done a very good work in preparing for the press a "student's edition" of Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" (Blackwood, 15s.). It is really a condensation of the nine-volume edition of the famous book, and is just as useful for the general reader, or even for the Lang-despised "man in the street," as for the student. There are reasons why it should be read now. Once more we are embarked upon a great war, and once more, though not in the same sense, we are unprepared. Then we were utterly ignorant of the military art of feeding men in the field, and giving them the very necessities of life. Now we hear nothing in South Africa of bad or insufficient food, but we appear to be just as unready in the matter of "information" or in knowledge as to how to send men out in order fittest to undertake the work we have in hand. Just as in 1854 we are learning the business, while we prosecute it, in the hard school of experience. The war in the Crimea was a splendid testimony to the qualities of the British soldier, and we all believe that the present hostilities, when the full story is told, will be the same. Now, as then, politics as well as military considerations have ruled the course of events, and though we remember, as a thing for ever departed, what Sir George Clarke calls "the amazing administration which successfully maintained the semblance of a working system in time of peace and proved disastrous in war," we cannot shake off a belief that we still have something of an "amazing administration," in the inability it has shown to appreciate the work it had to do, or to forecast the conditions in which that work must be done. These are thoughts suggested by a fresh glance at Kinglake's brilliant chapters, moulded by Sir George Clarke in a wholly satisfactory way for general use. Sir E. Hamley remarked that no kind of history so fascinated mankind as the history of wars, and there will always be abundant fascination in the Russian War in 1854-55. I would heartily commend the book to readers of every class.

* * * *

While war is in the air, it has seemed appropriate to write of military books, and there is another of importance that claims attention. We have learned, no doubt, a great deal from the events of the Franco-German War, even if we have studied the ponderous tomes of the German Staff History with rather blind devotion. If we could have mastered the spirit of the masterful strategic combinations of Von Moltke divested of some of the tactics of the European battlefield, it might have been better for our war in South Africa, and it may be doubted whether the German Army Corps system, enthusiastically adopted under the prestige of victory, is suitable for any war in which we are likely to be engaged. However, the story of 1870 is great and impressive, and the date was epoch-making. Lately it has been told to German readers by many prominent writers, not purely from the military point of view, but from the standpoint of wider interest, and the book deserved to be translated. "The Franco-German War, 1870-71," by generals and other officers who took part in the campaign (Sonnenschein, 21s.), is an extremely handsome and a profoundly interesting book, translated by Major-General J. F. Maurice, C.B., Captain Wilfred J. Long, and Mr. A. Sonnenschein. The German writers thus introduced are Dr. J. von Pflugk-Harttung, Lieutenant-General von Boguslawski, Major-General von Pfister, General von Kretschman, Lieutenant-General Colmar Baron von der Goltz Pasha, General von Holleben, General von Heinleth, Colonel Cardinal von Widdern, Naval-Captain Stenzel, and several more. Speaking generally, the translation is good and easy, though from time to time one comes across rather wooden passages, and the grammar limps occasionally. The narrative is spirited and informing, and is characterised by accuracy, though, of course, the French appreciate some of the events otherwise. The violent controversies and personal recriminations which arose out of the war—and of which some, like that concerning the conduct of Lieutenant-General von Schwartzkoppen, commanding the 19th Division, on August 16, are not yet stilled—are scarcely reflected in these pages, which is just as well, considering the popular character of the book. As General Maurice says in his preface, even a casual glance over the illustrations, portraits, plans of battles, and maps, which, indeed, are of the first excellence, will show that this great national work has been a labour of love, and with what exhaustive effort the task has been carried through. The volume probably adds little to the knowledge of students, but where it excels is in presenting the encounter of mind against mind, of leader against leader, of nation against nation, and in showing the underlying causes of strength and weakness as they made manifest their effects in the campaign. Dr. Pflugk-Harttung deals with the causes of the war, and, as a Keeper in the Department of Secret State Archives in Berlin, he should be well equipped for his work. On the whole, he has written dispassionately, but Bismarck's memoirs have since been published, and General Maurice embodies the new version of the famous Ems telegram in a useful note. Nothing is so good in the book as Baron von der Goltz's graphic narrative of the events of St. Privat and Metz. It is impossible, however, to deal individually with the chapters, and I must be content to say that they are all of great excellence, and will be as useful to the general reader as to the soldier. This is a very important and an extremely admirable book, and nothing is wanting to the excellence of its form.

* * * *

The *Household Brigade Magazine* for December, published late, includes particulars of the sailing of the Composite Regiment, and of casualties at Belmont and the Modder River. A noble tribute is paid to the memories of the officers killed. "We all as soldiers feel that there is no worthier end to life's career than death in action, but for the friends and relations of the killed at the battle of Belmont the return home of the regiments without such comrades as Lieutenants Blundell and Fryer will sadden our thoughts." It is pleasant to read accounts of smoking concerts on board the "Goorkha" and "Nubia," the former gladdened by a jovial song concerning what will happen when the Guards "take pot-luck with Mr. Kruger," the latter by a capital Scotch song by Lance-Sergeant Murray, with the chorus:

"John Bull and Sandy and a',
Paddy and Taffy and a',
What a spree we will hae on returning
With Kruger, his whiskers, and a'."

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, 20, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The Natal Railways and the War.

SO much depends on the means of communication between the base depôt and our troops at the front in war time, that our special attention is naturally directed to our railways in South Africa, and especially so in the case at Natal.

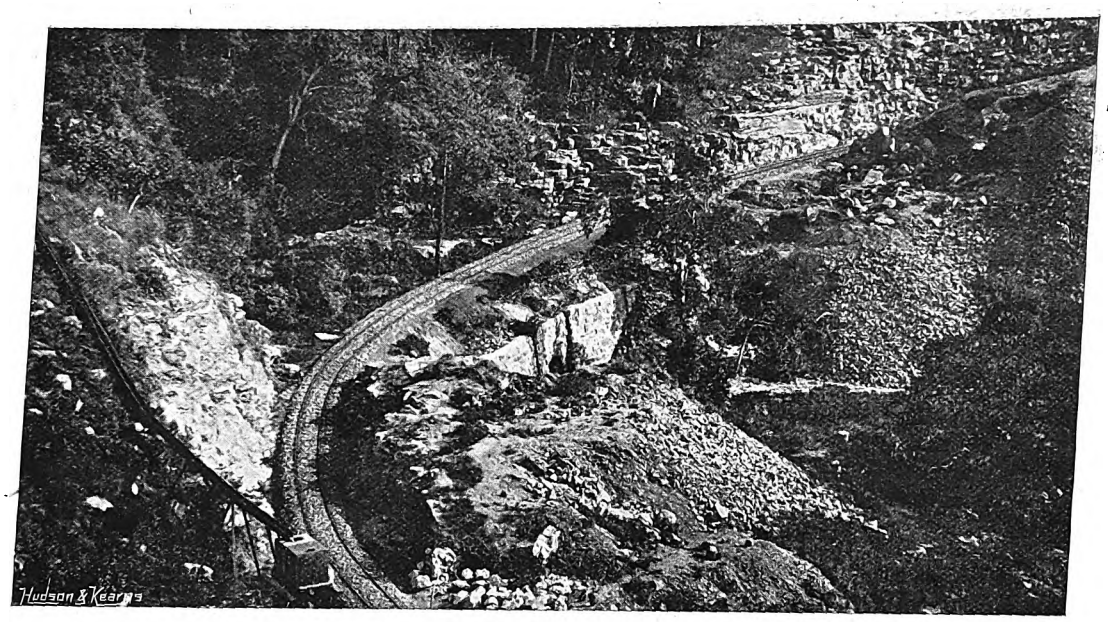
Starting from Durban, the port of Natal, the line wends its way up along the Ichanga range towards Pieter Maritzburg, in a very short space of time getting some thousands of feet above sea level, thence on *via* Howick on the Umgeni to Mooi River and Colenso on the Tugela River, and then on to Ladysmith and Newcastle, after which, on the border, it joins the Transvaal Government line, tunneling through Laing's Nek. By the way, if this tunnel had been destroyed by our forces when Newcastle was evacuated, the Boers would have experienced great difficulty in bringing their heavy guns to besiege Ladysmith. The greater part of the line is over undulating country, interspersed with stretches of heavy hill, kopje, and rugged kinds of ground, so much so that in many cases the gradient or slope of the line is 1 in 30, whilst, owing to the sharp curves the radius is 300, in both cases the maximum allowed by the Natal Government Railway. To show the steepness of the hills which the rail skirts, the construction of the 13-ft. permanent way in many cases showed a difference in excavating of 20-ft. to 24-ft. in depth, between the top and bottom, to reach level; this also means great precaution being taken to protect the line from rolling matter on the upper slopes.

The use of armoured trains is quite a new idea in Natal, but is now being put to a thorough practical test, all the lines being fitted with war rolling stock, and facilities are also being completed for quick despatch to any point under control.

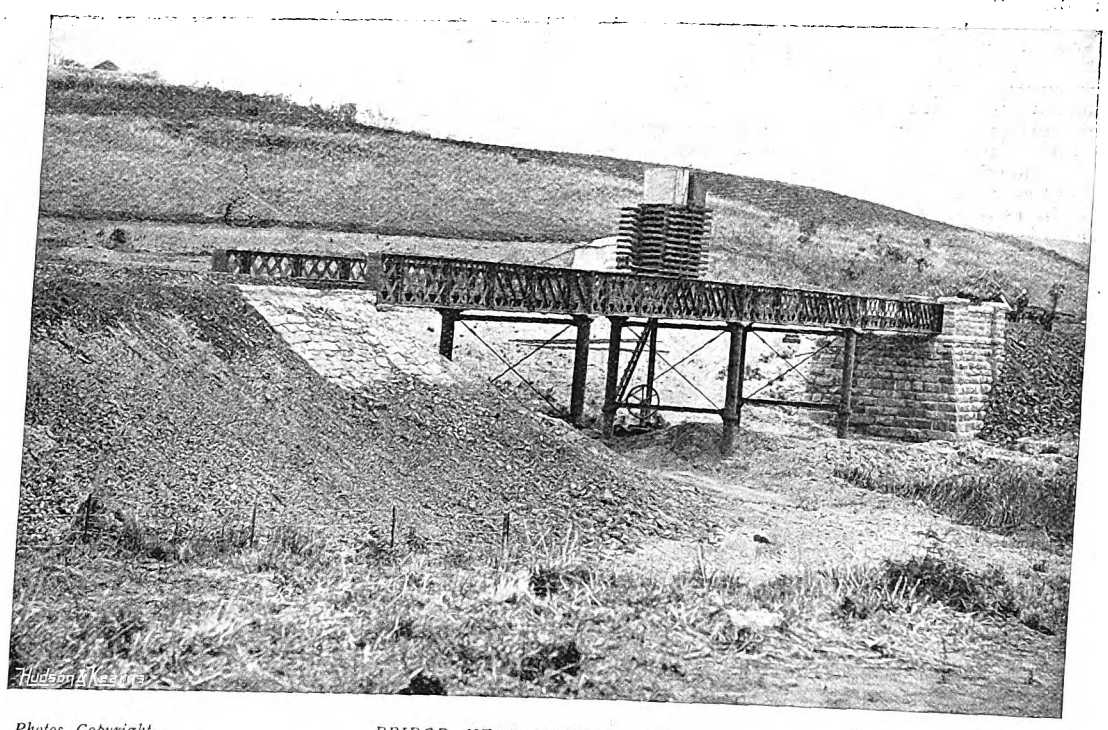
This line, in Natal called the Ladysmith Extension, was constructed by Messrs. Perry and Co., under the personal supervision of the chief, Mr. Izard, at a very great cost to the colony. Junctions tap this central line at various points, communicating with the Free State and Cape Colony, also by branch lines with districts in Natal.

The bridges, though not imposing looking structures, are well built, and on splendid foundations, as owing to the rush of water, during freshets which occur in the rainy season, a river, 3-ft. deep, running three miles an hour, may suddenly become a roaring torrent, 15-ft. to 20-ft. in depth, rushing at the rate of about twenty miles an hour; hence the strong foundations required.

In other cases the culverts are extensive and many, and require careful attention, as, if blocked, the water collects against a railway bank on the side of a hill, and washes the permanent slope away. All these vulnerable points on our line of communications are now being watched, patrolled, or otherwise guarded, as circumstances permit, for with the great number of mouths that require to be fed at the front, which food must come from the base, the railway is a prime factor in the eventual success of our arms.



THE RAILWAY AT FIELDS HILL.
A Sharp Curve in the Line.



Photos. Copyright. *BRIDGE NEAR BOTHA'S HILL.* *Schwabe.*
In the Dry Season.

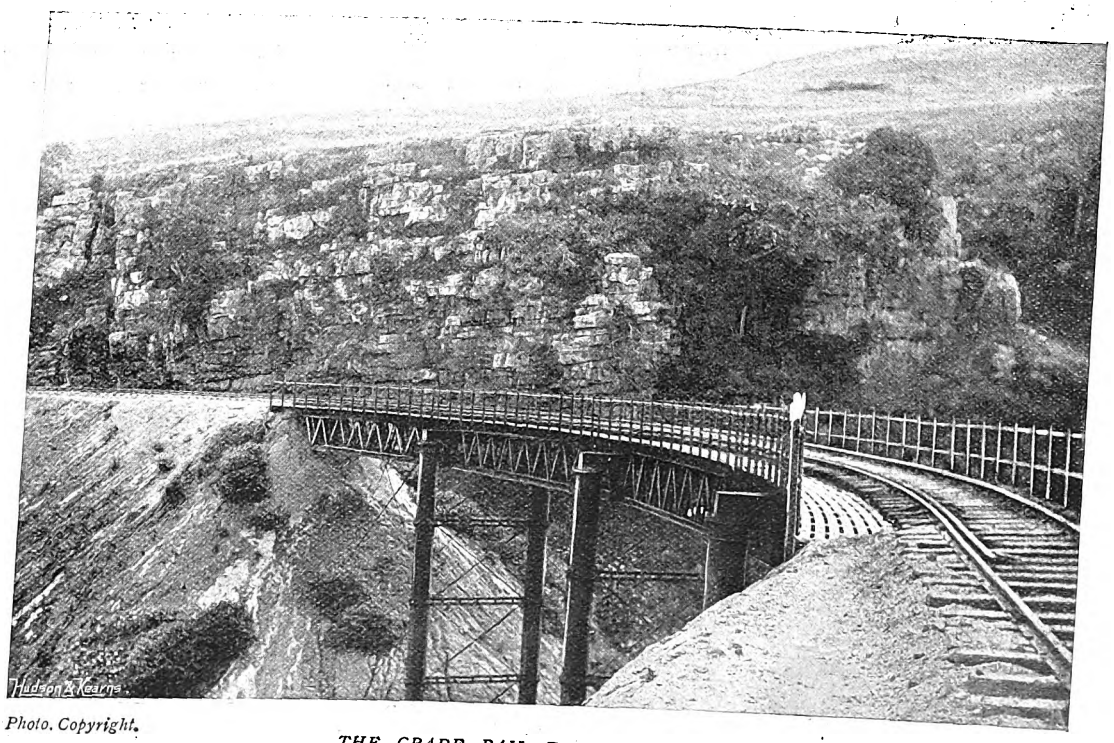


Photo. Copyright. *THE GRADE RAIL TO LADYSMITH.* *Navy and Army.*
Blown Up in the Raid.

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From Continent to Continent.

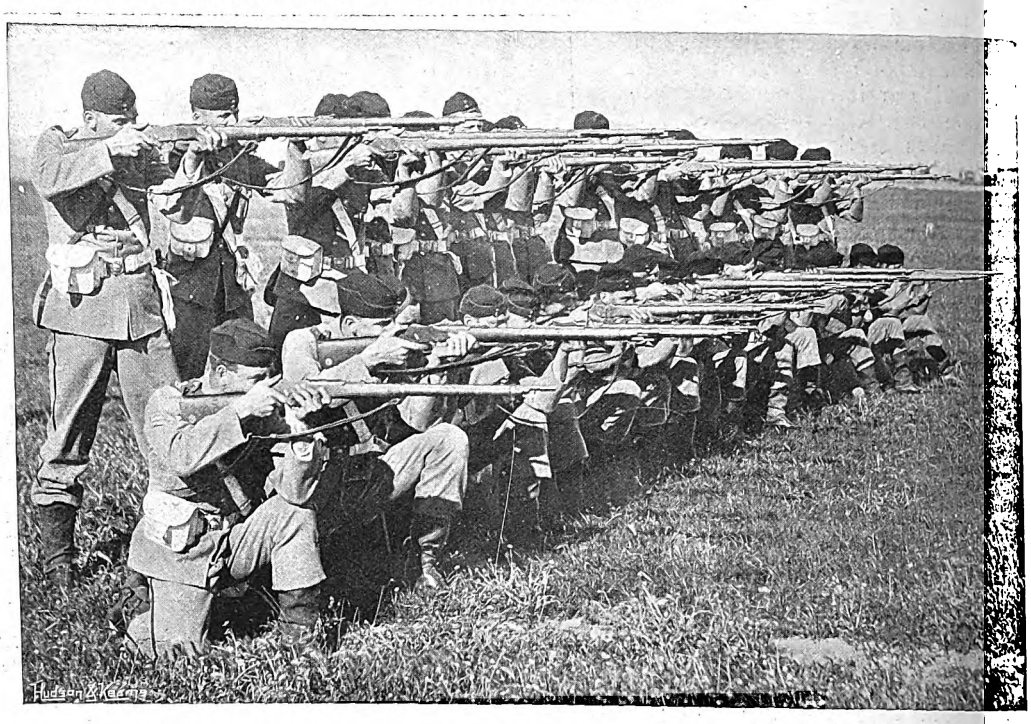
THE AUSTRALASIAN CONTRIBUTION TO THE IMPERIAL IDEA.

WHEN the first shock of Buller's repulse on the Tugela River had passed away there were many thoughtful students who began to reflect that, after all, the aggregate consequences of this untoward reverse might be to our distinct Imperial advantage. Putting aside the prompt bringing of the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers into line with the Regulars, as part and parcel of our offensive, as well as defensive, military strength, there was a distinct and general feeling of satisfaction that, serious as the crisis was, it should have produced an opportunity for utilising, on a broader scale than had hitherto proved possible, the magnificent loyalty of the colonies to the Imperial Idea.

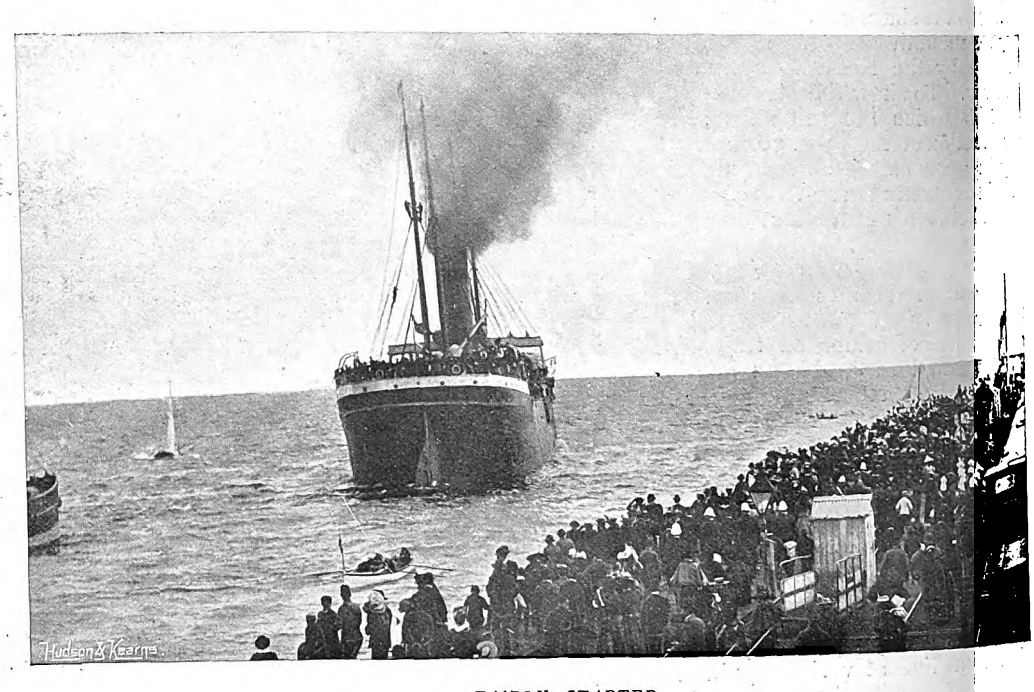
There is no doubt that the very partial acceptance of previous offers made by Colonial Governments of contingents for service in South Africa had caused widespread disappointment and, here and there, perhaps, a little irritation. The Australian colonies and the Dominion of Canada, in particular, felt a little hurt that with their magnificent resources they should only have been called upon to supply contingents amounting in all to a very small fraction of the entire Field Force.

Annoyed as some of the greater colonies undoubtedly were when offers of 1,000 men were only accepted to the extent of 10 per cent. or less, there was no diminution in the zeal with which the smaller number was got ready and sent to the front, while, in more than one instance, the Imperial Government were given to understand that the balance was still there to be drawn upon if need arose.

The need *did* arise, the Imperial Government sought further aid from the colonies in the matter of mounted troops, and once more from the uttermost parts of the world there came over the wires the now familiar message, "We are ready, as we always have been, to show the world that we, Australians, Canadians, whatever else we are, are Britons first and colonials afterwards!"

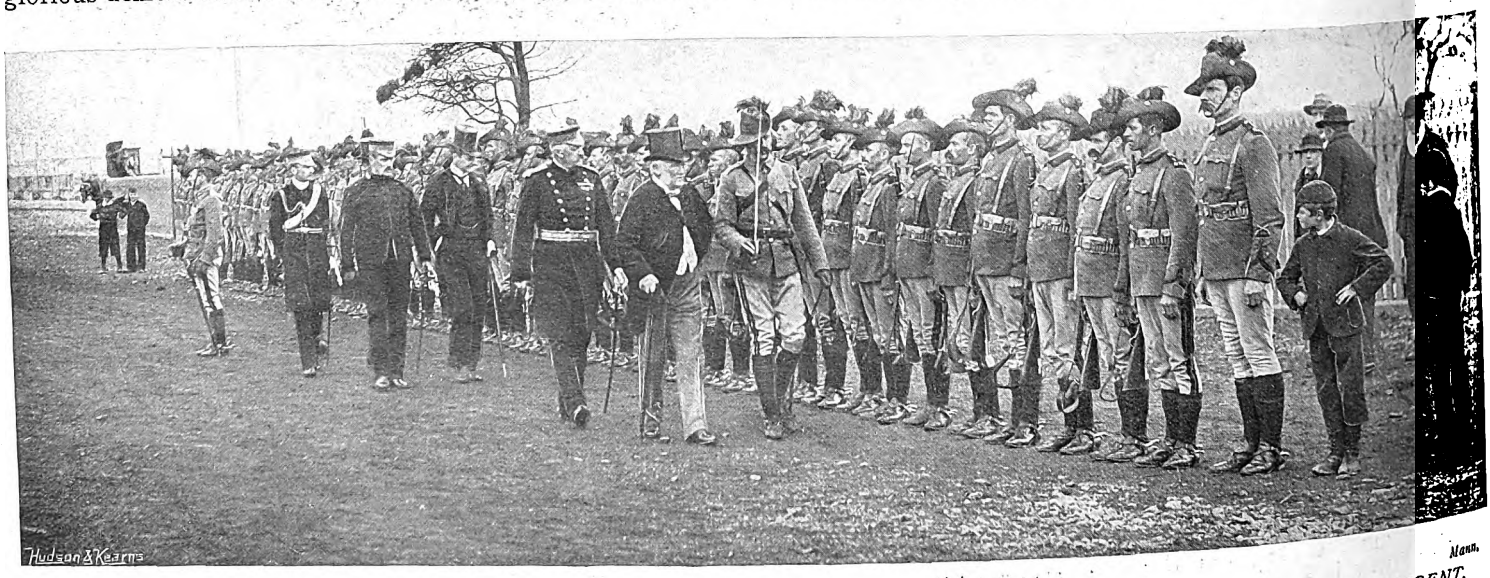


MARKSMEN ALL.
Volley Firing by the Victorian Contingent for the Cape.



FAIRLY STARTED.
Departure of Australian Contingents in the "Medic."

The Continent will not fail to perceive the import of this glorious demonstration of the fact that the bigger the trouble in which the British Lion finds himself, the more anxious are his full-grown cubs to come bounding to his aid.



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THE GOVERNOR'S GOOD-BYE—LORD BRASSEY AND LORD BEAUCHAMP INSPECT THE N.S. WALES CONTINGENT.

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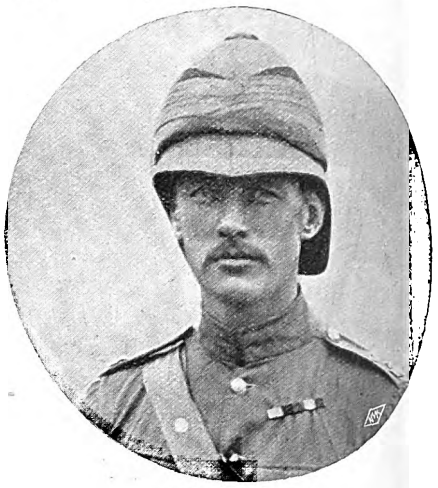
A Tribute to Empire.

OUR GALLANT SLAIN.

MAJOR E. W. GRAY,
Royal Army Medical Corps.

LIEUT.-COL. G. L. J. GOFF,
1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.



MAJOR G. L. S. RAY,
1st Northumberland Fusiliers.

MAJOR J. H. PLUMBE,
Royal Marine Light Infantry.

LIEUTENANT HON. F. H. S. ROBERTS,
King's Royal Rifles.

CAPTAIN A. H. BACON,
1st Dublin Fusiliers.

CAPTAIN F. C. LOFTUS,
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.

MAJOR The MARQUESS of WINCHESTER,
2nd Coldstream Guards.

LIEUTENANT ERNEST COX,
1st Seaforth Highlanders.

LIEUTENANT G. C. D. FERGUSSON,
2nd Rifle Brigade.

LIEUT. RONALD McORAN CAMPBELL,
1st Gordon Highlanders.

THE HEROES WE MOURN.

Photos. Bassano, Mayall, Lafayette, Thomson, Chancellor, Knight, Heath, Hill and Saunders.

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Citizen Soldiers for South Africa.

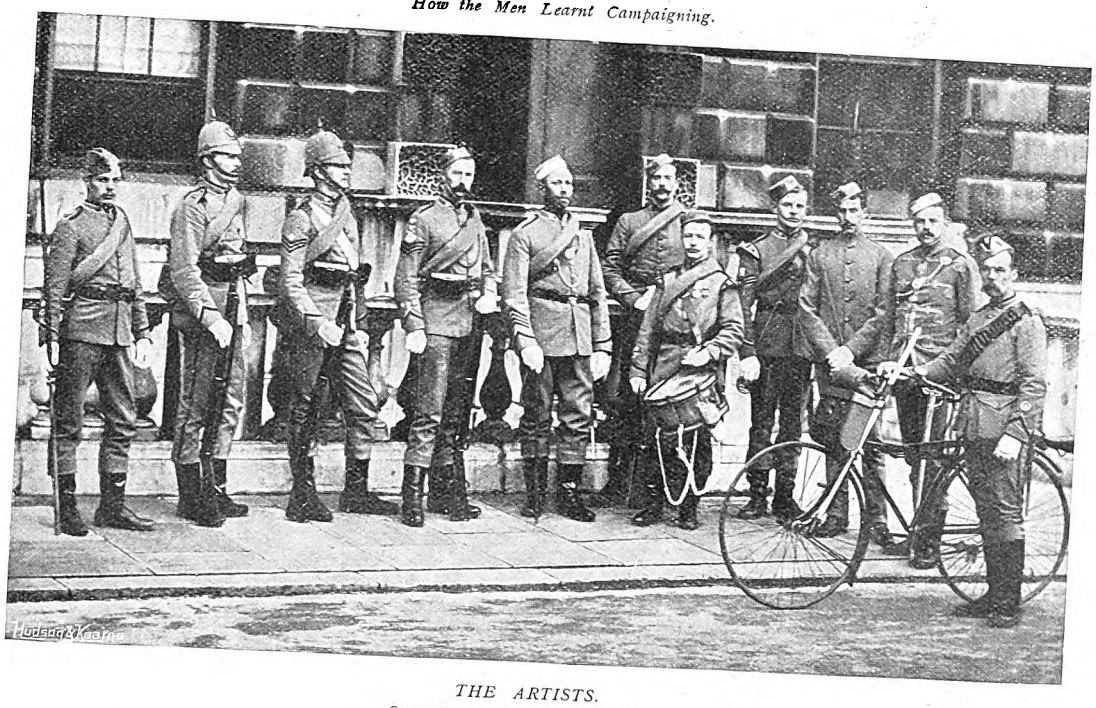
THE VOLUNTEER CONTINGENTS FOR THE FRONT.

"IT'S an ill wind that blows nobody any good," so says the proverb. This may, indeed, be said with truth of our recent unfortunate reverses in South Africa. One might have thought that the news from General Buller would have served only to depress the nation; but British citizens are not thus to be discouraged. Failure at the first trial makes them only more eager to follow it with success.

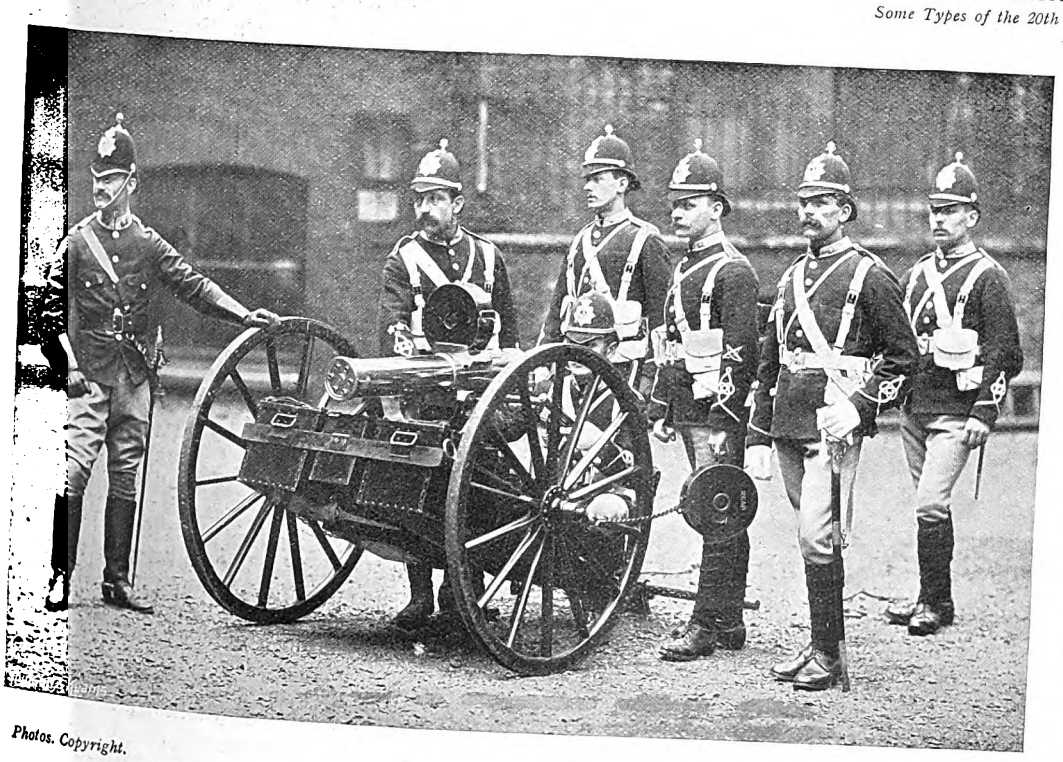
The turn of events has led to an increase in our South African forces, and it has greatly rejoiced the hearts of all our citizen soldiers to learn that the Government has decided to employ them in vanquishing the Boers. It is well known that at the beginning of the campaign many patriotic commanding officers placed their regiments at the disposal of the War Office for the campaign, but at the time the authorities did not see their way to make use of the offers so freely made. Doubtless the military authorities appreciated the spirit which led the various officers to volunteer for service, and have been glad that the opportunity has now offered for allowing the auxiliary forces to participate in the Empire's work.

Of course, it is hardly necessary to tell our readers that the entire Volunteer Force is not about to start for the front; only a limited number will be taken. To this end the War Office has announced that it will accept offers of service from the Volunteers. Companies are to be carefully selected, numbering 110 men each, with a captain in command, assisted by three subalterns; and one such company is to be raised from the Volunteer battalions of every territorial regiment serving in South Africa. Each Volunteer battalion from which a company is accepted is also to form a waiting company in reserve at home. The men are called upon to enlist for one year, or until the end of the campaign, and, needless to say, only those efficient will be selected. All will be young men, good marksmen, and of excellent physique, equal in every respect to our regular soldiers.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH.
How the Men Learnt Campaigning.



THE ARTISTS.
Some Types of the 20th Middlesex.



Photos. Copyright. Gregory.

A LEAD PUMPER.
The Machine Gun of the 3rd London Rifle Volunteers.

The City of London has very quickly responded to the call of the Government. As is the case with all patriotic movements, it leads the van. The Lord Mayor has corresponded with Lord Wolseley to some purpose, and a regiment is in course of formation to be styled "The City of London Imperial Volunteers." It is to number no fewer than 1,000 rank and file. Besides the subscriptions generously given by private individuals and the Livery Companies of the City, the Court of Common Council has granted for this object no less than £25,000 out of the City cash. The regiment will be equipped and transported to Africa without any expense to the Government, and Messrs. Wilson have generously placed a ship at the disposal of the City for three months. It is only in times of national stress that those at home who are accustomed to lead quiet lives are aroused to enthusiasm in so good a cause.

For service in the Lord Mayor's regiment, if we may call it so, offers

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have been received in abundance. Without exception every Metropolitan corps has sent in a number of names to the Mansion House, and, in addition, has freely volunteered through the usual channels to form a company of 110 men in the manner laid down by the authorities.

The enthusiasm is not, however, confined to London. All over the country Volunteers are rallying round the British flag. The difficulty is, therefore, not to get men for the scene of war, but to select from among those who wish to give their services.

The accompanying pictures illustrate some of the leading corps which will certainly furnish detachments for the Cape. The independent companies thus raised are to take the place of mounted infantry companies attached to battalions at the front, an excellent method of creating and fostering *esprit de corps*.

The Queen's Westminster Volunteers is one of the most distinguished of London corps. It was organised in its present form by the Duke of Westminster in 1859, and his Lordship commanded the regiment until 1881. He is now the honorary colonel of the regiment.

Every officer has passed through the School of Instruction, and the men are nearly all of them good shots. In 1888 Colour-Sergeant Fulton, who is now serving in the regiment, carried off the Queen's Prize at Bisley, and since then many other valuable cups have fallen to the share of the 13th Middlesex.

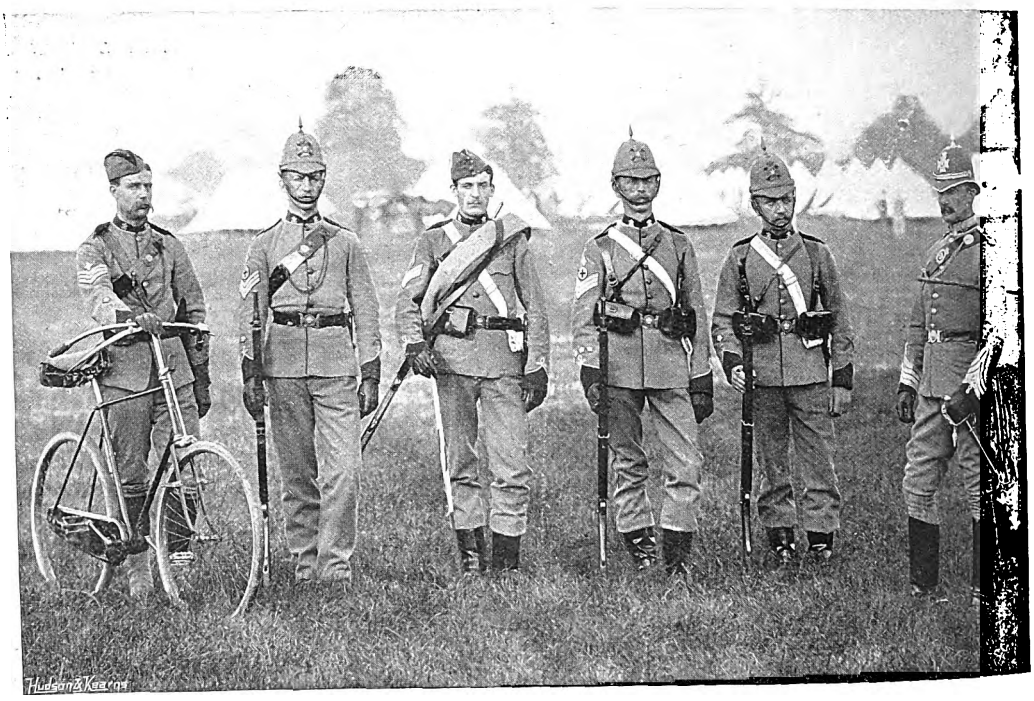
The regiment has two bands, and cycling, signalling, and mounted detachments. It may be noted here that Viscount Belgrave, heir to the Dukedom of Westminster, joined the ranks as a private, and expressed his intention of passing through all the intermediate grades before taking a commission in the battalion.

The London Scottish were raised in 1859, as the result of a meeting of Scottish residents in London, who decided to form a volunteer rifle corps, to be designated the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, for the purpose of strengthening the defensive resources of this country, the Continent at that time being in such a state of unrest.

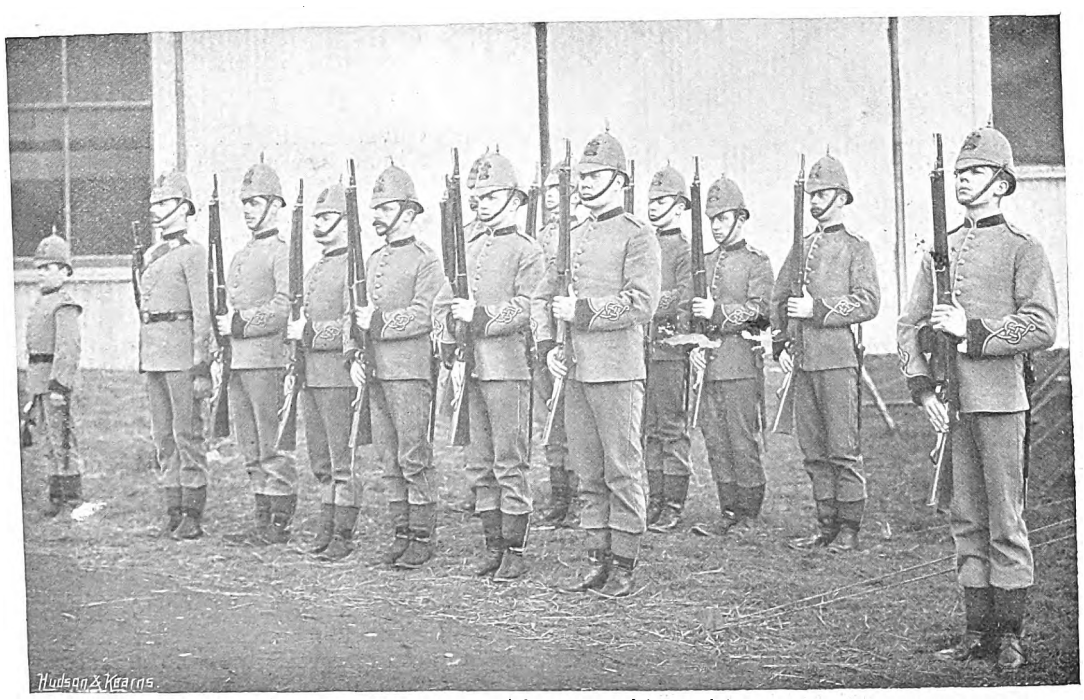
The 20th Middlesex were raised in 1860, and have always been known as the Artists. The name arises from the fact that the ranks are largely filled by painters, architects, sculptors, actors, medical students, and musicians.

The senior Volunteer regiment in London is, however, the City of London Rifle Brigade. It was organised in 1859, and since then has always maintained a position second to none in the Volunteer force. It has been fortunate in securing a succession of commanding officers who have previously served in the regular Army. To this fact is no doubt due in great measure the extreme smartness and soldierly bearing of the brigade. There is no lack of recruits for the regiment, although every man on joining is compelled to pay the full expenses of his outfit. Khaki suits will, of course, be issued to all Volunteers sent to the front.

A POST OFFICE CORPS.
A Few of the 24th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers.



WILLING AND READY.
Samples of the Civil Service Rifle Volunteers.



Photos. Copyright. *ON GUARD.* *Gregory.*
The Queen's Westminster Rifle Volunteers.

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The Wounded from the Front and Reinforcements.

IT is always depressing to look at the seamy side of anything, and there are few more terribly sad sights in this world of sorrow than the aftermath of a battle-field. Yet it is essential that we should not seek to put such painful pictures with their faces to the wall, nor try to forget that war is not all made up of glorious charges and inspiring deeds of individual derring-do. For one thing, it would indeed be hard upon the poor fellows who may happen to be struck down in the prime of manhood by bursting shell or long-range rifle bullet, if we simply regarded them as unpicturesque objects, to be kept as much in the background as possible, in order to make room for war in its more spectacular aspects.

The first of the accompanying pictures shows the ambulance train which brought down the wounded of the Naval Brigade to Simon's Town after the battle of Enslin. The train was fitted out at the Cape Government Railway Works, and, as will be seen from the illustration, is admirably equipped for the purpose for which it is used. One can imagine how grateful a wounded man must be for such comforts as are here indicated, comforts which, so far as railway travelling is concerned, constitute indeed an advance upon the treatment of the wounded in wars well within the memory of the present generation. It is exceedingly sad to have to add that, in spite of every precaution, three Marines died in the train on the way down.

Among the passengers by this train was Captain Prothero, who was wounded at Enslin when in command of the Naval Brigade, which he led with conspicuous coolness and gallantry. Captain Prothero was shot in the shoulder; and it is an instructive example of the speedy methods of modern war that he was back in hospital at Simon's Town just ten days after he had left the Naval Headquarters with his brigade to join Methuen and fight with him at Belmont and at Enslin.

Another picture shows our wounded Bluejackets being brought from the train at Simon's Town to the hospital. Some of the poor fellows had to be carried in cots, and one can imagine with what tenderness they were handled by their stalwart comrades.

The "wastage" of war, as it is rather grimly called, has to be made up, if possible, and in this case it happily *was* possible, as is shown in the accompanying picture. Here we have a draft of Bluejackets and Marines leaving Simon's Town, in charge of Commander De Horsey, of the "Monarch," to replace those of the Naval Brigade who were wounded at Belmont and Enslin. "What luck!" is probably the prevailing sentiment in every one of these gallant bosoms, most of which had probably heaved with genuine regret a few days previously when their owners had watched Captain Prothero and his men leaving on their way to join the Kimberley relief column.

Among the reinforcements sent up to Lord Methuen, when it became

Photo. Copyright. IN THE AMBULANCE TRAIN *"Navy & Army."*
Which Brought Down the Wounded from Methuen's Relief Column.

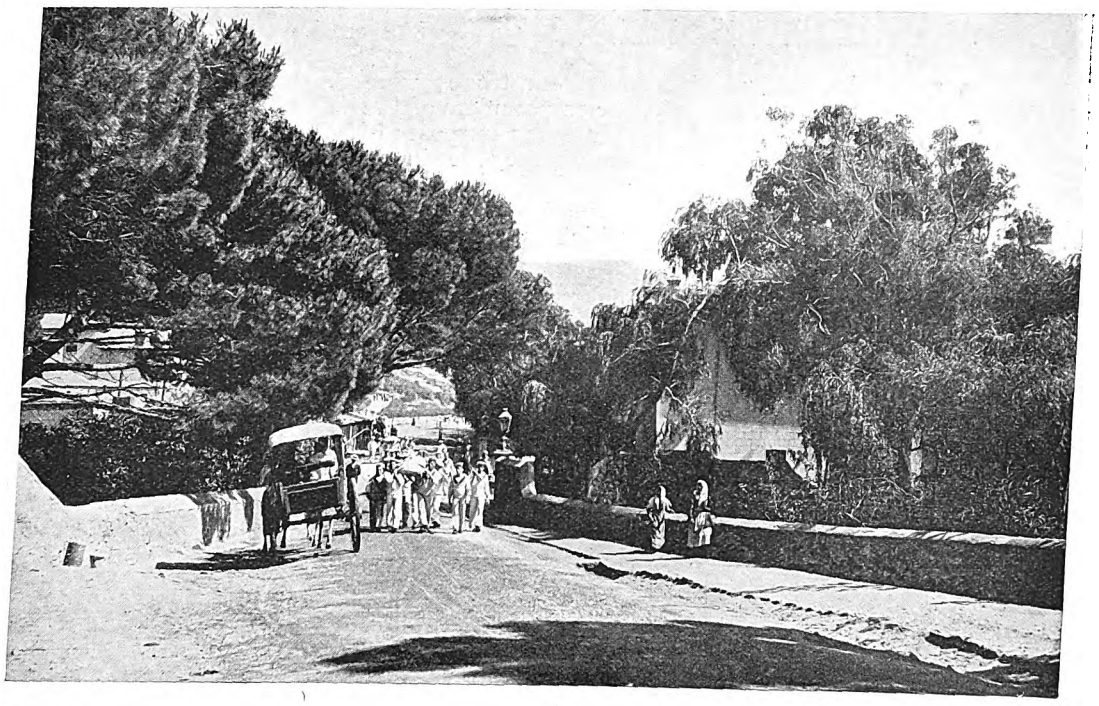

Photo. Copyright. AFTER ENSLIN. *L. Jenks.*
Wounded Bluejackets Being Carried from Station to Hospital.

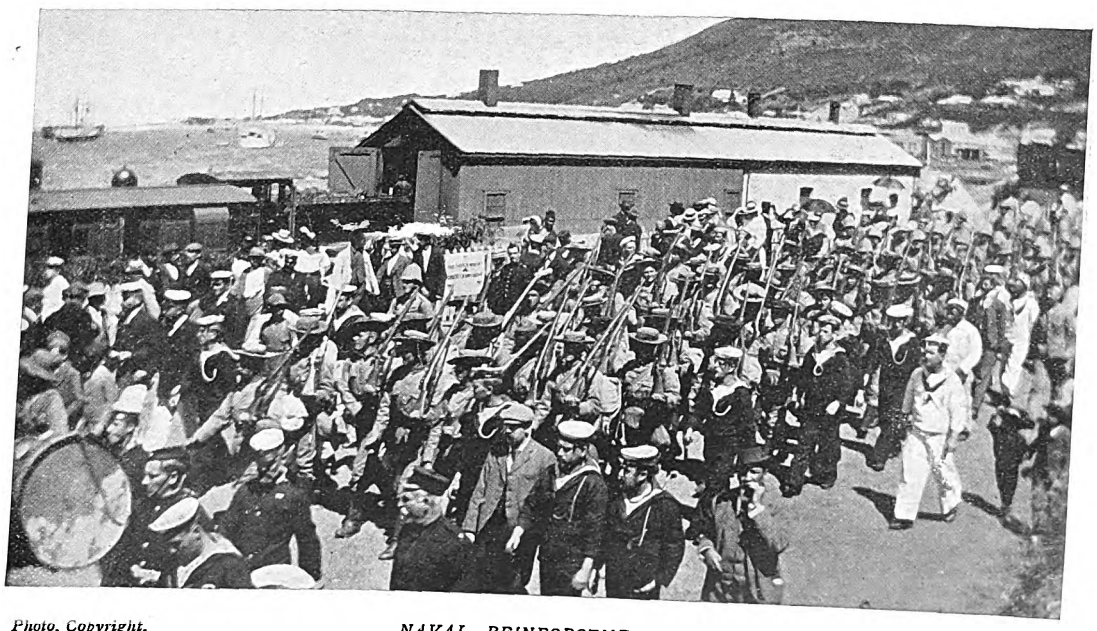

Photo. Copyright. NAVAL REINFORCEMENT. *"Navy & Army."*
Draft, to Replace the Killed and Wounded, Leaving Under Captain De Horsey.

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evident that his task was a good deal heavier one than had been anticipated, was a Horse Artillery Battery—G, R.H.A.—which has since done excellent service. There are only four Horse Artillery Batteries at the time of writing in South Africa—G, O, P, and R. Of these, O and R belong to the Cavalry Division under French, while P, like G, was moved up to the line De Aar-Belmont, and is either at De Aar or at Modder River at the present moment. We give pictures of O and P as they were leaving the docks, very thankful, no doubt, to quit shipboard, for, with the best of good arrangements, a sea voyage is terribly trying to horses, and we may be sure these R.H.A. gunners were only too anxious to get their animals back into condition again in order to get speedily to the front.

The want of Horse Artillery in South Africa has been greatly felt, and it is not too much to say that in several instances they would have helped us to reap a far greater advantage than we did from our victories.

LEAVING THE DOCK.
O Battery, R.H.A., now with French.

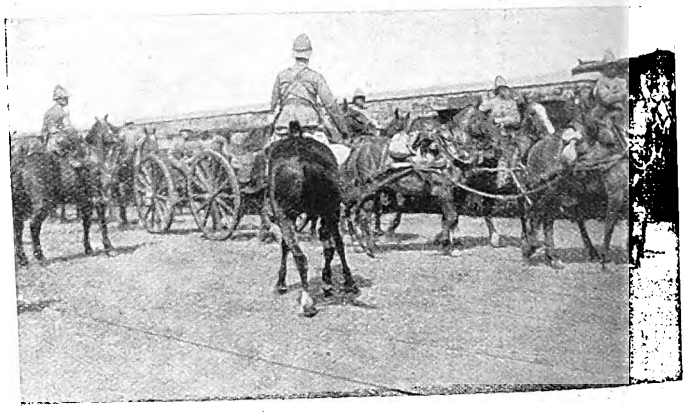
Where, as in the case of the Boers, our troops were opposed to long-range siege artillery, the 12-pounders of the Royal Horse Artillery are not of much use for purposes of attack, but when a position has been carried, they are simply invaluable in pursuit.

The two remaining pictures show the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons in camp at Maitland, from which they were afterwards sent to join the force operating under Major-General French on the line Port Elizabeth-Nauwpoort-Arundel. The officers' mess is delightful in its bowery simplicity, and provokes a smile when one thinks of the very different surroundings of a "swagger" cavalry corps in quarters. But it has always been, and, let us hope, always will be; a feature of our crack regiments that they can not only be swagger, and occasionally a little luxurious into the bargain, in the piping times of peace, but can cheerfully undergo privations,

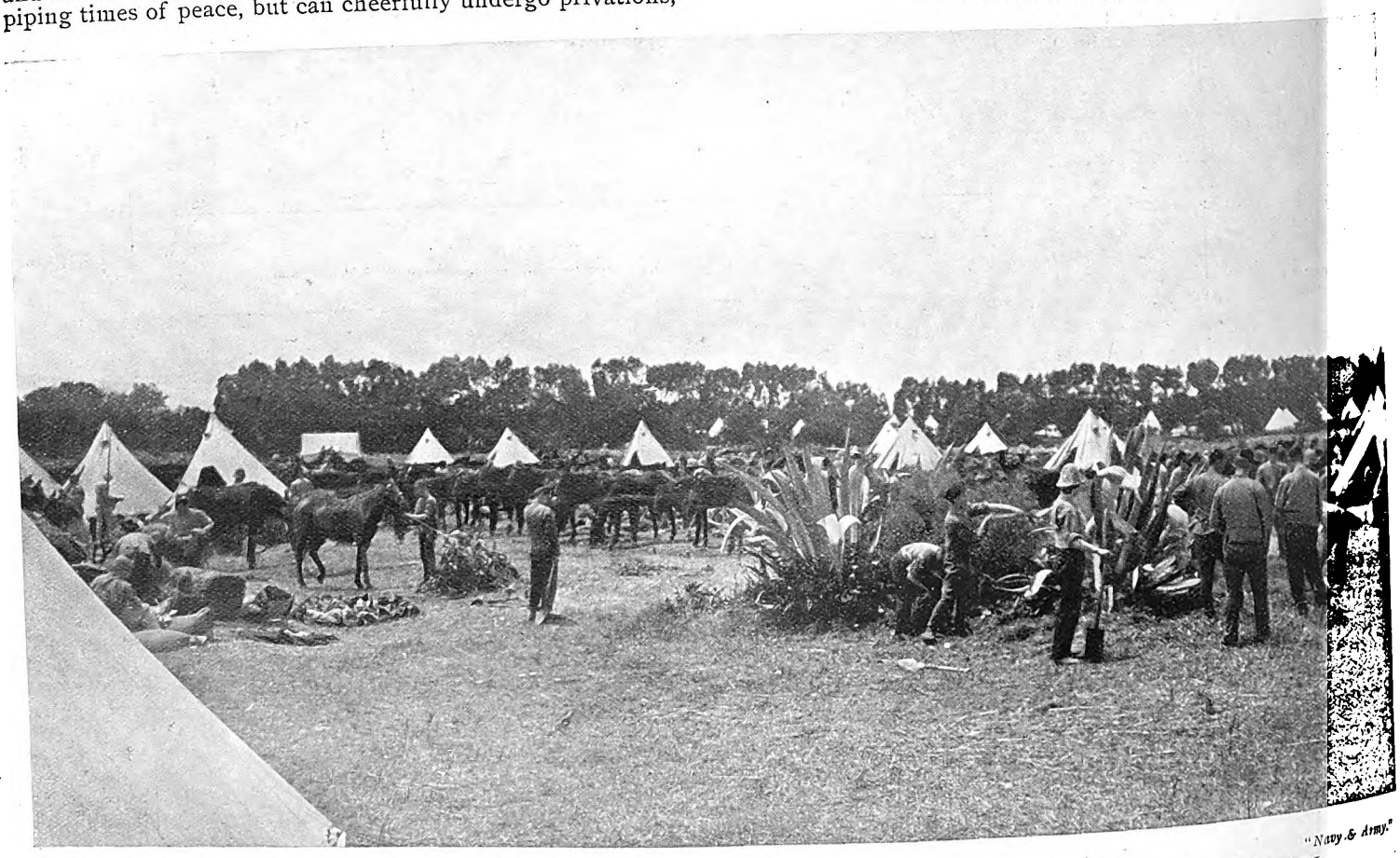
AL FRESCO.
Officers' Mess, Inniskilling Dragoons.

and both give and take uncommonly hard knocks in the way of business. The 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, it will be remembered, were included in the brigade under Colonel Porter which, on December 13, sallied out from Arundel and "headed off" a Boer force which was trying to get round with the intention of attacking Nauwpoort.

This was a very brisk little action, and one which admirably illustrates the use of cavalry against an enemy like the Boers. The latter are splendid mounted infantry, but they do not understand the working of cavalry, and by all accounts are rather afraid of it.



JUST LANDED.
P Battery, R.H.A., now on the Western Border.



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THE INNISKILLINGS IN CAMP—THEY ARE NOW UNDER GENERAL FRENCH NEAR ARUNDEL.

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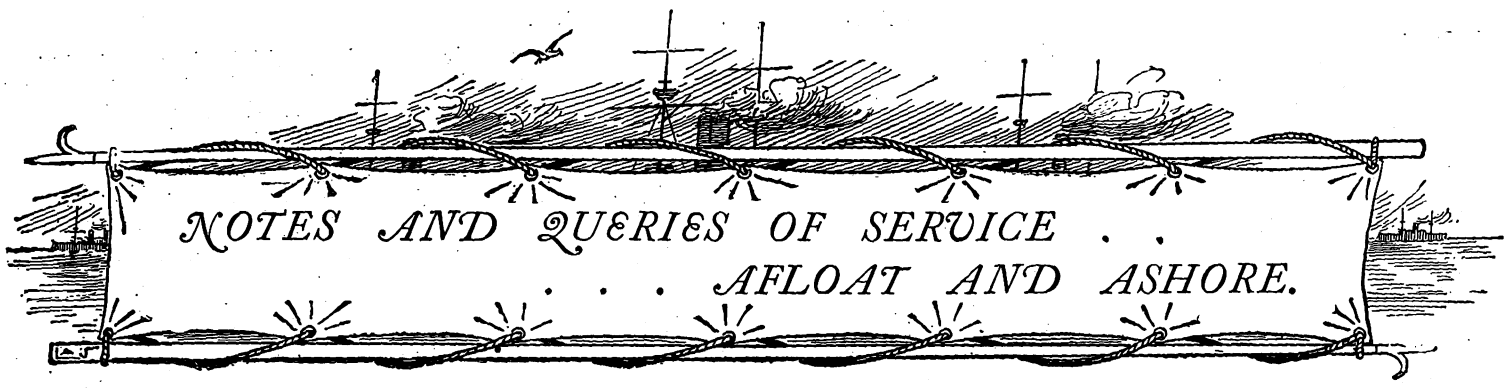

"C. R. F."—Speaking generally, the point is more deadly, but the cut more disabling. The cavalry fight at Llerena, in Estremadura, on April 11, 1812, is a case in point. The French force consisted of the 17th Dragoons, 27th Dragoons, 21st Chasseurs, and 2nd Hussars, in all 1,900 sabres. The British regiments were the 5th Dragoon Guards, 3rd and 4th Dragoons, and the 12th and 16th Light Dragoons, in all 1,826 sabres. The fight lasted but a few minutes, for the British charging broke the French formation. The latter had twelve men killed, and lost 128 prisoners, all suffering from sword cuts, whilst we had nine men killed, and forty-seven wounded. All the killed were slain by the "point," and the wounded, in practically every case, had received their injuries by the "cut." The European cavalryman is, as a rule, taught to depend to a great extent upon the point, and his sword, long and nearly straight, is built principally for this purpose. Napoleon the Great was a great believer in the point. At the battle of Wagram he shouted to his cuirassiers as they passed him at the trot, "No sabreing; give point! give point!" and kept plunging his sword into the air to emphasise his orders.

* * * *

"NORTHUMBRIAN." — The Northumberland Fusiliers, the old "Fighting Fifth," which is now in South Africa, is one of the very few regiments in which a woman fought for many years side by side with the men. The story is told on the tombstone over her grave at Brighton, which is kept up by the officers of the regiment. The inscription reads: "In memory of Phœbe Hessel, who was born in Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years as a soldier in the 5th Regiment, in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, in the battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bullet wound in her arm. Her long life extended from the reign of Queen Anne to that of George IV., from which monarch she received comfort and support in her later years. She died at Brighton, December 12, 1821, aged 108."

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "In an interesting note concerning Frederick the Great, you commented on an instance of how a very small thing might influence the fate of a great man, and thereby the future of nations. Let me give an instance of how a very small thing can produce a panic in an army. It is a well-known one to Service men, but will, perhaps, bear repetition. When the French army was landed in Algiers, a stray horse appearing in front of the line in the middle of the night startled the sentry into firing his rifle, so giving the alarm. Immediately all the adjoining troops began firing at an imaginary enemy in the shadow of the night. Then the rest of the troops caught the contagion, and for an interval estimated at over a quarter of an hour the firing continued, with the result that, instead of the horse (like the famous mule at Santiago) being killed, four men were killed and ten wounded by their own side! What would have happened had the magazine rifle been the weapon in those days?"

* * * *

"LECTOR."—There were thirty standards and eighty-three colours captured at Blenheim by Marlborough. No one knows what has become of them. They were brought to London in 1704, and were carried in triumph through the streets from the Tower to Westminster Hall. There they were exhibited for a short time, and finally they were taken to St. Paul's Cathedral. More than sixty years ago Canon Sydney Smith, writing to General Sir Henry Taylor on the subject of these interesting battle trophies, said that not a rag or a staff remained of them. It is sad to think how little care can have been exercised in the preservation of trophies of which the country ought to have been proud.

* * * *

"LADY LYTTON."—According to the last returns, there were the following British troops in India: Seven cavalry regiments, forty-three infantry battalions, seventy-seven batteries of Artillery, and four companies of Engineers. Taking the average number of men in each of these units, you arrive at a total of between 47,000 and 48,000 men. The troops in Burmah are not included in this total.

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A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The tone of the Army has been immensely raised during late years, and only one thing remains to be done to altogether redeem the barrack-room from its old evil influence. The system of a common living and sleeping room is indefensible, and until cubicles are provided the *padre* must fight an uphill battle. In the cheapest lodging-houses a man may have a tiny room of his own, open, it is true, above to the general atmosphere, but having iron walls at least 6-ft. high, which secure him absolute privacy. It is easy enough for the stay-at-home critic to urge that men should have the moral courage to go down on their knees before their comrades and then and there say their prayers. It must be remembered, however, that many a man until he joins hardly realises that religion is anything more than a vain thing, and it is too much to expect him to make such a sacrifice as braving the mockery of the room would imply. Cubicles will remove this ordeal, and many a man who, brave in all else, acts the coward's part in this, will be thankful for his four tiny walls."

* * * *

"J. S." (Llanfairfechan).—The Volunteer officers' decoration, or, as it is usually termed, the "V.D.," was instituted by Her Majesty as a reward for twenty years' commissioned service in the Volunteer Force, and is an honour greatly valued by officers of the Citizen Army. It should be mentioned, however, that half the time served in the ranks is reckoned as qualifying service. An officer cannot demand the "V.D." as a right. The regulations are plain on this point, specifying that the decoration is granted as a reward for good and long service, and that commanding officers, when applying on behalf of anyone under their command, should state in general terms the reasons which give the officer concerned a claim to the distinction. It is commonly believed that the Volunteer officers' decoration is given only to those who have served continuously for twenty years, but this is not the case. An officer who has resigned his original commission, and, after several years of absence from the Volunteer Force, rejoined another, or the same, corps, may yet apply for the "V.D.," provided he has served the required number of years. Officers who have been granted the honour may be identified by the letters "V.D." opposite their names in the Army List.

* * * *

IF the correspondent who asks about the fighting costume our troops would wear in the event of a European war would turn to the issue of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of September 2, he would find in "Notes and Queries" a paragraph in answer to "Khaki" which would interest him. One thing is certain, that whatever colour may be adopted in the future, our troops will never go into action encumbered with the tight-fitting uniforms worn on parade, but will be provided with a loose fighting kit. With regard to the same correspondent's second question, the distance within which a steamer can be brought to a standstill when travelling at 20 knots depends almost entirely upon the tonnage of the steamer. Of course, something also depends upon the build of the steamer, and the manner in which she is handled. It is impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule.

* * * *

"D. T."—On March 13, 1884, General Graham advanced to capture Osman Digna's camp at Tamai, close to El Teb, and there occurred what was almost a dire disaster. The Arabs made a wild onslaught on the British square, and a number of them creeping up actually broke it, and captured some Gatlings. A desperate conflict ensued, until some well-timed charges of Colonel Wood's troops saved the day, and enabled the infantry to re-form the square and recover the guns. Again, on December 30, 1884, Sir Herbert Stewart, on his march from Korti for Metemmeh, found the enemy 10,000 strong at the wells of Abu Klea, whilst his own troops numbered barely 1,500. The British formed a square with the camels in the centre. The Dervishes charged with characteristic fanaticism, and hurled themselves on the British bayonets. A large portion of them, making a sudden rush on the left rear corner of the square, broke it, and fierce hand-to-hand fighting ensued. The camels saved the situation, for they checked the onward rush of the Arabs; the British rallied, and the square was re-formed. These are the only two occasions I can call to mind of a square being broken, but "D. T." must remember that the square formation is seldom employed.

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"W. T. H." (Fettes College).—John Denton Pinkstone French put in all his regimental service in the 19th Hussars, for though his first commission—dated February 28, 1874, when he was just twenty-one years and five months of age—was to the 8th Hussars, he was appointed to the 19th ten days later, and passed through every rank till he was appointed to the command on February 7, 1885. His only war service, prior to now, has been the Soudan Campaign of 1884-85, for which he holds the medal, with two clasps—the Nile, 1884-85, and Abu Klea, and the Khedive's bronze star. He has held important staff appointments, for he was A.A.G. at Army Headquarters from August 24, 1895, to April 30, 1897, and commanded the Cavalry Brigade South-East District from May 1, 1897, to January 11, 1899. Since January 12, 1899, he has commanded the Cavalry Brigade, a post he only vacated in September last to proceed to South Africa. For an answer to your second question you must wait until the official despatches are published. Several names have been rumoured.

* * * *

"C. A. H." (Poole Park, Fulham).—If you had taken the trouble to describe the decoration to which you allude, I could have answered your question better. There is no "Spanish Legion of Honour." There is an "Order of Military Merit"; but this cross could not have been conferred for the Carlist War of 1835-37, for the order was not founded until 1864. A medal was given for San Sebastian, May 5, 1836, to the troops under De Lacy Evans. It was issued in pewter to men, and silver to officers. It is rare, especially the latter. The naval contingent at Bilbao, on December 24, 1836, received a medal, which is very scarce. Special crosses were also issued for San Sebastian and Bilbao. Finally, the cross of the Order of Maria Isabella Louisa, founded in 1833 to reward those below the rank of "Chef de Battailon," was in some cases bestowed on the officers and men of the Foreign Legion. Write to me and accurately describe the cross, and I may be able to tell you precisely which it is. It would help me also if you told me the rank and employment of the wearer of the medal to which you refer.

* * * *

"FOLLOWER OF THE DRUM."—The "Old and Bold" is the nickname of the 5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

THE EDITOR.

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The Bombardment of Saltport.—I.

By J. Tuthill Dreyer, R.A.

It is unnecessary to enter into the causes of our recent war with the two great Powers, the Aeduans and the Lusatians. This story is only intended to be an account of the part played by Saltport in the war.

When peace had been declared, I went about among my surviving brother officers and collected from them notes of what they had seen of the actions that I am now about to describe. Each man had seen but a few of the incidents of the bombardment, but by putting all their accounts together and fitting them in with my own, I have, I trust, put down most of the facts with accuracy.

As battery commander of Fort Ben Bolt, I could only know how our fire was telling on the enemy, and was more or less unaware of our casualties, except for the reports I received from the various group officers.

Now when I inspect my company on parade, and I look at the line of great strong men with the war medal on their broad chests, and a few made conspicuous by the coveted cross for valour, I sigh to think of the day when I shall get my promotion, and have to leave the stout hearts who enabled me to successfully assist in the defence of Saltport.

To visit the scene of the narrative told in these pages, I must take the reader to the old town of Saltport, on the South Coast of England. The harbour at the end of the well-sheltered bay is an ideal one. The bay has a narrow entrance, only about 1,000-yds. wide, running between high cliffs, towering some 250-ft. above the sea-level. At its entrance the bay is open to the sea from the south, but the fairway turns somewhat abruptly to the east, leading to the anchorage off the town, which is completely sheltered from the Channel gales by the ridges of hills surrounding it on all sides. Vessels can also be moored inside the two long arms of the breakwater enclosing the harbour, and comfortably discharge their cargoes, while their less fortunate brethren outside are unable to do so owing to the ruffled waters of the bay.

The dockyard lies within the breakwater, the mouth of which can be closed by a boom to keep out torpedo-boats in war-time. On the ends of the breakwater are mounted some small quick-firing guns and a search-light.

But Saltport is not only made famous by the excellence of its harbour, but also by the extreme beauty of its environs. The great sheet of water enclosed among the wooded hills, and dotted over with ships flying the flags of all nationalities, makes it one of the most beautiful maritime towns of England.

Imagine that the reader has got a pass to visit the forts at the entrance to the bay, and I will describe what he will see. Let us first visit Fort Ben Bolt on the eastern side. We have a steep climb of over 200-ft. to the top, and then we have before us the two long lean guns of F group. (The guns of a battery command are divided into groups, each under the command of a subaltern or non-commissioned officer; the groups are designated by letters of the alphabet.) Their calibre is only 9·2-in., but they are wire guns of the latest type, and can each fire a 380-lb. shot with enormously high velocity at a rate of one every minute. Look at the small and compact mountings, quite dwarfed by the great length of the guns; note the loading arrangements and the automatic sights. This sighting arrangement provides that the gun has only to be laid on the target without previously manipulating the sights, and the correct elevation is thereby given to the gun; in other words, the gun is its own range-finder, whose base is the gun's height above sea-level; there is no calling out of ranges, adjusting tangent scale or giving quadrant elevation to the gun by means of a range indicator; the gun-mounting does it all as the gun-layer revolves the elevating wheel. Now you will see what the ingenuity of Woolwich Arsenal can produce.

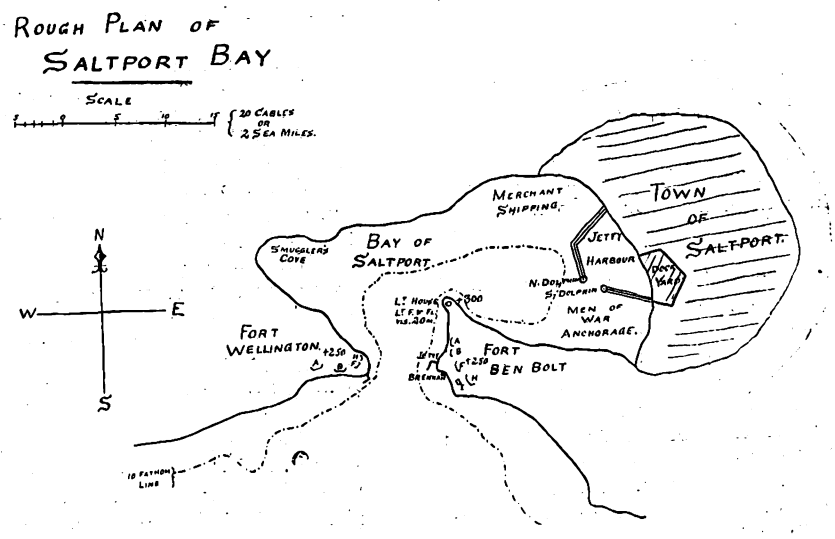
Next come over to H group. It is only 150-yds. distant to the south-eastward. What a contrast these guns are to the last—short and very stumpy, without any of the finish in themselves or their mountings which characterised the 9·2. But these guns were the pride of the Arsenal some thirty years ago. They are only muzzle-loaders, as the observant visitor notices, but that does not prevent them from shooting with accuracy, though their shells do not strike the target with the tremendous shock of the 9·2. Their calibre is 12·5-in., and their large 820-lb. shell is very effective.

To reach the next group we go down this long staircase, hewn in the solid rock, and stand in the narrow confines of I group, the only casemate in the two forts. Ah! here you must feel very secure, you think. Yes, there is about 20-in. of wrought iron between the gun-detachments and the sea. That is quite enough to keep out any common shell. Above your head there is about 50-ft. of rock separating you from the outer world. The two guns are of the same type as the last, but smaller, the calibre being 11-in., firing a 550-lb. shell. They have an uncanny look with their coat of white paint in the subdued light of the casemate.

I forgot to point out the position-finder dials to you in the other groups. You see these two clock-faced dials, they are connected with the distant position-finder by means of electric cables, and give the range and training of the target from the gun group. This enables the group officer to fight his guns without seeing the target; the range and training shown on the dials being given to the guns, they are thereby laid so as to hit the target.

Let us go up the staircase again, for there is more to show you in Fort Ben Bolt. We retrace our steps past I and H groups. Here are the two groups A and B of 12-pounders Q.F. (the abreviation Q.F. is used for quick-firing throughout, and R.M.L. for rifled muzzle-loading) commanding the entrance. Before you looked at giant guns mounted on massive mountings, now you can handle a weapon that balances like a shot-gun, and which can fire at about the same rate. Put your shoulder to the shoulder-piece, take the elevating wheel in the left hand, the pistol grip in the right, and you will see with what ease you can get the sights on that dredger steaming into the bay. You think already that it is impossible to miss with it, but let me tell you this is only too easily done. If that dredger was rushing in at 20 knots instead of 6 knots, and her errand was to destroy the shipping and stores under your protection, you might find the sights a little contrary. Remember also that this gun plays its *rôle* generally on a dark night, when you have to lay on a target lit up by the dazzling rays of the search-light, and instead of clearly seeing the sights you can only see the reflected glow of a tiny electric light on each.

Now we must go down to the little jetty at the foot of the cliffs, and get into the boat that is to take us across to Fort Wellington. You observe that little dark entrance into the side of the rock behind us, from which two narrow-gauge rails run into the sea. That is the launching way of the Brennan torpedo. These marvellous engines of destruction contain two drums upon which a great length of piano-wire is wound. The running end of the wire from each drum is fastened to a large drum ashore. By revolving the large drums by means of a steam-engine, a rotary motion is given to the drums in the torpedo, which by a suitable gearing revolves two screw propellers, which drive the torpedo through the water at about 30 knots. The torpedo can be steered from the shore by revolving one drum faster than the other, which change actuates a vertical rudder on the torpedo. The head of the torpedo contains 500-lb. of gun-cotton which is fired on impact.



Here we are at Fort Wellington, with another climb of 250-ft. before us to reach the battery. We will first have a look at A group. It is armed with four 12·5-in. R.M.L. guns, just the same as the guns we saw on the other side. If we walk 200-yds. towards the entrance of the bay we find the guns of B group. There are four 6-in. Q.F. guns looking like the big brothers of the 12-pounders, and a sort of distant

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relation of the majestic 9·2-in. guns of Fort Ben Bolt. They, too, are the very latest outcome of the genius of the master minds of Woolwich Arsenal. If you get up on the sighting step on the left side of the mounting, you have the elevating and traversing wheels to hand, and also the pistol grip for firing. Could anything be better arranged for speed. Now step down and I will open and close the breech. This small lever is pulled across and the breech is opened. Push the lever back and the breech is closed. All these ingenious contrivances enable the gun to fire five 100-lb. shells every minute with a very high velocity.

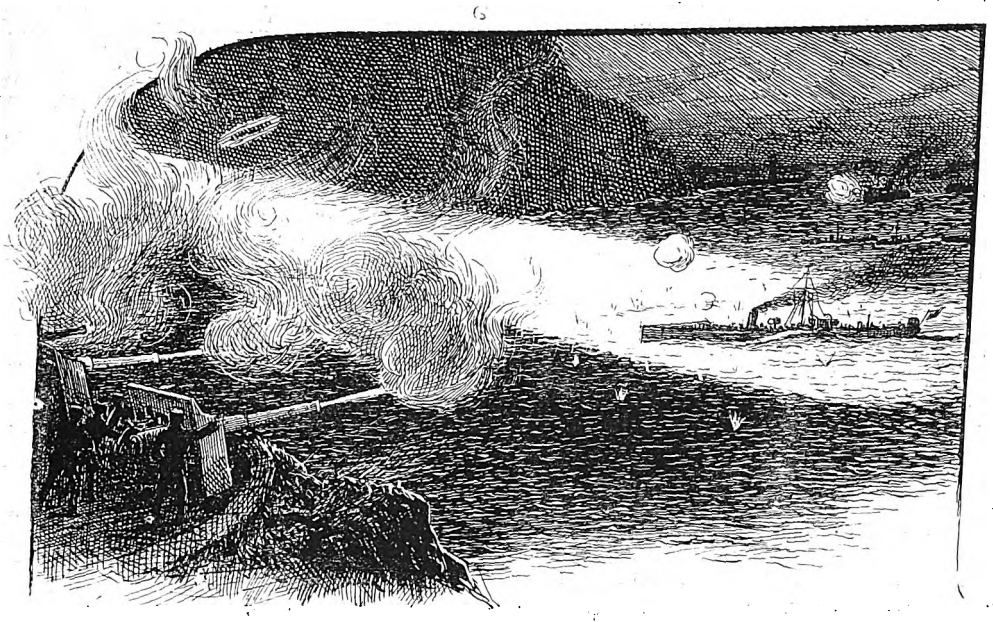
Next this group you can see the two groups F and H, each armed with two 12-pounder Q.F. All these Q.F. guns are automatic-sighted.

Each fort is provided with a wandering search-light. Formerly we had depended on two fixed beams across the entrance, but when war broke out the alterations had just been completed.

Such were the means at our disposal. A clear head taking the full advantage given us by the beautifully-designed instruments at our command would give to us victory against tremendous odds, and a victory we determined it should be when our chance came, for would not defeat spell death to us, and destruction to the harbour and shipping claiming our protection?

The two forts were manned on mobilisation by two companies of the Royal Garrison Artillery and the Fearnought Artillery Militia. The men were told off to the guns and were exercised at night alarms. All ranks were very anxious for a visit from the hostile fleets, and we envied our Naval friends who could go out and look for the enemy instead of waiting for him. Our fears were, however, unnecessary, as we saw plenty of the enemy before many days were over. At the time war was declared there was only one war-ship in the harbour, the first-class battle-ship "Repulse," which was having the wreck of her fore barbette repaired. One of her big guns had burst at practice, causing great havoc to the fore part of the ship. The first-class cruiser "Diadem," of 11,000 tons, was lying at anchor in the roadstead for men-of-war, with her torpedo-nets rigged out, but as she is not fitted with bow or stern net defence, a very keen look out was kept, the gun's crews sleeping by their guns with ammunition ready at hand. Her starboard propeller shafting had broken, and a new length was being put in. The dock-yard authorities were working day and night to complete her for sea.

On the night of the second day after the declaration of war, about midnight, fire was suddenly opened on the search-light of Fort Wellington. The light was at once swept round, and five torpedo-boats were discerned in what had just been the dark ray, one close inshore, the others in a cluster further out. They had mistaken the search-lights for fixed ones, and had sent one boat in to destroy the light at Fort Wellington, hoping to dash in unobserved in the confusion. Great must have been their astonishment when the dazzling glare of the search-light at close quarters blinded them. By a chance shot they managed to smash the light, but found themselves illuminated by the light from Fort Ben Bolt. Then the 12-pounders of Fort Wellington rang out and sank the close in-shore boat at almost the first shot. Round swept the light, and found the remaining boats coming in at full speed. The eight 12-pounders got on the leading boat, as the only available search-light could only pick up one of the now scattered boats at a time. The firing, however, was very erratic, owing probably to letting all the guns take part, it being very difficult for each group to correct the range, owing to the difficulty of knowing where its own shells were falling. But meanwhile the two 11-in. guns in the casemate at Fort Ben Bolt were waiting for the boats, laid on the first running-past point, and loaded with case shot. Suddenly the boat on which the search-lights glared, showing the 12-pounders' shells breaking up the water all around her, came across the sights of the 11-in. guns, and one of them roared forth its charge of iron balls. The boat was seen to crumple up like a piece of paper under the awful storm of death that ploughed up the sea for hundreds of yards. The search-light now picked up two more of the remaining three boats; the two were rushing through the water almost abreast, and about 100-yds. apart. Each fort now fired at the boat nearest, and by stopping the fire of one group on each side for a few moments the range was rapidly corrected and the firing became deadly. Soon one boat was sunk, and after being the mark for eight guns, whose automatic sights had all found their error of the day, the other boat soon followed its consorts to the bottom.



The Assailants Destroyed.

The light swept round and round, but no sign could be seen of the fifth and last torpedo-boat. We had failed to keep her out. But great beams of light had burst from the "Diadem's" decks and masthead platforms, and, sweeping rapidly across the bay, soon discovered the torpedo-boat making straight for her, and about 2,000-yds. off. The sailors opened a deadly fire on her, and sank her before she had come close enough to use the torpedo. This success made us all feel much more confident, and we thought we would do even better if we got another chance, now that the first novelty of actual warfare had worn off. We had to remember, however, that we had had the game all our own way, and had not had any disconcerting casualties among ourselves, but had only been shooting at what was for us personally an inoffensive enemy.

The place was in a less secure state than before the visit of the torpedo-boats, owing to the loss of the search-light at Fort Wellington. By great exertions, however, we managed to rig up a portable search-light, which we obtained from the dockyard authorities, and which, although not nearly so powerful as its predecessor, proved fairly efficient.

The next night was again one of little rest for us. About ten o'clock the search-lights revealed two large cruisers, which we identified as the "Depulomus" and the "Brutus." On being observed they immediately opened a rapid but ill-directed fire on us. We did not think they would try to run past, and only kept them under observation with the portable light, while we swept the sea for any torpedo-boats with the Ben Bolt light in case any should try to repeat last night's experiment. We were rewarded for our foresight by discovering that four torpedo-boats were approaching, having crept in under cover of the shore while our attention had been taken up by the two cruisers.

A well-directed fire from the 12-pounders was opened on them, and the leading two were soon sunk. On this the remaining two turned and made off, seeing that to persist in trying to force an entrance into the harbour meant certain destruction.

The 6-in. Q.F. battery at Fort Wellington and the two 9·2-in. breech-loading guns at Fort Ben Bolt had, meanwhile, been directed at the two cruisers. The great advantage of the automatic sights was soon made evident. Having only one search-light, we had, in order to keep both cruisers under observation, to shift the light continually from one to the other. This created no error in ranging, no delay being occasioned by sending fresh ranges, as the sights had only to be got on the fresh target, and the error of the day being once determined, held good however the target was changed. The effect of the fire of the 6-in. Q.F. guns could not be seen, but they must have caused a great deal of damage and loss of life; but one round from the 9·2-in. was seen to cross the beam of light directed on the "Depulomus" in a lambent flash and strike the ship amidships close to the water-line. It evidently burst inside with terrible destruction, for she was soon seen to lose way and lay helpless on the long Atlantic swell. Lying broadside on to the two forts, she was for a few minutes a target for the bursting shells that fell on her decks with the fearful precision of modern weapons. The end was not far off, and before long she began to settle down, and with a final plunge went down by the bows.

(To be continued.)

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The Story of the War.

IT was to be expected, perhaps, that a comparatively lengthy period of all-round inaction should follow the battle on the banks of the Tugela on the 15th ult. There is no question that, hard hit as we were on this unfortunate occasion, the enemy also suffered pretty severely, and were, further, deterred by the fighting qualities of troops which, notwithstanding as terrible a fire as perhaps has ever been maintained by an enemy of equal strength, advanced with superb gallantry and only retired with the greatest reluctance.

For more than a fortnight, then, the situation both at Modder River and Chieveley, while it indicated no forward movement on our part, was equally devoid of any incident tending to show that the enemy had a thought of taking the offensive. On the contrary, the Boers appeared to give themselves up wholly to improving their defences, entrenching and arming their positions until their great natural strength was enormously increased by art. They were not in either case suffered to do this without let or hindrance. Day after day the Boer trenches near Colenso and at Magersfontein were steadily shelled, and frequent adventurous reconnaissances were made, with the result that the enemy began to suffer from evident nervousness, turning out on several occasions and keeping up for some time a heavy fire in order to repel purely imaginary night attacks.

Although the opportunity given to the enemy to improve their positions was somewhat disadvantageous to us, neither Buller nor Methuen failed to profit by the lull in really active operation.

In both instances a stream of reinforcements was kept up, and by the end of the year the fighting strength of each had been notably increased. Sir Charles Warren had been deputed to join Sir Redvers Buller in Natal, and with his division the force at Chieveley must have aggregated nearly 30,000 men. The strength at Modder River cannot be estimated at all accurately, but it had probably been brought nearly up to a level of that of the Boer forces in front of it, which was reckoned at between 15,000 and 20,000.

Gatacre and French, being handicapped by the smallness of the force at their disposal, could make no further move of importance, although the former created a useful impression by occupying Dordrecht, and the latter was commendably active in harassing the enemy beyond Arundel. From these quarters reports of disaffection among the Cape Dutch have of late been particularly rife, and it may well be hoped that, as Gatacre's force grows stronger, he will be able at no distant date to create a little diversion of his own which will more than wipe out the memory of his unhappy attempt to surprise Stormberg on the 10th ult.

Turning to the beleaguered garrisons, in all three there continued to be evident the same alertness, the same lusty determination to let the enemy understand that British forces when isolated neither go to sleep nor twiddle their thumbs. Within the past few days fresh sorties from Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking have been reported, and the security of the first two seems to be assured for some time to come. In the case of Ladysmith the bombardment was becoming more severe, the enemy having mounted fresh guns and found the ranges with great accuracy. But on the 29th and 30th ult. their artillery was strangely silent, owing, it is said, to the capture of one of their positions by a force sent out by General White in the early morning of the 29th. The outlook at Mafeking, it must be admitted, was not cheering. Although "all well" was reported up to the 20th ult., the garrison must have, indeed, been hardly pressed, and nothing but the indomitable pluck and astonishing resource of Baden-Powell could have saved it from being literally overwhelmed.

Outside these broader features of the campaign there continued to be a pretty plentiful crop of incidents, the most generally interesting of which, perhaps, was the escape of Mr. Winston Churchill from prison at Pretoria. In highly romantic fashion the adventurous young war correspondent got away from Pretoria to Lourenço Marques, and, taking ship thence to Durban, rejoined the force at the front within a mile or two of the spot at which he was captured.

At home, so far from the nation being discouraged by the reverses at Magersfontein, Stormberg, and Colenso, every effort was made to put the war on an entirely new footing as regards both men and material. An Eighth Division was announced to be in course of formation, and during the past week the embarkation of the Seventh has been commenced, that of the Sixth having been completed by the end of the year. The response to the Government proposals with reference to the despatch of Yeomanry and Volunteers has been simply magnificent, and on all sides offers of men, horses, and money have been pouring in. Meanwhile, Lord Roberts has been met by Lord Kitchener at Gibraltar, and in a few days these two distinguished leaders will have landed at Cape Town, perhaps with a concerted plan of operations which may soon put a very different complexion upon the war, and possibly even bring a satisfactory conclusion of it within measurable distance.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

Household Regiment		Cape Colony
5th Dragoon Guards	E	Natal
6th " "	B	Cape Frontier
1st Royal Dragoons	D	Natal
2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys)		Cape Colony
5th Lancers	E	Natal
6th Dragoons	B	Cape Colony
9th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
10th Hussars	B	Cape Colony
12th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
13th Hussars	D	Natal
18th "	E	Natal
19th "	E	Natal

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

G and P Batteries, R.H.A.	A	Cape Frontier
O and R " "	B	Cape Frontier
4th Battery, R.F.A.		Cape Colony
7th " "	D	Natal
13th " "	E	Natal
14th " "	D	Natal
18th " "	A	Cape Frontier
19th " "	D	Natal
21st " "	E	Natal
28th " "	D	Natal
37th " "	B	Cape Frontier
38th " "	C	Cape Frontier
42nd " "	E	Natal
53rd " "	E	Natal
61st " "	D	Natal
62nd " "	A	Cape Frontier
63rd " "	D	Natal
64th " "	D	Natal
65th " "		Cape Colony
66th " "	D	Natal
67th " "	E	Natal
69th " "	E	Natal
73rd " "	D	Natal
74th " "	C	Cape Frontier
75th " "	A	Cape Frontier
77th " "	C	Cape Frontier
79th " "	C	Cape Colony
No. 4 Mountain Battery	D	Natal
No. 10 " "		Natal
14th Co. W. Division, R.G.A.	D	Cape Colony
23rd " " "		Kimberley
Siege Train		Cape Colony

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	A	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	E	Natal
1st Devonshire	E	Natal
1st Leicestershire	E	Natal
1st Gloucestershire	E	Natal
1st Border	D	Natal
1st North Lancashire*		Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	A	Cape Frontier
1st King's Royal Rifles	E	Natal
2nd " " "	E	Natal
1st Manchester	E	Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	E	Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers	E	Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers	E	Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	E	Natal
2nd Devon	D	Natal
2nd West Yorkshire	D	Natal
2nd West Surrey	D	Natal
2nd East Surrey	D	Natal
1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Highland L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
1st Scots Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Irish Rifles	C	Cape Frontier
2nd Northamptonshire	A	Cape Frontier
3rd Grenadiers	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Black Watch	A	Cape Frontier
1st Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Scottish Rifles	D	Natal
1st Argyll and Sutherland	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Seaforths	A	Cape Frontier
1st Durham Light Infantry	D	Natal
3rd King's Royal Rifles	D	Natal
1st Rifle Brigade	D	Natal
1st Welsh	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Somerset L.I.	D	Natal
2nd Northumberland Fusiliers	C	Cape Frontier
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Connaught Rangers	D	Natal
1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Royal Scots	C	Cape Frontier
1st Gordon Highlanders	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Shropshire L.I.		Cape Frontier
2nd Cornwall L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
1st Suffolk		Cape Frontier
1st Essex	B	Cape Frontier
1st Derbyshire	D	Natal
1st Yorkshire		Cape Colony
2nd Royal Warwickshire		Cape Colony
2nd Dorsetshire	D	Natal
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st South Lancashire	D	Natal
2nd Royal Lancaster		Natal
2nd Middlesex		Natal
1st York and Lancaster		Natal

NOTE.—The units are thus distinguished: A denotes those under General Methuen operating on the Western Frontier; B, troops on line of communication from Cape Town, and those who under General French are holding the railway systems whose termini are Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London; C, those under General Gatacre's command in the North-Eastern Province; D, those troops in Natal who under Sir Redvers Buller are operating for the relief of Ladysmith; E, those beleaguered in Ladysmith under the command of Sir George White.

The regiments leaving or *en route* are: Cavalry — 16th Lancers (from India), 7th Dragoon Guards, 17th Lancers, and 14th Hussars. Artillery—R.H.A., A and J (from India), and Q, T, and U Batteries; R.F.A., 20th, 43rd, 86th, 87th, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 76th, 81st, and 82nd Batteries; 15th Co. W. Division, 2nd Co. E. Division, and 20th and 16th Cos. S. Division, R.G.A.; Infantry—2nd East Kent, 2nd Bedford, 1st Royal Irish, 1st West Riding, 1st Oxford L.I., 2nd Wilts, 2nd Worcestershire, 2nd Gloucester, 2nd Lincoln, 2nd Norfolk, 1st Scottish Borderers, 1st East Lancashire, 2nd Cheshire, 2nd Hampshire, 2nd South Wales Borderers, 2nd North Staffordshire, 1st Lincoln, 2nd East Yorkshire, 3rd Durham L.I., 3rd S. Lancashire, and City of London Imperial Volunteers.

* Left half battalion with Methuen.

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Cricketing Soldiers.

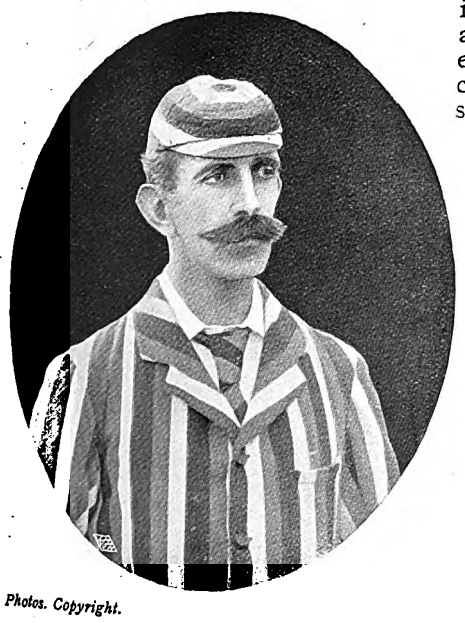
SOME NOTABLE MEN OF THE SEASON.

THE Briton's love for field sports is both proverbial and world known. Whether in the cold climate of a Northern commercial or military centre, or in some hot and enervating spot in the tropics, it is the same, and, especially in parts of the globe where indolence on the part of the natives is a supreme characteristic, the way in which the Britisher works at his play is a continual source of wonderment to the home-born spectator. Indeed, this affection for vigorous pleasure is one of the factors by which the foreigner forms his idea of the composition of that, to him, peculiar individual, the Englishman. And it is well that such a love should exist, for undoubtedly that something in the "make-up" of the Britisher which causes him to hate inaction is the same characteristic that has enabled his country to take front rank in the roll of the nations, and to occupy the first place in the field of commerce. As is right, perhaps no sport or game takes pre-eminence over cricket—the national pastime. No sooner does the Englishman leave behind the white cliffs of his native land than he commences, on ship-board, to show that he has not forgotten, but still loves, the game of his fathers. Cricket matches are speedily arranged and played, to the amusement and enjoyment both of those who take part in them and those who are mere spectators. It would be possible, were it advisable, to give descriptions of the humour of such matches, but this is not the place for that. If the voyage is one to the tropics, the necessary fibre matting which composes the pitch is a capital introduction to the prepared fibre that serves there for the billiard-table greens of the old country. But if this can be said of the Englishman generally, it is especially true of Service men, and of soldiers in particular. With the innate love of athletics possessed equally by his fellow-countrymen, the soldier frequently has superior opportunities for practice, so it is little to be wondered at that military men can often show high powers, both as batsmen and bowlers, when opposed to civilian teams. It is also no cause for surprise that from time to time there are soldiers who can compare favourably with the best exponents of the game, professional or amateur. Very likely, if our soldier cricketers could give the same time and attention to the game as their civilian friends who play in county cricket, they would be able to bring together a team that a picked eleven from our first-class counties would find a hard nut to crack. Even as it is, an eleven could be chosen from the different regiments which, when opposed to any of the leading cricketing counties, would not disgrace the colours.

MAJOR R. M. POORE.
At the Head of the Batting Averages.

In the fact that a soldier has headed the list of batting averages, no small honour has fallen to the share of the Army, and it is one that is not begrudged anywhere. Major R. M. Poore, of the 7th Hussars, with a total of 1,551 runs for twenty-one innings, has the remarkable average of 91·23. Granted that this high figure is partly brought about by several "not out" innings which Major Poore has played, his performances are none the less worthy of commendation. Look at the high scores he has compiled with consistent success, and remember that a big score in first-class cricket means both high skill and some amount of endurance. With the best of players it is no easy matter to record such scores through a season. Often a spell of bad luck sets in, as it did with Major Poore himself last season, and time after time the disappointed player is sent back with a small figure against his name on the score sheet. Then a change comes about, and century after century is piled up.

Thanks to his fine physique and long reach, Major Poore is able to play forward with as much power as most men use in their drives. He was recently described as a strong player all round the wicket, with a great liking for off-side strokes. Some people have said that Major Poore is a hitter in the same sense as is Mr. G. L. Jessop, the Gloucester amateur and Cambridge captain. This is a mistake. Undoubtedly he does hit vigorously, but he cannot properly be described as a "slogger." He is a natural cricketer, with a style that is undoubtedly his own, and one quite marked off from that of the



Photos. Copyright.
CAPTAIN A. J. H. LUARD.
A Popular Secretary.

LIEUTENANT C. S HICKLEY, R.N.
A Naval Player.

Russell & Sons.
LIEUTENANT E M. SPROT.
Plays Polo too.

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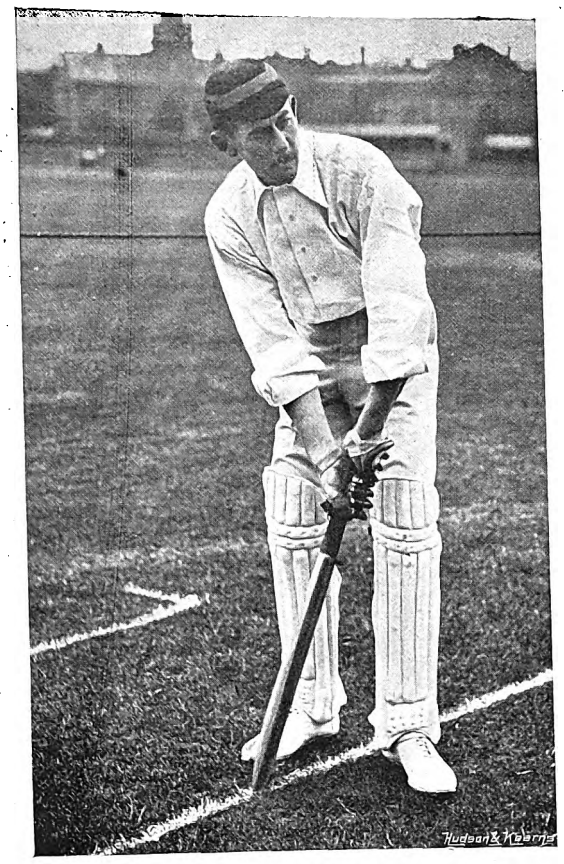
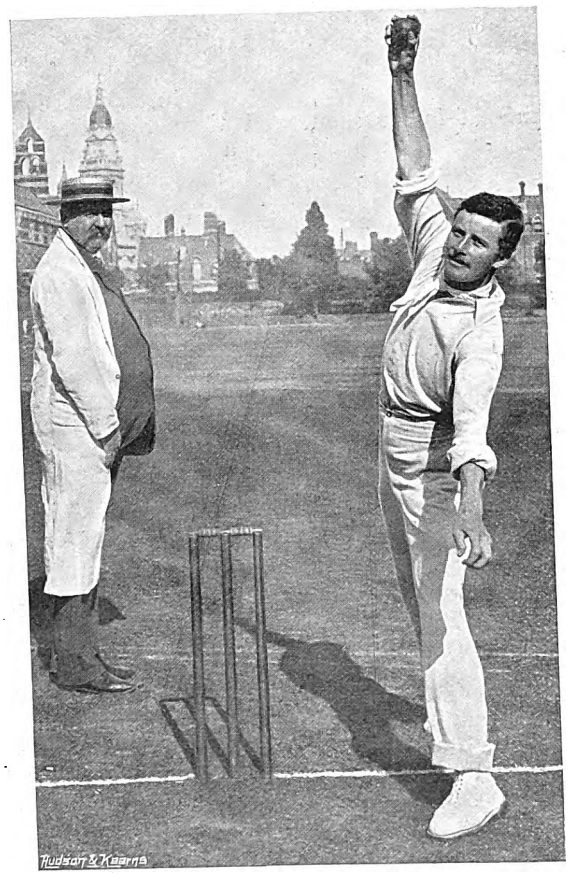
ordinary player. One stroke between cover and cover-point is peculiar, and gives much pleasure to the spectator. Altogether the major showed last season that he is as great a batsman as he is a swordsman and polo player. With the exception of a few unimportant village matches in which as a schoolboy at Cheam he took part, the future major had no real opportunity of learning the game until he joined his regiment in India, where, as is so often the case with soldiers, most, if not all, of the cricket knowledge he has was gained. But it was on the removal of his regiment to South Africa that Major Poore began to be known to English cricketers, and on his return home his reputation enabled him to at once obtain a place in a M.C.C. team, and to become a member of the Hampshire eleven. His record in 1898 reads differently from that of the last season, but the promise then shown by Major Poore determined the authorities not to exclude him from the eleven, and their decision has been more than justified.



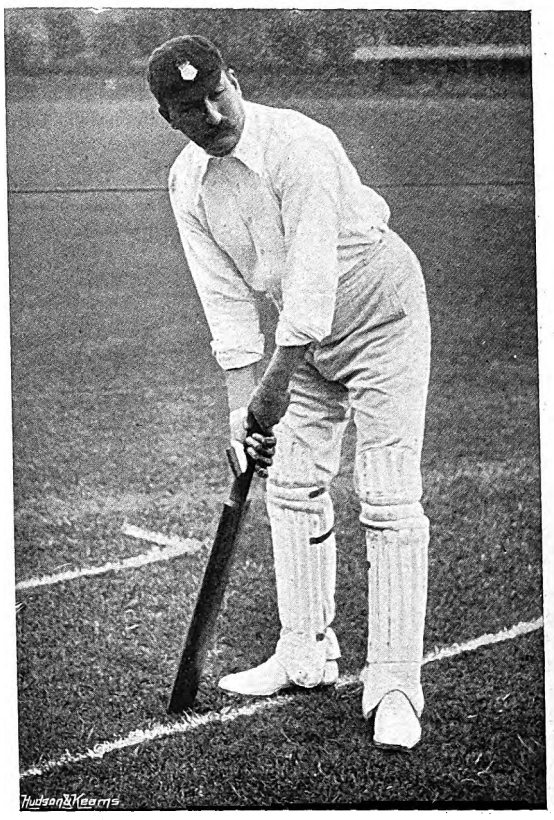
CAPTAIN F. W. D. QUINTON.
An Orthodox Player.

Captain F. W. D. Quinton is another prominent member of the Hampshire eleven, whose services cannot be given to the county as often as the executive might wish. As it is, whenever his duties permit, Captain Quinton is generally seen in the field. His county average last season for twelve innings was 24; in the previous year it was 37 for thirteen innings. If he were able to appear more frequently, there is little doubt that he would take a high position amongst the batsmen of the day. A more orthodox player than Major Poore, Captain Quinton has a graceful style and plays a careful game. His driving is particularly safe, but he is both resourceful and good all round the wicket. Like many other first-class cricketers who are played for their batting, Captain Quinton is able to "bowl a bit," and, with his simple lobs, has more than once been the means of dissolving a dangerous partnership that the regular bowlers could not end.



LIEUTENANT C. E. ATCHISON.
A High Delivery.

Captain A. J. H. Luard, the Superintendent of Gymnasia for the Southern District, is perhaps as well known to Service players as any other cricketer. As honorary secretary and treasurer of the United Service ground, he is brought into touch with numberless cricketing sailors and soldiers whose headquarters for the time are fixed in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. Captain Luard, who is an excellent batsman and an all-round athlete, has appeared for the county, but is not seen in the field so frequently as other Service members of the Hampshire team. Of the other soldier cricketers to whom reference must be made, Colonel J. Spens, who has a reputation for hard hitting, is perhaps the best player, but he has not, perhaps, the same chances of improvement that his juniors possess. Like Major Poore, in addition to being a good cricketer he is known as a fine polo player, as is also Lieutenant E. M. Sprot, another soldier whose cricketing powers have been used by the county.



COLONEL J. SPENS.
Knows how to Hit.

As is to be expected, the Hampshire authorities are always ready to test the abilities of budding soldier and sailor cricketers. Of those whose privilege it has been to be thus chosen brief mention may be made of Lieutenant C. E. Atchison, of the 2nd Shropshire Light Infantry, and Lieutenant H. W. Kettlewell, of the same regiment. The remaining cricketer can scarcely be called a soldier, but as mention has been made of so many Service members of the Hampshire team, it is a fitting thing in conclusion to refer to Lieutenant C. S. Hickley, an officer of the Royal Navy who has had the honour of appearing for the county.

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LIEUTENANT H. W. KETTLEWELL.
Watching the Ball.

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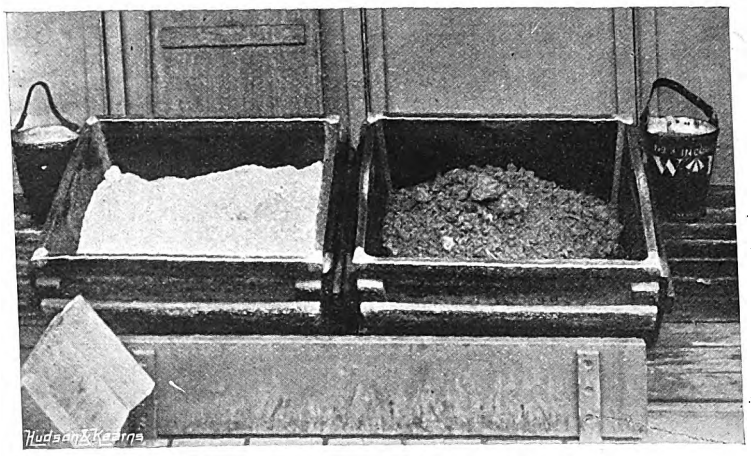
Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—III.

THE greatest constituent by bulk of cordite is nitro-glycerine, one of the most powerful explosives known. It is obtained by the action of nitric and sulphuric acids upon glycerine, the resultant being a heavy, oily fluid, straw-like in colour. N.G., as it is familiarly known, is exceedingly sensitive to concussion, and an explosion may occur at any moment.

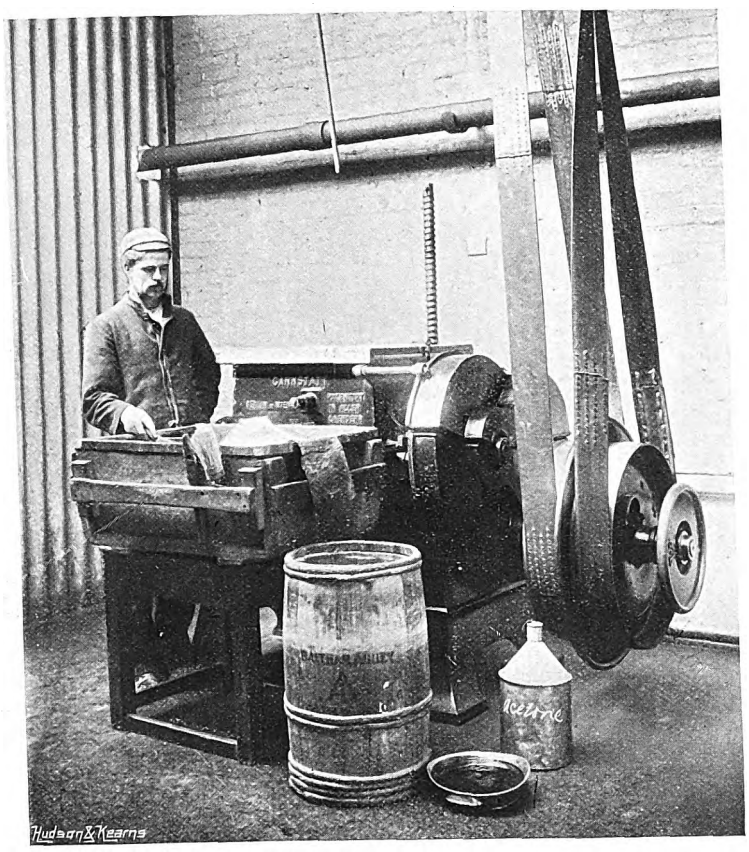
Prior to 1894 its manufacture was carried on in flimsy buildings, surrounded by massive brick traverses, but a disastrous explosion which occurred in May of that year caused a different plan to be adopted.



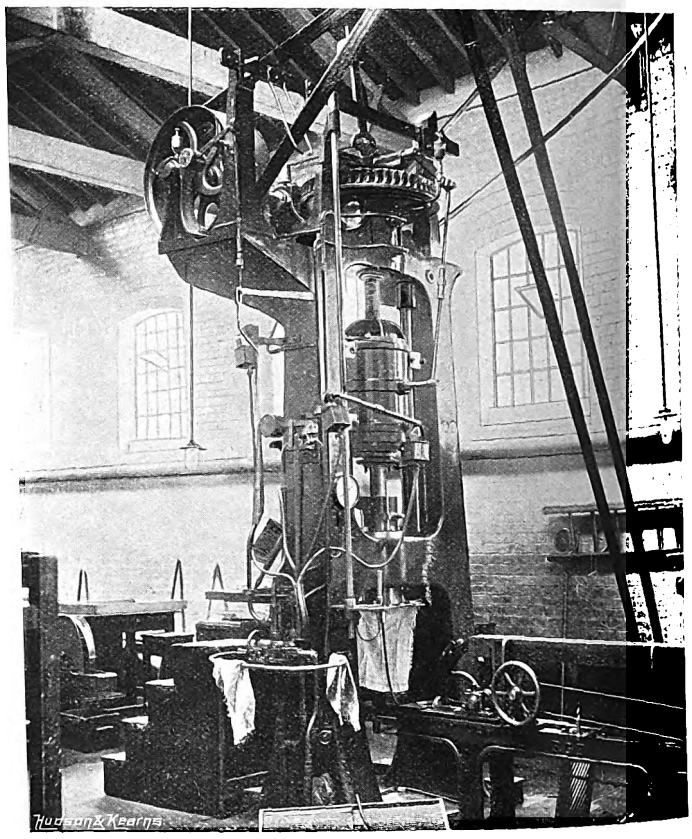
BEFORE AND AFTER INCORPORATION.
Two Charges of Cordite, one of which consists merely of N.G. and Gun-cotton, the other being a Mixture of N.G., Gun cotton, Acetone, and Vaseline.

house. In appearance the cordite at this stage resembles damp china clay, showing white against the same material when ready for pressing into cordite. The incorporating machine is one of a type used nearly universally by bakers for mixing their dough. It consists of a number of spiral knives which so cut abroad the mass of crude cordite that in 3½ hours it presents quite a different aspect.

The 15-lb. 10-oz. of acetone is mixed with it before incorporation and renders this process feasible. Then 3¾-lb. of mineral jelly is added and the mass sub-

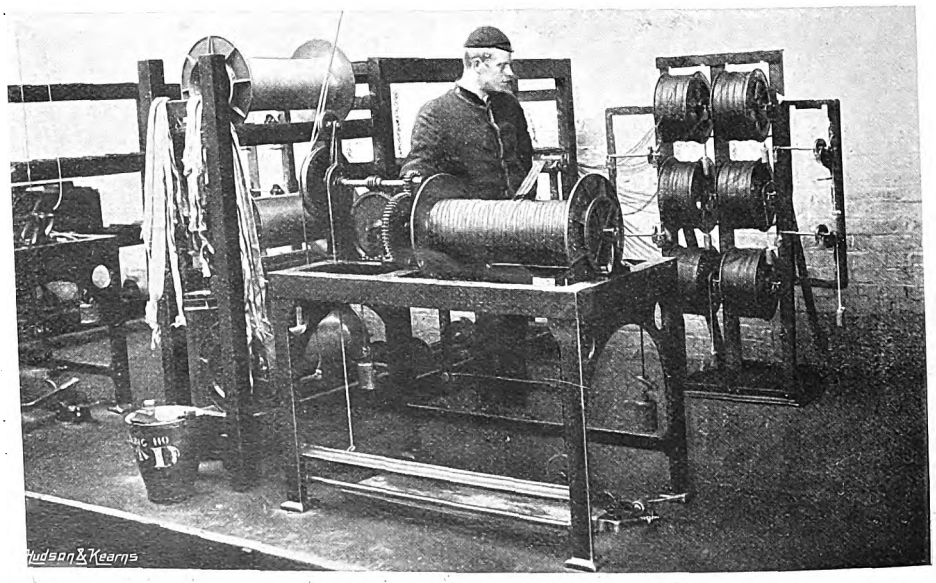


A MACHINE IN ITS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS.
Baker's Dough Incorporator Used for Cordite Mixing.



GENTLE PERSUASION.
Cordite being Forced into Cords under Enormous Pressure.

The pictures which were taken shortly after the catastrophe, show the crater characteristic of this explosive, hardly one brick being left on top of another. Now, in lieu of masonry, huge banks of earth are piled up round the N.G. houses, which are also slightly sunk below the surface of the ground. The illustrations give a good idea of these typical danger buildings. The nitro-glycerine, by bulk 43½-lb., is mixed with 27½-lb. of gun-cotton in the N.G. houses, and the charge is carried in tubs to the incorporating



Photos. Copyright. *BLENDING—CORDITE!* *"Navy & Army."*
Winding Sixty Strands into One Rope.

jected to 3½ more hours of mixing. The jelly gives a ductility to the cordite and renders it fit for pressing.

The men in these "shops" work eight-hour shifts, and, work being continuous, a large amount of the explosive is manufactured weekly. About 50,000-lb. can be dealt with in the various incorporators, and yet, in spite of these quantities, not one precaution is neglected. The most scrupulous cleanliness reigns everywhere, and the mop and pail are perpetually in evidence, removing dirt

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The 3rd Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

BROUGHT up in a country in which every village and town contributes its quota to the Volunteer force we are too liable to forget that there exists, in addition to the Regular Army, an older constitutional force, the Militia.

We forget, too (except when we are reminded from time to time by the gallant Lord Wemyss, who advocates conscription so strongly in the House of Lords), that the Government has power to enforce the Militia Ballot.

We are not, however, concerned with the Militia as it might be, but with the Militia as it *is*, more especially with the 3rd Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

THE GUARD TENT.
A "Canteen" of Tea.

The accompanying pictures represent scenes at the annual camp at Rhyl, where the battalion assembles for its training, lasting, practically, for a month. During the whole of that time the militiaman's time is fully occupied, and his life is similar to that of the regular soldier.

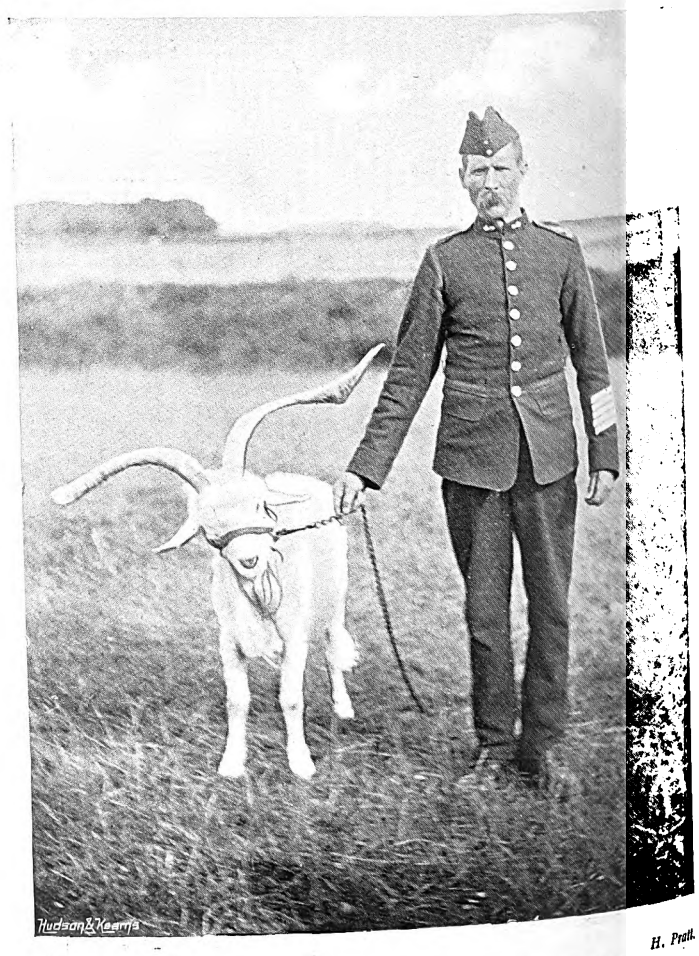
THE CAMP CLOCK.
"Ring the Gong, Watchman."

In most cases he passes his period of training in camp, and is early astir every morning, going through a series of progressive drills. The style of tent used is "bell" shaped, as shown in one of the illustrations. In it are seen three men on guard—a corporal and two private soldiers—enjoying a cup, or rather a "canteen," of tea.

It may be noticed that all are wearing belts and bayonets, ready to go on duty or to "turn out" when required. When "on guard" men are not allowed to leave the guard tent for meals, nor are they permitted to take off any of their accoutrements or clothing; and it is not to be wondered at that militiamen, as well as regular soldiers, are never over-anxious to "go on guard."

A corporal in another illustration is seen sounding the gong, but this is not in order to summon the battalion to dinner, as might be supposed; a bugle is used for that purpose. Clocks, however, are not officially provided, and the hours as they roll on are sounded on the gong placed outside the guard tent. The men of the guard, therefore, are not only charged with the good order of the camp generally, and the safe custody of prisoners committed to their care, but are in effect the timekeepers of the battalion. The gong, it will be noticed, is not mounted on an ornamental stand, but hangs from a tripod, which, as all who have served will know, was not originally intended for that purpose, but to assist the recruit to aim when learning his first lessons in musketry.

In the remaining picture is seen the regimental goat, a Welsh emblem, under the charge of an old soldier. This valued animal is to be seen regularly heading the regiment on the march.



H. Pratt.

Photos. Copyright.
THE REGIMENTAL GOAT AND HIS CUSTODIAN.
"Two's Company."

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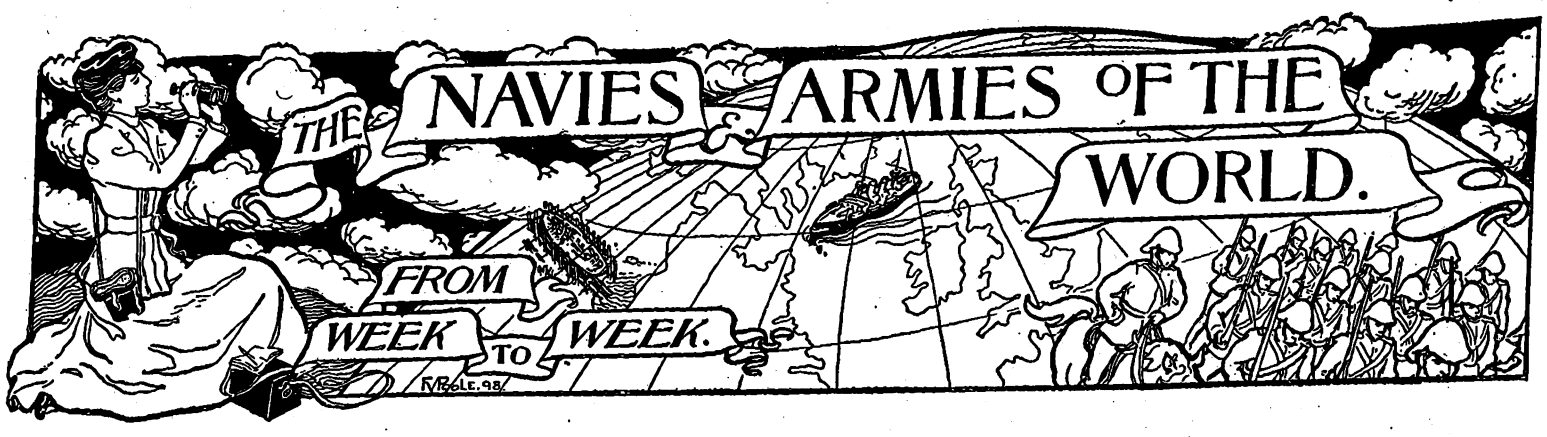

IT is always pleasant to come across signs that war, in spite of the invention of the most fire-eating weapons, grows more humane. On the whole, it clearly does in a variety of ways. The percentage of loss certainly tends to diminish, which is one gain, and the details of the business are greatly softened. A *Times* correspondent told us the other day that the Boers showed signs of shame and compunction when their attention was called to the fact that the bodies of our dead had been stripped on one occasion. It has also been made a reproach against them that some of their prisoners have been robbed. Now, we may feel quite certain that if either complaint had been made to the most civilised soldier of the last century, he would have stared in amazement that anybody should find fault with a universal practice. The bodies of the dead and the prisoners were habitually plundered down to the end of the Napoleonic wars. If it was not done by the soldiers of the victorious side, it was by the camp followers, a hateful race which has disappeared from modern armies. Smollett, who rarely passed over a barbarity when he had a chance of describing one, has drawn a wonderful picture of one of these wretches in the mother of Count Fathom. They hung about all armies, engaged in various discreditable ways in garrison and in the field. After a battle they prowled among the dead and wounded, armed with long knives, which they used without scruple when they found life in anyone they wished to rob. On the other hand, they were knocked on the head without pity, not only by the enemy, but by those of their own side who caught them going too far.

* * * *

The old theory was that one was fully entitled to the prize of one's bow and spear. The knights of the Middle Ages, though mirrors of chivalry, took ransom from their prisoners, besides depriving them, as a matter of course, of their horses and armour, which were then sold for what they would fetch. There were men who made a trade of buying prisoners from their captors for money down, and then screwing big ransoms out of them by ill-treatment. The famous Sir John Falstolf, whose name is supposed to have been adapted by Shakespeare into Falstaff, made a great fortune in this way in the wars of Henry V. and Henry VI. He built Caister Castle out of it, and was going to endow colleges; but much of his money ended by coming to the Pastons. In the Navy plunder was a recognised institution. It consisted of all furniture and so on found above the upper deck, and of all the portable property found on prisoners. Regulations were made that prisoners should not be robbed of their shirts, nor female prisoners of whatever jewels they had on. These restrictions would not have been imposed if they had not been needed. But whoever has read even a little in Naval history knows how common are the complaints that prisoners had been rifled. The soldiers did as the sailors. We know how Wellington's men scrambled for King Joseph's treasure after Vitoria. Napier says it was not only the common men who were found seizing what they could lay hands on. Of the mass of money the plunder of Spain which King Bottle, as his unwilling Spanish subjects called him, carried in his train, amounting, it is said, to a million, not a tenth part found its way into the military chest. We have, perhaps, reformed all that, and yet who knows the effect which might be produced on the British or any other soldier by the sight of a waggon-load of gold doubloons turned out on the roadside?

* * * *

It begins to look as if we were nearing the time when another Naval Defence Act, or some equivalent, will be needed. The German Emperor is steadily bringing his subjects to see the need for a great Navy, and now the French are preparing to spend £20,000,000 on theirs. An anonymous admiral, writing in the *Figaro*, has just explained the case very fully. Need one remark that it is all the fault of Perfidious Albion? This gallant officer points out the danger to all our neighbours arising from our insolent claim to universal dominion, and from the "Imperialism" which will survive our disasters in South Africa, because "it flatters the intimate sentiments of the English—that is to say, of the most self-satisfied people in the world." Admiral X. is quite sure that when we have been beaten by the Boers (the beating he considers a settled thing) we shall feel the necessity for taking it out of somebody, and then we will infallibly fall upon the French, a mild, inoffensive, long-suffering people, whom we have already bullied most atrociously, everywhere and always, and for no reason whatever. Therefore he is most desirous to see his country get ready in time, lest the English come upon them like the thief in the night. It is eminently probable that the admiral will find most of his countrymen prepared to agree with him.

* * * *

It is instructive to observe that he has not the least doubt of the power of his country to rival the British Fleet if it likes. He allows that we can build more ships, but he discounts this power of ours by saying that we cannot find officers and men for them, seeing that we are at the end of our tether already. France, on the other hand, has the immense resources of her *inscription maritime*, and can easily excel in number of men. The admiral is a hopeful person, and does not, for one thing, allow sufficiently for the financial difficulty. France is nearer the end of her tether in the matter of tax-paying than we are to ours in the capacity for finding men. It is all very well to vote £20,000,000 to be raised by loan for ships and guns. The financial world will see no objection to that; the money will be welcome to the ship-building trades. But the upkeeping of the ships and the votes for officers and men will be a permanent charge. The French tax-payer, who already thinks (and very rightly) that he pays an enormous sum, will look rather blue at the large additions. Yet the vote will probably pass, and will have its effect on us and on our charges, which, with the prospect of £60,000,000 or thereabouts to pay for the war in South Africa, and a big permanent addition to the Army, is a serious prospect. With a much larger Army to maintain, with Germany growing at sea by leaps and bounds, and France keeping pace, so that the calculation of equality with any two Navies threatens to become insufficient, an increase of £10,000,000 a year or so in our taxes is no impossibility. But if you want your whistle you must pay for it.

* * * *

The cool way in which the admiral takes it for granted that we shall be beaten on land by an heroic little people is amusing. So was the excited effusion of a Russian gentleman—an officer of Engineers—in the same paper, who was describing the other day the utterly rotten state of our Army, and was pouring out all the old platitudes about our mercenaries as briskly as if they had never been heard before. There is nothing like a good well-grounded ignorance to give confidence. Admiral X. and the eloquent Russian gentleman have plainly never heard of our previous achievements in the way of land wars. We who remember the kind of figure we cut at the beginning of the Seven Years' War and the Great Revolutionary War, know that we never were so well prepared or suffered so little at the beginning of a struggle for want of preparation as in this case. One has to come to the conclusion that things might have been better managed, and that we need not have put ourselves so much in the way of fighting at a disadvantage; but after all where are the terrible disasters? There have been checks, repulses, and a considerable loss of life, for which there has been less return than one could wish; but what has there been that can be called a great disaster? The disappointment of hasty people who thought that the drawing of the Transvaal badger was going to be a little holiday is the nearest approach.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

The Editor would be much obliged if photographers and others sending groups would place the name of each person on the pictures so as to plainly indicate to which figure each name refers.

The Editor will also be glad to hear from Naval and Military officers who are willing to write descriptions of sporting adventures they may have experienced. He would like to see any photographs that may have been taken, especially those of the "bags" made.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JANUARY 14, 1676.—Destruction of the Tripoli Fleet, in Tripoli Harbour, by the boats of Sir J. Narborough's Fleet, led by Cloudesley Shovel. 1779.—Captain Cook killed. 1797.—Wreck of the French "Droits de l'Homme," and the British "Amazon," 36, in Audierne Bay, after the battle of the previous day. 1809.—Surrender of the "Cayenne" to Captain J. L. Yeo, of the "Confiance."

January 15, 1743.—Action between the "Sapphire," 40, and five Spanish privateers, under the Vigo forts. 1814.—Cutting out of the "Heure" privateer by boats of the "Castor" frigate, off Barcelona. 1815.—The American "President," 50-gun frigate, taken by the "Endymion," 40.

January 16, 1704.—Action between the "Lyme," 32, and a French 46-gun privateer, off the Deadman. 1780.—Rodney's victory over Langara, off St. Vincent. 1798.—Cutting out of the "Desirée," 6-guns, by two boats of the "Babet," 20, off Martinque. 1808.—Sinking of the French "Courier," 18, by the British "Linnet," 14, off Barfleur. 1814.—The French "Alcmène," 40-gun frigate, taken by the "Venerable," 74.

January 17, 1801.—Taking of the French "Eclair," 4-guns, by the "Garland," schooner, off Guadaloupe. 1809.—Withdrawal of Sir J. Moore's army from Corunna by British Naval force. 1885.—Naval Brigade at the battle of Abu Klea.

January 18, 1695.—Captain James Killegrew slain in action. 1783.—The "Argo," 44, taken by the French "Nymphe" and "Concorde," 40-gun frigates.

January 19, 1677.—Captain James Harman, of the "Guernsey," 26, killed in action with the Algerine "White Horse," 50-gun ship. 1783.—The "Leander," 50, after a fierce action beats off French "Couronne," 80. 1839.—Taking of Aden by landing party from the "Volage." 1885.—Naval Brigade at the Battle of Metemmeh.

January 20, 1783.—Recapture of the "Argo," 44, by the "Invincible," 74. 1810.—Capture and destruction of large French convoy in Basque Roads by boats of the "Christian VII.," 80-guns, and "Armide," frigate. 1814.—French "Iphiégnie," 40-gun frigate, taken by the "Venerable," 74.

JANUARY 14, 1812.—Severe fighting before Ciudad Rodrigo—Peninsula.

January 15, 1706.—Action near St. Estevan. Colonel Wills, with English and Dutch troops, attacked by a superior force, under Chevalier D'Asfield, the advanced guard of the French Army. The enemy repulsed and driven back in confusion. 1761.—Surrender of Pondicherry. The town taken from the French by Colonel Eyre Coote with the 102nd Madras Fusiliers, assisted by a detachment of sailors and marines. 1898.—Major Macdonald defeated Mwanga, in Buddu, East Africa.

January 16, 1705.—Attack on Gibraltar repulsed. The Round Tower stormed by the Spaniards, who were eventually repulsed by a charge led by Colonel Moncol. 1809.—Battle of Corunna. While the British were embarking after the retreat, 20,000 of the enemy, under Soult, advanced, and were opposed by Sir John Moore with 14,000 troops. After a terribly obstinate conflict, the victory of the British was complete. Sir John Moore was fatally wounded, and died the same night. The French lost 2,000 men, while our casualties were 900. 1890.—Lord Napier of Magdala died.

January 17, 1818.—Action near Malasunky. Three large bodies of Mahrattas utterly routed by Major Doveton, with a squadron of the 22nd Dragoons, two squadrons of the 7th Madras Light Cavalry, aided by a brigade of galloper guns, under Major Cleaveland. 1885.—Battle at Abu Klea. Sir H. Stewart, with a force of 1,400, consisting of the 19th Hussars, Mounted Infantry, Heavy Camel Corps, Sussex Regiment, Naval Brigade, and three guns defeated 10,000 Arabs. Colonel Burnaby killed. 1896.—British troops occupy Kumassi.

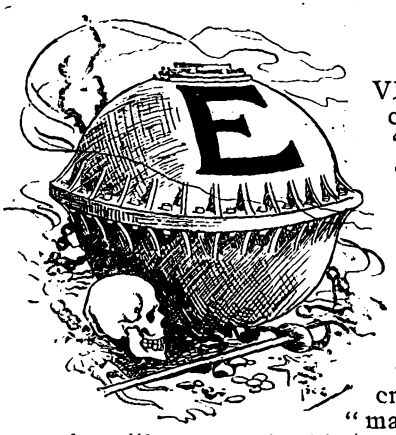
January 18, 1806.—Surrender of the Cape of Good Hope. The Batavian Army, under General Janssens, together with the whole Settlement of the Cape of Good Hope, surrendered to Brigadier-General Beresford and the British Army, under Major-General Sir David Baird, at Hottentot Hollandskloof. 1826.—Storming of Bhurtpore. Lord Combermere, on December 10, appeared before the walls of Bhurtpore with 20,000 men, and eight days later the fortress was taken by storm.

January 19, 1812.—Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. The siege of this fortress had only lasted twelve days when it was successfully stormed by the third and light divisions of Wellington's army, commanded by Generals Mackinnon and Crawford respectively. Both these generals were killed. The whole loss of the allies was about 90 officers and 1,200 men.

January 20, 1807.—Engagement at Monte Video. A force of 4,000 British having landed about nine miles from Monte Video on January 18, were met outside the town two days later by 6,000 of the enemy, who were driven back with heavy loss, and our force were enabled to lay siege to the city.

The "Frobisher's" Escape.

By THOMAS LEANDER.



EVERYONE says to me, when coming on board the "Brigand," "What a nice cabin you have—pity it's so near the pantry." I always assent, but all the same I wouldn't change my cabin for any other in the ship—that is, so long as Figgins remains our wine steward. Figgins is a thorough Cockney. The love of streets and crowds is in his marrow. On a "make-and-mend" afternoon at sea the stillness worries him so that he cannot sleep. "'Ell," he said one day, "is nothink more than a heverlastin' Thursday in the middle of the hocean." You see yourself that a man entertaining such opinions about "make-and-mend" must, if not mad, be an extremely original person. Originality is always interesting, especially in the Service. That is why I like to lie in my bunk and hear Figgins discourse of men and things. His criticisms of many distinguished officers are singularly acute, but are wasted, I fear, on the heavy Plymouth marines we have as ward-room servants. I think, though, that they appreciate Figgins when he merely tells them a straightforward story of his own experiences. They feel that no one in the West Country could spin such variegated yarns.

The other afternoon the pantry was discussing a lieutenant who had lately gone into the Coast Guard.

"He was a chump," said one of the marines; "I remember 'im in the 'Tosser' goin' on board a steamer for mails. There was a pal of his among the passengers, an' when 'e goes aboard 'e 'as three or four drinks wiv 'im. About 'alf-an-hour after 'is pal says that 'is boat is still waitin'. 'Good Lor!' says Baker, 'I'm awficer of the guard,' and tears back to the ship, gets piped hover the side, and asked 'ow many bags there was. You should 'a seen the skipper when 'e says 'e'd quite forgot to tell 'em 'e wanted the mails."

"Yes," agreed Figgins, "'e was a bit barmy at times, but for hall that 'e onct saved 'Er Majesty a bran-noo cruiser an' habout six 'underd o' a mark-one ship's company."

"I never heard of it," said the messman.

"No," replied Figgins, "there aint many as knows habout it; but why 'as Lootenant Baker got the best gobby billet there is—because 'e run into a fishin' smack hevery time they lets 'im loose in a destroyer?"

"Yes," said the messman, "I often wondered why he got that job."

"I'll tell you 'ow it was," said Figgins. "I was hin the 'Frobisher' then, flag-ship Pacific, an' a more gawd-forsook lonesome station I 'opes I may never see. Heveryone knows the 'Frobisher'—twin-screws fust-claws cruiser, twenty knots, with a big nine-pint-two haft. The time I'm talkin' hof we was hanchored in a bay in one hof the Galapagos Hislands. There we lay, 'underds o' miles from a livin' soul, not a thing to do, 'alf the awficers bein' hashore hall day shootin', though I never sees no bag but two teals an' a lizard.

"The bay we lay in was long an' narrer, with a pint stickin' well hout at heach side hof the hentrance. There was a 'ill at the back o' the bay wot was halways smokin' at the top, and sometimes hof a night flames'd be showin' against the sky. I 'eard the gunnery hexpert hask the navigator one day hif it wasn't a volcano, but the navigator, 'oo was by wye of a science bloke, says hall volcanoes hin the group is hextinct for hages. 'E learns better afore 'e'd finished.

"The day we was to sail come round hat last, an' bloomin' glad I was. Leave was hup at five, an' we was to sail 'alf-an-hour later, startin' the trip with a four-hour full-speed trile. That hafternoon was as huncomfortable a time has I hever 'ad. The hair 'ad a sorter dull, sultry feel, an' heven the marine servants couldn't sleep, halthough they did belong to Plymouth division. The Hadmiral was livery, an' 'is bell was goin' hevery two seconds. Baker was awficer hof the watch, an' was near hoff 'is 'ead.

"'Where's that awficers' boat?' the hold man would say; 'damme, there'll be no more leaf—keepin' me waitin' in this 'ades hof a place.'

"'It's just comin' hoff, sir,' Baker'd reply.

"'Comin' hoff! It ought to 'a been 'ere an hour hago. I told 'em I'd sail at 'alf-past five.'

"'It's honly a quarter to five now, sir.'

"'Don't contradict me, sir, or I'll 'ave you put hunder harrest. You've been puttin' the clock back. Leave my cabin.' An' Baker would come flyin' hout with the hold man still growlin' hafter 'im like a mad dog.

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"At last the cutter came halongside. The shootin' party was full of a yarn habout flames bustin' hout of the mounting on the hother side, an' some of 'em was still spinnin' it to Baker when the awficers' call went.

"The Hadmiral was walkin' hup an' down the hafter bridge, when suddently 'e stops an' looks at the beach. 'Gad!' says 'e, 'we're draggin' on to the shore,' an' sends a message to the skipper. The skipper sends the midshipman back to say as 'ow the hanchor was hup, and 'e was goin' slow a'ead. 'Tell the capting to come haft 'ere hat onct.'

"The skipper comes halong, an' as soon as 'e sees 'ow close the beach was 'e gives a reglar jump. 'The hinfernal hengineers must be goin' hastern,' says 'e, an' tears for'ard to the speakin' toobe.

"'Wot are ye doin' down below?' says 'e.

"'Goin' slow a'ead, sir.'

"'There must be the 'ell of a set-in,' says the skipper, an' then down the toobe 'e tells 'em to let 'er go.

"Haft 'e comes hagain, an' sees the shore has close as hever.

"'Wot are you playin' hat?' hasks the Hadmiral; 'you'll be hashore in a minute.' The skipper near goes hoff 'is dot, an' sends the chief below to hinvestigate. The chief comes back in 'alf a second to say they was doin' sixty revolutings, an' workin' hup to full speed has fast has possible.

"'Twelve knots!' hexclaimed the skipper; 'we must be hup agin a rock.'

"'Rock be dashed,' says the Hadmiral; 'there aint no rock within six 'underd mile. Mr. Buller,' says 'e to the chief, 'your blank propeller must 'ave got tired an' fell hoff'; but there was the screw kickin' hup a reglar foam hastern. 'Well,' 'e hadds, 'please get hup full speed with hall despatch,' so the chief trots below agin, an' the stokers digs hout like divils. Still the bloomin' beach seemed has close has hever. At last the Hadmiral turns round, an' says, solemn-like, 'Capting Wilson,' says 'e, 'that three blanks his land is blank well chasin' hus'—and, s'elp me, but it blessed well was. 'Look at the bow waves them two pints makes,' says 'e; 'they're goin' ten knots or I'm a Dutchman.'

"A 'uge bust o' flame spurted out o' the 'ill.

"Well, you'd 'ardly belief it, but the two pints at the hentrance to the bay was boomin' halong like battle-ships, chuckin' up the water like the hold 'Thunderer' in a breeze. The sea, hof course, was risin' in the bight an' runnin' round the foot o' the 'ill like mill-races. The 'ands was starin' haft like looneys, an' 'alf the awficers looked as cheerful as if they'd swallowed skim milk in mistake for whisky. The stokers 'ad the hold packet going by this, an' she was racin' halong at sixteen knots an' beginnin' to gain a bit. We was near 'alf way along to the pint, an' still creepin' a'ead. There was a cloud o' smoke an' steam risin' behind the 'ill, an' I see Baker a-studyin' it. 'Jove!' 'e says, 'I've got it,' an' rushes to the Hadmiral. The boss was so hanxious that 'e never bothered with discipline. 'Wot is it, Baker?' says 'e. 'A volcano, sir,' says Baker, 'that's wot's up. There's a heruption goin' on, an' the gas 'as busted out the hother side of the 'ill, an' the 'ole hisland is a blessed rocket shootin' halong the top o' the water.'

"'Gad!' says the Hadmiral, 'I belief ye're right. But we're trapped in 'ere.'

"'Leave it to me, sir,' says Baker; 'gimme a gun's crew and some shot an' we'll get hout of this 'ole.'

"'Right y'are. Take wot ye want,' the hold man tells 'im, but 'e was hexpectin' to be corpsed by the mad hisland, I could see.

"By this time the hold 'Frobisher' was buckin' halong at nineteen, an' gettin' very close to the hend o' the pint, but o' course the 'elm couldn't be put hover, or the hisland would 'a been right on top hof us in 'alf a shake. Hall the hengineers was below diggin' hout like mad to put hon the twenty knots, but book speed aint sea speed, an' it was a 'ard nut to crack.

"The 'eat was gettin' hawful on the q.-d. The sentry on the life-buoy was sweatin' walkin' hup an' down—fat lot o' good 'e'd 'a done if hanyone 'ad fell hoverboard; but that's halways the wye in the Nivy. 'Owever, Baker comes halong, an' tells 'im to get for'ard if 'e didn't want 'is 'ead blew hoff. The crew o' the nine-pint-two was there, an' some shell an' harmour-piercin' shot was 'isted hup. Baker 'ad a Joey wot was in cells most on 'is time, but was heasy the best shot in the ship, as number one.

"'See that 'ollow 'alfway hup the 'ill?' says 'e. 'Well, fire a common shell right hinto that.'

"There was no waitin', an' in 'alf a mo bang goes the gun an' the shell roots hout a tremenjus 'ole in the very spot.

"'Good,' says Baker, watchin' through 'is glawses; ''it 'er again,' and kerwump goes hanother in the same place.

"'That's bared the rock,' says 'e agin; 'put in a harmour-piercer.' At the same time 'e sends for'ard to put the 'elm 'ard a-gilbert when the next shot was fired, an' a message to the hengine-room, for 'eaven's sake to let 'er rip.

"There wasn't a sound in hall the ship but the buzzin' o' the bulgines as the Joey lays the gun. 'When y'er ready,' Baker tells 'im.

"Bang went the gun, hover went the 'elm, and the ship quivers hat a 'underd an' five revolutings. A 'uge bust o' flame spurted hout o' the 'ill where the shot 'ad made a split air through hinto the crater. The 'elm was hover honly just in time; has it were, the paint was blistered hoff the gun-hield, an' the steam'n' covers fell down hall singed to bits.

"It looked as hif we was hin for a collide with the pint, but o' course the spout o' gas in front nootralises t'other be'ind, an' checks the hisland, an' hour stern just swings round it like a racin' bicycler on a 'igh-banked track.

"We was 'ardly a mile clear when the 'ole top o' the hisland suddently blows hup with a terrible smash, an' 'avin' lost hits wye, down goes the 'ole show in a cloud o' steam."

"But," interrupted one of the servants, "why didn't no one ever hear of a thing like that?"

"Why!" answered Figgins, with fine contempt, "the Hadmiral couldn't very well report has 'ow 'e'd run away from a furrin hisland—a Henglish man-o'-war aint supposed to run from anythink less than a bloomin' continent. Still 'e didn't go forgettin' Lootenant Baker when the gobby billets was whacked hout."

"Yes," retorted the marine; "but what about the crew?"

"The crew," replied Figgins, glibly—"the crew did yarn habout it at fust, but hevery hunbelievin' man has 'eard the tale said if 'e could spin such benders 'e'd never want hexcuses for breakin' 'is leaf forty-eight hours; so, seein' wot reputations they'd 'ave, the 'Frobishers' soon knocked hoff tellin' the yarn."

"A little thing like that won't hurt *your* reputation," said the messman, after an eloquent silence.

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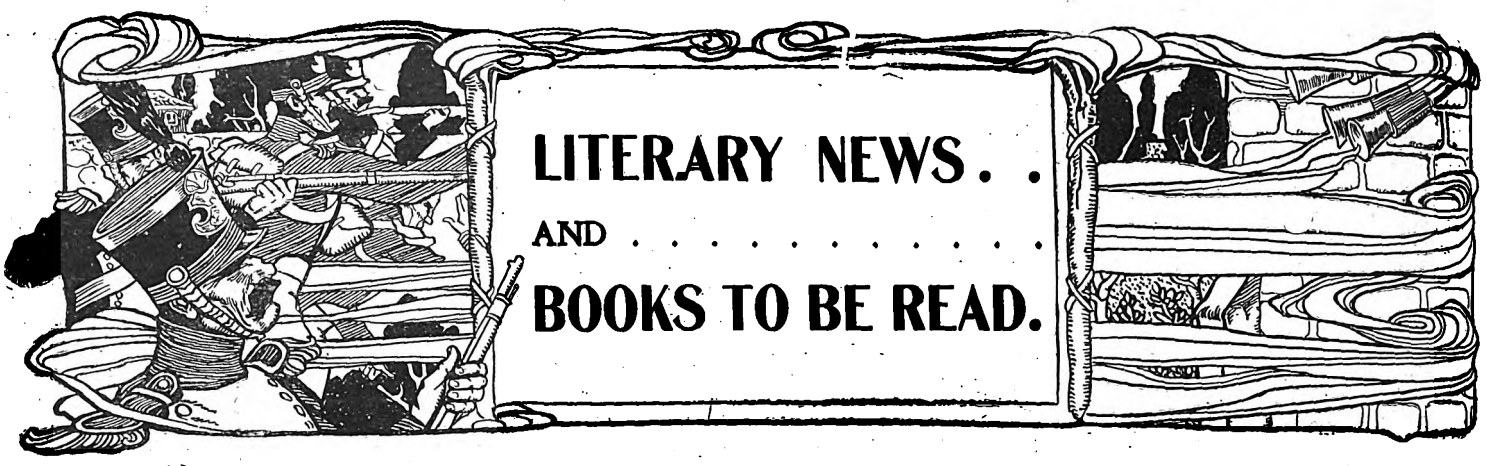

PERHAPS no soldier was ever so universally popular as the famous Marquis of Granby, and it is no small tribute to the genuine esteem in which he was held that his physiognomy still appears upon the swinging sign-boards of many public-houses throughout the country. If any man ever deserved a Boswell it was he, and no one ever possessed one in smaller degree, for Horace Walpole, rich in peevish prejudice, held him up to the ridicule of his time, and it is Walpole's picture of the Marquis that still "holds the field," while the harsh things said by "Junius" are not altogether forgotten. Mr. Walter Evelyn Manners has set before himself the task of vindicating "the sign-board hero" from the aspersions cast upon him by the wits of his time, in a volume entitled "Some Account of the Military, Political, and Social Life of the Marquis of Granby" (Macmillan, 18s.). He has succeeded in presenting his subject to us as an upright, unselfish, generous, and patriotic man. It does not appear that Granby can ever be regarded as a really great soldier, although the *Oxford Newsman* of 1767 declared

"There was a time when Granby's Grenadiers
Trimm'd the lac'd jackets of the French mounseers."

The real cause of the popularity of the Marquis seems to have lain in his open character, his sympathy with his soldiers, his anxiety to share their hardships, his familiarity with them—for the Tommy Atkins of those days "dearly loved a lord"—and, perhaps, more than all in the exceeding zest with which he entered into fox-hunting, racing, cock-fighting, and all the sports of his time. Granby began his military career as colonel of a foot regiment raised by his father, the Duke of Rutland, on the occasion of the Jacobite rising of 1745. He was in Flanders with the Duke of Cumberland, and, after a fox-hunting interlude and some years spent at home, went abroad in command of cavalry at the beginning of the Seven Years' War. In the great battle of Minden—in remembrance of which six of our infantry regiments wear roses on August 1—the cavalry played no part that was creditable, but the fault did not lie with the Marquis of Granby. A great opportunity was lost, but the failure was due to the conduct of Lord George Sackville, through whose slackness and disobedience of orders Granby, who was in command of the second line of the cavalry, was informed of the state of affairs too late. The trial of Sackville caused a great sensation at the time; it resulted in his being dismissed from the Service, but the whole affair is now forgotten. The Marquis of Granby afterwards wiped out the defeat by the victory of Warburg, though even at this Walpole sneered, and he fought also at Vellingshausen and Wilhelmsthal, and defeated De Rochambeau. That the success in these various actions was due in large part to Granby's ability appears to be true, but the fact that he served under foreign officers enabled his critics to depreciate his qualities. With the populace this distinction did not count, and when Granby appeared at race meetings at Nottingham, Newark, Scarborough, and elsewhere he was greeted as a glorious hero, while a song with a refrain of "Granby O, Gen'rous Granby O!" was sung by discharged soldiers from one end of the country to the other. Mr. Manners has done exceedingly well in giving us his new portraiture of this "all-round eighteenth century gentleman," who was known and beloved by a more extensive and varied public than any man of his period, and whose kindly familiarity with all ranks neither bred pride in him nor contempt in others, unless they were men of the Walpole school. The biographer knows the period well, and he gives a very vigorous picture both of the military events and of the social life of the time. Many excellent portraits and maps of military operations add interest to the book.

* * * *

The spirit of sport has been, and happily still is, strong in many soldiers, besides the Marquis of Granby. Captain F. E. S. Adair is an excellent example of this. He has just written, under the title of "A Summer in High Asia" (Thacker, 12s. 6d.), a capital record of sport and travel in Baltistan and Ladakh. Very modestly he says that his book is without any literary pretensions whatever. Without formal bookmaking character it may be, but it is full notwithstanding of acute observation, and abounds in excellent description, and nothing more than this is really necessary. Captain Adair was fascinated by the mountains of that land, and he had heard with envy many stories of the hunter's paradise. He accordingly set out upon a journey, which took him ultimately to Leh, through the beautiful Scindh Valley, with its fertile fields, and the great mountainous country beyond. The smiling landscapes of Kashmir were left behind, and the wilderness of desolate hillsides was entered. The road in many parts was of the roughest, and involved the crossing of rickety cantilever bridges, and the traversing of stony valleys that were almost pathless. Sir Martin Conway has described the country extremely well, and Captain Adair shares his enthusiasm. He gives excellent expression to his feelings of admiration for the splendid group of mountains forming part of the main Karakoram range—all of them over 25,000-ft. high—which he saw when he reached his camping ground at the entrance of the Hushe Nallah, a deep, narrow valley leading up to the Mustagh Hills. I do not intend to describe the sport he met with here or on his journey to Leh. His story is full of interest, and those who are attracted by tales of hunting prowess, or by the facts of natural history, will thoroughly enjoy it. He encountered excellent luck, and returned, having far exceeded his expectations in shooting napoo, goa, and nyan; and, quite apart from the sport, he had had a most delightful time. Others will doubtless profit by his experience. Incidentally, the book throws light upon the commerce of the country, and in relation to that subject there is an excellent appendix by Captain S. H. Godfrey, late British Joint Commission of Ladakh, upon the trade of that region with China and Thibet. Captain Adair's book is well illustrated.

* * * *

Mr. R. T. Pritchett, marine painter to the Royal Thames Yacht Club, has a true artistic eye for the picturesque attractions of all classes of shipping. His "Pen and Pencil Sketches of Shipping and Craft all Round the World" (Arnold, 10s. 6d.) is a most delightful book. It is not only full of admirable sketches, but also of charming descriptions, which show that the author has penetrated into the very spirit of his subject. He looks back with regret to the great frigates and line-of-battle ships, with their vast spread of canvas, to the East Indiaman in full sail, to the China tea clipper in the trades, and with some apprehension regards the all-pervading advance of steam, which seems to threaten not only the picturesque craft of our coasts and the quaint vessels of Venetian lagoons, but even the fibre and mat sailed craft of countries that are savage. Mr. Pritchett begins by describing and illustrating the Royal yachts and some vessels of the Royal Yacht Squadron. He passes on to tea clippers; the colliers which used to be one of the sights of the Thames; the Yorkshire cobles, in one of which Grace Darling performed her feat of courage; the Medway barges, with their tanned sails, ranging in colour from yellow ochre to vandyke brown, and their lee boards; and to the fishing-boats of our Southern coasts. This is how he describes the Brixham trawlers in Torbay: "When the fleet, numbering some 200 vessels, goes out in the 'dumpsey' of the day ('dumpsey' being a Devonshire term for twilight), the crowd of dark-coloured, tanned sails produces a very grand effect, the intense depth of tone in the hulls being relieved by the flicker of the fishermen's side-lights, whilst the rich colour of the last crimson of the setting sun catches the upper cirri, the wavelets in the foreground sharing its glory, and throwing the dark mass of the fleet into deeper shade than ever." We feel in reading excellent prose like this that Mr. Pritchett is an artist in words, as well as with brush and canvas. It would be tedious to name all the classes of vessels which he depicts. They include American river barges, Norwegian herring-boats, Danish coasters, Dutch pinks, galliots, and eel schuyts, which last may still be seen lying off Billingsgate exactly as they did 300 years ago, and various craft of the Mediterranean. He gives us also most graceful Nile luggers, Arab dhows, the formidable pirates of the Persian Gulf, Singalese outriggers, and the junks and fishing-boats of China and Japan. One of his latest pictures is of King Thakambau going out in a Fijian levuka to meet the flying squadron in 1881. I have said enough to show the fascination of Mr. Pritchett's subject, to which he has done an ample measure of justice, and it only remains to say that his drawings are beautifully reproduced, and that the volume is printed and bound in excellent taste.

* * * *

With very great pleasure I draw attention to the publication of a second edition of Lieutenant-Colonel W. Hill James's "The Battles of the Nivelle and the Nive" (M'Lagan and Cumming, Edinburgh). "Battles Round Biarritz" is the general title which the gallant author has given to a charming little series, "with maps, and how to see the ground," the other brochures being "Sir Rowland Hill's Great Fight of St. Pierre" and "Garris and the Bridge of Boats." Many an Englishman has gone to Biarritz, scarcely realising how the country thereabouts speaks of the final scenes in Wellington's great triumph in the Peninsula. The five days' fighting ended with Hill's grand victory (sometimes called Mouguerre), in which his 14,000 defeated 35,000 Frenchmen. Colonel James's admirable descriptions, his excellent maps, and his capital illustrations, are just the thing for the tourist, and are sufficient for the military student also. He writes, moreover, very picturesquely, and his pages are a decided addition to the volumes of Napier. When Her Majesty visited Arcanges in the winter of 1888-89, she expressed regret that there was nothing to commemorate the gallant men who fell in the battles round the village in 1813. Colonel Hill James patriotically made good the want, by placing in the village churchyard, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee, 1897, a very characteristic monument, illustrated in this pamphlet, being a recumbent cross like that of the Distinguished Service Order, surrounded by a multangular stone edging. The Army should be grateful to him for this act.

* * * *

I shall sound but one roll upon the South African war drum, but before I do so let me say that those who wish to find excellent Sunday reading which is neither didactic nor dull should possess themselves of the *Sunday Strand*, which is like, and yet unlike, the well-known *Strand Magazine*, being excellently illustrated, and having such contributors as Ian Maclaren, Sir Walter Besant, and Headon Hill.

* * * *

The war note is that of the "Cape Marching Song," by Leonard B. Leonard (Hawkes and Son). It is a vigorous and tuneful production, with a stirring military quality about it, and has been played by the bands of the 2nd Life Guards, the Scots Guards, the King's Own, and other regiments, and has, I believe, been much approved. The words might have been better, but in such matters words do not seem to count. The tune's the thing, and here Mr. Leonard has been successful.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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The War: In the Cape Colony.

WAR, like misery, as we know, makes unexpected bedfellows, and close comradeship alters their views of one another, even as between foes fighting leads to a kind of comradeship. It is one of the good things of war, evil as it is, that the practice of exchanging blows in a manful way tends to make the combatants think better of one another. The rule hardly holds good where all the successes are on one side, and when the methods of both, or one, of the combatants are purely barbarous. But where there is a reasonable amount of give and take, and where the hardship of imprisonment and wounds is softened by reasonable good-fellowship on the part of the victor, a war almost always ends by making the parties think more honourably of one another. In spite of the rather savage notion which some of them hold of what makes a legitimate *ruse de guerre*—which notion they appear to have acquired from the Matabele—the Boers have behaved fairly well to our prisoners. Meanwhile, they have probably got a higher opinion of our prowess than they had a year ago. We also think better of them than we did at that period, and though neither of us will fight the less stoutly on that account, still we shall not improbably end on reasonably good terms—or, at any rate, with a better disposition to make them. If opponents in war are only comrades after a sort, there is no need to qualify the word as applied to those who stand together. Certainly we all feel bound to our colonial brethren, whose portraits we give here, far more than we did some three or four years ago.

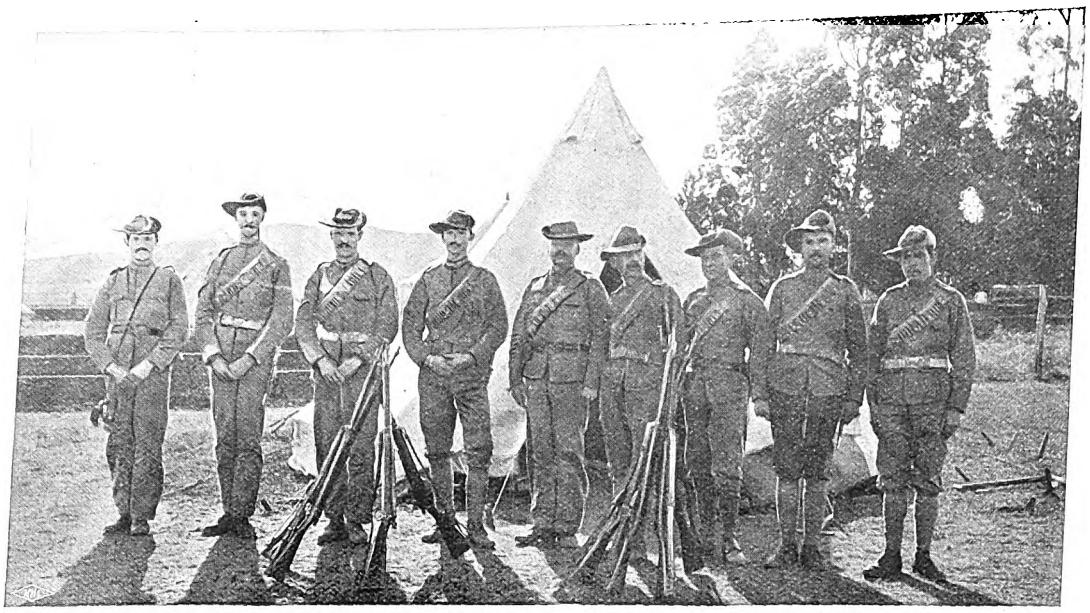

Photo. Copyright. GATACRE'S SCOUTS. *Witness.*
Who Fought with Lieutenant de Montmorency at Labuschagne's Nek.

Photo. Copyright. C COMPANY CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES. *Stad.*
Lieutenant Boardman, Captain C. F. J. Goldsworthy, and Lieutenant Wally Seated in the Middle of the Front Row.

These colonial uniforms were first known to us as parts of picturesque shows, ranging from the Agricultural Hall up to the Jubilee Procession. Now they form an integral part of the British Army, and we are wearing them ourselves The papers are full of the doings of those who wear them. Dalgety's men are as familiar to us as the Grenadier Guards. The Cape Colonists have, one hears, been a little annoyed because they thought that their services were not sufficiently recognised. It is a pity that this should be so, but the feeling will not last. Mr. Chamberlain most surely did not mean to omit the Cape Colonists when he praised the Natalians and the exiles from the Rand, who as some supposed, were all capitalists and millionaires, but who have been found "side by side, shoulder to shoulder" with our own soldiers and their equals in gallantry at Mafeking, Kimberley, and round Ladysmith. It was only because their field of war was not most in the public eye at the moment that he did not mention them at Leicester. There will be no oversight of the kind in future. The fighting along the frontier will stop any risk of that. Nobody can have supposed that colonials could not fight. The only fault they ever had was a certain restiveness under discipline, which was partly a consequence of their habits of life, partly a want of experience. But the good sense of the colonists, which is a quality no less essential to military efficiency than courage, has amended that. The colonists are as well aware as the most rigidly trained of European soldiers that good order is as much needed as good will. Experience has had its effect on the professional military world also. Soldiers have sometimes been great pedants about the merely formal parts of their business. We know what Braddock thought of the Virginian Militia, because they did not come up to his standard.

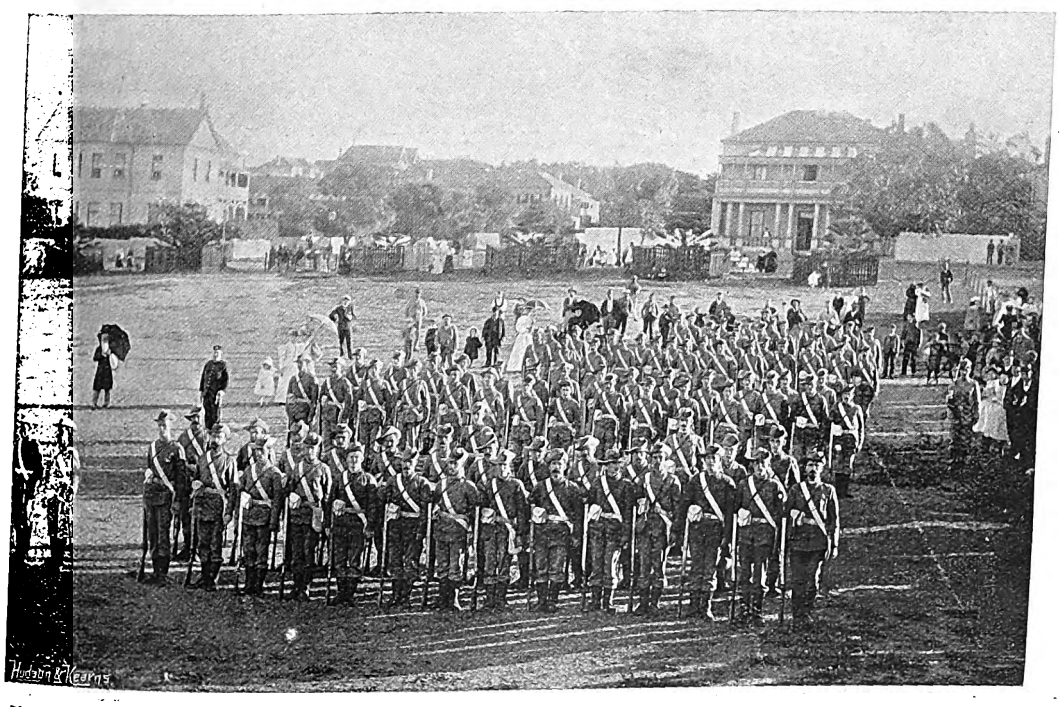

Photo. Copyright. PRINCE ALFRED'S GUARDS. *Green.*
A Parade Prior to Their Departure for the Front.

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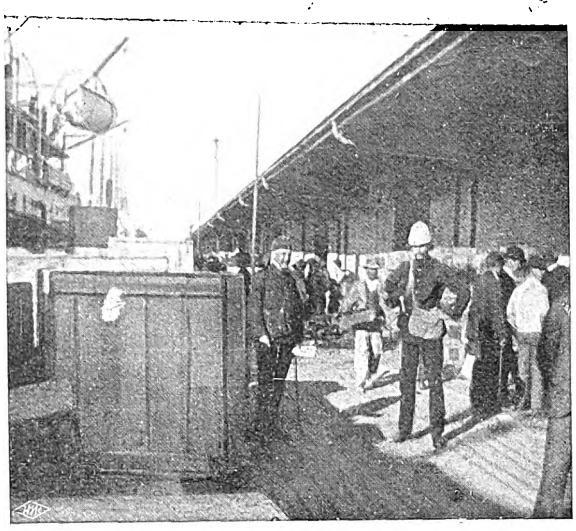
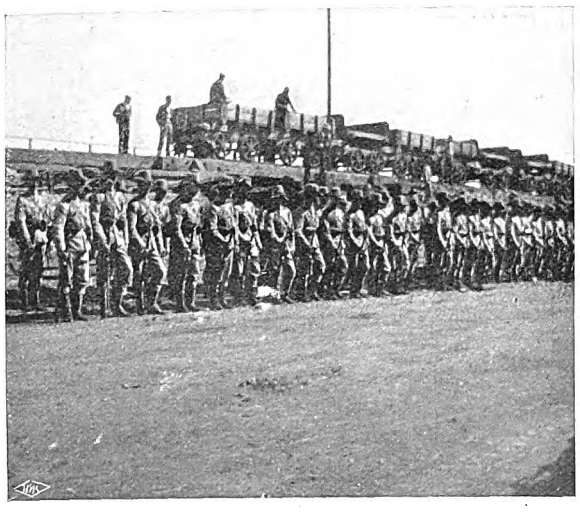
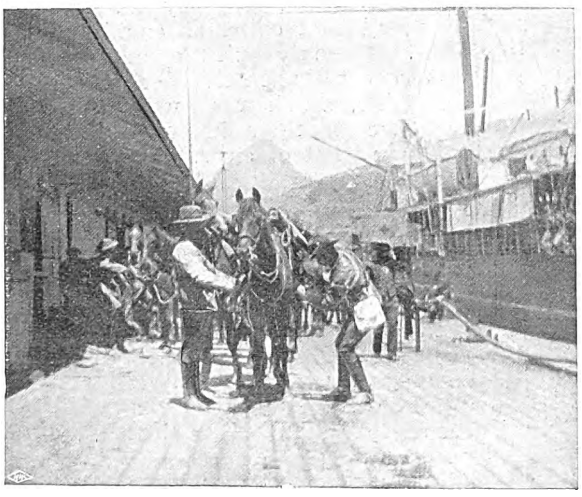


A DAILY SCENE AT CAPE TOWN DOCKS.

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY READY TO ENTRAIN.

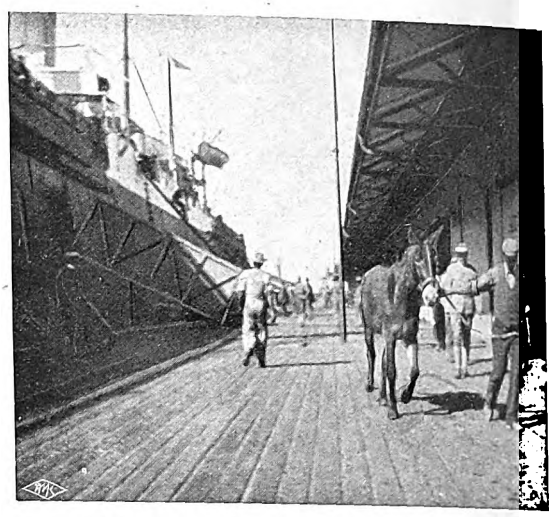


THE WEST AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY DRAWN UP FOR INSPECTION.

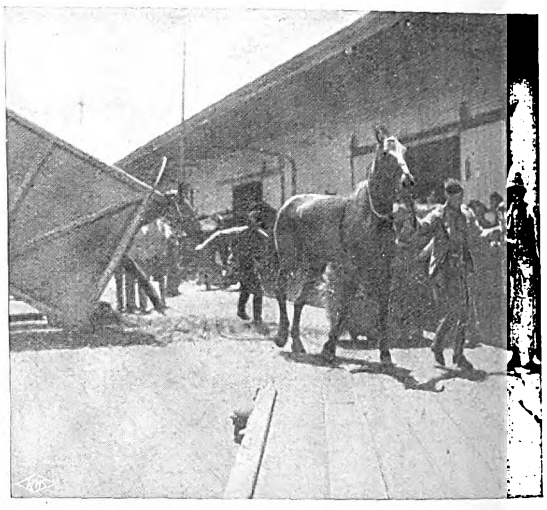


Photos Copyright.
THE NEW ZEALAND LANCERS DISEMBARKING.

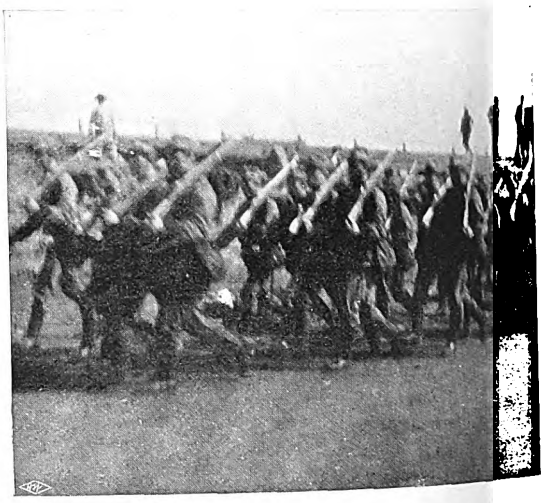
We know also what he paid for his foolishness when he marched to death and defeat in the expedition against Fort Duquesne, which now is Pittsburg. The colonials have even taken a pretty ample revenge, for the Yeomanry and Volunteers, who are organising to-day for service in South Africa, take them, and not the orthodox military figure, for their model. Indeed, the professional Army has dropped most of its tight tailoring and pipeclay, and has approximated to them. What would good old Sir David Dundas, or any other "real soldier" of the high-stocked, stiff-backed, wooden Prussian school have said of the soldiers of to-day with their easy khaki jackets and their putties? Horror would have filled them. The ideal officer of that stamp was the Russian Grand Duke who said he hated war because it spoiled soldiers. He meant that it ruined all the neat dressing and meticulously exact carriage of the parade ground. There were officers of ours who were terribly shocked by the appearance of the regiments which came back from the long campaigns of the Peninsula, where they had learnt to do things in the most convenient fashion. To do things conveniently, with the minimum of strain, and not only to do them with the utmost exactness of form, is fast becoming the ideal of the modern soldier. If some of the veterans who came back from the Peninsula could be brought to life again and put down amid the scenery of the Tugela, they might, perhaps, think themselves back in Spain once more. They crossed not a few rivers exactly like it, and climbed up many such hills. The Iberian rivers have very much the same exasperating character attributed to the "Fear," which is the meaning of the name Tugela. They are for the most part of the year wide sandy courses, nearly, or at places quite, innocent of visible water. A succession of pools and a narrow thread of stream represent the river. Then, when the rains come, or the snows melt, what was a dry course at sundown is a raging torrent by morning. Most rivers are liable to sudden increase, and can be fatal to military bridges. The Danube on one famous occasion played Napoleon a terrible trick, when it swept his bridge away, and confined him for weeks to the island of Loeben. Snow plays no part in South Africa, but its work is effectually done by the



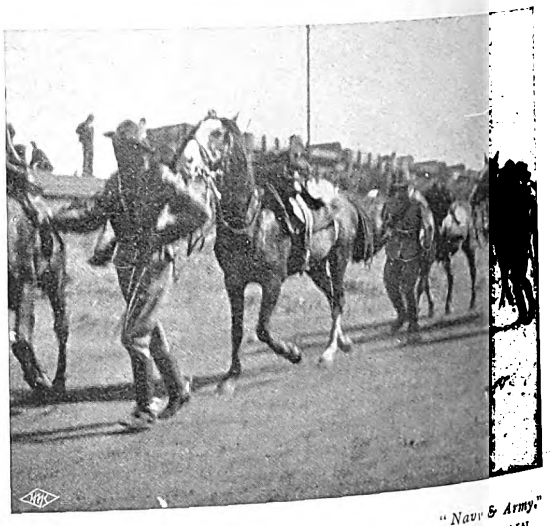
LANDING MULES FROM THE "MONTEZUMA."



LANDING HORSES FOR O BATTERY, R.H.A.



SOUTH AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY MARCHING OFF.



"Navy & Army."
THE NEW ZEALAND LANCERS GOING TO ENTRAIN.

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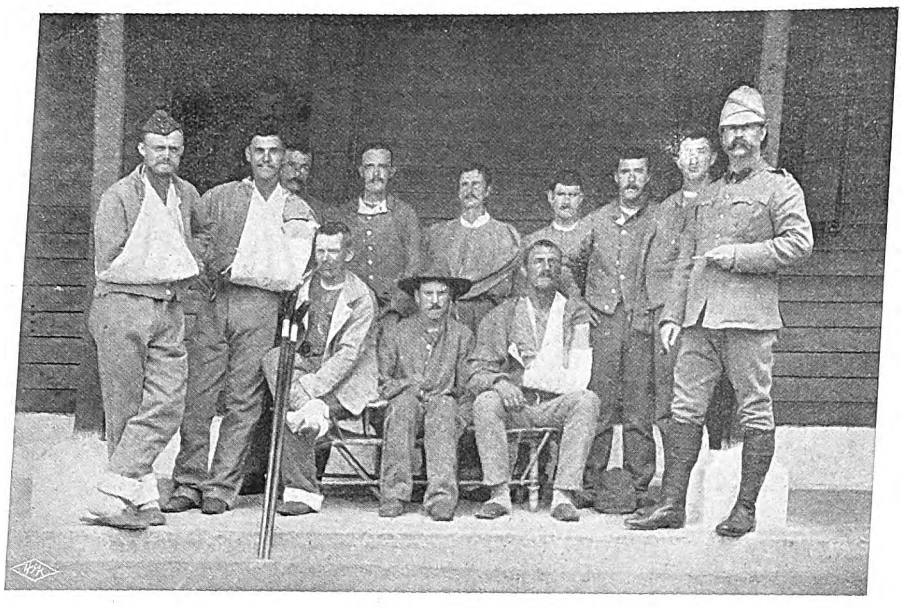
thunder-storms, which fill the empty bed in a few hours.

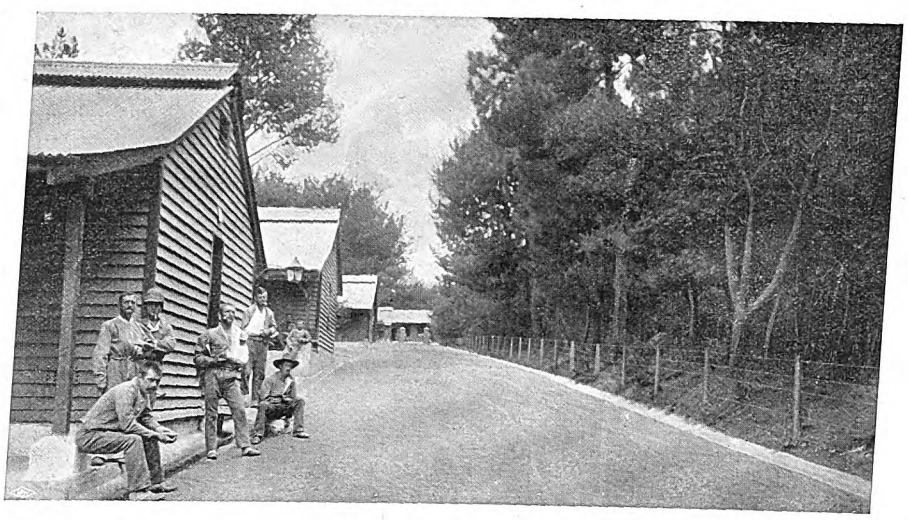
The Tugela has the reputation of being capable of rising 40-ft. in a night. A river of that erratic character is an ugly enemy to have behind when an armed foe is in front. So the Zulu armies of Chaka and Cetewayo used to think, for they did not like to get to the south of it in the time of flood. So the Boers have discovered by the destruction of their bridge.

Colonel Pilcher's very smart example of the minor operations of war at Sunnyside was far from being the first instance of good work done by colonial troops in this war, but it was the most complete success in which they had yet taken part. It was also a capital little example of how to turn the methods of irregulars against themselves. The Peninsular War, to which this bears in some respects a considerable resemblance, and to which one naturally goes for comparison, gave scope for a good deal of work of the same kind. One may say that this consists largely in a combination of that of the regular and the irregular soldier. We may say also that Pilcher's operation was a very happy illustration of a combined movement, for while he was making a forced march from Belmont, General Babington was diverting the attention of the Boers by a cavalry reconnaissance from the Modder River.

Just as brilliant in its way was Lieutenant de Montmorency's reconnaissance to Labuschagne's Nek, six miles north of Dordrecht, and the devoted gallantry with which Lieutenants Milford and Turner, of the Frontier Mounted Rifles, refusing to abandon their wounded comrade, Lieutenant Warren, Brabant's Horse, defended their position with forty men against 800 Boers through the night, until Captain Goldsworthy, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, arrived with 115 men and four guns in the morning, and drove the assailants to the hills. These colonial troops and their officers covered themselves with honour, and the courage and readiness of Captain Goldsworthy, who acted promptly on his own authority, and whose portrait will be found in one of our pictures, deserve the highest praise.



INVALIDS IN WYNBERG HOSPITAL.
With Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Hodson, R.A.M.C., in Command.



Photos. Copyright. *THE WOUNDED AT WYNBERG HOSPITAL.* *H. Sharpe.*
After the Battle of Graspan.

Photo. Copyright. *L. W. Ford.*

THE OFFICERS OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE SENT TO ASSIST LORD METHUEN.

1. Commander A. P. Ethelston, Killed at Graspan, Nov. 25, 1899. 2. Major J. H. Plumbe, R.M.L.I., Killed at Graspan, Nov. 25, 1899. 3. Lieutenant W. T. C. Jones, R.M., Wounded at Graspan, Nov. 25, 1899. 4. Captain Guy Senior, Killed at Graspan, Nov. 25, 1899. 5. Midshipman Huddart, Killed at Graspan, Nov. 25, 1899.

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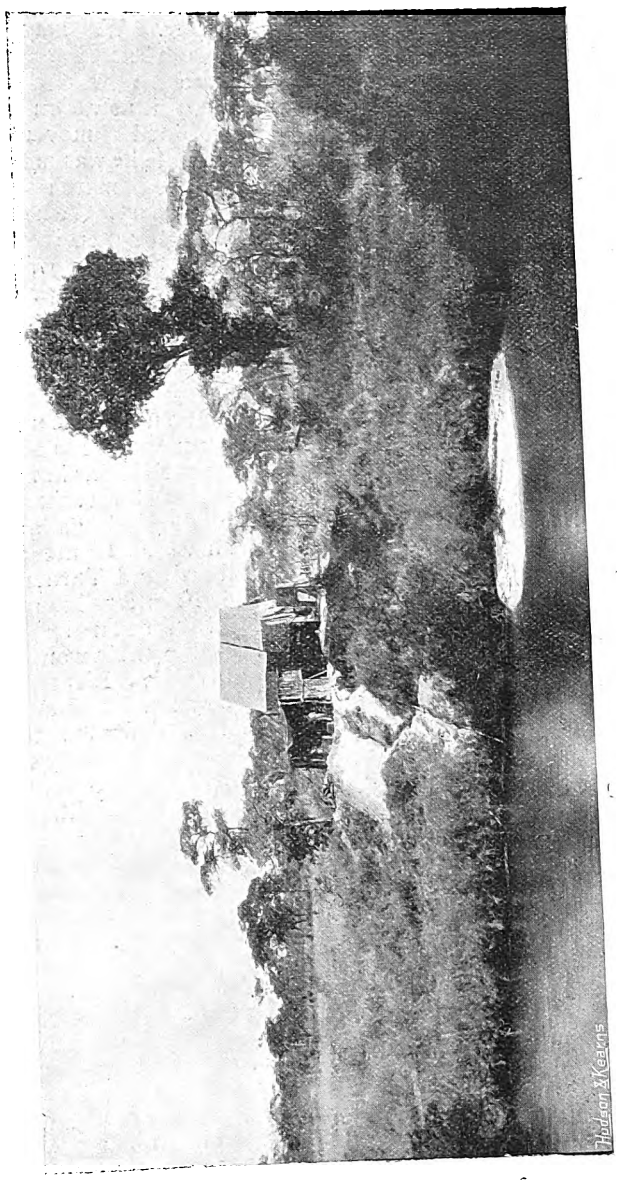
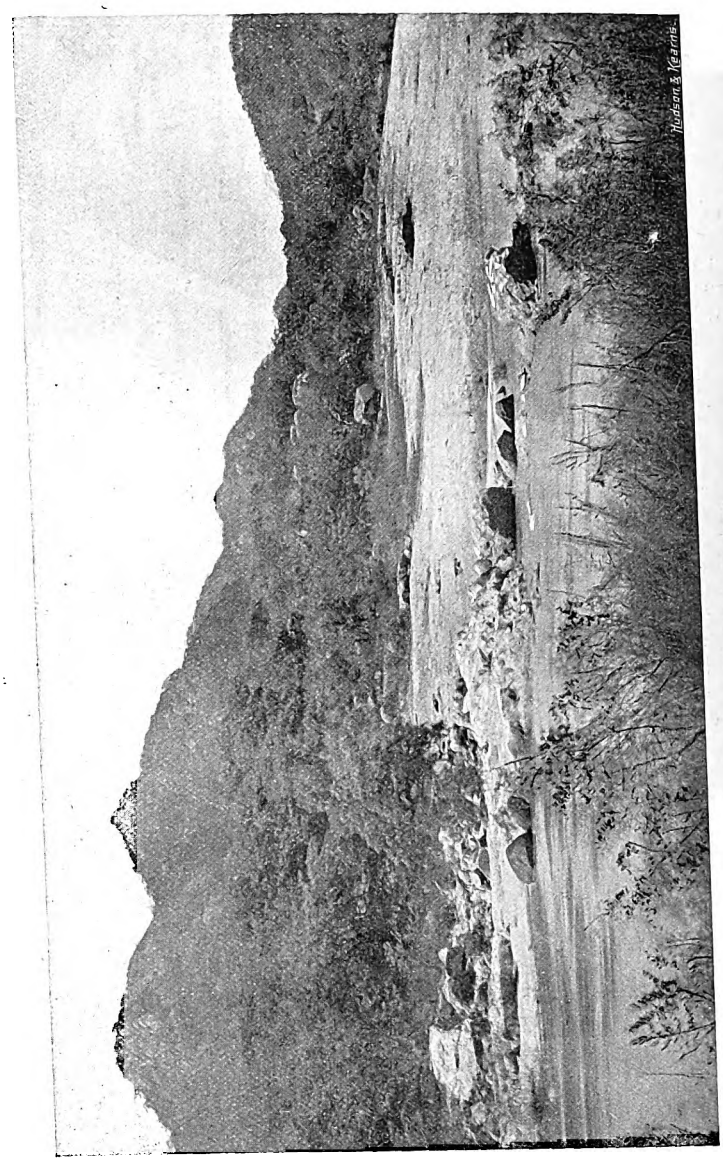
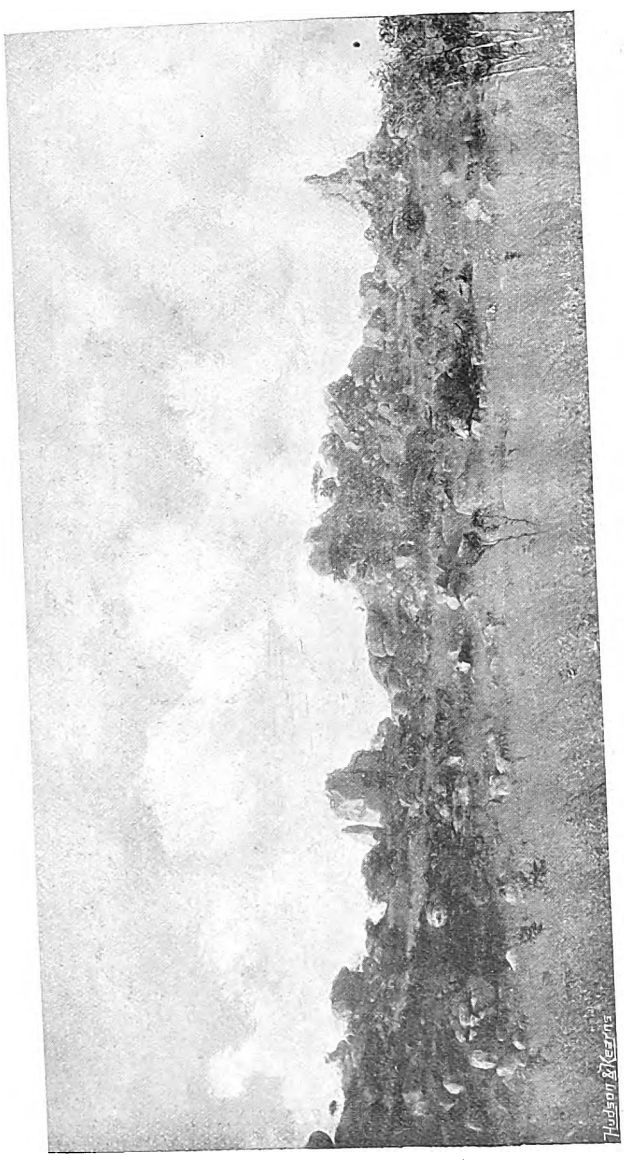


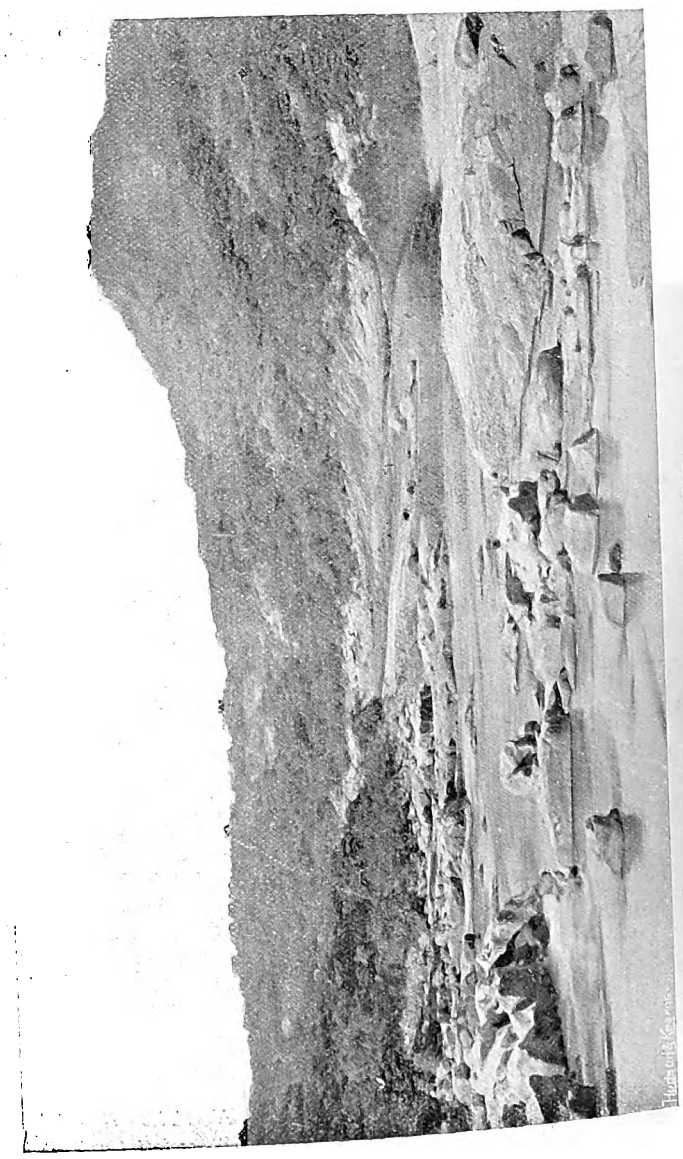
ON THE RIET RIVER.
Crossed by Our Troops in the Battle.



AT LOW WATER.
The Modder River when not in Flood.—Lord Methuen's Force is Encamped on the Other Side of these Hills.



AT MAGERSFONTEIN.
Showing the Protection Afforded the Boer Marksmen.



THE MODDER RIVER.
The Tombstone-like Formation of Rocks in the River Bed.

THE WAR: ON THE MODDER RIVER.
From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

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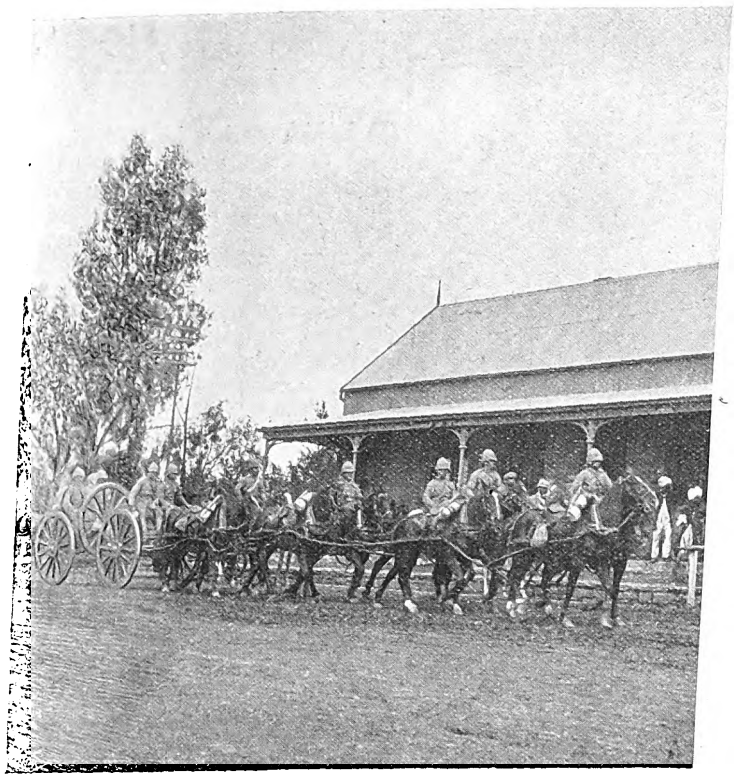
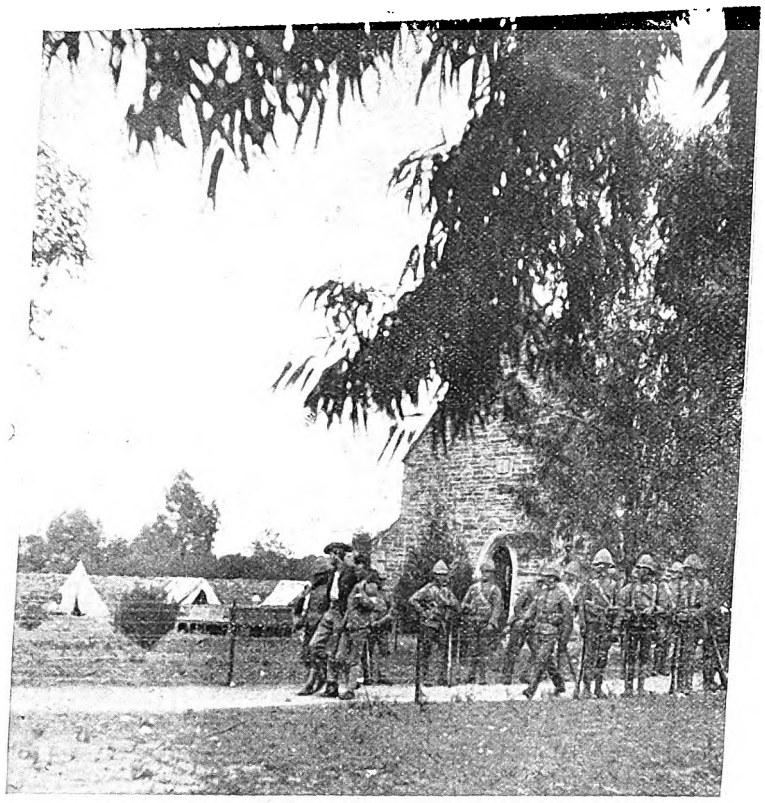
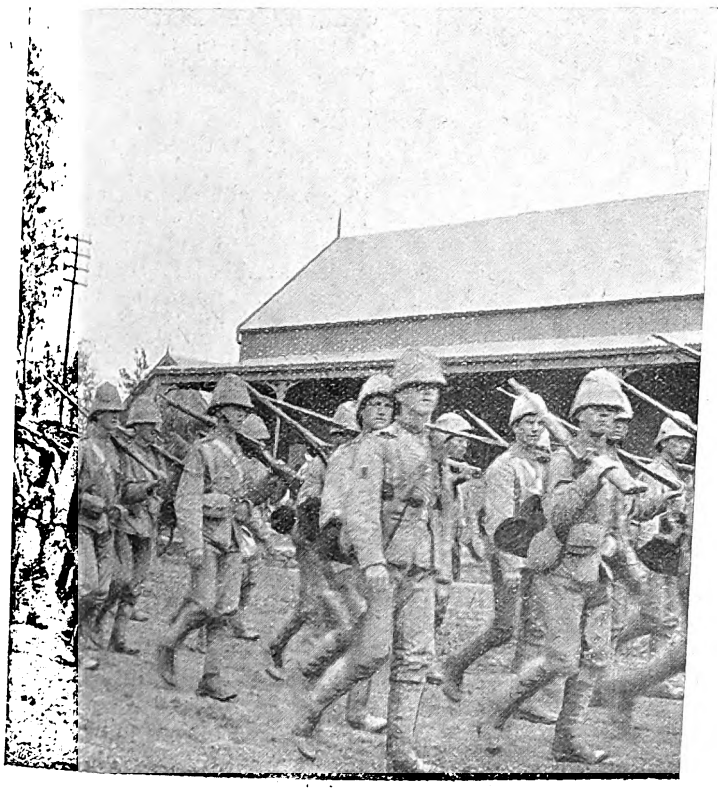


GOING TO LOMBARD'S KOP.
Artillery Limbers Leaving Ladysmith for the Battle-field.



"TAKE HIM UP TENDERLY."
Wounded Boer Carried to the Ambulance by Our Men.

BACK FROM THE BATTLE.
Batteries Returning to Ladysmith from Lombard's Kop.



AN ILL-STARRED COLUMN.
The Regiments Leaving for Nicholson's Nek.

FULL OF FALSE HOPES.
The Detached Column Passing Out of Ladysmith.

THE WAR: SCENES IN LADYSMITH.
From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent.

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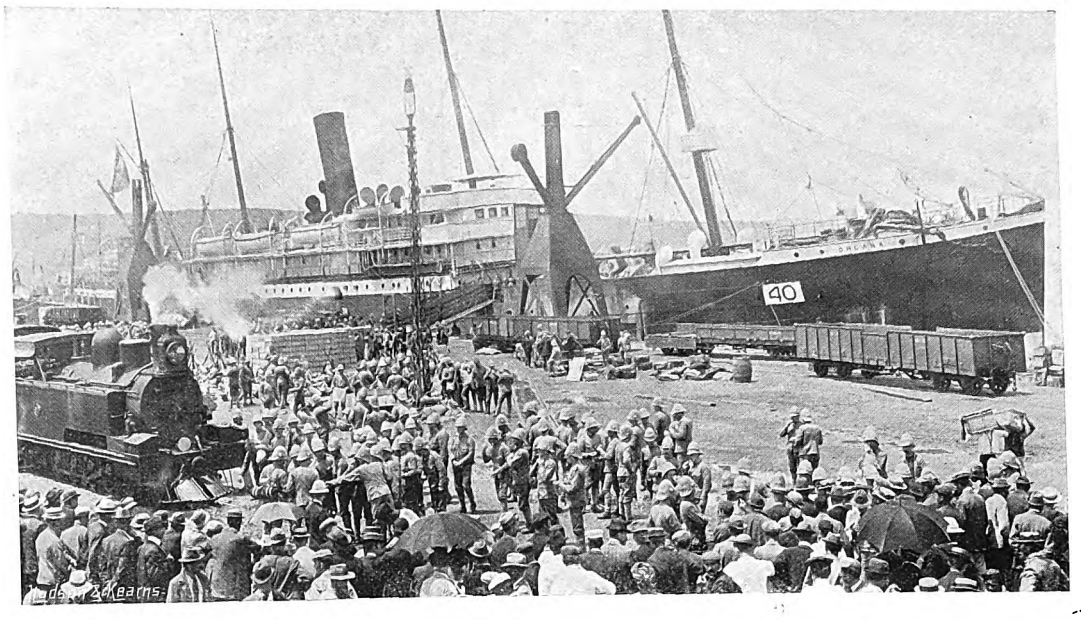
The War: With Our Forces in Natal.



DISEMBARKING AT DURBAN.
Civilians Gathered to Welcome Fresh Troops from Home.

Photos. Copyright. *FRETTING TO BE OFF.* *Stranack.*
An Irish Regiment Just Landed from a Transport.

Photo. Copyright. *FROM TROOPER TO TRAIN.* *Jove.*
No Time is Lost in Sending Regiments to the Front.

GREAT as has been the interest aroused by Methuen's operations on the Western Border, and by Gatacre's and French's excellent work in Cape Colony, the situation in Natal continues to be an absorbing one for obvious reasons. It is here that, from the first, both Britons and Boers have put forth their chief strength; it is here that the greater part of the fighting has taken place, under the most prominent leaders engaged in the war. The siege of Ladysmith alone gives the campaign in Natal a distinctive character. But it has several other claims to particular attention, and these are pleasantly and instructively illustrated by the extremely interesting and many-sided series of war pictures here presented.

On the preceding page will be found a set of scenes in Ladysmith, which have the peculiar merit of having been photographed by one of our Special Correspondents during the siege itself. It must be remembered, in this connection, that it is impossible to be as smartly up-to-date with war pictures as with war correspondence. Although communication with the beleaguered garrison has been maintained to some extent throughout, it is only occasionally that packets of photographs can be "got through," and even in these cases there has been loss and delay. The greater fascination should, therefore, lie in these vivid presentments of life within a besieged town to the accompaniment of a pretty continuous bombardment, and with the constant risk of still more exciting developments.

On these two pages a somewhat less thrilling, but still instructive, idea is afforded of several features of the war as it affects the Colony of Natal. In view of the continued demand for reinforcements it is well to keep in mind the position and capabilities of Durban, which, from some points of view, may be not inaptly described as quite one of the most important spots, for the time being, in the British Empire. A glance at the three pictures showing the disembarkation and entraining of troops will give a fair idea of the excellent facilities which local forethought and enterprise have provided at this important port. In a very recent number we had occasion to mention the services of the Right Hon. Harry Escombe, the ex-Premier of Natal, in connection with the improvement of the harbour of Durban. Since that article was written this fine colonial statesman has passed away. But he has left behind something more than the mere record of a useful and honourable career, and in apportioning the credit for what has been and is being done in the matter of pouring reinforcements into Natal, we must not forget that not half of this would have been remotely possible if Escombe had not been a man of quite extraordinary determination as well as of keen foresight and level-headed patriotism.

The two pictures of the Kaffir war dance usefully recall the grave influence which the presence of a large native population must have upon a warlike situation in a

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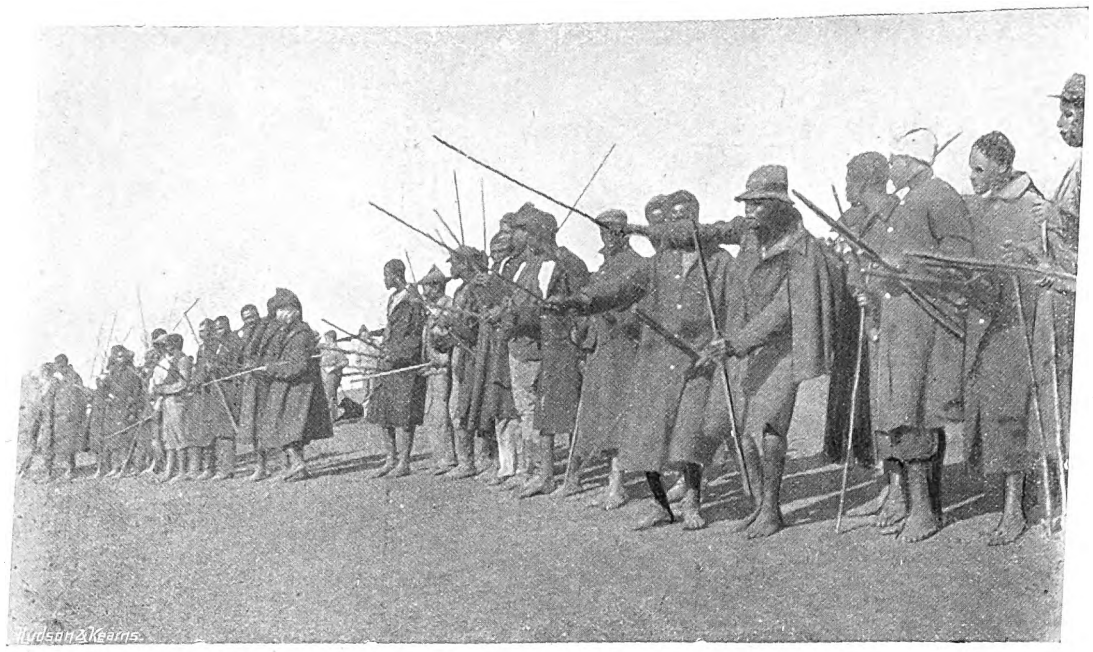
colony only very partially opened up by railways. In centres like Maritzburg the Kaffir may be loyal by conviction, but even if he is not, it does not matter much, as he can readily be dominated at any moment. In districts remote from the railway, to the neighbourhood of which troops not well provided with transport are often much restricted, the Kaffirs are undoubtedly a menace, and from private advices it is to be feared that this is the case to a more serious extent than is commonly admitted. The advent, however, of continued reinforcements, and the prosecution of the campaign on broader lines, may gradually serve to remove apprehension on this score.

Our remaining pictures are chiefly devoted to those local corps which Natal has furnished with such splendid liberality in aid of the Imperial forces. The Natal Carbineers and the Border Mounted Rifles have made such a name for themselves, and have already received such constant allusion in these pages, that further literary description of them is unnecessary. But a word must be given to Murray's Horse, which was composed of farmers who knew the country thoroughly and made splendid scouts. For some unexplained reason the corps has been disbanded, and it is said that the authorities sincerely regret having taken this step.

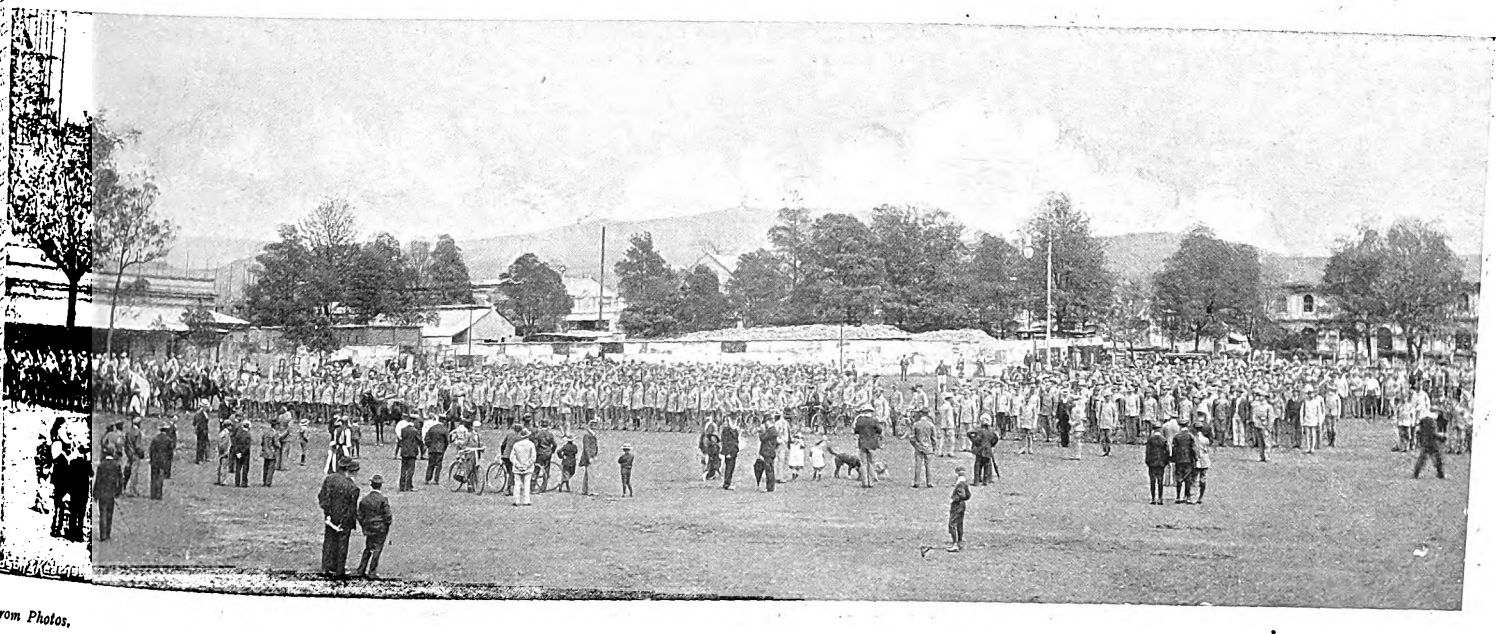
Another most important organisation, of which we give several pictures, is the Pieter Maritzburg Rifle Association, a very fine body of men, who have recently been called out for active service. The association is under the command of Mr. Beaumont, the chief magistrate of Maritzburg, and the adjutant is Mr. Hüneberg, the chief accountant of the Public Works Department. Both these soldier-civilians have seen a deal of war service. Mr. Beaumont formerly held a commission in the 75th Highlanders, and Mr. Hüneberg served throughout the Franco-German War of 1870-71, and, as a one-year volunteer, was one of the first six Germans to enter Paris on March 1, 1871. The Pieter Maritzburg Rifle Association numbers about 800 all told, including a mounted troop of sixty, a cycle section of twenty, and an ambulance detachment of eighteen.



IN HONOUR OF A BRITISH VICTORY.
Loyal Kaffirs Dancing the War Dance at Maritzburg.

A RISKY SNAP-SHOT.
A Military Officer Photographing a Kaffir War Dance.

The President of the Rifle Association is the Hon. H. Bale, Q.C., the Attorney-General of the Colony.



From Photos. *By Our Special Correspondent.*

NOW ON ACTIVE SERVICE.
The Maritzburg Rifle Association with Mounted Detachment on Parade.

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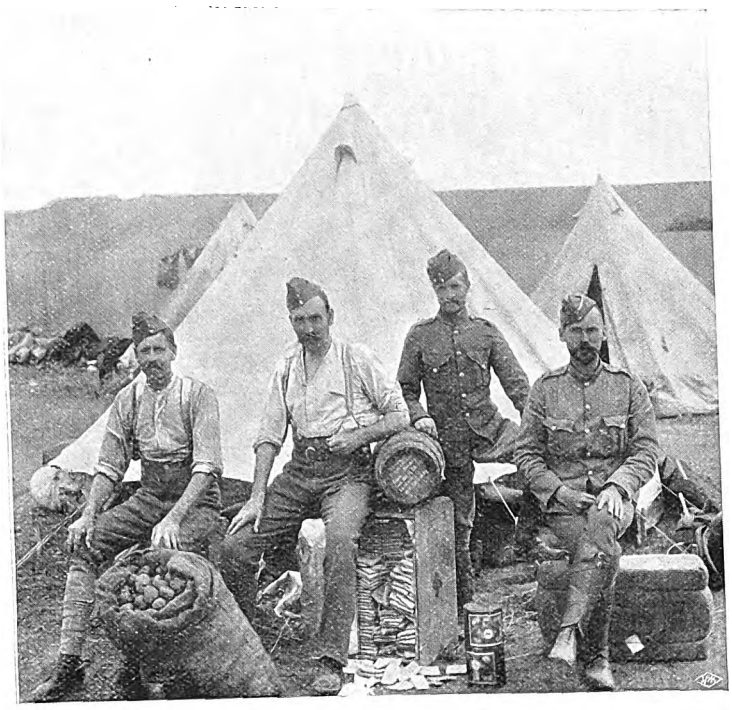

Photos. Copyright. COMMISSARIAT.
Useful Members of the Natal Carbineers.

THE BORDER MOUNTED RIFLES. Laws Caney.
With the First Maxim that was Used in the War.

Photo. MR. HUNEBERG. Laws Caney.
Adjutant, Maritzburg Rifle Association.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."
A LOCAL MOUNTED INFANTRYMAN.
A Trooper of Murray's Horse Scouting Near the Tugela.

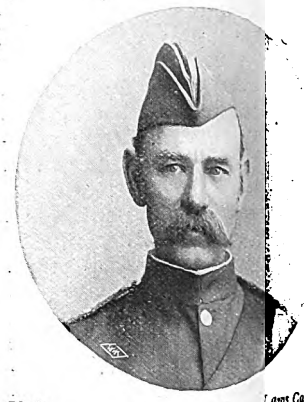

Photo. MR. BEAUMONT. Laws Caney.
Commandant, Maritzburg Rifle Association.

Photo. Copyright. CAVALRY ON FIELD SERVICE. Ridley.
Group of the 5th Lancers Taken in Camp in Natal.

Photo. Copyright. A WELL-SEASONED CORPS. Laws Caney.
A Troop of the Natal Carbineers Photographed in Ladysmith.

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The Bombardment of Saltport.—II.

By J. Tuthill Dreyer, R.A.

SEEING that the attack had failed we ceased fire, and the "Brutus" lowered what boats we had left her, and we could only hope rescued some of the unfortunate survivors of the unequal conflict who were to be seen swimming about on the sea, lit up by the search-lights. After cruising about for a few minutes, the "Brutus" followed the example of the retreating torpedo-boats and steamed away from Saltport.

We were now at liberty to look round and see how we had fared. Very few shells had struck the works, and only one of them had done any damage. A mélinite shell bursting in rear of the 6-in. Q.F. battery had killed one man and wounded two others severely.

At the outset, when war seemed probable, the Channel Squadron was despatched to Gibraltar, where they filled up with coal and ammuntion, the ships being cleared for battle, and all unnecessary gear sent ashore. On war being declared they steamed into the Mediterranean to join forces with our squadron in those waters. The Reserve Squadron had been called out, and assembled in the harbour of Portland, and when the general mobilisation of ships took place the dockyard authorities were found equal to their task, and twenty-four hours after the declaration of war saw England with over 100,000 men afloat, and the Channel alive with our torpedo-boat destroyers searching for the enemy.

The Reserve Squadron, now largely reinforced, still remained at Portland ready to put to sea when the whereabouts of the enemy's fleets had been determined.

The day after the sinking of the "Depulomus" the news reached us from Portsmouth that the Reserve Squadron had fought an action with the Lusatian Fleet. The British Squadron had destroyed the enemy, sinking six of his battleships, but in doing so had lost the "Collingwood" and "Thunderer," which had been rammed and torpedoed respectively.

Next day a small steamer came into the harbour in the morning and reported that one of our torpedo-boat destroyers had that morning raced past her, ordering her to report to the forts at Saltport that the Aeduan Northern Fleet was heading in towards them. The destroyer then tore on to signal the news to the nearest linking-ship, whence it would be transmitted over gaps of from five to ten miles from linking-ship to linking-ship till our admiral had the news.

All our preparations had been made long before, so there was nothing to do but man the guns, load them with common shell, and wait the appearance of the Aeduans.

It was a beautifully clear morning, and would have been an ideal day for practice, but the very calmness of the water made it all that could be desired for the enemy, as their gun-platforms must have been almost as steady as ours. Their approach was heralded long before their masts came in sight by dense volumes of the villainous black smoke foreign ships seem so fond of banking up. Presently they appeared above the horizon in two divisions in line ahead disposed abeam. We soon identified them all. The division heading for Fort Ben Bolt was composed of the "Duperitus" (flag), "Cometa," and "Desolator." Opposite Fort Wellington were the "Fortuna," "Redemptor," "Bodissina," and the cruiser "Brutus."

The "Duperitus" has a complete belt along the water-line 21½-in. thick. Her barbettes are protected by 15½-in. She carries four 13·3-in. guns, fifteen large, and eleven small Q.F. guns. The four barbettes for the 13·3-in. guns are arranged one on each beam forward the funnels, and the two others abaft the funnels along the centre line of the ship.

The "Bodissina" and the "Fortuna" carry the same armour as the "Duperitus." They have two 14·5-in. guns in barbettes, one forward and one aft, along the centre line, sixteen large and nine small Q.F. Four of the large Q.F. guns are in casemates on the upper deck, the others being on the main deck without protection.

The "Cometa," "Redemptor," and "Desolator" are central battery-ships. The belt is 14¾-in. thick, and extends almost the whole length of the water-line. The citadel has 9½-in. The armament is four 12·5-in., four 10·6-in., and six large Q.F. The four 12·5-in. are disposed, one firing over the bows, one over the stern, and two amidships, one on each beam on the upper deck in the citadel. The four 10·6-in. are on the main deck, one at each corner of the citadel.

The "Brutus" is an armoured cruiser with plating 3¾-in. thick, and the armoured deck is 2-in. thick. She carries two 7·5-in. and twenty Q.F. guns of all sizes.

The groups were told off as follows: At Fort Ben Bolt, F group (two 9·2-in.) to the "Duperitus," H group (three 12·5-in.) to the "Cometa," and I group (two 11-in.) to the "Desolator." At Fort Wellington, A group (four 12·5-in.) to the "Fortuna," and B group (four 6-in. Q.F.) to the "Redemptor" and the "Bodissina," the cruiser "Brutus" being left alone.

The position-finder dials soon showed the range to be about 6,000-yds. The enemy now changed course eight points to starboard and port, and each division commenced to describe a circular course opposite each fort.

The "Duperitus" fired her great port bow gun at Fort Ben Bolt, and sent the great shell flying over our heads far inland. The "Fortuna" fired almost simultaneously at Fort Wellington from her forward heavy gun, the shell bursting on the rock at the base of the fort with a fearful explosion.

It was now our turn to see what we could do. F 1 gun was laid on the "Duperitus," and under the action of the elevating and traversing handles the long muzzle could be seen to quiver slightly, and suddenly following the sharp explosion of the cordite charge the shell could be seen cleaving the air, apparently aimed too far forward. But no mistake has been made, for the projectile is seen to drift off to the right and strike the "Duperitus" about the foot of the foremast, followed instantly by the flash of the bursting shell. The second gun of the group was fired, and the shell was seen to strike the forward port barbette and put the great gun out of action. The "Duperitus" and the "Fortuna" were firing furiously, but had done us no damage as they had not got the range.

While the 9·2-in. were being reloaded, the 12·5-in. of H group opened fire on the "Cometa." The first shot struck the water-line amidships and burst against the side armour. The following rounds were better laid, and of the salvo of the remaining two guns one projectile fell in the central battery. This shell must have wrought frightful havoc, as the "Cometa" was comparatively quiet after its arrival, and only fired from her stern gun and those of her Q.F. guns which bore on the fort. The "Desolator" next received two rounds from I group, one of which burst forward in her unarmoured bow under her 12·5-in. gun, dismounting it.

Meanwhile, at Fort Wellington, all the ships had passed. The "Fortuna" had been struck amidships by a 12·5-in. shell which burst on the main deck, and the fire of the Q.F. guns on that deck ceased. The "Redemptor" and the "Bodissina" had been targets for the 6-in. Q.F. battery. They had been struck by the shells of these guns time after time, and must have lost many men in the unarmoured above-water portions of their hulls.

But now the great banks of smoke that overhung the 12·5-in. guns of both forts began to show up the position of these guns. The enemy's big Q.F. guns soon got the range, and in a very short time shells began to fall in these batteries. All the 12·5-in. guns had fired twice, the big 820-lb. shells falling on the decks with great effect; but now the enemy's fire began to find them out, and soon the terrible mélinite shells were dealing destruction in the open batteries. With desperate bravery the gunners went on loading, and two guns at Fort Ben Bolt fired again. A 2 gun at Fort Wellington was ready to fire, when a shell killed half the detachment, including the gun-captain and gun-layer. The lieutenant in charge of the group sprang up on the sighting-step and seized the firing lanyard. The remainder of the detachment mechanically obeyed the command, "Trail left—Halt!" and the great gun roared forth her last defiance. But hardly had the projectile left the muzzle of the gun when a shell, exploding against its chase—the chase is the muzzle end of a gun—dismounted it and killed the gallant detachment. Beside their silent gun lay the shattered remains of the men who, true to the spirit of the British soldier, and imbued with the stern courage that has given to that name its glory, had stood to their post undaunted by the hell that raged about them, until death, unable to conquer their proud spirit, claimed them in the rending crash of the exploding shell.

The 12·5-in. guns of both forts were now deserted. No men on earth could have remained longer in those open batteries under the hail of bursting shells, whose shattering explosions wear out the courage of the sternest soldier. The man that can unflinchingly face certain death in the mad rush of a hand-to-hand combat, on seeing men working close to him literally blown to pieces, and masses of iron and steel shivered into impalpable dust, soon finds his nerve gone, and cannot overcome the mad fear that prompts him to seek safety.

And now, for those that had time to look round, a spectacle presented itself whose awful grandeur rivalled the splendour of the tropical thunderstorm. Each gun produced its own easily-recognisable part in the deafening concert that was reverberating through the wooded heights of the neighbouring hills.

When the majestic roar of the 12·5-in. guns ceased, nothing could be heard but the never-ceasing barking note of

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the 6-in. Q.F. guns, punctuated by the louder crashing sound of the 9·2-in. Above this arose the explosions of the Aeduan shells, which still fell in and around the deserted 12·5-in. groups. Every minute a blinding flash could be seen accompanied by dense black smoke, and followed by a frightful explosion. This was where the mélinite shells struck. If the shell was charged with powder the sight was much grander. The flash was less vivid, but the air was filled with brightly-burning pebbles of powder, which zizzagged about in serpentine paths through the air. Then arose the kindly mantle of white smoke enveloping the scene, and shutting out all traces of the horrors that lay concealed within its folds.

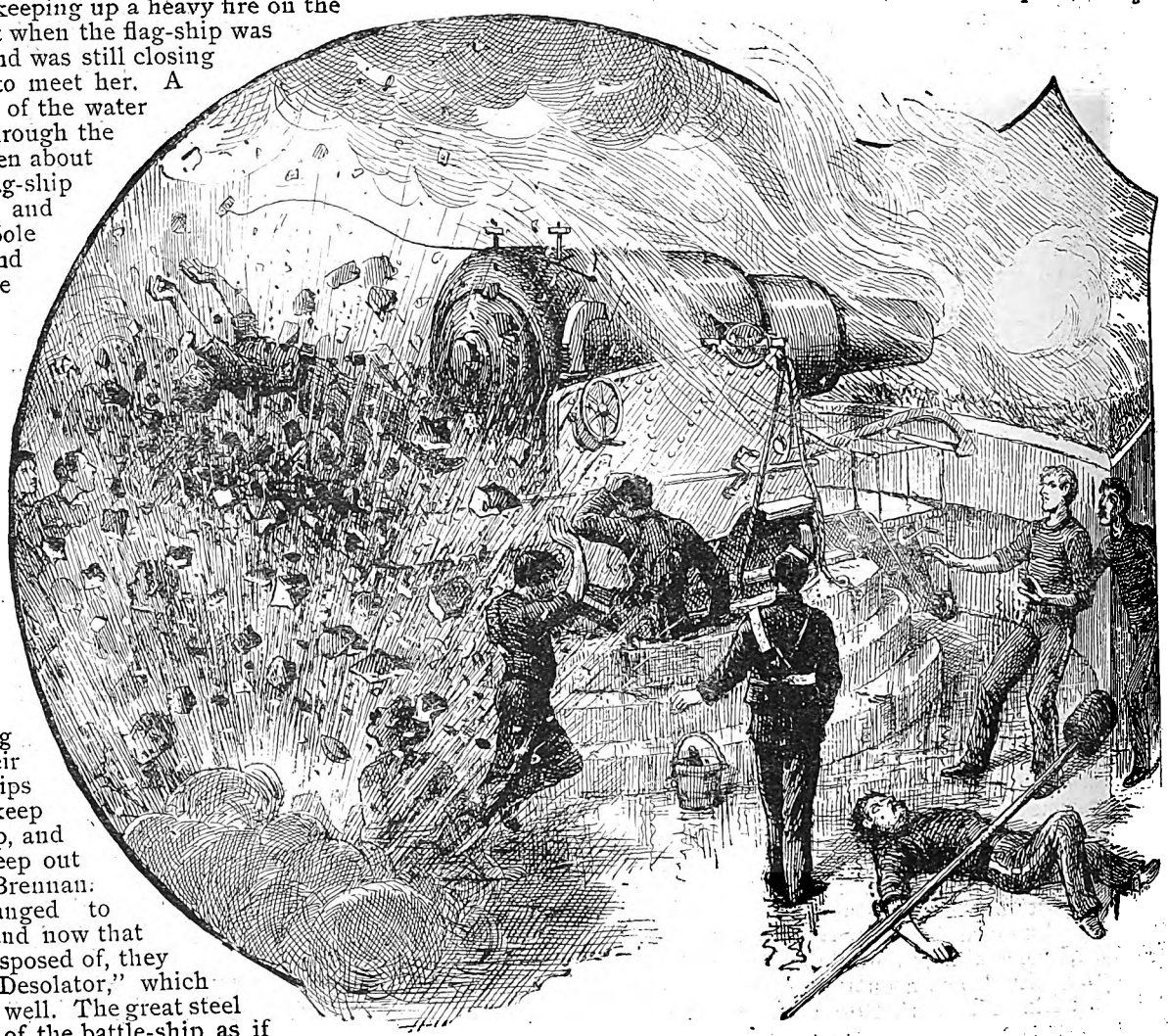
The enemy's attention seemed to have been completely taken up at each fort by the 12·5-in. guns, and the 9·2-in. and 6-in. Q.F. firing cordite charges had escaped almost without casualties, these few being probably caused by stray shells. Now that the 12·5-in. guns had ceased firing, and yet the 380-lb. shells from the 9·2-in. and the wicked storm of 100-lb. shells from the 6-in. Q.F. continued to burst on the enemy's decks, while they could not answer to advantage, their admiral decided to close in to short range and destroy the forts by a concentrated fire. The two divisions formed single line ahead and came in, heading straight for Fort Ben Bolt, the guns of the two forts keeping up a heavy fire on the approaching vessels. But when the flag-ship was about 2,000-yds. distant and was still closing in, something went out to meet her. A short pole projecting out of the water could be seen dashing through the sea at a great speed. When about 1,800-yds. off, the flag-ship circled round to port and reopened fire, but the low pole altered its course too, and the Brennan Torpedo, the most beautifully designed, as she is the most devilish weapon of the 19th century, rushed at her first real victim. She struck her target fairly amidships, and with a muffled roar the "Duperitus" was hidden in the great column of water thrown up by the explosion. The 500-lb. of gun-cotton did their work well, and the mighty flag-ship went down within a few minutes, carrying some 900 men to their death. The remaining ships altered their course to keep outside the sinking ship, and were very careful to keep out of range of the deadly Brennan. The 9·2-in. had changed to armour-piercing shot, and now that the "Duperitus" was disposed of, they were turned on the "Desolator," which had so far come off very well. The great steel bolts pierced the side of the battle-ship as if it were only made of pasteboard, and soon a shot entering one of the stoke-holes, a couple of the boilers blew up, scattering death in the new and more awful form of scalding steam. The "Desolator" was now a complete wreck, and in a sinking condition.

About this time a strange chance destroyed one of our 6-in. Q.F. guns and its detachment. A light Q.F. shell, probably from the tops of the "Fortuna," entered at the muzzle just as the breech was in the act of being closed. Its explosion burst the common shell with which the gun was loaded, and the charge of cordite being also ignited the breech-block was blown to the rear, killing most of the detachment.

The fire from the tops of the ships was very annoying at this close range, as we had not got the same command over them that we had over the decks, and though the 12-pounders were well served we did not do them much damage, owing to the difficulty of knowing whether the shells were passing over or under the tops. The 11-in. R.M.L. guns at Fort Ben Bolt were ordered to stand by for shrapnel. (The body of the shrapnel-shell contains a small bursting charge, just sufficient to open the shell, and also some metal balls. In the shrapnel of the 11-in. R.M.L. there are 508 4-oz. balls. The shell is fused with a time-fuse which can be set to burst the shell at any required distance from the muzzle. When the shell bursts the balls fly on with the velocity the shell had on bursting, opening out like the spray from a watering-can, owing to the spin of the shell.) As the Aeduan Fleet circled round, and when the "Fortuna," the leading ship, was getting bows on to the fort, the guns were loaded and fired. The shell burst close to the foremast and laid all three masts bare, most likely killing all the men in them, and dismounting the guns that had been causing such mischief to us.

The "Cometa," the next in the line, met the same fate from the other 11-in. gun.

The only surviving gun-captain of the 12·5-in. guns at Fort Wellington, finding the firing had ceased at his group, collected a gun detachment from what was left of the group detail, and re-entered the scene of destruction. A 2 gun was found lying dismounted, the whole emplacement being a confused tangle of iron girders, masonry, and the dead bodies of the men who had served it so well. The position-finder dials were still signalling ranges to the dumb guns. The detachment went to A 3 gun and loaded it. They next hastened to A 4 gun, and, loading it, fired it at the "Fortuna," wrecking her main deck battery. The gunners rushed, immediately after firing, under cover until the ships ceased firing at the group, under the impression that it had been again silenced. The men then rushed back to A 3 gun, which was loaded, and fired that also at the "Fortuna." The shell passed through



A Mélinite Shell burst in the Battery.

the ship's unarmoured side, under the after barbette, and by its explosion left the great ship practically without means of offence.

The "Brutus" had followed in too close for her thin side armour, and the 6-in. Q.F. firing armour-piercing shot, with the deadly accuracy of those weapons, smashed in whole plates of her armour, and sank her before she could sheer off.

Now an unexpected ally came to our assistance. The battle-ship "Repulse" steamed out of the bay. Her fore barbette was still useless, but she was nevertheless more than a match for the enemy, who had lost the "Duperitus," the "Desolator," and the "Brutus." The "Cometa" seemed little more than a scrap-heap after the hammering she had just received from the 9·2-in. The "Fortuna" was a floating ruin, from which but an odd shot was fired. The only ship that could still fight her guns with any efficiency was the "Bodissina." The "cease fire" sounded in the two forts, and we stood watching the end. The enemy directed an ineffectual fire on the British battle-ship, and a shell from one of the "Bodissina's" barbette guns burst against the side armour on the port side. But, silent and grim, the "Repulse" came on, still rushing at the "Bodissina" at full speed. When the two ships were about 500-yds. apart another shell struck the "Repulse" at the foot of the mainmast, which fell forward,

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bringing down the funnels and burying the upper deck guns under the *débris*. That was the last of the "Bodissina," for a torpedo fired from the "Repulse's" starboard submerged tube struck her, and she soon followed the fate of the "Duperitus."

Steaming past the "Fortuna," the "Repulse" sent two 13·5-in. shells crashing into her unarmoured side above her mighty belt. The Aeduan ship could not reply to this, nor to the deadly fire of the British ship's main deck battery, and hauled down her colours, an example that was quickly followed by the "Cometa."

The "Repulse" had not, however, finished the work with impunity to herself. The fall of the mainmast had killed most of the men stationed at the upper deck guns. The funnels were brought down, completing the appearance of destruction. But the Aeduan Fleet no longer existed, and the British flag had once more gained a glorious victory.

But little remains to be told now, except the reason for the apparently insane attempt of the Aeduan Fleet to silence the forts, and what the British Fleet had been doing in foreign waters.

After the action between our Reserve Squadron and the Lusatian Fleet a rumour reached Aedua that the action had resulted in favour of the Lusatians, though both sides had lost over half their ships. The Aeduans had also heard that a large number of transports and fire-ships had been collected at Saltport. Their Northern Fleet was at once despatched to silence the forts at Saltport and destroy the shipping. What happened has been already told.

When war was declared the Aeduan Mediterranean Fleet tried to meet our Channel Fleet before its junction with our Mediterranean Squadron. They, however, only succeeded in forestalling the meeting by a few hours, and at noon were discovered by our Mediterranean Squadron engaging our Channel Fleet. The Aeduans met with complete destruction at the hands of this mighty combination.

Our Wounded.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

SOME of the photographs reproduced on page 443 show groups of wounded soldiers and marines. Most of the seamen and marines who were wounded are now accommodated in the Naval hospital at Simon's Town—*i.e.*, the most serious cases, for others who are likely to soon recover have been kept at the military camp at De Aar. The patients who were formerly in the Naval hospital have been cleared out and sent on board the "Powerful," but as the hospital is now crowded, some cases have been detained also in the military hospital at Wynberg, a place near Simon's Town. The two groups of wounded soldiers and marines were photographed at Wynberg Hospital, Lieutenant-Colonel Hodson, R.A.M.C., who is in charge of the patients there, having been taken with his group of patients.

It may be of importance, perhaps, to note in connection with the wounded the effects of the different kinds of bullets being used in this war. It is well known that the Boers are armed with a very miscellaneous collection of weapons. About 200 of these were picked up after the fight at Modder River; a few of them were Mausers, this being the rifle adopted by the Transvaal and Free State Governments, while the others consisted of double and single barrelled muzzle-loading sporting rifles, small-bore sporting rifles, breech-loaders by Westley Richards, Sniders, Martini-Henrys, etc.—all of them, with the exception of the Mausers, of fairly ancient date. But it must not be supposed from this that the larger number of the Transvaal forces are armed with such obsolete weapons, for it is well known that during the last four or five years nearly 20,000 Mauser rifles have been imported into the Transvaal, exclusive of the numbers which have also found their way into the Orange Free State.

The Mauser rifle appears to be the most humane weapon used by our enemies, and while it is quite efficient as a "man stopper," its bullet does not appear to cause such nasty and dangerous wounds as those from the Martini or older rifles. Many of the wounded men at present in hospital who have been hit by Mauser bullets and are now making satisfactory recovery would probably never have lived to see the inside of a hospital had they been struck by a larger or softer bullet making a lacerated flesh wound, or pulverising any bones that it might strike. Two or three curious and very interesting cases have happened with the Mauser bullet where men have been shot clean through the abdomen, and have suffered very little inconvenience therefrom, on account of the clean and small nature of the puncture. There have been other cases where the bullet has passed through a bone and drilled it cleanly, and without any fracture, and a soldier has been shot clean through the temples from one side of the head to the other without any important internal organs being much damaged, and whose sole inconvenience up to the present has been a headache.

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

"MUSICIAN."—It is certainly strange that a king should become enamoured of the music of such an instrument as a Jew's harp, but Frederick the Great did, and in a very curious manner, too. The King was surprised one evening at hearing exquisite musical strains beneath his window, and, peering out to discover the reason thereof, saw a sentinel on duty playing on a Jew's harp. The King at once desired the soldier to play before him, but the man replied that he was on duty and dared not leave his post without his colonel's leave. "But I am the King," said Frederick. "I know it, sire," was the reply; "but if I leave my post now I shall most assuredly be punished for it to-morrow." The King recognised the sentinel's position, and was too good a soldier himself to press the matter further then, but on the morrow the musician was summoned to play before His Majesty, who not only rewarded him liberally, but gave him his discharge. After that the man played frequently before the King, and by travelling through the country and giving concerts before people who were anxious to discover what charm the King could have found in the music of so humble an instrument, made quite a small fortune.

* * * *

"C. M."—It is difficult to say what is the average number of soldiers who are yearly bought out of the Army, but during a recent year the Revenue was increased to the extent of some £20,000 from this source. At the present moment it would doubtlessly be somewhat difficult to purchase a man's discharge, but in the piping times of peace a soldier can become a civilian by paying £18 if he has been in the Army longer than three months, while if he has not served that period the sum of £10 will secure his discharge.

* * * *

"A. H." — Assistant Naval storekeepers in Her Majesty's dock and naval yards wear no uniform. The pay begins at £100 a year, and after a probation of two years it is raised to £120, and progresses by yearly increments of £10 to £200, and then by £15 a year to a maximum of £350. So you see that pay is given during the probationary period through which all assistants must pass. Assistants are eligible for promotion to higher appointments as vacancies occur—the salary attached to the highest appointment is £900—but this promotion depends wholly upon merit. When serving abroad, local allowances for living are made, and official residences are provided, or an allowance in lieu. The work is of that kind best defined as "office work." Successful candidates are permitted to select the department to which they may wish to be appointed, subject, of course, to the existence of a vacancy in that department. Supply, Accounts, Cash, and Expense Accounts are some of the departments. In the last two officers will not be confirmed in their appointments unless they can satisfy the heads of their respective departments that they have a sufficient knowledge of double-entry book-keeping.

* * * *

"HEATHFIELD."—The "projectile-looking object," as you term it, is the modern military balloon. It was recently adopted by our Army, but has been in use by the Germans for a considerable time, and has entirely superseded the older-fashioned type in the army of the Kaiser. The newer shape is said to be more adapted for military work, and all round a more serviceable article. The car is suspended below it. Balloons are used in warfare for the purpose of observing the enemy's doings, and they have already been used in South Africa to some purpose. Explosives, too, can be dropped from the car of a balloon on an enemy beneath with very terrible effect. Experiments have shown that it is extremely difficult to make good practice against a balloon with artillery, whatever be its shape; but even in peace-time accidents have been known to take place when projectiles have been dropped from the car of a balloon. In one instance, owing to the premature bursting of a shell, the officer who had just hurled it from mid-air lost two of his fingers. The School of Ballooning is at Aldershot.

* * * *

"J. T. M."—When a new battle-ship is proposed, it is first modelled in paraffin wax, and tested in the model-testing tank at Portsmouth, and, of course, what alterations are desired can be easily made. The models range from 12-ft. to 24-ft. in length, while the tank is 400-ft. in length and 20-ft. wide. Every suggested improvement in a battle-ship is thus thoroughly tested ere being adopted or rejected, and as there are naturally a good many failures, any great loss of money which would be entailed by the adoption of a faulty idea is obviated by this small initial outlay. A miniature tramway, on which runs a moving laboratory, fitted with the most delicate testing appliances, under the charge of a skilled operator, is stretched at a height above the tank, and the operator can watch the movements of the model below. Similar tanks are used by private ship-building firms, and all the Naval Powers, with the exception of France and Germany, possess these testing tanks.

* * * *

"G. W. J." AND "W. C."—1. If you wish to enlist as Volunteers, you should visit the headquarters of the corps, detachment, or company nearest to your home, where one of the sergeant-instructors will let you know how to proceed. You must pass a medical examination, and if found fit for service as a Volunteer you will be required to take the oath of allegiance. If you wish to leave the force at some future time, all that is required of you is to inform your commanding officer of the fact fourteen days before you leave the ranks. He cannot refuse to give you your discharge, but you are bound to hand over any property in your possession belonging to the corps in good order, and to pay all money due. Should you fail to do this, you can be sued by the commanding officer in a civil court. 2. As far as the law is concerned, there is, I think, nothing to prevent the Volunteers being called out before the Militia, but, in point of fact, the latter would first be embodied. When this has been done, individual Volunteers may offer their services for "actual military service," even though no portion of the Volunteer Force has been ordered to mobilise. In case of actual, or apprehended, invasion, any part of the Force may be called out for actual military service [Vol. Act, 1863, s. 17].

* * * *

"J. T. K."—It costs France but £3,000,000 a year and Russia £445,000 to man their Navies, but it runs us into little less than £10,000,000. The permanent Naval strength of the first-named country is 42,000 men, that of Russia 35,000, while we number 110,640 sailors. The Royal Naval Reserve totals to 25,000 men.

THE EDITOR.

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The Story of the War.

WITH the New Year the campaign against the Boers has taken a more active turn, and several events of considerable military importance have occurred, some of them of a highly satisfactory nature. Of earlier developments the most important was a brisk movement on the part of General French, who, it will be remembered, was confronted at Arundel by a considerable force of Boers in position some few miles to the north, at Rensburg. Harassed by French's cavalry and Horse Artillery, this force of the enemy retired on Colesberg. French promptly followed them, and leaving Rensburg on the evening of the 31st arrived unexpectedly before the Boer position on the following morning. Having taken the enemy's outposts completely by surprise, he succeeded in turning the flank of the position and enfilading it with the fire of his Horse Artillery guns. The enemy lost heavily in this engagement, but maintained their position, and French was forced for the present to be content with hemming in the position as far as possible, pending the arrival of reinforcements from De Aar. On the 4th inst. the Boers made a counter attack against French, but were repulsed, the Inniskilling Dragoons distinguishing themselves by charging through a strong body of the enemy with great effect. It is unfortunate that the record of these creditable achievements should be marred by one of those untoward misadventures which have occurred with rather painful frequency in this war. On the 6th inst. half a battalion of the 1st Suffolk made a daybreak attack on a minor Boer position, and were apparently bamboozled by a false bugle-call sounded by the enemy, with the result that three-quarters retreated, while the remainder held their ground till overpowered and forced to surrender. The result of this mishap was the capture by the Boers of 70 prisoners, including seven officers.

In the meantime General Gatacre also had been actively engaged. Before the Old Year closed a bright little incident had occurred, to which reference was impossible last week, the paper having to go to press earlier than usual, but which deserves record as an instance of the value of colonial troops against enemies like the Boers. During a reconnaissance which followed our temporary reoccupation of Dordrecht, Lieutenant Milford, with a party of about 40 colonials, was cut off on the 30th inst., and forced to defend himself against about 800 Boers. The little handful gallantly held their ground, notwithstanding the usual Boer trickery with the white flag, until relieved next morning by Captain Goldsworthy and Lieutenant de Montmorency, and incidentally the enemy were rather severely handled. On the 3rd inst. the Boers from Stormberg made an unexpected attack on an outpost of the Cape Mounted Police between Molteno and Cyphergat, but reinforcements were at once despatched from Bushman's Hoek, and later a movement was made on Molteno, which resulted in the complete withdrawal of the enemy. It was subsequently found necessary on our part to evacuate Dordrecht, but Gatacre is undoubtedly more than maintaining his position, notwithstanding the fact that he has not been by any means liberally reinforced.

On the Western Border, Methuen's force continued to remain quiescent at Modder River during the early days of the New Year, communicating occasionally with Kimberley, where all was well up to a recent date. But on the line of communications an exceedingly smart little piece of work was carried out on New Year's Day, the moral and material effects of which were alike excellent. Moving out of Belmont on the 31st ult, with a force composed largely of Canadian and Queensland mounted troops, Colonel Pilcher, of the 2nd Bedfordshire, surprised the Boer laager at Sunnyside on the 1st and captured it, taking 40 prisoners, besides killed and wounded. Subsequently Douglas was re-entered, and the loyal inhabitants escorted to Belmont.

From Mafeking comes the news of a determined sortie on December 26, which, however, was repulsed with serious loss, three officers being killed, and a number of other losses being suffered. The position of this plucky little garrison now seems hopeless, and it is much to be feared that the fall of Mafeking will shortly follow that of Kuruman, which has been reported from Pretoria through Lourenço Marques.

In Natal the position at the beginning of this week was an extremely anxious one. The Naval guns with General Buller's force had continually bombarded the Boer position, but, as the latter extended for some twenty miles, the amount of real damage done was scarcely appreciable. On January 5 the Boers commenced a determined attack on Ladysmith, and Buller at once sent all the troops he had available to make a demonstration at Colenso. On January 6 a message was received from General White to the effect that the attack had been renewed, and that he was being very hard pressed. It subsequently transpired that the garrison was able to beat back the Boers at every point with loss. The news was received with the keenest satisfaction, great anxiety having been felt.

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

CAVALRY.

Household Regiment	B	Cape Colony
5th Dragoon Guards	E	Natal
6th " "	B	Cape Frontier
1st Royal Dragoons	D	Natal
2nd Dragoons (Scots Greys)	A	Cape Colony
5th Lancers	E	Natal
6th Dragoons	B	Cape Colony
9th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
10th Hussars	B	Cape Colony
12th Lancers	A	Cape Frontier
13th Hussars	D	Natal
14th "		Natal
18th "	E	Natal
19th "	E	Natal

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

G and P Batteries, R.H.A.	A	Cape Frontier
O and R " "	B	Cape Frontier
U Battery "		Cape Colony
4th Battery, R.F.A.		Cape Colony
7th " "	D	Natal
13th " "	E	Natal
14th " "	D	Natal
18th " "	A	Cape Frontier
19th " "	D	Natal
20th " "	B	Cape Frontier
21st " "	E	Natal
28th " "	D	Natal
37th " "	B	Cape Frontier
38th " "	C	Cape Frontier
42nd " "	E	Natal
53rd " "	E	Natal
61st " "	D	Natal
62nd " "	A	Cape Frontier
63rd " "	D	Natal
64th " "	D	Natal
65th " "		Cape Colony
66th " "	D	Natal
67th " "	E	Natal
69th " "	E	Natal
73rd " "	D	Natal
74th " "	C	Cape Frontier
75th " "	A	Cape Frontier
77th " "	C	Cape Frontier
79th " "	C	Cape Colony
No. 4 Mountain Battery	D	Natal
No. 10 " "		Natal
14th Co. W. Division, R.G.A.	D	Cape Colony
23rd " " "		Kimberley
Siege Train		Cape Colony

INFANTRY.

1st Northumberland Fusiliers	A	Cape Frontier
1st Liverpool	E	Natal
1st Devonshire	E	Natal
1st Leicestershire	E	Natal
1st Gloucestershire	E	Natal
1st Border	D	Natal
1st North Lancashire*		Kimberley
2nd Berkshire	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Yorkshire L.I.	A	Cape Frontier
1st King's Royal Rifles	E	Natal
2nd " " "	E	Natal
1st Manchester	E	Natal
2nd Gordon Highlanders	E	Natal
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers	E	Natal
1st Munster Fusiliers	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers	E	Natal
2nd Rifle Brigade	E	Natal
2nd Devon	D	Natal
2nd West Yorkshire	D	Natal
2nd West Surrey	D	Natal
2nd East Surrey	D	Natal
1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers	D	Natal
2nd Royal Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Highland L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
1st Scots Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Royal Irish Rifles	C	Cape Frontier
2nd Northamptonshire	A	Cape Frontier
3rd Grenadiers	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Black Watch	A	Cape Frontier
1st Coldstream Guards	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Scottish Rifles	D	Natal
1st Argyll and Sutherland	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Seaforths	A	Cape Frontier
1st Durham Light Infantry	D	Natal
3rd King's Royal Rifles	D	Natal
1st Rifle Brigade	D	Natal
1st Welsh	B	Cape Frontier
2nd Somerset L.I.	D	Natal
2nd Northumberland Fusiliers	C	Cape Frontier
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Connaught Rangers	D	Natal
1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st Royal Scots	C	Cape Frontier
1st Gordon Highlanders	A	Cape Frontier
2nd Shropshire L.I.		Cape Frontier
2nd Cornwall L.I.	B	Cape Frontier
1st Suffolk		Cape Frontier
1st Essex	B	Cape Frontier
1st Derbyshire	D	Natal
1st Yorkshire		Cape Colony
2nd Royal Warwickshire		Cape Colony
2nd Dorsetshire	D	Natal
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers	D	Natal
1st South Lancashire	D	Natal
2nd Royal Lancaster		Natal
2nd Middlesex		Natal
1st York and Lancaster		Natal
1st Royal Irish		Natal
2nd Wiltshire		Natal
2nd Bedfordshire		Natal
2nd Worcestershire		Natal

NOTE.—The units are thus distinguished: A denotes those under General Methuen operating on the Western Frontier; B, troops on line of communication from Cape Town, and those who under General French are holding the railway systems whose termini are Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London; C, those under General Gatacre's command in the North-Eastern Province; D, those troops in Natal who under Sir Redvers Buller are operating for the relief of Ladysmith; E, those beleaguered in Ladysmith under the command of Sir George White.

The regiments leaving or *en route* are: Cavalry — 16th Lancers (from India), 7th Dragoon Guards, and 17th Lancers. Artillery—R.H.A., A and J (from India), and Q and T Batteries; R.F.A., 43rd, 86th, 87th, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 76th, 81st, and 82nd Batteries; 15th Co. W. Division, 2nd Co. E. Division, and 20th and 16th Cos. S. Division, R.G.A.; Infantry—2nd East Kent, 1st West Riding, 1st Oxford L.I., 2nd Gloucester, 2nd Lincoln, 2nd Norfolk, 1st Scottish Borderers, 1st East Lancashire, 2nd Cheshire, 2nd Hampshire, 2nd South Wales Borderers, 2nd North Staffordshire, 1st Lincoln, 2nd East Yorkshire, 3rd Durham L.I., 3rd S. Lancashire, and City of London Imperial Volunteers.

* Left half battalion with Methuen.

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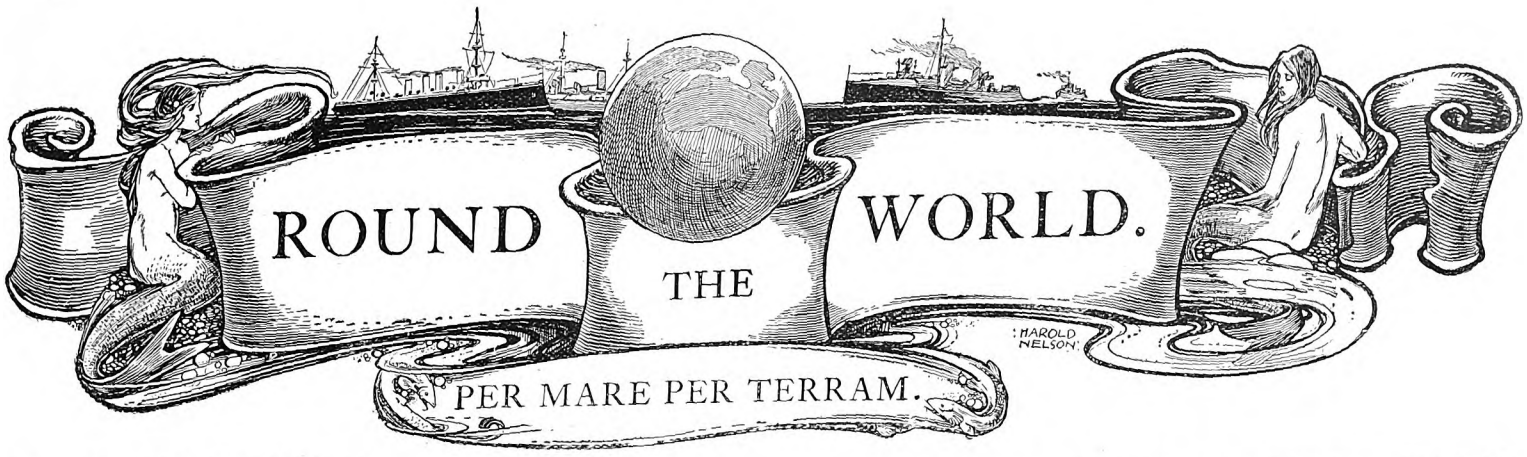


"Mother, be proud of thy seed! Count, are we feeble or few?"

WHATEVER the upshot of the war may be, it has demonstrated one thing most emphatically, and that is the solidarity of the Empire. The aid so willingly and ungrudgingly given by Canada and Australasia proves to an envious world "that Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall." Our picture shows the commandants of the six colonies of the Australian continent in deliberation, arranging for the mobilisation and despatch of their separate contingents. In the hands of these officers has lain the selection and choosing of the troops that each colony has contributed, and that the task entrusted to them has been well fulfilled is fully proved by the universal praise given to the Australasian contingent. They have nobly helped the Empire in its hour of need, and the Empire will not forget it.

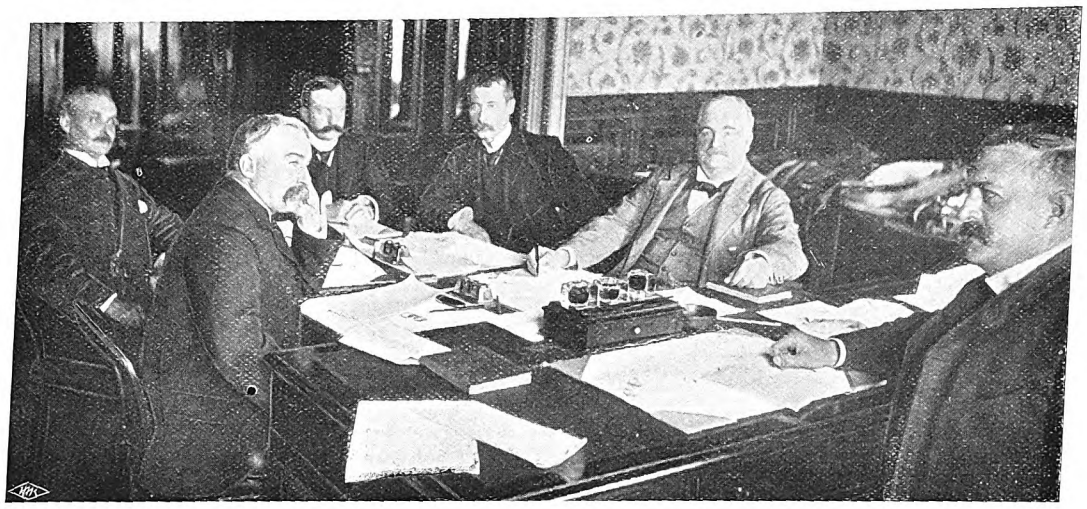
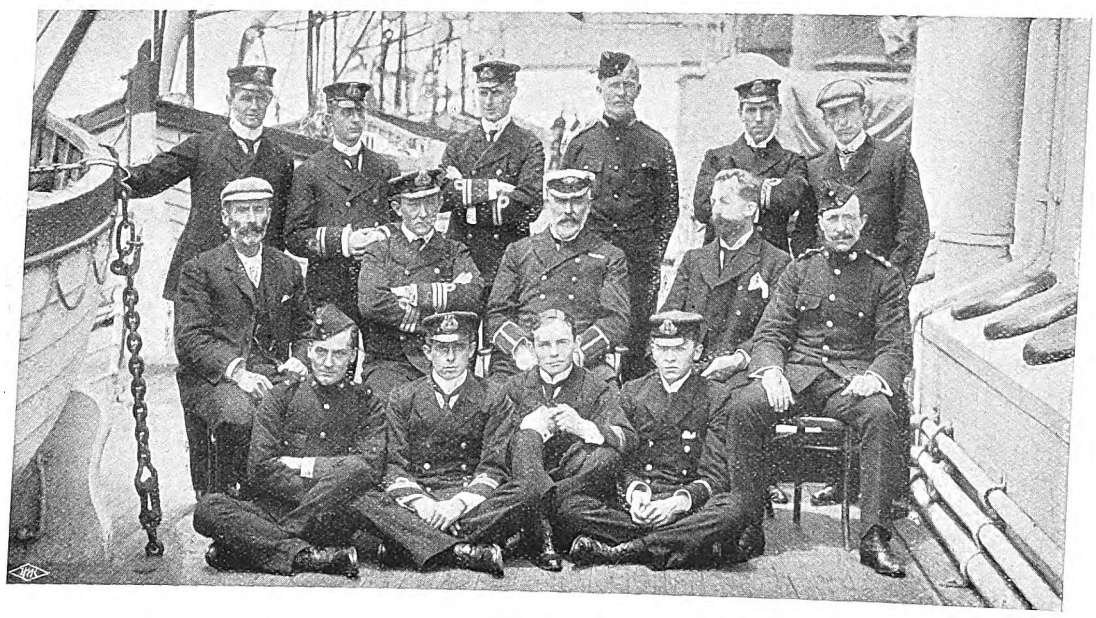


Photo. Copyright. THE AUSTRALASIAN WAR CABINET. *R. Bishop.*

The Commandants of the Colonial Forces of the Six Australian Colonies.

Col. Stuart, S. Australia. Major-Gen. French, N.S. Wales. Col. Chippindall, W. Australia. Col. Legge, Tasmania, Major-Gen. Gunter, Queensland. Major-Gen. Sir C. H. Smith, Victoria.

THE group here depicted is of those officers of the Navy and Marines who took passage out to South Africa in the Union Liner "Briton" to fill the gaps already created in the Naval personnel on the station. The whole detachment was under the command of Commander Dundas, R.N., who is now attached to the "Monarch," and is in charge of the hulk "Penelope," in which the Boer prisoners at Cape Town are quartered. He is the officer seated to the right of the officer in the centre of the group. This latter is Captain Griffin, the captain of the "Briton" and commodore of the Union Fleet. Captain Griffin is a retired commander of the Royal Naval Reserve, and wears the Egyptian medal and star for service during the Egyptian War. The contingent which the "Briton" took out comprised 100 Marines and 250 Bluejackets.



A USEFUL REINFORCEMENT.

Officers of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines En Route for South Africa.

Photos. Copyright. SONS OF NEPTUNE. *"Navy & Army."*

The Dramatic Company of the "Polyphemus."

THAT little low-freeboard ram the "Polyphemus" has not only the distinction of being an unique type in the Navy, but also that of possessing, perhaps, the best amateur dramatic company on the Mediterranean station. Their last play, "Captain Reece of H.M.S. 'Mantelpiece,'" has taken the theatre-goers of Gibraltar by storm. And no wonder, for could there be a more exciting moment than when the boatswain has just been ordered by Captain Mantelpiece to pipe "All Hands to Skylark," the order comes for the ship to proceed to sea immediately, her destination being "Pretoria." Immense enthusiasm prevails, and of course Neptune visits

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Photo. Copyright. HEROES OF MAFEKING. *Tricker.*
Captain Cowan and a Lieutenant of "B. P.'s" Colonials.

them as they cross the line. The little "middie," however, is saved the ordeal of the bath and razor, but he has to sing a song before either Amphitrite, who has begged him off, or the audience will let him go.

WHATEVER reverses may have been met with in the South African Campaign, whatever faults of administration or generalship may have retarded its success, one episode in it will stand out as typical of what the men of the Empire can do when the call comes, and this is the defence of Mafeking. In this defence Captain Cowan has taken an active part, and his services have earned for him special commendation. Two very typical representatives are those in our illustration of a soldiery such as no other country in the world can produce—men trained to arms and born horsemen, with pluck and grit ingrained in them, in short, ideal "irregulars."

THE new Sirdar who has so worthily won his way to the position lately held by Lord Kitchener may well be proud of the two winsome little laddies whose portraits are here given. Evidently they intend following in their sire's footsteps, for both are already faultlessly equipped as English officers in the Egyptian Army, wearing, be it noted, the medal ribbons for the long and arduous campaign in which their father was Kitchener's right-hand man. Time flies quickly, and soon we may see their names on the Army List with the sign attached that denotes "seconded for service with the Egyptian Army." Like their father, they too will be doing good work for the Empire.

Photo. Copyright. THE SOLDIER'S BISHOP. *Gregory.*
The Late Rev. Arthur Robins.

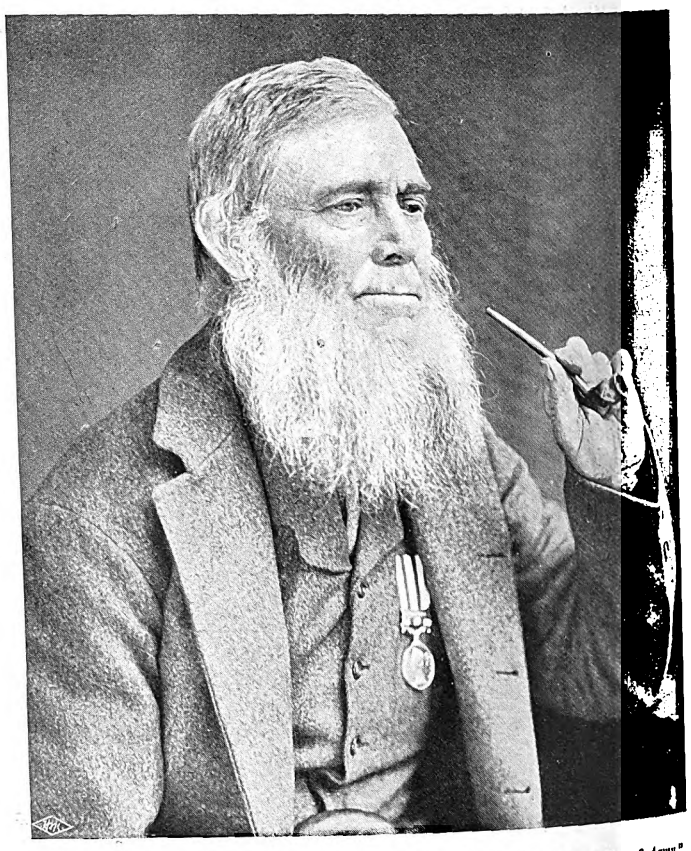

Photo. Copyright. A VETERAN OF PEEL'S NAVAL BRIGADE. *"Navy & Army."*
Seaman Harrington, who Helped to Relieve Lucknow.

Photo. Copyright. CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK. *G. Lekegian & Co.*
Sons of Sir F. R. Wingate, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army.

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MANY a heart will ache and many an eye grow dim when the Guards in South Africa hear that the Rev. Arthur Robins has gone to his reward. For, in truth, the vicar of Holy Trinity, Windsor, had gained the love of the whole Household Brigade. Bright, cheery, earnest withal, and full of energy and enthusiasm, he was an ideal "soldier's parson." Windsor will miss him; but the Guards will mourn him even more than the town of which he was so prominent a citizen.

NAVAL Brigades are to-day, as they have been throughout our history, doing good work when there is fighting on hand. The aim of all Naval Brigades since the fifties has been to surpass the doings of the "Shannon's" and "Pearl's" men in the Mutiny. Our portrait is that of one of Peel's men, who took the big guns to aid Lucknow, as the inheritors of his record are to-day taking them to aid Kimberley and Ladysmith. Harrington's sons are doing their bit for the Empire, like their father did before them. One is a sergeant of Engineers at Ladysmith; another is an A.B. in the flag-ship on the North American station; a third, formerly in the Rifle Brigade, is now a sergeant in the Rhodesian Police; a fourth is also in South Africa, a seaman in the "Doris," the flag-ship at the Cape.

TRULY a strange coincidence, for the eight lads in our group were all schoolmates together in their native place, a little village near Eastbourne. All joined the Navy, and naturally separated from one another at the uttermost ends of the earth for several years. Now, curiously enough, all have been appointed to the "Canopus," just commissioned for the Mediterranean, and what is more strange, all, by a similar coincidence, have been told off to the same mess.

IN the Indian Ocean, about eighteen miles south of Java, lies a little bit of earth, known as Christmas Island, about twelve miles long by seven broad. Of course, the ubiquitous Britisher—a Scotchman in this case—has taken charge, and in the picturesque bungalow and compound here depicted Mr. Andrew Clunie Ross has taken up his abode. With him are some fifty Malays and aborigines of sorts, and with the exception of perhaps an occasional visit from a passing war-ship, he but seldom sees a white face. Mr. Ross's life at Christmas Island is but one more proof of how true to nature Kipling was when he wrote

"Never was isle so little,
Never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm trees
An English flag is flown."

WHEN the tocsin of war sounded, the two battalions of the Sherwood Foresters (territorially the Derbyshire Regiment) were, the 1st at Malta, the 2nd at Aden. To-day the 1st is luxuriating on the Tugela, or somewhere near it, while the 2nd has exchanged the arid rocks of Aden for the delightful winter climate of Malta. But before the 1st left for Natal the 2nd had arrived at Malta, and so the old 45th Nottinghamshire and 95th Derbyshire Regiments of Foot found themselves together for the first time since they were linked in 1881. It is seldom—except in war time—that two battalions of the same regiment find themselves quartered in the same station, and when such an occasion occurs it is celebrated, and the Foresters were not backward in this respect. One phase of their celebration is shown in our illustration, where the men of the two battalions supped together in the barracks at St. Elmo. That the meeting cemented many friendships goes without saying, and the lads at Malta of the 2nd are following with interest the fortunes of their comrades of the 1st, who are to-day confronting the Boers.

Photo. Copyright. COMRADES IN ARMS. *Russell & Sons.*
An Unique Group of School Chums who have Met Together in the Same Ship.

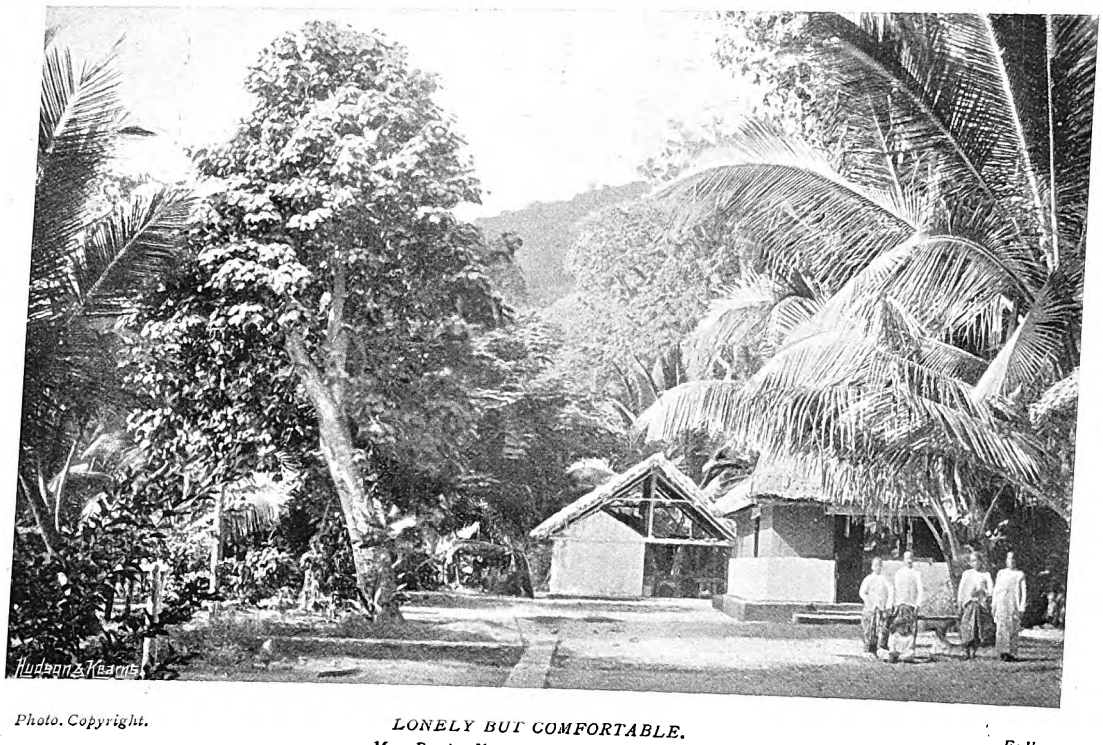

Photo. Copyright. LONELY BUT COMFORTABLE. *Fuller.*
Mr. Ross's Home on Christmas Island.

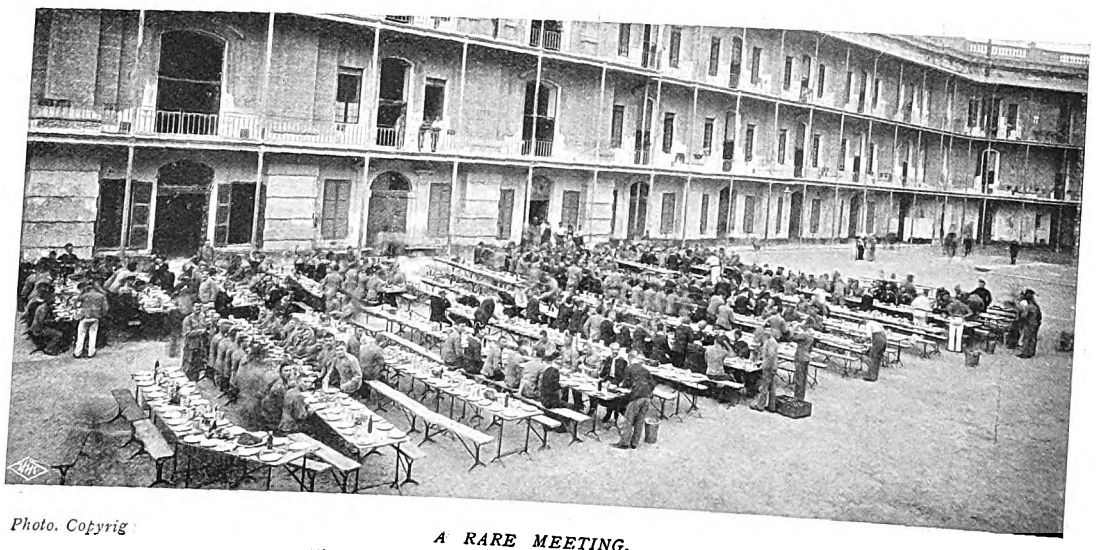

Photo. Copyrig A RARE MEETING. *R. Ellis.*
The Two Battalions of the Sherwood Foresters at Malta.

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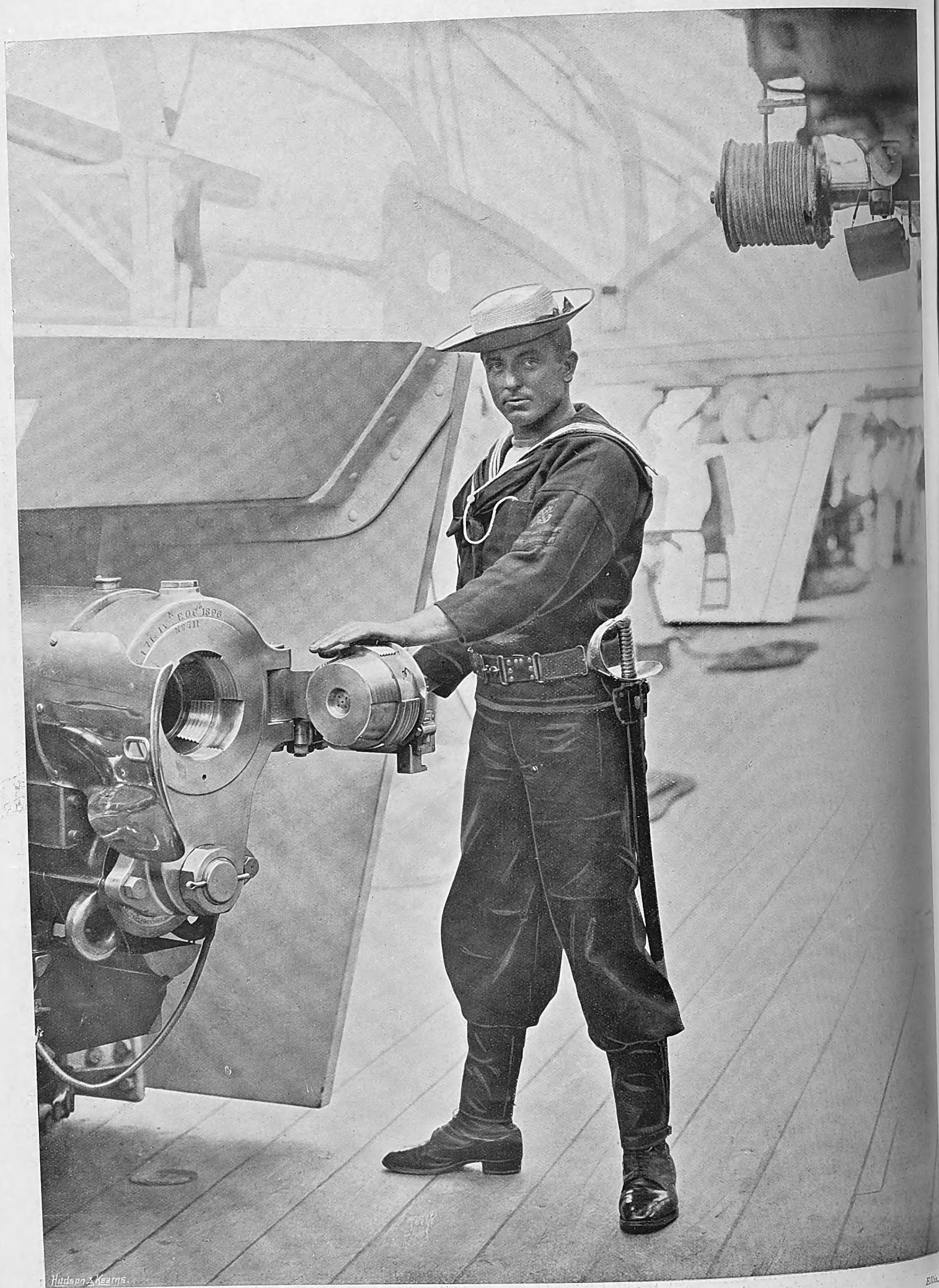

Photo. Copyright.

"AT THE BREECH OF THE FOUR-POINT-SEVEN."

The guns that are now doing such good work at the front, thanks to the ingenuity of Captain Scott, have a range with cordite powder of 9,800-yds. The shells that burst in the Boer trenches have a bursting charge of 4-lb. 8-oz. of lyddite, with, as an explosive, 4½-oz. of picric powder.

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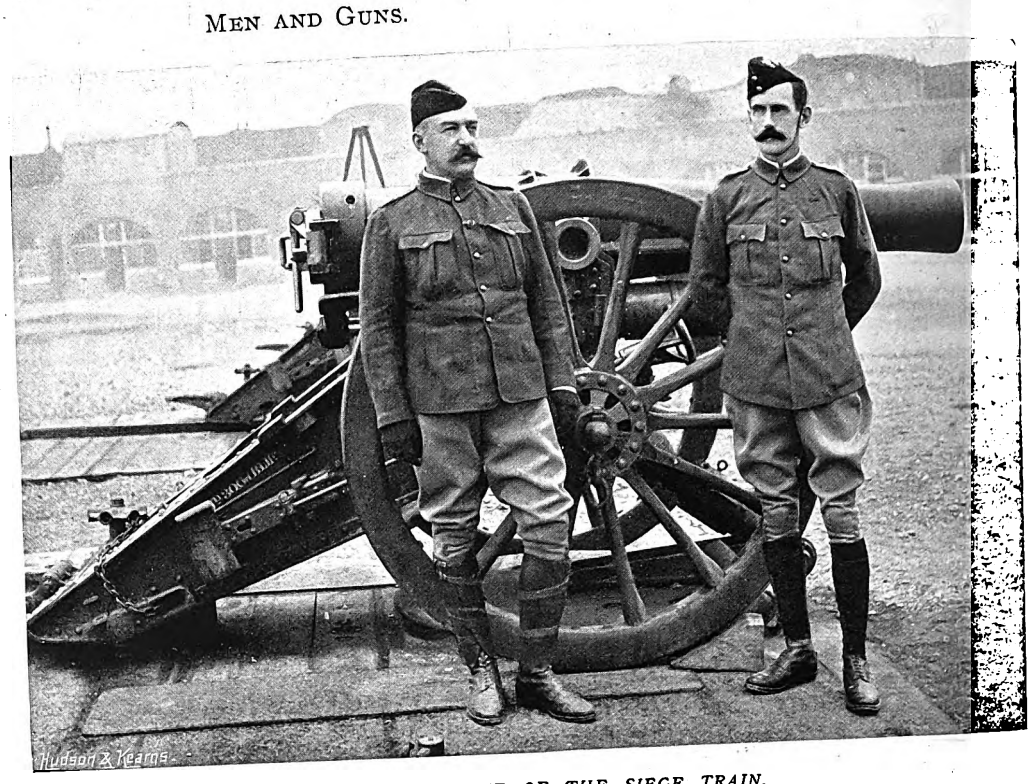
The Second Boer War.

Men and Guns.

DURING the first phase of the war in South Africa there was hardly any aspect of the operations which caused warmer comment than the inability of our field artillery to cope with the long-range siege guns brought against us by the enemy at Lombard's Kop and elsewhere. Time after time the finest gunners in the world had to retire, simply because their weapons were outclassed by those of the Boers, and it was only by borrowing Naval guns that we were enabled to hold our own. Putting aside the question of field operations, it was clear that an enemy who possessed, and could use to excellent advantage, artillery of such power would not permit their strongly fortified capital to be reduced by ordinary field guns, and that Pretoria would eventually have to be attacked by as heavy and effective ordnance as we could bring against it.

Hence the despatch in the "Tantallon Castle," which arrived recently at Cape Town, of the siege train illustrated in the accompanying pictures. The commanding officer of this important unit, Lieutenant-Colonel T. Perrott, is a chief instructor at the Woolwich School of Gunnery, and his adjutant, Captain Currie, is also a member of the Gunnery Instruction Staff. We may be pretty sure, then, that in the scientific use of these mighty popguns there will be nothing wanting which knowledge and experience can devise. It will be noted that Major-General Stewart, commanding the Royal Artillery in the Southern District, is a prominent figure in the group of officers of the siege train on board the "Tantallon Castle." It would be difficult to find a more appropriate "centre-piece" for such a group, for General Stewart, besides being one of the soundest soldiers in the Army, is also a leading scientific gunner, and added largely to an already brilliant reputation by his tenure of the command of the School of Gunnery at Shoeburyness.



THE STAFF OF THE SIEGE TRAIN.
Colonel Perrott, Commanding, and Captain Currie, Adjutant.

Photos. Copyright. *REHEARSING THE SIEGE OF PRETORIA.* *Crik.*
A Howitzer Battery Ready to Open Fire.

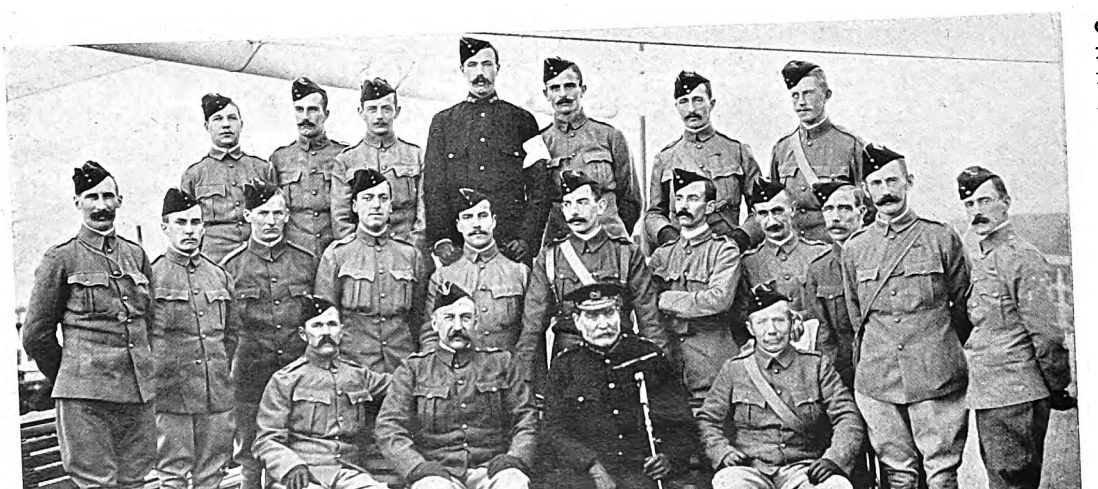


Photo. Copyright. *THE DEPARTURE OF THE SIEGE TRAIN.* *Gregory.*
Farewell Group of Officers, with General Stewart, on Board the "Tantallon Castle."

The siege train which will eventually come into operation round Pretoria will number in all no fewer than thirty guns, all howitzers, fourteen of 6-in. calibre, eight of 5-in., and eight of 4-in., the force composing the train numbering thirty-two officers and 1,104 non-commissioned officers and men. The howitzer, as is now pretty generally known, is a short gun, fired at a very high angle of elevation. —in the picture of the battery at work some guns are shown ready for high-angle firing—and with a very heavy projectile. Even the 5-in. howitzer, which has been supplied to some of the Field Batteries usually armed with 15-pounders, throws a shell weighing nearly 50-lb.

The howitzers illustrated are of 6-in. calibre, and are breech-loading pieces, 30-cwt. in weight, and 94-in. in length. They can be fired from the travelling carriage at an elevation of 35-deg., and if the wheels of the carriage are removed and a bed formed, the elevation can be

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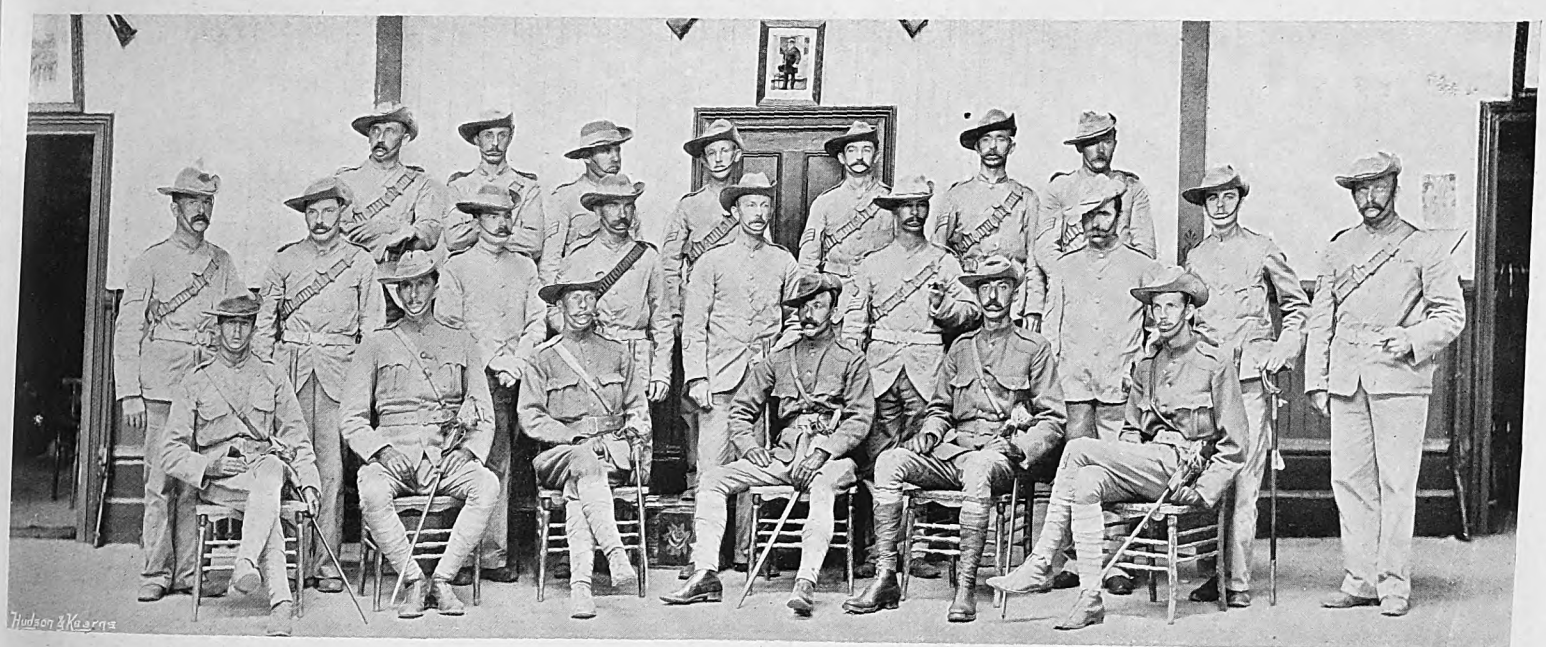
increased to 70-deg. The projectile is a lyddite shell weighing nearly 120-lb.

Singular interest is attached to the picture of the New Zealand Contingent on the point of starting to join the Imperial Forces in South Africa. Many of these fine fellows had to travel 300 or 400 miles to the rendezvous at Wellington, and the contingent is in every way a most carefully selected one. The men mostly belong to the young farmer class, and it was a stern condition of their enrolment that they should be between the ages of twenty-three and forty and unmarried. The commanding officer is Major Robin, who came to this country with the Jubilee Contingent.

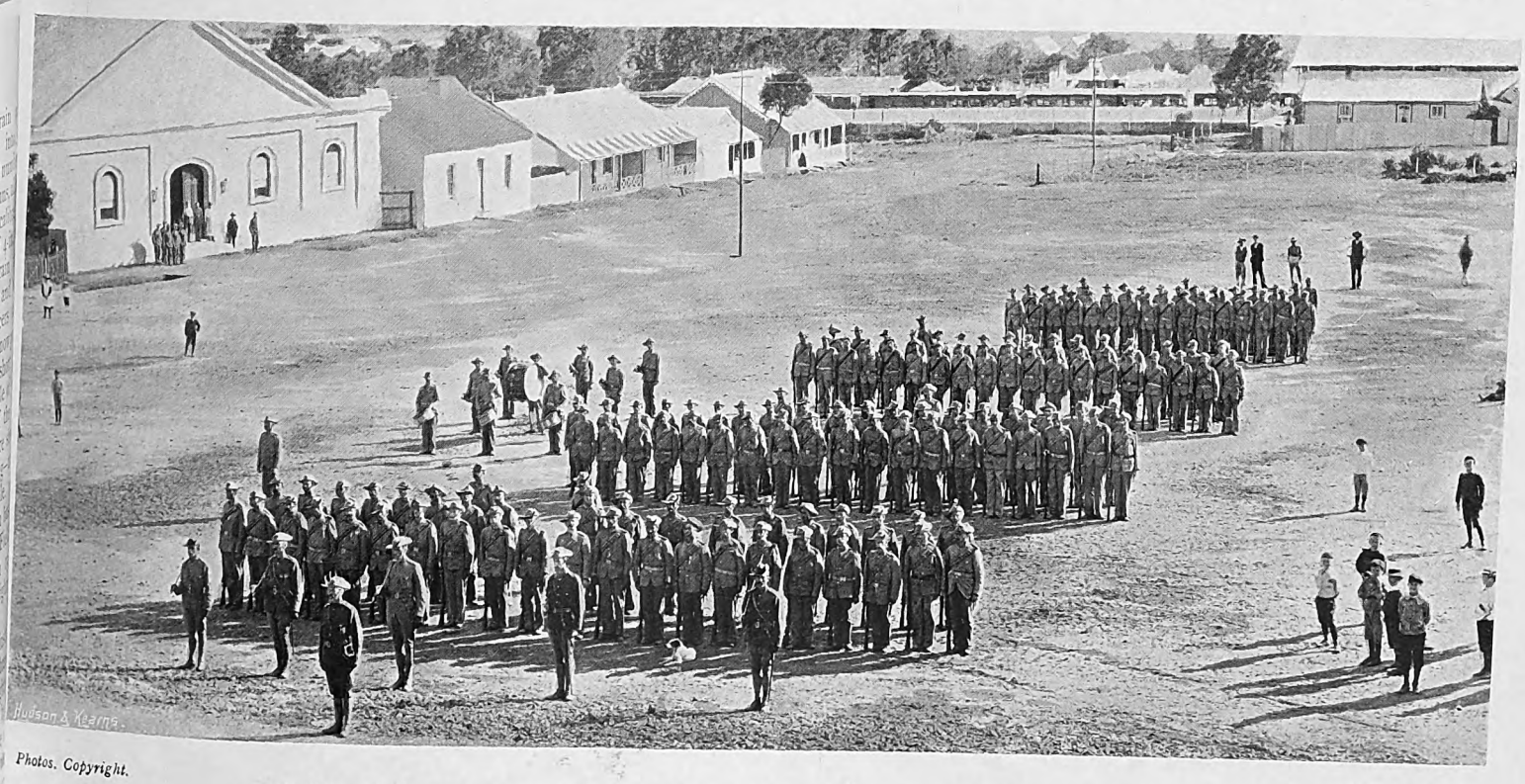
The Uitenhage Volunteers here illustrated are described by the correspondent who sends the pictures as "Engineer Rifles"; whatever they are, their smartness is undeniable. Uitenhage lies near Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.

The corps left Uitenhage for the front on the 4th ult.

Photo. Copyright. GOOD-BYE TO THE NEW ZEALANDERS. *Hughes.*
The Contingent Saluting as the National Anthem is Played.



THE UITENHAGE VOLUNTEERS—OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s OF THIS CORPS, WHICH IS NOW AT THE FRONT.



Photos. Copyright. SMALL BUT SELECT—THE UITENHAGE VOLUNTEERS ON PARADE. *"Navy & Army."*

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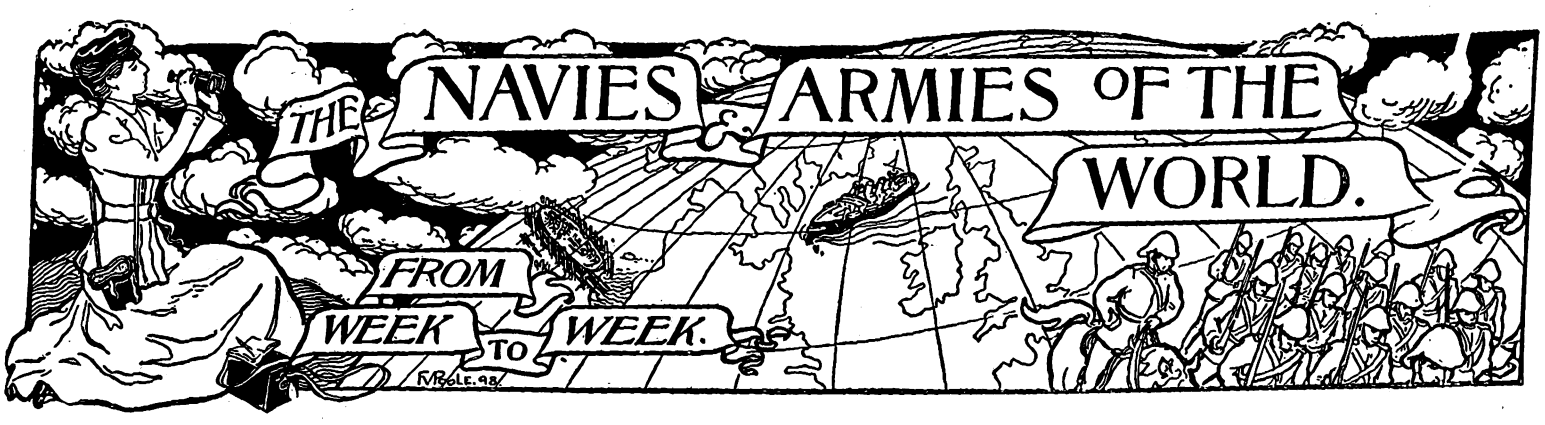

NATIONAL habits alter either not at all or very slowly, and perhaps that is why the papers have been so full of soldiers' letters from the front. The Duke of Wellington had to complain of the way in which letters written by the croakers among the officers in his army (who were a numerous body till Massena retreated from before Torres Vedras) were published in England. Nowadays the officer has learnt better than to write home half mutinous stuff, or, at any rate, to send it to correspondents who are likely to tell it to all the world. But the evil goes on in another form. It is probable that a majority of Wellington's soldiers could neither read nor write. To-day the spread of education has filled the ranks with men who handle a lively pen, and their relatives or friends have clearly no hesitation in taking their letters to papers, which put them in freely. The result is bad. Much has been published about the fight on the Modder and the battle of Magersfontein which had better not have been written. This is particularly true about the second of these affairs, for obvious reasons. I am not going to quote any of them, nor even to say where they are to be found. It is nearly as bad to spread as to begin mischief. One may protest against the appearance of what are very serious accusations against generals made by nameless soldiers in the ranks. They can only spread a very bad spirit. And there is something monstrous in the repetition of one particular story, which professes to give the last words of General Wauchope. The discipline of the British Army would be what all our continental enemies assert that it is, if an officer of his rank, in the heat of action, could appeal to his men against his superior.

* * * *

The censorship of the Press becomes a farce if this sort of thing is allowed. What more welcome or more useful piece of information could be conveyed to the enemy than that British officers and soldiers have a contempt for their superiors. It is easy to allege arguments in favour of publicity. Everybody can point out that harm and not good is done in the long run by skinning over scandals and allowing them to fester unremedied. But there are ways *and* ways of making enquiries and getting at the truth. In military affairs the right way is that the superiors should take the enquiry in hand in an orderly fashion and at the proper time. If they fail, that is serious indeed, for it shows a widespread weakness and unwillingness to do their duty among the very men whose business it is to maintain the standard of discipline. Very stern measures must be taken by the State in the face of such an evil, if its army is not to become rotten. But it is another thing that subordinate officers and privates should spread grievous accusations of incompetence and insubordination. There is truth in the doctrine that mere slavish obedience is bad. When Frederick the Great said that it was not the business of a Prussian soldier to think, he was laying down a rule which is capable of disastrous application, as every rule must be when it is stupidly applied and pushed to what people call its logical conclusion. Yet the doctrine (if one can give it the name) that the soldier is not only to think, but to express his thoughts, and act on them, is subversive of all discipline. Whatever men may have thought of the management which led to the disaster to the Highland Brigade, they outrage military discipline when they shout it to the world. All who help them to do so are indecently employed.

* * * *

There are ugly things which it is well to repeat. Among them I count the reports of scandals which have taken place at the embarkation of some of our troops. One knows without need of many words what they come from. They always start from the same old grovelling trick of drunkenness which is the vice of the Northern races, and also of the lower kinds of negroes. Some of the scenes (not all) to which this has given rise have been reported, and have been made the subject of comment in foreign papers. Properly managed, there need be no harm in this. It is only by creating a public opinion against conduct of this nature in and out of the Army that it can be stopped. In order that this opinion should be fostered the facts must be known. Therefore publicity is good, and foreign comment is not useless. There was a certain article written the other day by M. Paul de Cassagnac which might be read with good effect at the head of every company in some regiments it is not necessary to name. It is self-righteous enough, and the author might have remembered scenes which took place at the camp of Chalons in 1870. But we know what the makers of those were worth when it came to fighting, and the lesson is sound in spite of the teacher's oversights. He must be a worthless Englishman who does not smart to think that we have given the foreigner just occasion to say such things.

* * * *

On the whole, if the Australians want to have a little Navy of their own, as from the statement of Commander Collins it appears they do, why should they not? We do not make a point of insisting that the military forces they raise should not be their own. When they send them to fight by the side of our own troops in South Africa no objection is made, and they do very good service. Suppose now that Australia has a Naval force which is as efficient as her military, that she is willing to send it where it is wanted, and that it is put under British admirals, would any difficulties ensue? Observe, that whatever help we get by land or sea from the colonies must be given freely. Nobody supposes that we would endeavour to coerce Canada or Australia to remain parts of the Empire. They remain in it because affection and an enlightened sense of self-interest induce them to remain. Therefore, it would seem that all had better be left to their own choice. Again, there is this to be taken into account. Australia is very willing to remain part of the Empire, but she also wishes to possess all the organs of a fully-developed State, of which a Navy is one. It is a matter of pride with her, and since this is the case, the reasonable course would seem to be to let her have her own way. The argument that a special Navy told off for the service of Australia would not be of general use is not necessarily a good one. It is only valid on the supposition that the Australians will insist on keeping their vessels tied to their own coast when they might be better employed elsewhere. But if that were their state of mind they would assuredly make the fact that they contributed, say a million yearly, to the cost of the Fleet a ground for insisting, under threat of refusing to pay their quota, that some of the vessels of the Royal Navy should be tied to the coast of Australia. On the other hand, if they have ships of their own, we shall be all the more free to withdraw our squadron. We might even, when the colonial Navy was fully equipped, suppress it altogether, and add the same number of vessels to the China or any other station.

* * * *

The great argument against forming a colonial Navy is one which, for intelligible reasons, nobody cares to put forward very conspicuously. It is the doubt whether it would be an effective force when made. The conditions which tend to make a good Navy do not necessarily exist in Australia—that is, the seafaring population and the long-established habits of obedience to authority. Without them ships and guns may easily be got; but these are the weapons of a navy—they are not a navy. In the absence of these conditions, and while Australia feels the need of protection at sea which only the Royal Navy can give, the alternative is that she should contribute money, leaving the whole power of control of it to the Imperial Government. There would be a certain convenience in that, no doubt, but how long it would last with taxpayers of British descent is perhaps a question. It is not an imaginary risk that the colonists would insist on control going with contribution, that is, they would ask not only to have a say in the disposing of the Fleet, but in deciding whether war was to be made for this reason or for the other. It is by no means certain that Australia would be prepared to go to war to keep Russia out of Constantinople or France out of Morocco, and yet we might feel constrained to fight on those quarrels.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JANUARY 21, 1759.—Sortie from Madras. During the siege of Madras by the French, under Lally, several sorties were made, one of the most daring being on this date. 1781.—Carrangooly stormed. Sir Eyre Coote carried this fortress of Hyder Ali by storm. 1819.—Action near Omeerkau, India. Captain St. Leger defeated Nowsajee Naik. 1826.—Reverse at Accra. About 1,000 troops, under Sir Charles McCarthy, defeated by the Ashantis. Sir Charles was killed and his skull preserved by the enemy as a trophy. 1879.—Colonel Pearson defeated the Zulus and advanced to Ekowe. 1881.—Sir George Colley advanced against the Boers with the Natal Field Force.

January 22, 1760.—Battle of Wandewash. Sir Eyre Coote gained a decisive victory over the French under Lally. 1879.—Disaster at Isandhlwana. The British camp surprised and attacked by about 15,000 Zulus. Five companies of the 24th Regiment and several natives killed. Total loss, 837. Lieutenants Melville and Coghill perished while saving the colours. On the same day an heroic defence was made with a handful of men at Rorke's Drift by Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead. Both these officers received the Victoria Cross.

January 23, 1597.—Action at Turnhout, near Antwerp. A strong body of English infantry, under Sir F. Vere, and about 100 horse, under Sir Robert Sydney, with Flemish troops, led by Prince Maurice of Nassau, utterly defeated the Spaniards, 3,000 of whom were taken prisoners.

January 24, 1759.—Capture of Guadeloupe. A force under Major-General Hopson landed at Basse Terre, and the final post held by the French was carried by the 3rd Regiment. 1762.—Assault of Morne Tortenson, Martinique. General Monckton drove the French from their position on this fortified height, and planted the British flag there. 1817.—Pindarees routed. Captain Caulfield with a squadron of native cavalry encountered a large body of Pindarees proceeding toward Cowreeah on their route to the country about Rainpoor. The enemy lost about 400, and plunder to the value of 6,000 rupees was taken.

January 25, 1759.—Sortie from Madras. One of the most successful sorties during the siege of the city by Lally. Captain Black, who commanded, was wounded. 1818.—Pindarees routed. A strong body of these brigands was attacked by Colonel Heath at Kurroad, Deccan, and was completely routed. 1838.—The Thakoor of Goora having plundered the village of Kehrana, in Shekawuttee, Major Forster stormed the stronghold of the chief in Toorwuttee, and the garrison was utterly dispersed.

January 26, 1793.—Action at Ghurry Ghauts. The advance of General Mathews from the Malabar Coast was constantly disputed, and at this point he met with stubborn opposition. The enemy's position was carried at the point of the bayonet by the Black Watch, aided by a battalion of Sepoys. 1885.—General Gordon killed at Khartoum. 1897.—Defeat of the Fulahs at Bida by the Niger Company's forces.

January 27, 1762.—Capture of Morne Garnier, Martinique. Morne Tortenson having been taken on January 24, this second height was successfully stormed by General Monckton, and the guns taken were turned by the victorious party against Fort Royal. 1783.—Assault of Hyderghur, Malabar. After a day's fighting General Mathews carried this fortress by assault.

JANUARY 21, 1807.—Chase and capture, off Caraccas, of the French "Lynx," 16-gun brig, by the boats of the "Galatea." 1810.—Taking of a French vessel and destruction of two shore batteries, at Baie Mahaut, Guadeloupe, by the boats of the "Freija," 36. 1837.—Admiral Sir H. Fairfax, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, born.

January 22, 1783.—French "Sybille," 36, taken by the "Hussar," after having been engaged by the "Magicienne," 36. 1805.—Uniform for medical officers in the Navy established. 1809.—French "Topaze," 40, taken by the "Cleopatra," 32, aided by the "Jason," 38, and "Hazard," 18. 1898.—Albert Medal presented to Stoker Lynch, of the "Thrasher." 1838.—Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, born.

January 23, 1761.—Recapture of the "Warwick," 60—arrived *en flute* —by the "Minerva," 32. 1798.—French "Volage," 22, taken by the "Melampus," 36—prize became the first "Volage." 1801.—Spanish garda costa "Sta. Maria," 6, taken by Lieutenant M. Fitton, who with a handful of men swam to and boarded her.

January 24, 1708.—Death of Admiral Sir George Rooke. 1761.—French "Félicité," 32, taken and destroyed by the "Richmond," 32, off the Hague. 1837.—Admiral Sir R. E. Tracey, K.C.B., President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, born.

January 25, 1782.—Sir S. Hood outmanœuvred and checked De Grasse, off Basse Terre, St. Kitts. 1841.—Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, born. 1887. —Naval Intelligence Department instituted.

January 26, 1782.—Sir S. Hood, at Basse Terre, twice attacked by De Grasse, and the French badly beaten off. 1841.—Hong Kong taken.

January 27, 1695.—French "Content," 60, and "Trident," 54, taken by Commodore James Killigrew's squadron. 1807.—Recapture of the "Favourite," 20, off the coast of Guiana, by the "Jason," 32.

On Guard.

By LIEUTENANT D. DALLAS.

"Adieu be vigilant, I beseech you."—SHAKESPEARE.

OF the various duties which a soldier is called upon to perform, the most important are his duties on guard. The responsibilities of a sentry are so great that it is difficult to overestimate them. On his vigilance may depend the fate of a garrison or the safety of an army; and although the ordinary individual may fail to see the necessity for a soldier armed *cap-à-pie* marching up and down all night inside a barrack gate which is kept securely locked, the necessity exists, for, apart from other considerations, it habituates the man to that alert watchfulness so essential in the field. For this reason any dereliction of duty on guard meets with severe punishment, and probably for this reason also the function of guard-mounting is attended with a good deal of ceremony, and, whenever practicable, is still associated with that picturesque side of soldiering which in these utilitarian days is gradually passing away.

Most sojourners in London have seen the guard changed at St. James's Palace or the Horse Guards, but comparatively few, I suppose, give a thought to the fact that the same daily routine is gone through—though shorn of much of its pomp and circumstance—not only in every garrison in these islands, but everywhere on the face of the globe where there are a handful of British soldiers; and not on land only, for one of the first things done when soldiers embark in a troop-ship is to detail a guard, and the daily relief is carried out with as much of the ceremony thereunto pertaining as Father Neptune and the state of the men's stomachs will permit.

In many stations during a portion of the year trooping the guard is carried out weekly, and is a very pretty spectacle. It is said to have originated with the Duke of York as a means of testing the sobriety of the officers for duty, and certainly it would be difficult to devise anything more likely to "give away" an unfortunate "sub." who had dined not wisely but too well on the previous night. The different "guards" being drawn up in line, each commander, having received the counter-sign for the day, placed himself about 50-yds. in front of his guard, and with his arms at the "recover" marched in slow time to the right of his command. Let any reader try this after a champagne supper, and he will appreciate the humour of the famous general who is credited with having marched his men up a great high hill and marched them down again.

In the ethics of the ranks the first and greatest of crimes is theft from a comrade. Next to this in heinousness is "putting another man in for duty," especially if that duty be a guard; and a soldier must be very ill indeed who reports sick on the morning he is for duty. The explanation of this fact is a somewhat curious one, and illustrates how difficult it is for people outside the Service to form an accurate judgment of what sometimes look like eccentricities on Tommy's part. The reason is this. It is a point of honour for a soldier to turn out for a guard-mounting parade in a condition absolutely immaculate. While it is always more or less disgraceful to be found fault with at any inspection, to be checked by the adjutant when parading for guard is considered not only a disgrace to the man himself but discreditable to the company to which he belongs. Hence in many regiments the man's comrades mark their sense of his conduct by the rough-and-ready punishment of the barrack-room court-martial. Of course getting ready for guard means hard work for the greater part of the previous day, but when a man warned for guard absents himself or reports sick in the morning, the next man for duty is "taken short," being given no opportunity for that extra amount of cleaning without which he cannot hope to pass with credit. Therefore is his shame great, but that of the man who put him in for it unpardonable.

Many barrack-room jokes are told at the expense of sentries. Some of these would hardly pass muster as likely to happen were it not that the narrator invariably shelters himself by placing them to the credit of the Militia, thereby adding to the numerous grievances under which that force labours.

The following is racy of the Emerald soil, and, having in mind the "divilment" prevalent for the last day or two of the trainings of some Militia battalions, it may be assumed that the sentry was more rogue than fool:

General commanding the district to sentry on the gate, who has allowed him to pass without saluting: "Well, my man! what the devil do you think you are here for?"

Sentry, dimly conscious that someone great in authority

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is addressing him, pulling himself to attention and leisurely shouldering arms: "Sure, sor, oi'm a bit av a sintry."

"Oh! you are, are you? Then I may tell you that I'm a bit of a general."

"Thin" (doubtfully) "oi s'pose oi'd betther giv' yez a bit av a presint"—brings his rifle to the first motion of the present and keeps it there.

"Well! well! Why do you remain like that? What are you waiting for?"

Sentry, with that aggravating look of wondering innocence only to be met with in the Irishmen of the South-west: "Sure, yer aner, oi was waitin' for the word 'two.'"

Of course a sentry should never under any circumstances let his rifle out of his hand, but occasionally this stringent rule is honoured in the breach. A certain guard in a South Coast town, being in an exposed position, was in the winter very cold, and although the men were provided with heavy watch-cloaks to wear over their great-coats, the weather was sometimes so inclement that the only way the sentries could manage to keep up the circulation was to place their rifles in the sentry-box and trot up and down. One dark bleak night old Bill Jenkins, the sentry on "No. 3 post," was doing a steady double up and down his beat, when he was surprised by the field officer on "grand rounds," who had to pass the post on his way to take the guard. Old Bill's blood ran cold, for the mounted officer was almost beside him, the sentry-box was 40-yds. away, and comfortably ensconced in the corner of it lay his rifle. True, the night was dark, but it was not so dark that he could hope for the absence of his rifle to pass unnoticed. His heart was in his mouth, for his punishment would be stiff—the forfeiture of a badge at least. He threw one glance at the box and another at the approaching officer, and then something else caught his eye. Lying just at his feet was a pile of iron crow-bars. To bend down and seize one was the work of an instant, and if his weapon was not all it should have been, the aggressiveness of his challenge and the darkness of the night stood him in good stead, and his badge was saved.

"Never mind my dear, I dare say I'll do as well."

Sometimes when a guard is being paraded there is some manœuvring on the part of the men as to position in falling in, with the object of securing a particular post. When the sergeant is telling off his guard he can select the men for posts as he chooses; but the usual practice is simply to reverse the numbering, *i.e.*, if the relieved guard numbered from the right he would number from the left, and *vice versâ*.

In this connection the writer recalls an amusing incident. The much-desired post was the admiral's quarters, and the immediate reason the existence of a pretty maid-servant. Tom Smith, of B Company, had basked in her smiles, and whenever good fortune and the orderly sergeant had put him on that guard, he had, when the shades of night had fallen, been regaled with a little supper. The lady was not niggardly of her smiles, however, nor of the admiral's property in the way of cold meat, and Jim Thompson, of D Company, had had his fair share of both. Things had gone on all right, for the girl was circumspect, and the two men had never mounted the guard together. Now each had dropped her a line intimating that he was for guard, and would try to be on sentry from ten to twelve. This rather put her out, but she reasoned that they couldn't both be on sentry at the same time, and time would show which.

About a quarter past ten she slipped over to the sentry-box, a jug of hot coffee in one hand and a plate covered with a cloth in the other.

"Hist!"

"Hullo, my dear," said the sentry, pleasantly, "is that something for me?"

The voice was not that of Tom Smith, neither was it that of Jim Thompson.

"Wasn't Tom Smith for this post?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes, he was," replied the sentry, eyeing the provender.

"And Jim Thompson; is he on guard?"

The sentry laughed.

"Well, you see, it's like this, my dear—they were both on guard; Jim wanted this post, an' Tom wanted this post, an' of course they couldn't both have it on the same relief, an' after the guard mounted they found out what each other wanted it for, an' the end of it was they had a fight at the back of the guard-room, an' the sergeant caught them, an' now they're *in* the guard-room, an' they've got to stay there; but never mind, my dear, *I'm* here, an' I daresay I'll do as well."

And he did.

Some years ago there was a joke going the round of the messes at the expense of an officer of the Foot Guards, who laid a wager with a brother officer on the subject of the rigid adherence to the strict letter of the drill book on the part of the non-commissioned officers of his regiment. I don't give the story as original, nor can I vouch for its truth, but, at any rate, *si non é vero, é ben trovato*. Here it is:

"It was a bitterly cold night, the rain falling in torrents. The one officer, whom we shall call A, contended that, notwithstanding the state of the weather, the corporal conducting 'the relief' would go through the whole routine of 'Relief, halt! Sentries, port arms! Give over your orders! Pass! Shoulder arms! Relief, quick march!' just as if it were the middle of the day and the sun shining. B doubted it, and backed his opinion. The bet was made, and the two sallied forth to put the matter to the test. They waited under the beating storm as near the sentry as they dared. Presently the tramp, tramp of the approaching relief was heard, but a good deal more hurriedly than the prescribed quick-step. Suddenly comes a voice from the depths of the box: 'Halt! who——' 'Oh! go to bl——; come out o' that, an' let the other beggar in.'"

It is almost an unprecedented occurrence for a British soldier to desert from his post, but an instance happened at Portsmouth which is worth narrating, if only for the cool impudence displayed. From the main guard at the bottom of the High Street a line of sentries extended along the ramparts. One summer morning, between two and four, the sentry on the post farthest from the guard-room was a bright youth, the son of a Church dignitary, who had a singular genius for getting into scrapes. At four o'clock the corporal of the guard marched round to relieve the sentries. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 challenged in proper form and were duly relieved, but the "Halt! who comes there?" which should have come from No. 4 remained unheard.

"The beggar's gone to sleep," said the corporal, angrily, and he appeared to be right, for in the grey light of the morning a figure could be seen apparently leaning against the sentry-box.

"What the devil do you mean——" The corporal stopped and gasped. The great-coat, cap, and belts were artistically draped round the rifle, which was stuck bayonet downward in the ground. On a piece of paper pinned to the great-coat the following words were neatly printed: "I greatly regret that I cannot wait to hand over the valuable property under my charge, but I sincerely trust that no unauthorised person will have removed the rampart between my departure and the arrival of the next relief."

Three weeks later the colonel received a letter from New York expressing much solicitude as to whether the rampart had been found present and intact.

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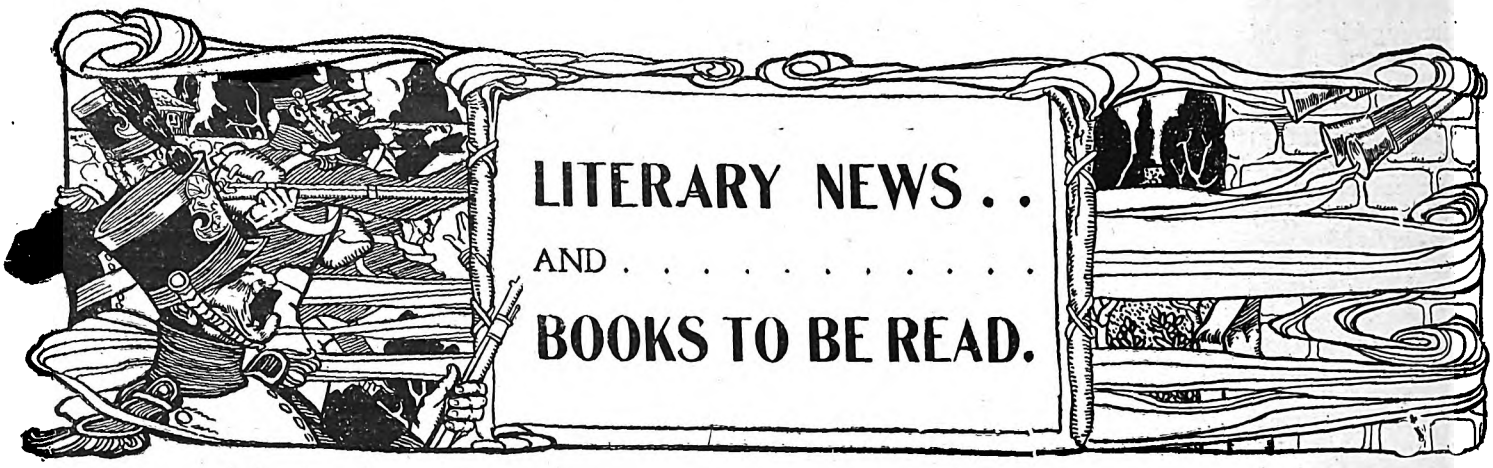

I HAVE been reading with very great interest a little volume of high value, which is, indeed, only a text book, but may be commended very safely to all who care for our military greatness and are following with anxious eyes our fortunes in South Africa. The book in question is entitled "Outlines of Military Geography," and is by Dr. T. Miller Maguire, who is very well known as a military teacher. It belongs to the "Cambridge Geographical Series" (University Press, 10s. 6d.). The title may not convey a very good idea of the subject of the book, which is not merely military geography in a narrow sense, but embraces the methods by which military advantages can be gained from favourable geographical conditions. It touches, in a word, upon the disposition of armies, lines of advance, movements of troops, and other matters related to geography. The introductory chapter, moreover, covers very wide ground—no other than that of the importance of armies. It has a good deal of the militant spirit in it, and I cannot but commend it most highly. Dr. Maguire evidently wrote before this war began, but he bases his teaching upon history, and the past is a safe guide to the future. He dwells most trenchantly upon the colossal evils that result from ignorance on the part of authorities, and upon the folly of pious opinions uttered by people who think we are better than other men, as also of blind official optimism. Our policy, he remarks most truly, has drifted into strange blunders, not so much through lack of skill as through lack of knowledge, and Delagoa Bay, the key of Africa, is an example. Dr. Maguire is wholly of Bacon's opinion—and brings striking instances to prove its validity—that "above all for Empire and greatness it importeth most that a nation do profess arms as their principal honour, study, and occupation." It is, indeed, he says, the first duty of a nation proved weak in any point of its armour, to strengthen itself forthwith and he has no toleration for those politicians who neglect the study of their military resources and do not organise their state betimes, thus courting disgrace for themselves and disaster for their nations. "War never leaves a country as it found it; whether a nation fails or wins, its whole future is profoundly modified. No pains are too great, no expense is too heavy, no strain too severe, if the result be success when a decisive conflict comes, as come it must." These are words of weight and wisdom indeed, and the events in South Africa are speaking testimony to the soundness with which Dr. Maguire has written.

* * * *

Although I have indicated a great deal of what is good in the book, I have but touched the fringe of the subject. Incidentally very much is said that is full of light concerning the movements of armies; and when we read of the stupendous difficulty of feeding and moving great bodies of men at distances from their base, we feel inclined to be a little tolerant to those whose military mobility does not answer to our desires. On the other hand, the book presents many instances of the great mobility that has been attained under capable leaders. Thus the famous march of Crauford to Talavera in July, 1809—sixty-two miles in twenty-six hours, each man carrying from 50lb. to 60lb.—was the most rapid march during the war with France, though Clausel, the Frenchman, after Vittoria, almost rivalled it. Again, in 1804, Lake's cavalry marched seventy-three miles in twenty-four hours, and found time to smash the army of Holkar. Such is the kind of mobility that we are looking for at the present time, and we do not forget Lord Roberts's famous march from Cabul to Candahar. Dr. Maguire deals exhaustively with the question of fortification, and when we think of Ladysmith—the defence of which, nevertheless, has been very valuable to Natal—we cannot but recognise the truth of his remark, that one of the great disadvantages of fortifications is that they shut up a certain number of men, say, from one to 20,000, who might be much better employed with armies in the field; and they may have the further disadvantage, as we now see, of breaking up sound plans of campaign, and devoting great forces to the inconclusive work of relief. Dr. Maguire is perfectly sound on the matter of sea power, and he treats with the utmost competence strategic relations, routes of invasion, lines of communication, and other matters. The book is really delightful reading, and abounds in interest, and those who read it will understand what is passing in South Africa much better than they did before.

* * * *

The romance of the Wild West is full of fascination for many who were brought up upon their Fenimore Cooper and their Mayne Reid. The chase of the buffalo, the Indian raid, the reprisal, and the prairie fire, with the devices of trappers and the manners of backwoodsmen, are familiar to many who have never lived away from cities. In "Buffalo Jones' Forty Years of Adventure," compiled by Colonel Henry Inman (Sampson Low), will be found a narrative of a strange life, with a picture of a strong character possessing much of the charm of romance, and a good deal of the force of the actual. "Buffalo" Jones, or Colonel C. J. Jones, as he is often called in the book—which has its origin, let me say, beyond the Atlantic—has a wide reputation as a huntsman and prairie lover. His life, as told in these pages, has as much in it of thrilling adventure, and as many hairbreadth escapes, as I have ever encountered in a biography. Mr. Jones spent the best years of his life in the endeavour to save from absolute extinction one of the most conspicuous, in the point of numbers, of any of the large mammals of North America. He studied the life-history of the buffalo or bison, and was a keen observer of Nature in her every aspect which he discovered in the American wild. His early days were passed in Illinois, but he soon went westward in a "prairie schooner," entered upon camp life, and became first a farmer and then a hunter, and journeyed in strange places. His experiences with desperadoes, his fights with Indians, and his thrilling narratives of prairie fires and adventures, are full of interest. As the title-page says, Colonel Jones has indeed passed a very eventful life in his hunting and endeavouring afterwards to protect the bison and other wild animals, and "has survived the perils of the frozen North, the land of the Midnight Sun, and the dangers he met with among Eskimos, Indians, and the ferocious beasts of North America."

* * * *

His long experiences were well worth recording, and the book, though somewhat informal in character, is well worth reading. His account of a buffalo bull-fight, though too long to quote in full, illustrates his style. "A more startling sight cannot be imagined than that of two shaggy monsters contending for the supremacy. With muzzles lowered, pawing the earth with their great hoofs, raising clouds of dust from the hard dry sod, over which millions of their compeers have trodden for centuries, they cautiously circle round each other, measuring every possible vantage. Their great heads, matted with 'bull-nettles' and 'sand-burs,' until twice their normal sizes, are alternately tossed high in the air, then as quickly lowered until they come within an inch of the ground . . . Now, when near enough to each other, comes the supreme moment for which they have been waiting. Their eyes appear to send forth livid rays, like that emanating from an electric dynamo, as they charge each other with the rush of a tornado at the height of its fury. Their short horns lock with a rattle that sounds like the firing of a battalion, directly over where they stand in their mighty struggle." But the account of this titanic conflict described in such heroic fashion is prolonged. Buffalo Jones is a man of long and strange experiences, there is character in his face, and his personality is attractive. Colonel Inman has done well to edit his narrative, which I suppose has been widely approved in America. It should find many readers in this country.

* * * *

Last week I had pleasure in alluding to a pamphlet by Lieutenant-Colonel W. Hill James illustrating the associations of the neighbourhood of Biarritz with the Peninsular War. Now I have a booklet from the same accomplished hand directing attention to "Our Fighting King" in the same connection (Army and Navy Co-operative Society). Those who find their temporary home in the country of the Basque or the Béarnais may like to know how Cœur de Lion was associated with the region. His father, Henry, inspired by the Imperial idea—which is no new thing with us—desired to establish a great dominion in Western Europe, with his sons as tributary rulers or viceroys, hoping to weld together a great State with the tie of blood. But the sons, excellent fighting men as they may have been, had not the political instinct of Henry, and the empire he had built fell to pieces even before he was dead. Richard was to rule over his mother's inheritance of Poitou, Guyenne, and Gascony, bordering the Bay of Biscay, and was brought up in the cultured court of Toulouse, where he learned to write verses in the Langue d'Oc, and posed as a troubadour. But Richard was above all else a fighting man, and from his home by the banks of the Adour he sallied forth to wage battle with the infidel. Colonel James—whose little book is really a sketch of Richard's career—describes him as having been his mother's own son, "a typical Gascon of the Gascons, with all the qualities, good and bad, of that race, whose swagger has left the word gasconade as a souvenir in our own language," but in his case with much to justify the boasting. Incidentally the attractive little book has points of special interest, as, for example, in the account of Richard's fleet, where we hear of harsh dcipline, and of tarring and feathering, and in a good rendering of Richard's lament at his abandonment during his captivity at Worms. To many more, therefore, than to those who sojourn with the Basque or the Béarnais may Colonel Hill James's pretty little book be welcome, for it is certainly of very engaging character, and is written in a pleasant vein.

* * * *

"The Death or Glory Boys," by D. H. Parry (Cassell), is a story—fact not fiction—of the 17th Lancers. That famous regiment, which is about to leave for South Africa, has also been known as "Bingham's Dandies," and, after the Mutiny, as "The Pride of England, the Terror of India, and the Glory of the World," though this last grandiose title greatly lacks terseness. The Hon. J. W. Fortescue wrote the sober history of the 17th Lancers in 1895 (Macmillan), but Mr. Parry's book is for the man in the street and for the boy who loves his country's glories. Its style is picturesque and glowing, like its subject. There is a good deal to say concerning the services of the 17th during the American Revolutionary War, and the regiment was at the capture of Monte Video in 1806, and at Buenos Ayres in the next year, and has rendered most gallant service in India. It rode "into the jaws of Death" at Balaclava, it covered itself with honour in the Mutiny, and it has since served in Zululand. Mr. Parry's book is full of interest, and should be very popular.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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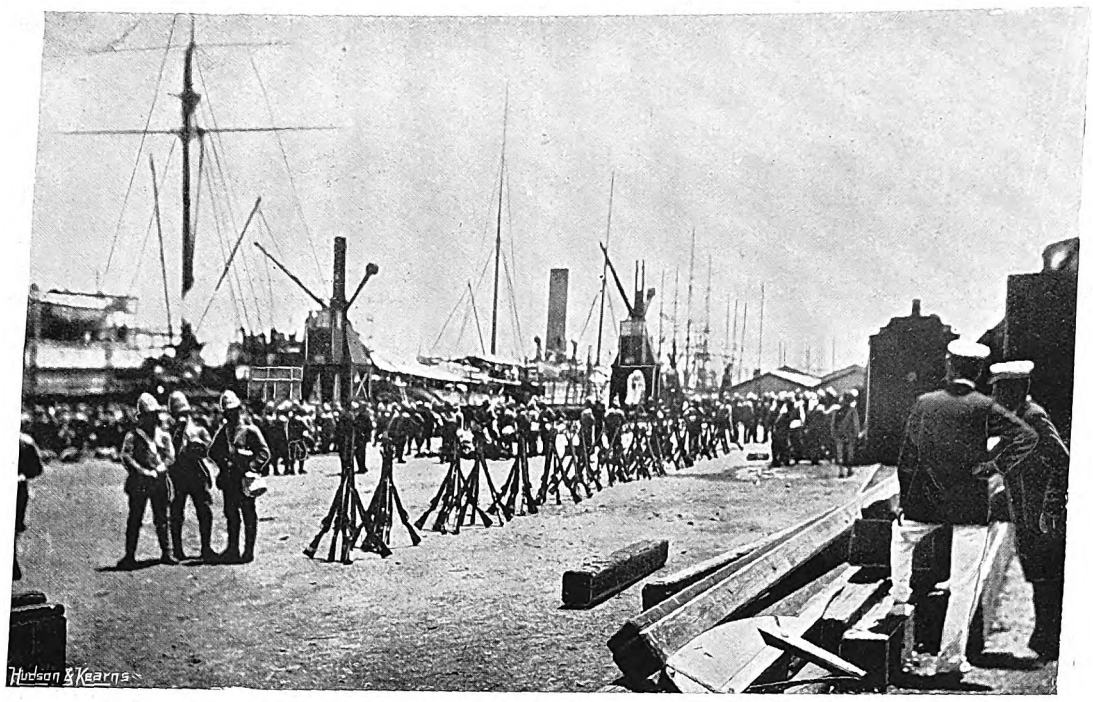
Events in Natal.

RECENT events have certainly quickened the public interest at home in the campaign so far as it affects Natal, where a somewhat dull period of enforced inaction set in after the repulse at the Tugela on December 15. In Natal itself, we may take it for granted that the notion that things were getting a trifle monotonous has never prevailed, so constant has been the stream of minor happenings, and so various the surrounding points of warlike interest. Of these last we have admirable illustrations in this lively series of pictures, in which we see the campaign in half-a-dozen different aspects.

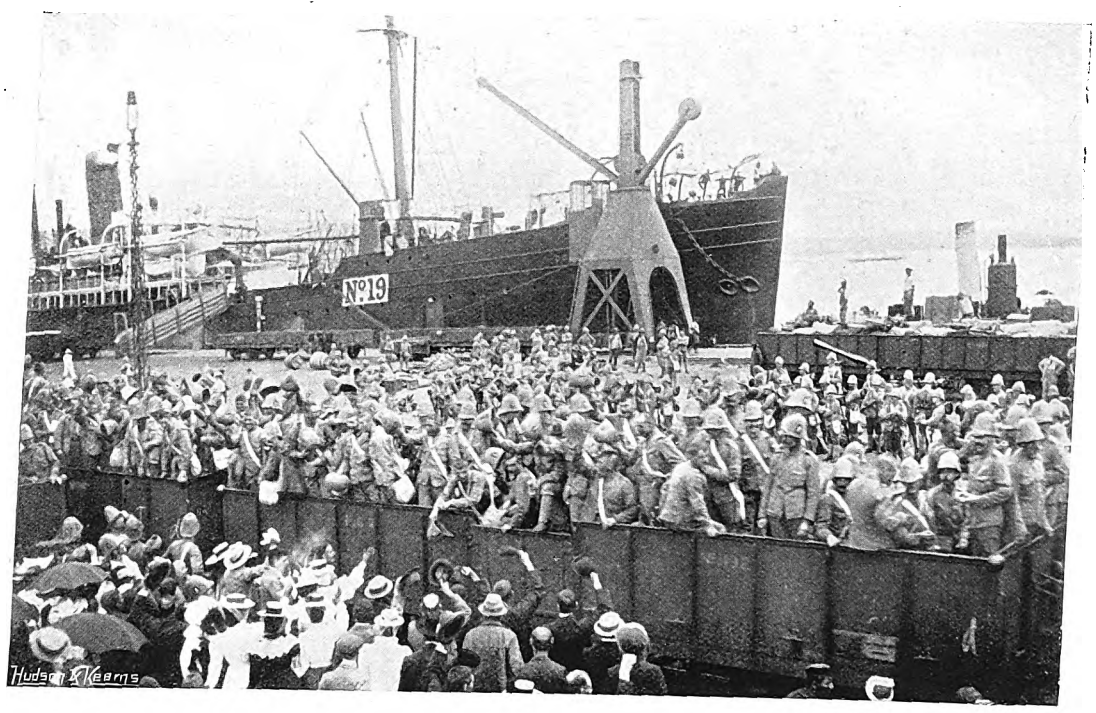
To those who regard the war from a broad-minded standpoint there is something of special and continuous satisfaction in pictures showing arrivals at and departures from the port of disembarkation, that halfway house in any campaign over-sea, where for a moment the troops *en route* pause before being hurried into the *Sturm und Drang* of action at the front. The first picture of the present series is full of varied interest in this connection. The troops whose arms are shown piled have gone to the barrier, put up to keep back the crowd, to receive welcome gifts of fruit, tobacco, bread, and lemonade. Tommy naturally appreciates such thoughtful kindness, and, like the good sort he is, is anxious to make some return. Many Durban folk will treasure as mementoes the buttons which British soldiers have cut off from their jackets and distributed as souvenirs of the day when they passed through the port of Natal on the way, some to Pretoria, some, alas! to a much more distant destination.

The picture of the crowd saying good-bye to the trainful of troops about to start for the front speaks for itself; and we have heard so much of the performances of the Naval guns at Ladysmith and elsewhere that no special allusion is necessary to the scene in which the Bluejackets are shown passing with their guns through the streets of Durban. Later on in the series one of the guns is depicted about to be made ready for a round or two against the Boer trenches at Colenso. The aspect of the Bluejackets in their field service kit is remarkable, and might be a shock to some sailors of the old school. But it does not matter much to Jack what clothes he is in, provided they are loose and comfortable, also that he has a big gun to play with, and an enemy worth licking.

"Arising out of this question," as they say in the House of Commons, a line of particular mention must be given to the special travelling search-light designed by Captain Percy Scott, of the "Terrible," and used with great effect for signalling between Chieveley Camp and Ladysmith. One of our special correspondents at the front writes that this excellent contrivance has been "most successful." "A runner got through the Boer lines to-day, and says it is being read perfectly in Ladysmith." Here, again, the Navy has given the Army a decided lead, and the whole wide world must



WAITING TO BE CALLED FOR.
Troops just Landed from a Transport at Durban.



"BON VOYAGE" TO LADYSMITH.
Troops Leaving Durban for the Front.

Photos. Copyright. *PASSING THROUGH DURBAN.* *"Navy & Army."*
Bluejackets and Guns on Their Way to the Station.

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admit that Captain Scott, in respect of this apparatus, as well as of his travelling gun-carriage, has proved himself—if such a term can safely, and without pains and penalties of the most dreadful description, be applied to a post captain R.N.—a veritable "handy man."

The pictures illustrating the attack on the armoured train near Chieveley are of great interest, and will repay careful study. Our special correspondent writes that the Boer guns were in position only 800-yds. from the line, and were fired point blank. It will be seen that the iron plates have been penetrated as if they were paper, and it will be readily realised that the occupants of the train—Mr. Winston Churchill included—must have felt that armoured trains do not always produce that sense of security in real life which they are supposed to produce in pictures. A pathetic interest is attached to the monument erected to the brave fellows who were killed in this unfortunate affair. This tribute to their memory is a creditable instance of the good feeling of the men of the Border Regiment, who were subsequently encamped near the spot where the engagement took place, and who lettered the simple stone with empty cartridge-cases picked up in the vicinity. Another souvenir of the affair is provided "in lighter vein" by the picture in which the regimental shoemaker of the Border Regiment is plying his trade, with one of the wrecked trucks of the train as his workshop. One sees old railway carriages at home put to strange uses, but the employment of an armoured train truck which has passed through a heavy engagement as a shoemaker's shop is probably unique.

The destruction of the Frere Bridge caused us, as will be realised from the two pictures devoted to this subject, a deal of trouble, the work of demolition having been most thoroughly accomplished, and a temporary bridge being rendered necessary. The latter, of course under the skilful supervision of the Royal Engineers, was not long in course of construction, the stalwart Zulus rendering splendid assistance in carrying the great baulks of timber used as supports. Like sailors in the merchant service, they seem to find the labour lightened by "chanties," in their case epic songs recounting past victories. In the picture showing the demolished bridge, a careful scrutiny will reveal in the distance the camp of the war correspondents, who have hitherto had anything but a festive time—in Natal, at any rate.

The amount of destruction which has been wrought by the Boers in this campaign has been something terrific, and it will necessarily take months, perhaps a year or two, to restore communications to the *status quo ante bellum*. It is gratifying to think that during the actual progress of the war we are not nearly so heavily handicapped as we might have been by these demolitions if we had not had a considerable number of Royal Engineer companies at the front, to whom the repair of bridges and railway lines is simply the everyday work of their military lives. It is at such times that one realises the value of the corps even more fully than in sieges and other active warlike operations.

NAVAL INGENUITY.
The Travelling Search-light Designed by Captain Percy Scott of the "Terrible."

PREPARING TO SHELL COLENSO.
The Naval Brigade with Buller's Force at Chieveley.

From Photos. *THE BRIDGE BLOWN UP AT FRERE.* *By Our Own Correspondent.*
The War Correspondents' Camp in the Background.

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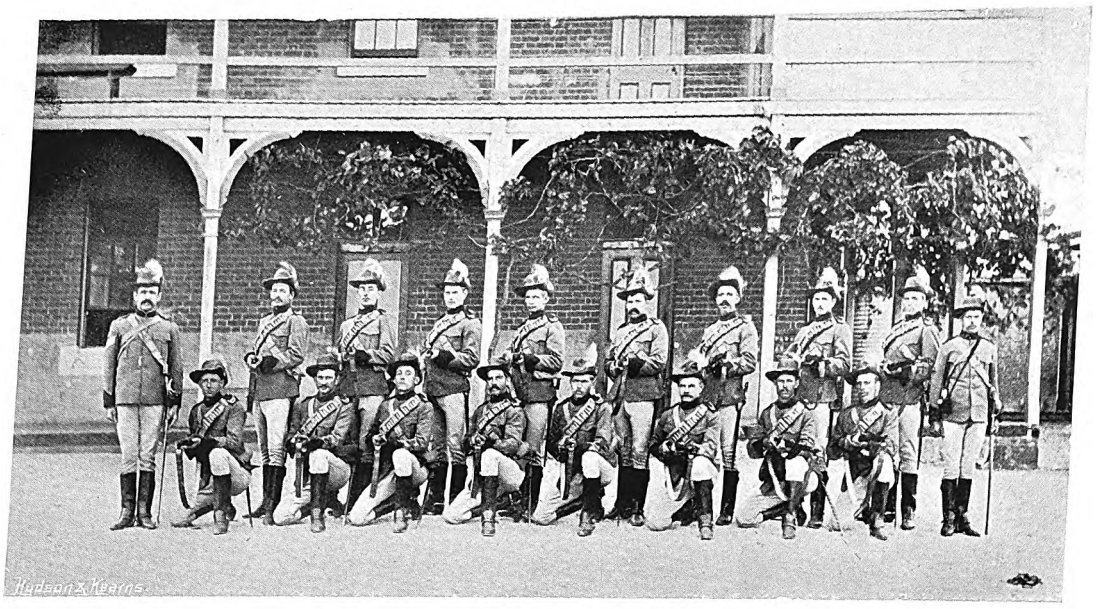
The Queensland Mounted Infantry.

WITH COLONEL PILCHER.

THAT Lieutenant-Colonel Percy Ricardo, the "father" of mounted infantry in Queensland, the guide, mentor, and friend of officers and men alike, should lead them in the day of battle in their own fair portion of the Empire, or in any part of Her Majesty's dominions, has been the prayer of that splendid corps of bush soldiers from the first day of its inception.

And their prayer was granted when, on the last day of the Old Year and the first of the New, 200 Queensland Mounted Infantrymen, forming part of Lieutenant-Colonel Pilcher's command, side by side with their brethren of New South Wales and Canada, received their baptism of fire.

On December 31 they greatly assisted in winning the brilliant little action near Dover Farm, whereby the Boers' laager was captured and forty prisoners taken. On January 1 they rode into the recaptured town of Douglas with Colonel Ricardo at their head. But though for the first time under fire, it was not their first experience of conditions akin to those of actual campaigning. They were called out to patrol vast areas of their colony during the great bush workers' strike of 1891. During its continuance Major King and a company marched sixty-four miles through heavy country in a day. Colonel Ricardo took a body of men over 100 miles without food or rest, and Captain Spencer Browne, the adjutant, marched 284 miles through flooded country, with thirty men carrying arms and baggage, in five days, one stretch of 109 miles over heavy roads being covered in thirty-two hours without food or sleep.



THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE DETACHMENT FROM QUEENSLAND.

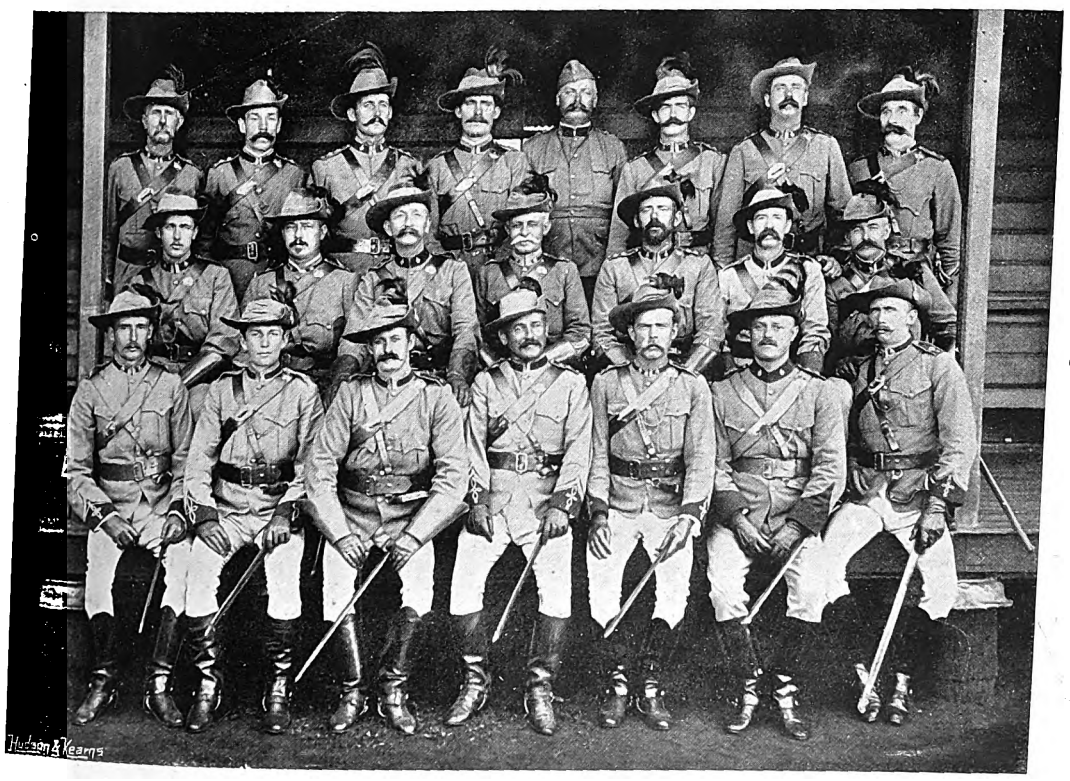
THE QUEENSLAND CONTINGENT ON PARADE.

The regiment numbers 600 men of all ranks, but is easily capable of being extended to 4,000 or 5,000. It was organised in 1884 by Colonel Ricardo, and belongs to the Militia division of the Colonial Defence Force. Each man finds his own horse and saddlery, for which he draws an allowance, and the men are nearly all first-class shots.

The horses are rough-looking, but they can perform a march of sixty or seventy miles in a day and pick up their food from the natural grasses or herbage of the country.

The men are of excellent physique, and look well in their uniform, which is of dark khaki with claret-coloured facings, and a soft felt hat set off with a bunch of emu plumes. The force is organised on a basis of three years' service, and is recruited from the bushman and farmer class. These are frugal livers, accustomed to weapons and the saddle from childhood, broken in to a rough camp life, and are hardy, steady fellows, who know how to go from dawn till midnight without food.

Discipline and devotion to duty are points of honour among these men, whose dearest wish has been gratified in being permitted to fight for their Empress, their brethren, and their flag.



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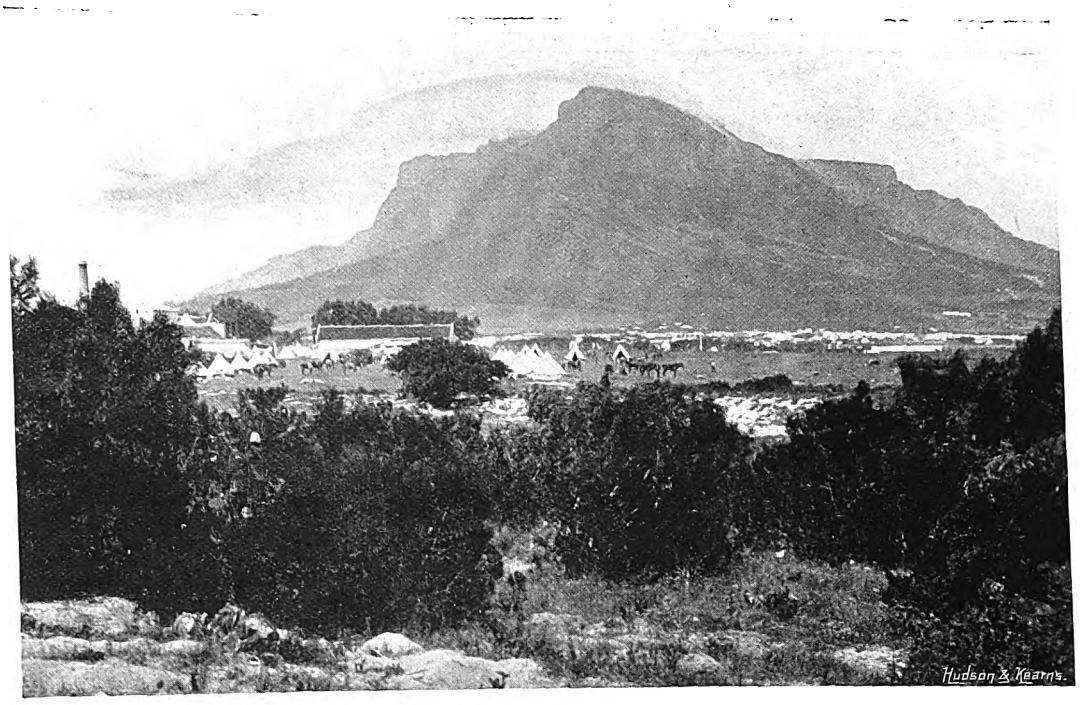
In the Cape Colony.



UNDER THE SHADOW OF TABLE MOUNTAIN.
The Base Camp at Cape Town.

AN AL FRESCO MEAL.
The Inniskilling Dragoons "At Home"

From Photos. *FAGGOTS FOR THE FUSILIERS.* *By Our Own Correspondent.*
Native Women Bringing Fuel into Camp.

IT is pleasant to encounter the Inniskilling Dragoons, whose mess bungalow is shown in our illustration, amid the stirring events and scenes of such a war as this. Who knows but that we may some day count a Transvaal regiment in our Army? There would be nothing more wonderful in its existence than in the survival of the famous regiment which took its rise in the Irish Wars of the Revolution of 1688. The Inniskillings began with a corps not very dissimilar from the Imperial Horse of to-day. They were Protestants of Scotch and English descent who took up arms in the North of Ireland to defend themselves against the strong Irish and Roman Catholic rising in favour of James II. In their early days they represented a racial and religious quarrel far more savage than that which has now plunged us into war with the Transvaal Dutch. Yet to-day the Inniskillings are a subject of pride to all Ireland. What Irishman whose ancestors were on the losing side in that terrible conflict, compared to which our wars of to-day are mere friendly tournaments, would have the least objection to serve in its ranks? When Ireland hears that the regiment has distinguished itself—and it has never been known to fail—the whole country shares the credit. Yet in the days of the defence of Londonderry and of Newtown Butler, the founders of the regiment were among the fiercest combatants in a fratricidal war, which was wanting in no element of horror. To be sure, there are not wanting persons who would like to keep fresh those old memories of wicked times, but it is little more than talk. The time, let us trust, will also come when the Transvaaler, be his blood Dutch or English, will also have let the bitterness die; and perhaps that day will come all the sooner because the victories have not fallen exclusively to one side. Would the Southerners be as happy in the Union as they are to-day if they had not had successes to look back upon? The Inniskillings are so far in what we may call a preliminary stage with the Boers, engaged in establishing a feeling of respect by exchanging hard knocks. Their charge at Colesberg was quite in the old style both of the regiment and of cavalry in war. When it is not uncommonly stated that in these times of arms of precision horsemen cannot possibly ride through infantry provided with good rifles which they know how to use, it is encouraging to hear of our men executing a charge in the most orthodox, ancient fashion, as the Inniskillings with General French did at Colesberg. Some of the incidents of this very creditable affair are said to have been marvellous. So they must have been, if all the tales be true. There was, it seems, a trooper who, having had his horse killed under him, first lanced a Boer who was reloading his magazine, and then shot him with his own rifle—a sort of seething of the kid in its mother's milk, so to speak. That sort of story is more marvellous than credible or creditable. An Inniskilling who had disabled and disarmed his opponent would, one

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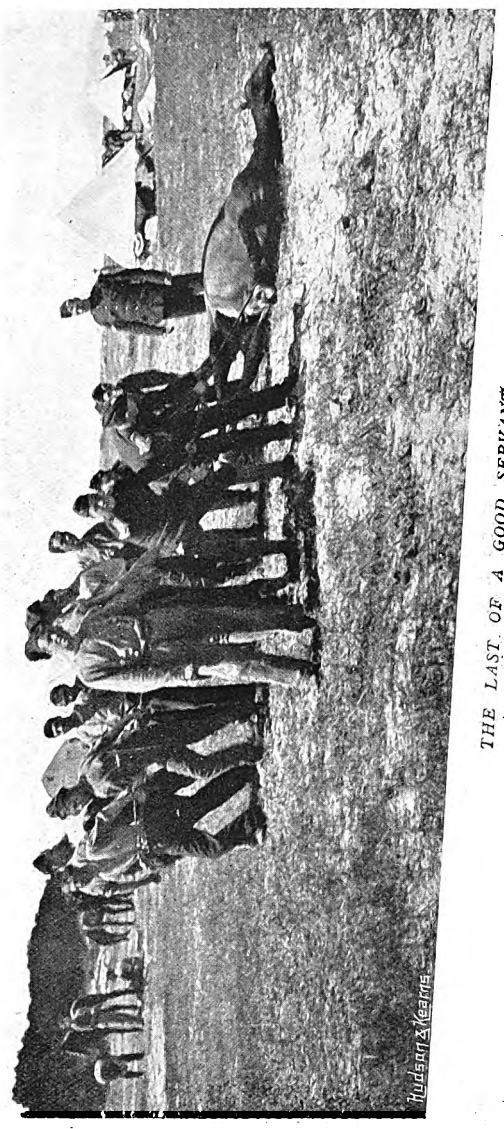

THE LAST OF A GOOD SERVANT.
Troopers Removing a Dead Horse.

WATCHING THE POT BOIL.
New-comers Taking a Lesson in Campaigning.

NOT YET "SALTED."
Officers Inspecting a New Mount.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME.
Tea and Toast for "Tommies."

IN MAITLAND CAMP.
From Photos. by Our Special Correspondent with Methuen's Column.

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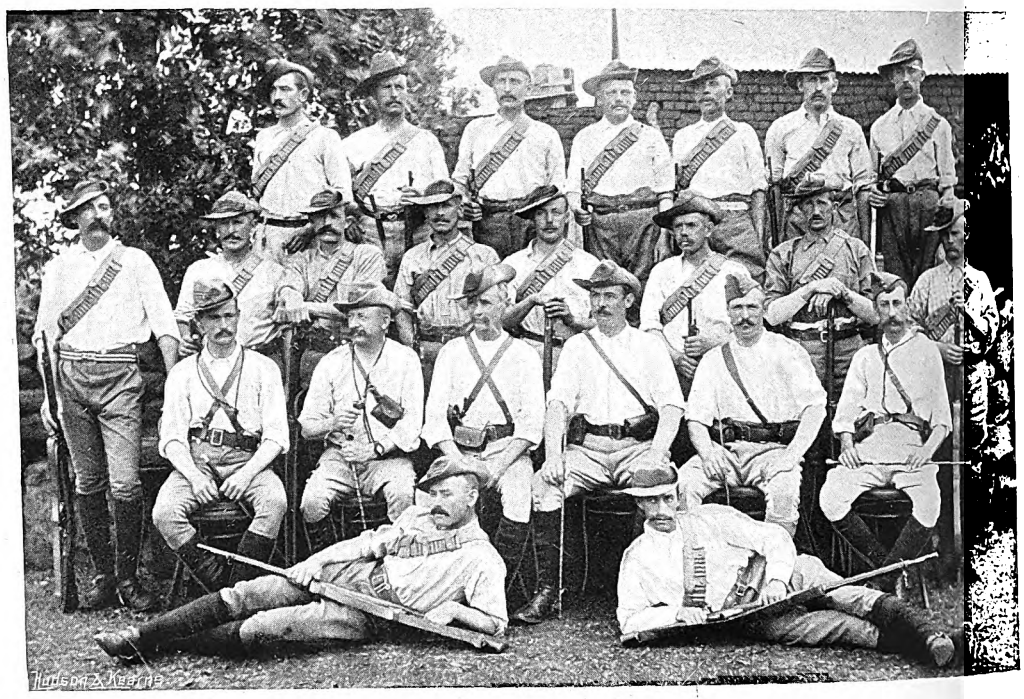
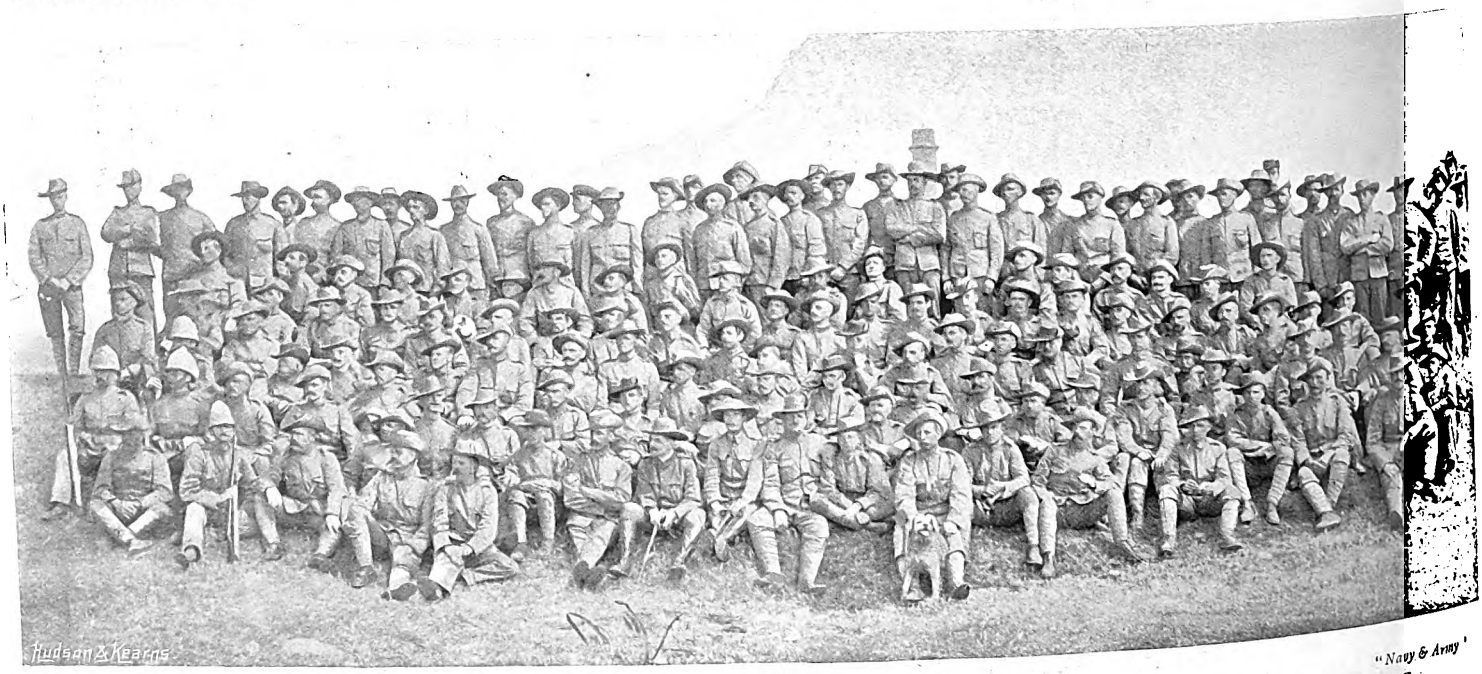
conceives, find a better use to make of a rifle than to slay the slain. He might use it against the Boers who were not yet lanced, which would have been at once more chivalrous and more businesslike. But we need not believe that story, and the Inniskillings do not require to have their reputation bolstered up by reports of such Munchausen feats.

As for the native races, who are hewers of wood and drawers of water to both sides, their interest is to fall to the milder master. On the whole, they gain by the white man's victory, even when he is harsh. The Boers in their worst days were never such tyrants as Black has been to Black. It was better to fall into the hands of the Trekkers than into Moselekatze's. The history of all the native races in that part of the world had for generations been one of invasion, expulsion, and massacre. The predominance of the white man stopped that. To-day, when Boer and Briton are firing big guns at one another, the natives may be seen calmly ploughing, and, as far as anyone can discover, serenely indifferent to the fortunes of the combatants. They seem to care no more than the trapper's wife when she saw her husband attacked by the bear, and said she did not care a doit which whipped, the bear or the old man. Our friends of the Cape Mounted Rifles were complaining the other day that they had not had a sufficient share of the fighting. At Kuruman they had a taste, and it was not, we fear, very pleasant. To be shelled out and to have to surrender cannot be agreeable, but it was the fate of the police at Kuruman. One hopes they were not too depressed at the fortune of war. They ought not to be, for after all they have to share it with a great many other fighting men, not only in this war, but in all time. When you have a really serious enemy to fight you cannot expect to win everywhere. You cannot do better than you can. If your best cannot win success, the fault may not be yours—nor, indeed, rest on anybody. All that the soldier has to do is to execute his duty loyally. When he fulfils that obligation he is blameless, and the Cape Mounted Rifles have done it to the full.

THE GALLANT DEFENDERS OF KURUMAN.
Who Surrendered only to Overwhelming Numbers.



SOME OF METHUEN'S SCOUTS.
Officers and Non-commissioned Officers of the Cape Mounted Police.



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REPAIRING THE RAIL TO KIMBERLEY—THE 10th RAILWAY COMPANY OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

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The Story of the War.

SINCE the last number of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED went to press, additional details have been received respecting the determined attack—or rather succession of attacks—made by the Boers on Ladysmith on the 6th inst. It is clear that the fighting must have been of the most vigorous description, since it is explicitly stated that the Manchesters and Gordon Highlanders, who were defending Cæsar's Camp—which lies to the south of Ladysmith, and was the main objective of the attack—were enabled to drive the enemy off with the bayonet, so close up had they come. The Devons also treated the Boers to a touch of cold steel in a fine bayonet charge made towards nightfall, in order to recover a position which had remained in the enemy's hands all day. On all sides the utmost bravery seems to have been shown. The casualties included 13 officers killed and 26 wounded, and 135 rank and file killed and 244 wounded. Among the killed was Lord Ava, the eldest son of the Marquess of Dufferin, formerly an officer of the 17th Lancers, but who was accompanying the troops as a war correspondent. The enemy's losses are known to have been considerable, but, following the usual Boer practice, an absurdly small casualty list has been published, with a view, presumably, to "heartening" the Free State burghers, who are said to be growing more and more discouraged by the course of events.

General French has made, and keeps on making, further attempts to cut the Boer line of retreat from Colesberg into the Orange Free State, and apparently with some success. At the commencement of the current week it was reported that he had even succeeded, by a brilliantly executed movement to the eastward, in for the moment completely isolating the Boer position. No permanent advantage, however, seems to have been gained. Whether French does or does not ultimately succeed in not only entrapping, but actually capturing, the 4,000 Boers stated to be collected near Colesberg, he has undoubtedly handled his small force admirably, and caused the enemy the maximum of inconvenience with—putting aside the mishap to the Suffolks—the minimum of loss to himself. Another extremely interesting feature of his operations is the fact that it includes a considerable body of colonial mounted troops. During the flanking movement above referred to an attempt was made by a party of the enemy to take a position threatening our communication with Rensburg. This was frustrated by the New Zealanders under Major Rohin, who are said to have simply raced one another in their eagerness to get into action.

From Gatacre nothing in the nature of a decided forward movement had been reported up to the time of writing, but on the 8th inst. a smart reconnaissance was made which may have useful results. At an early hour a strong force, consisting of the 1st Derbyshire Regiment, the 77th and 79th Batteries Royal Field Artillery, 400 mounted men of the Cape Police and Berkshire Regiment, the Kaffrarian Rifles, and the Frontier Rifles, left Sterkstroom for the double purpose of reconnoitring the Boer position at Stormberg and of rescuing the meal and flour from the mills at Molteno. The latter operation was carried out without difficulty, and the vital parts of the machinery removed. Near Stormberg the party sent to reconnoitre found the enemy in strength, but the Royal Engineers succeeded in making a successful survey of the position, and, after an interchange of shots between our scouts and a Boer patrol, the party returned, having attained its object. Such a movement may not appear impressive, but it is emphatically "playing the game," and if a little more cautious reconnaissance and attention to detail had marked the earlier stages of the proceedings, it is quite certain that our losses and other trials would have been much fewer.

From the Western Border there is no news of any advance on the part of the main body of Methuen's column. But some admirable reconnoitring work has been accomplished, in the course of which the Orange Free State was for the first time in this campaign entered by a considerable body of our troops. Taking with him the 9th and 12th Lancers and G Battery R.H.A., General Babington, commanding the 1st Cavalry Brigade, moved into the Free State *viâ* Honeynestkloof, being subsequently joined by the Victorian Rifles, and by columns under Major Byrne and Colonel Pilcher, the latter officer having made a simultaneous movement from Belmont. The various parties between them scoured a considerable area and made important observations, which will be of the greatest value when the advance is resumed. In connection with this reconnaissance an amusing incident is reported. It was necessary to make careful examination of the various farms in the area traversed, and on one occasion the Queenslanders who were accompanying Colonel Pilcher were lucky enough to surprise a dozen Boers about to partake of a good meal. The Boers fled, but the dinner remained—for a time. As an "operation of war" the Australians sat down and polished it off before rejoining the less fortunate main body.

From Kimberley there had been no recent news at the time of writing, but there seems no cause for apprehension in this direction. A War Office telegram, dated Cape Town, January 13, states that all was well at Mafeking on December 28, which gives slight renewed hope that Baden-Powell's little band may continue to hold out as did Potchefstroom in 1881.

It is one of the misfortunes of pictorial journalism that not once or twice, but repeatedly, the writer of such a chronicle as this is hampered by being compulsorily two or three days behind those who read him. The case of Natal at the present moment is an exasperating one in point. It is practically certain that a great battle is impending, and it is quite possible that, by the day of publication, the whole aspect of the campaign will have been changed by the tremendous struggle on the Tugela, to which Buller is evidently a second time committing himself. But all we actually know for certain at the time of writing is that on the 11th inst. Buller seized a ferry at Potgieter's Drift, and that the river is very full. It is suggested that a great flanking movement is being carried out with Sir Charles Warren's Division; but it is quite impossible to say whether on the east or the west, and elaborate conjecture does not seem particularly desirable in such a connection. The best that we can hope to do is to leave the actual development of affairs at present more or less alone, trusting to the chance that a postscript may enable us to include a little later and more substantial news.

But in the meantime there is no harm in pointing out the immense importance of a great battle on the Tugela from the alternative standpoints of success and failure. Assuming success, the relief of Ladysmith will mean the real beginning of the real end, not merely because it will involve a serious weakening of the Boer *morale*, and possibly a heavy blow to their resources, but also because the troops thus set free would be of incalculable value in the future urgent prosecution of the campaign. Half of the fine force of cavalry now shut up with General White would enable French to carry on his brilliant work in an altogether different fashion, and with the certainty of obtaining substantial results, instead of having to rest continually content with holding the enemy in check. The completion of Gatacre's division would give him, for the first time, a fair chance, and enable him to seriously undertake the task of brushing away the obstacles that bar a most necessary advance. The balance remaining would be quite sufficient to guard the passes of the Drakensberg, and possibly even to clear the northern salient of Natal of the enemy.

On the other hand, it by no means follows that a failure on Buller's part to break down the wall which separates him from Ladysmith would be such a comprehensive disaster as has been foreshadowed by nervous critics. It is in this connection that the magnificent repulse of the attacks on Ladysmith on the 6th inst. is especially significant. Had those attacks been less stubbornly met it goes without saying that they would have been renewed with greatly increased vigour if Buller were once more prevented from getting through to the assistance of Sir George White. As it is, it may be taken for granted that, whatever losses Buller and Warren may incur in crossing the Tugela—and the losses are bound to be severe, even if the operation is brilliantly successful—the enemy will not emerge from the conflict in such a condition as will render them anxious to repeat their experiences of the 6th inst.

Meanwhile at home the attitude of determination and sustained effort to rise to the occasion in a manner befitting a great Empire continues to be worthily manifested. The Imperial Yeomanry is filling up rapidly, the Volunteer companies for service with Line battalions are being satisfactorily formed, and the first draft of the City of London Imperial Volunteers was embarked at Southampton on Saturday. In the colonies the most glorious enthusiasm prevails, and India, not content with what she has already done, is raising a great war fund, and sending splendid contingents of Volunteers and gifts of horses from native Princes. Ceylon, too, is preparing a force, and it is difficult to see where the movement will stop. Let us hope that the spectacle of the British Empire springing to arms will not be without its due effect in certain quarters where such an effect seems still to be badly wanted.

On the 10th inst. the "Dunottar Castle," having on board Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, arrived at Cape Town. Needless to say, the two illustrious generals received something of an ovation, and on all sides it was felt that their landing would mark a turning-point in the history of a campaign in which the appearance of signs betokening a certain want of public confidence was beginning to be a by no means encouraging feature.

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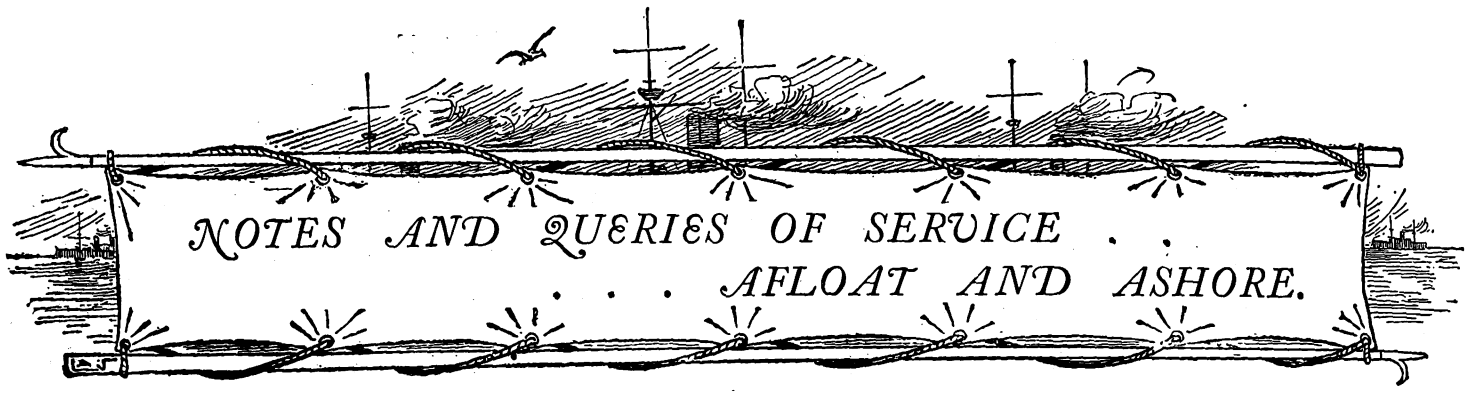

THE term "tonnage" is probably derived from "tun," the earliest method of ascertaining a vessel's capacity being the rough and ready one of taking the number of casks of wine she could stow. The earliest use of the term is in an Act passed in the reign of Henry V., which contains enactments as to the measuring and marking of keels engaged in the now supererogatory work of carrying coals to Newcastle. The practice was extended by subsequent legislation, the method of marking being to drive nails into the stem and stern posts, or into the bulkheads dividing off the cargo space. At the end of the seventeenth century the system of ascertaining tonnage by measure was altered to that by weight, the load line being marked on stem, stern, and amidships. Various changes took place, notably in 1720, 1773, and 1786, usually in a direction which was not conducive to beauty or safety in shipbuilding, the tendency being to produce deep and narrow vessels with a dangerous capacity for capsizing.

* * * *

"OLD TOM."—The story connected with the burial of General Pakeman, who fell while leading the British troops at New Orleans, in 1815, is slightly different to the version you have heard of it. He is said to have been buried in Chester County, South Carolina, but his interment did not take place until many months after his death. According to the story, the general's body was packed in a cask of rum and returned to this country. Arriving here, however, the cask, through some error, was not even opened, but was shipped back again to Charleston. From there it was sent on as a cask of rum to a Mr. McMullen, who kept a store in Chester County. Here its journey ended, but the body was not discovered until all the rum had been consumed by the soldiers who had returned from the war, and gathered nightly in the store to recount their exploits. When the cask was emptied its head was knocked in, and to the great horror of the storekeeper the body of a man was found inside. The discovery caused a tremendous sensation, especially amongst those who had drunk of the rum, but some of the tipplers who had seen the general in the battle immediately identified the body as that of General Pakeman. It was enclosed in a coffin and buried near the store. So runs the story, which may or may not be true, but so far its veracity has not been impugned by the discovery of any other grave of the general.

* * * *

"C. T."—Until quite recently Naval men were not permitted to grow beards, and probably had it not been for the Duke of Edinburgh the Navy would still be beardless. The fashion in Naval whiskers has from time to time undergone many changes. Prior to the termination of the Great War it was a rare thing to see a sailor with either a beard or moustache, but after the war there set in a craze for enormous side whiskers amongst the men, while the officers wore hair on the sides of their faces, close cut, and in the shape of a mutton chop. It was the rule to shave a space about three fingers in width from the nose over the mouth and under the chin. At one period moustachios were allowed in the East Indies. At the present day officers and men have the choice of three fashions—they may shave clean, a mode which torpedo officers seem particularly partial to; wear beards and moustachios, the former trimmed close to the sides of the face and brought to a point beneath the chin, by which fashion it is said the gunnery expert may be told; or lastly, stick to the old plan, and grow side whiskers only, which is mostly affected by elderly officers of the civil branches.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It has been generally supposed that given, say, forces of British mounted infantry and Boers equal in number, the advantage would rest with the one best handled and shooting best. This is a great error, as I should like to point out. Take, for instance, forces of 1,000 British and 1,000 Boers. The British, for dismounted duty, receive order to dismount, and as for that purpose all the men are in sections of fours, numbers one, two, and four dismount, handing their horses' reins to number three, who remains mounted, and with a number of officers and non-commissioned officers retires with their horses under such cover as can be got until "Horses up" is sounded. With that party of horses quite 100 men would be detailed off to act as guard, which leaves British fighting line as follows: Section numbers three holding horses, 250; officers and non-commissioned officers with them, 30; guard, 100; total, 380. Three hundred and eighty from 1,000 leaving 620 men as effectives in the fighting line. Now note the Boer method of 1,000 men for dismounted duty: All, with the exception of 100 men, dismount and knee-halter their horses, by taking the rein fastened to the horse's head-stall, and bringing the head down to the knee of the near fore-leg and securing it there by a special overlap tie. This enables the horse to graze, and to move also at a fair rate when driven, also keeping it under control; the 100 men simply form a ring round these horses, and through practice are able to bring them up and take them away with marvellous despatch. Thus the Boer fighting line from 1,000 mounted men is 900, the British only showing per 1,000 mounted men, 620, a difference of 280 men, or nearly 50 per cent. to the Boer advantage.

* * * *

PROBABLY the largest number of French prisoners of war held in England was immediately prior to the Declaration of Peace, in 1802. At Porchester alone there were some 8,000, the other places of detention being Foston, Plymouth, up the Medway, Norman Cross, and Waltham, in Essex. There were also considerable numbers confined on board the convict ships in the Thames, but these were generally prisoners of bad character, or who had attempted to escape. The total was close on 35,000, and among them was the pick of the French Navy, besides many military officers and soldiers. Indeed, it is probable that the peace of 1802 was only patched up to enable these men to return to their country and take part in the operations up to Trafalgar. Of the prisons above referred to, Porchester Castle, although it contained the greatest number, afforded the best accommodation; the others, especially Foston, being intolerably crowded. The prisoners received a daily ration of 1½-lb. of bread, 1½-lb. of beef and vegetables—no beer or spirits being allowed. Many of the men, however, were skilled handicraftsmen, while others, driven by necessity, acquired the art of carving, straw plaiting, etc., with the proceeds of which they supplemented their prison fare by tobacco, wine, and other luxuries. At one time a very beautiful description of thread-lace was produced by the prisoners, and commanded a high price, but the English lace makers protested against such competition, and the manufacture was forbidden. The majority of the officers were allowed to give their parole, an indulgence not extended to those of inferior rank. The special fittings required for so large a body of prisoners were removed in 1802.

* * * *

"D. H. B. T."—On all sides the Army Temperance Association is well spoken of. Of the good work done by the association there can be no doubt. In 1898 it is recorded that there were 35,983 total abstainers in the Army. Of these, the force in India contributed 22,280, and the force elsewhere 13,703. The association had also 5,018 honorary members, of whom 3,342 were in India, which made its total membership 41,001. This is eminently satisfactory, especially when we consider how injurious to health is the smallest approach to intemperance in hot climates. Moreover, military crime is chiefly occasioned by drunkenness; indeed, almost any breach of discipline is directly traceable to this cause. In 1897 the total number of fines inflicted in connection with drunkenness was 14,441, and of these cases 1,505 came before a court-martial, the men being charged either with habitual drunkenness or drunkenness on duty. A considerable decrease has since taken place in the number of men charged with this offence.

* * * *

"BUNDESRATH."—The right of visitation and search of neutral vessels has always been held by the best authorities on international law to be a belligerent right essential to the exercise of the undoubted right of capturing enemy's property, contraband of war and vessels committing a breach of blockade; indeed, the practice of maritime capture could not exist without it. In the well-known case of the "Anna Maria," Chief Justice Marshall laid down the rule that the right to visit and detain for search is a belligerent right which cannot be called into question. In this case, although the ship's papers proved to be perfectly in order, the Supreme Court held that the right to search the ship in order to examine fully as to her character and the nature of the cargo was a complete right.

* * * *

"HALF-PAY."—You are quite right. No field-marshal has commanded a British army in war-time since the Russian War. Even then Lord Raglan did not go out as a field-marshal, but received his bâton after the battle of Inkerman. So the sending out of Lord Roberts to South Africa is scarcely a parallel case to that of Lord Raglan. It is curious to notice in this connection that Lord Raglan had under him only about 25,000 men, while Lord Roberts will command something like 180,000 men—a figure which constitutes the largest army that Great Britain has ever put into the field.

* * * *

"CONTRABAND."—The question as to whether coal was to be considered contraband was raised during the Franco-German War, and the French Government put on record in the *Journal Officiel* of July 26, 1890, that coal was not contraband. The general opinion, however, appears to be that the quantity and destination of the coal decides the question, *e.g.*, coals may legitimately be sent for purposes of manufacture, but if consigned to a port where there are war steamers, and with the intention of supplying those vessels, they are liable to seizure. Provisions, if sent to a port where an army of a state at war is in want of food, may become contraband, and horses have been specially declared to be contraband in many treaties, even so far back as the Marine treaty between England and Holland, dated December 1, 1672.

* * * *

"MEDALS."—A correspondent points out that in the present war, which is one of the severest of recent years, there will in all probability be only one medal given, whereas in the Afghan War there was a special star given for Roberts's march from Cabul to Candahar, while the Khedive gave the familiar blue ribbon and star to accompany the blue and white ribbon Her Majesty gave for the Egyptian campaign, and in the more recent wars in the Soudan a similar course has been followed. An officer in the Crimea could get five decorations—perhaps more. But there is a picture of Colonel Wildman, of the 7th Hussars, with a medal on the jacket proper, and another medal on the sleeveless jacket. The picture was painted by James Lonsdale, about 1815, and the medals are evidently wrongly described as being the Peninsula and the Waterloo medals. The ribbon is the same, red with dark blue or green on the edge. Could any reader explain whether in the case of the 7th Hussars an officer did wear a medal on each jacket, or has the artist made a mistake?

THE EDITOR.

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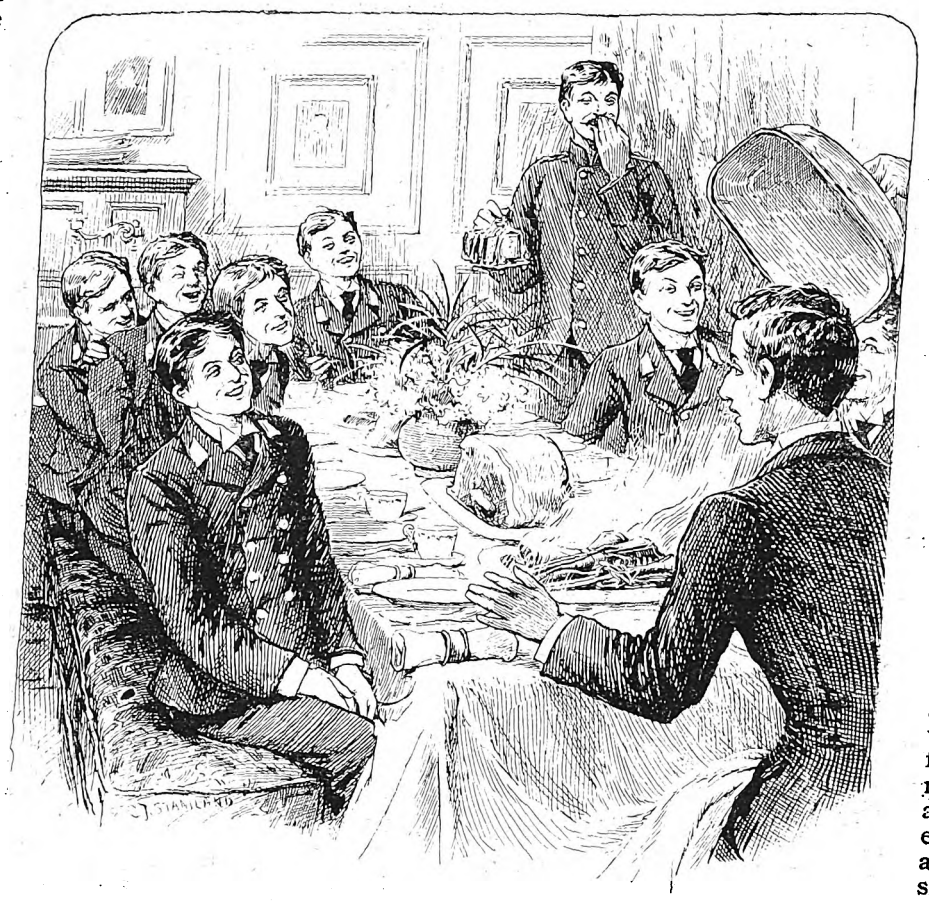
Tales of the Gun-room.

By Digory, R.N.

A CERTAIN captain, who was noted for what may in politeness be called brusqueness, on one occasion exceeded himself. The ship he commanded was going out of harbour in company with the fleet. A man fell overboard. "Away, lifeboat's crew," was, of course, at once the order. The lifeboat's crew immediately hurried into the boat; a midshipman also made the best of his way, but, being much smaller than the men, was kept back in the rush, and only succeeded in jumping into the boat just as the "falls" were started. To steady himself he placed his hand on the upper block; unfortunately, one of his fingers caught in the "sheave" and was badly crushed. This caused a moment's delay. The captain's idea of sympathy was to say, "Oh, Mr. Smith, there is always something jammed wherever you are!" This was not very consoling to the midshipman, who, although by no means the nearest, had yet managed to be the first officer in the boat. Perhaps his indignation soothed the pain, as the boy did not leave the boat, but went away in her and picked up the man.

A stout and elderly officer on board an ironclad lying in the Bay of Naples very much objected to the practice of sitting long at wine on guest nights, or any other nights; he, therefore, made a point of escaping directly the Queen's health had been honoured. The ship was an old-fashioned one, with large gun-ports on the main deck. When the guns are run in, as is the custom at evening quarters, the ports make nice large airy seats. Knowing that while the officers were at dinner no one would be likely to disturb him, the stout and elderly one, wishing to enjoy the fresh evening air as well as the lovely scenery of the Bay of Naples, climbed into a gun-port, and, with pipe in mouth and legs dangling over the side, did enjoy himself for some time. Of course, this proceeding was a breach of discipline. Now, though the ward-room officers were at dinner, the midshipmen were not. It was not long before the youngsters saw their chance for some fun. A council was held. Two boys got into a skiff and dropped under the stern to await events; two others seized the gun levers and hid behind the breech of the 7-in. gun—the muzzle was only a foot from the smoker's back; another boy wriggled along the deck until he could reach the tripper; then at a given signal by the ringleader the levers were slipped, the gun ran down the slide, and before the smoker could look round seven tons weight in motion caught him in the back and overboard he went. The skiff dashed alongside and picked him up. After this involuntary bath, the smoker confined his smokes to the usual smoking place. Being in the main a kind-hearted man, the story did not reach the captain's ears—at all events in an official manner. The midshipmen never mentioned it—oh, no, they never did!



The Cat out of the Bag.

It is well known that our merchants supply guns and rifles of all sorts and conditions to the natives and others on the East and West Coasts of Africa. Old Tower Hill muskets with bayonets complete can be bought for a rupee at Zanzibar; Birmingham double-barrelled muzzle-loaders are sold in great numbers—these guns are serviceable weapons and seldom burst; there are besides many others, rifles of first-rate make and high price, which are bought by the Arab chiefs on the East Coast. These chiefs are very particular about their rifles; they will pay a long price, but always insist on having a trial shot; neither will they believe that the powder is good unless they get a hearty kick on the shoulder. The traders are, however, sometimes equal to the occasion. The agent of a "firm" trading in one of our African Protectorates undertook one day to explain to some Naval officers the *modus operandi* of selling an expensive rifle. The party to be let into the secret was taken on to the roof of a coal shed; there was a row of sheds, in all about sixty yards long, each shed being connected by a plank bridge, so that one could walk from end to end. Resting against the end wall of the last shed was a thick plank; on the plank a target was painted. On moving the plank a bullet was found embedded in the wall exactly behind the centre of the bull's-eye. Thus the most important condition of the Arab buyer was satisfied; the other condition was easily met, by the use of cartridges loaded with powder of extra strength. There is nothing wrong in these arrangements, as is well known that you may sell a man a good gun, but you cannot make him a good shot.

In some of the old trading ports or forts of the Hudson's Bay Trading Company there may be seen guns, muzzle-loaders with very long barrels, standing about 5-ft. high. Should you be curious enough to ask, "What are the guns used for?" the answer will be, "Oh, we have no use for them nowadays, but before the Indians got spoilt they were our best stock-in-trade." It appears that in the good old days of barter the price of a gun was a heap of furs placed one on top of another until they reached the height of the muzzle of the gun standing on the heel-plate. This satisfied the Indians until the "wily traders" increased the length of the guns to such an extent that not only had the quantity of furs to be increased enormously, but the guns themselves became almost useless owing to their unwieldiness.

The Naval Service is said to be "free from snobs;" at all events even Thackeray could not find a specimen for his book. It may also be claimed for the Service that dandies are few and far between, though occasionally one may be found even in a gun-room mess. The senior midshipman of a big ship "up the Straits" was famous not only for the extreme smartness of his dress, but also for the remarkable elegance of his figure—a broad chest, wide shoulders, and a wasp-like waist that certain young ladies envied and many admired. Owing to the nature of the surroundings there cannot be many mysteries about the toilet of a midshipman. Consequently, suspicions ripened into certainty; heads were soon laid together, and a plot arranged. The result was that one morning a very peculiar dish appeared on the gun-room breakfast table.

The senior midshipman, who always sat at the top of the table, and was very particular that all the dish-covers should be taken off together ("make an evolution of it," he used to say), noticed on this particular morning that the dish in front of him was not uncovered. He called the steward, who whisked off the cover; the result was that instead of the usual "ham and eggs," a well-worn pair of stays appeared. At first silence, then roars of laughter, in which after a bit the owner of the "improvers" joined heartily.

"Examination for the rank of lieutenant on board the flag-ship at 9.30 a.m. to-morrow; logs and work books to be taken on board this afternoon." Such was the signal shown to Mr. Smith, midshipman. Accordingly, Mr. Smith goes on board the flag-ship about 2 p.m., taking his books with him; he is informed that he must himself deposit the books in the captain's fore-cabin. Not over-pleased, the youngster betakes himself up several ladders into the cabin. Passing a stout, elderly person wearing blue cloth trousers and a white shirt, but no coat, waistcoat, or cap, he jumps to the conclusion that it must be the steward, so in a rather patronising manner he says, "Look here, please take my books; I am coming on

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board to-morrow to take a first class." Much to the boy's astonishment a somewhat rough and angry voice replies, "Oh, first class, are you? It is not my place to take your books; put them on that round table with the others." Noticing that the man has some prominent blue veins on the tip of his nose, the midshipman, who has a ready if not refined wit, answers, "All right, old blue nose, don't get your shirt out," then departs, chuckling and satisfied with himself; but next morning, on presenting himself for examination, satisfaction and confidence vanish, for there, sitting at the head of the table, is his friend of yesterday, only on this occasion he is wearing a captain's uniform. At the end of the examination the President gives the boy his papers, saying, "It is my duty to give you a second class certificate, and I regret that you are not a first class." Exit Mr. Smith, and for the rest of his life he has always a kindly memory for his friend with the blue nose on board the old "Adelaide."

Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of De Aar, under Methuen.

CAVALRY
2nd Dragoons.
9th Lancers.
12th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—G and P Batteries.
Field—18th, 37th (Howitzer), 62nd, 75th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division (latter in Kimberley).

ENGINEERS
7th (Field) Co.
8th (Railway) Co.
11th (Field) Co.
29th (Fortress) Co.
31st (Fortress) Co.
Two Sections 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY
3rd Grenadiers.
1st Coldstreams.
2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.
1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Highland L.I.
1st Northumberlands.
2nd Northamptons.
1st Gordons.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.
1st N. Lancashire (half battalion in Kimberley).
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.

II.—Cape Colony. All Troops in and South of De Aar, on line Cape Town to De Aar.

ARTILLERY
Horse—U Battery.
Field—4th, 38th, 65th Batteries.
Garrison—15th Co. S. Division (Siege Train).

ENGINEERS
6th (Fortress) Co.
20th (Field) Co.
37th (Field) Co.
45th (Fortress) Steam Road Transport Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY
1st Welsh.
2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Royal Warwicks.
1st Royal Irish.
1st Yorkshire.
2nd Shropshire L.I.
2nd Wiltshire.
1st York and Lancaster.
2nd Worcester.
2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.

III.—Southern Border, operating from Nauwpoort under French.

CAVALRY
Household Regiment.
6th Dragoon Guards.
6th Dragoons.
10th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—O and R. Batteries.
Field—20th Battery.

ENGINEERS
10th (Railway) Co.
26th (Field) Co.
42nd (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
1st Suffolk.
1st Essex.

IV.—Southern Border, operating from Queenstown under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY
Field—74th, 77th, 79th Batteries.

ENGINEERS
12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY
2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.

V.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

CAVALRY
1st Dragoons.
13th Hussars.
14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.

ENGINEERS
17th (Field) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.

INFANTRY
1st Border.
2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.
1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.
2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.
2nd Somerset L.I.
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Derbyshire.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
2nd Middlesex.
2nd Bedfords.
1st York and Lancaster.

VI.—Natal, beleaguered in Ladysmith under White.

CAVALRY
5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th Hussars.
19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS
23rd (Field) Company, Balloon Section, Headquarters and Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
1st Liverpool.
1st Devon.
1st Leicester.
1st Gloucester.
1st King's Royal Rifles.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Manchester.
2nd Gordons.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

VII.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

CAVALRY
16th Lancers.
7th Dragoon Guards.
17th Lancers.
8th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A, J, Q, M, T Batteries.
Field—43rd (Howitzer), 76th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 2nd, 8th, 44th, 39th, 68th, 88th, 5th, 9th, 17th Batteries.
Garrison—5th Co. E. Division; 15th Co. W. Division (Siege Train); 2nd, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division.

ENGINEERS
"C" Pontoon Troop.
38th (Field) Co.
47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucester.
2nd Lincoln.
2nd Norfolk.
1st Scottish Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.
2nd Hants.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
2nd North Staffs.
3rd South Lancashire.*
4th Royal Lancaster.*
6th Royal Warwick.*
4th Derbyshire.*
9th King's Royal Rifles.*
3rd Durham L.I.*
4th Argyll and Sutherland.*
1st Sussex (from Malta).
1st Leinster (from Halifax).
City of London Imperial Volunteers.
* Militia Regiments

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 (Supply), 40, 41, and 42.

NOTE.—The strength of the various units on a war footing is approximately as follows: A regiment of Cavalry 610; a battery of Artillery, Horse 180, Field 170 (companies of Garrison Artillery vary considerably, but may be taken to average 150; the Siege Train batteries are, however, very largely augmented); a company of Royal Engineers 210; a battalion of Infantry 1,010; and a company Army Service Corps 140.

FLOGGING in the British Army was not abolished until 1881, but years before that time an agitation began for its abolition. It is believed that the movement took practical shape in 1846, when a private named F. J. White, of the 7th Hussars, died from the effects of a severe flogging. White had been guilty of the serious offence of striking a sergeant at Hounslow. He was court-martialled and sentenced to receive 150 lashes. Two regimental farriers carried out the sentence. White bore his punishment manfully, although he had been kept without food for seventeen hours previously. After the barbarous punishment had been inflicted on him, the man went to the Station Hospital, where he died some five weeks later. Death was certified to have taken place from inflammation of the pleura and of the membrane of the heart. The Vicar of Hounslow, however, refused to bury the man without a coroner's warrant. At the inquest, Dr. Erasmus Wilson, who was called upon to make an independent examination of the body, gave it as his opinion that the man died from the effects of his severe punishment. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with this evidence. Then began the agitation for the abolition of flogging in the Army, but although in time of peace it was abolished in 1868, another thirteen years elapsed before the whole object of the movement was accomplished and flogging in the Army was completely abolished.

DURING the present year Volunteers will be called upon to give a better account of themselves than in former years, as far as musketry is concerned. Formerly, in order to earn the capitation grant, a citizen soldier was only required to fire twenty-one rounds at 200-yds. and obtain thirty points, in addition to attending a certain number of drills. Now, however, the authorities are not satisfied with such a poor test of a Volunteer's marksmanship. At 200-yds. he must fire seven rounds standing and seven kneeling; at 500-yds. and 600-yds., seven rounds respectively lying. So much for deliberate individual firing, but volleys and independent firing are insisted upon, for the first time, this year. At 500-yds., then, seven rounds are expended in volleys (single rank kneeling), and the same number in rapid independent firing under like conditions. For the purposes of sectional firing, four men at least must form a section. The total number of compulsory rounds is forty-two. A score of seventy points in individual practices obtains for the firer the classification of "marksman." A "second-class shot" must score at least forty points, and the "third-class shots" are those who score less than forty points.

"NATIONAL ANTHEM."—"God Save the King," written between 1736 and 1740, is stated to have been first sung in public at a dinner given in 1740 to celebrate the capture of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon in the previous year; it was sung to music of his own composition by the alleged author, Henry Carey. The phrase "God save the King" is said by Froude to have been the watchword of the Navy in 1545; the countersign being "Long to reign over us." At a banquet given in Paris in honour of the Duke of Clarence when he, as Lord High Admiral, conveyed Louis XVIII. across the Channel, the following special verse was sung, the metre of which must, it is feared, have made the composer of the original anthem turn in his grave:

"God save noble Clarence
Who brings her kings to France,
God save Clarence;
He maintains the glory
Of the British Navy,
O! make him happy,
God save Clarence!"

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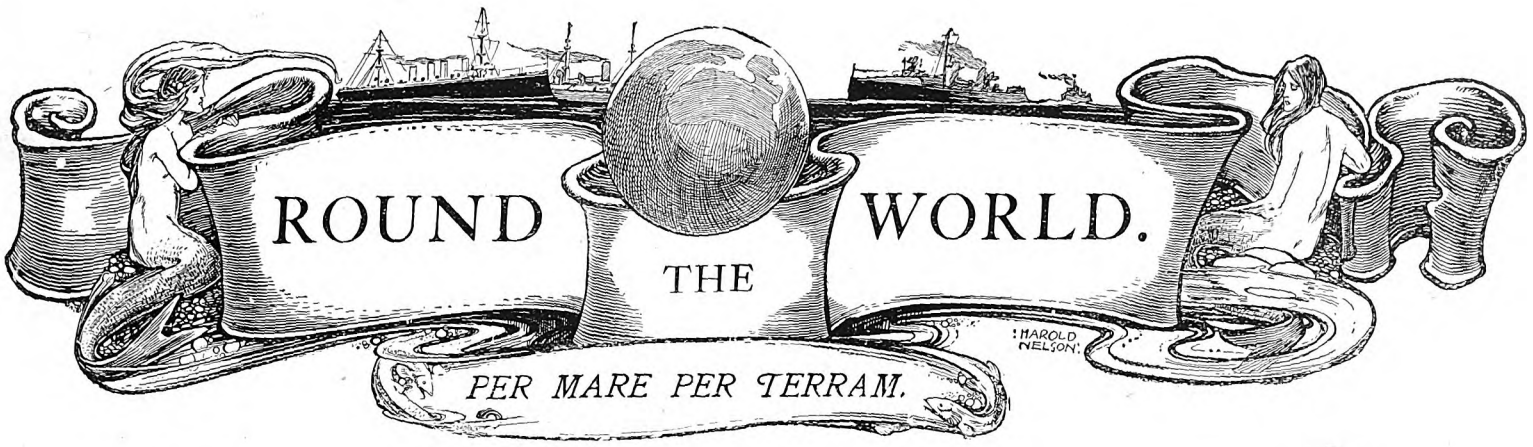

Photo. *Russell & Sons.*
COLONEL LORD CHESHAM,
Now Organising the Imperial Yeomanry.

NO man in the Empire is to-day doing better work than Lord Chesham, on whose shoulders has fallen the task of organising the great corps of Imperial Yeomanry now being raised for service in South Africa. Lord Chesham is still in his prime — he is not yet fifty—and, though he has seen no war service, has fairly sampled his profession, for he started as a youngster of twenty in the Coldstream Guards, passed from them a year or two later to the 10th Hussars, and finally got his troop in the 16th Lancers. Every one of his old corps are now doing yeoman service at the front, and his son and heir will probably by the time these lines are in print be on his way to South Africa, for he is in the 17th Lancers, which is under orders for the Cape. Lord Chesham has since 1889 commanded the Royal Bucks Hussars.

FACING Lord Chesham on this page is the portrait of the officer in command of the City of London Imperial Volunteers. He also is in the prime of life, for he is not yet forty-eight. Colonel Mackinnon is a Guardsman, and has done all his regimental service in the Grenadiers, to which corps he was gazetted on June 22, 1870. For nearly five years he was adjutant of his battalion, and a man who has been adjutant of a Guards' battalion has proved himself an exceptionally smart soldier. He has been assistant military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief at Malta, private secretary to the Governor of Madras, and was for several years A.A.G. of the Home District. To this post he was again temporarily appointed last October, and he now vacates it to take up the command to which he has been appointed.

WHEN the story of this campaign comes to be written, one thing will stand out strong and clear, and that is, that our colonial troops have been tested in the most trying fashion, and have proved themselves of the best every time. The very brilliant little bit of fighting near Dordrecht on December 30 was carried out entirely by colonial troops, and the story of how forty men under Lieutenants Milford and Turner, of the Frontier Mounted Rifles, held their own against 800 Boers will be one of the episodes of the campaign. Standing by a wounded officer of Brabant's Horse, the little detachment had to defend itself throughout the night until its relief was effected the next morning by Captain Goldsworthy. The last-named officer is not seeing his first fighting in South Africa, for he fought through the campaign of 1877-79, and also in the operations in Basutoland in 1880-81.

Photo. *Gregory.*
COLONEL W. H. MACKINNON,
Who Goes Out in Command of the City of London Imperial Volunteers.

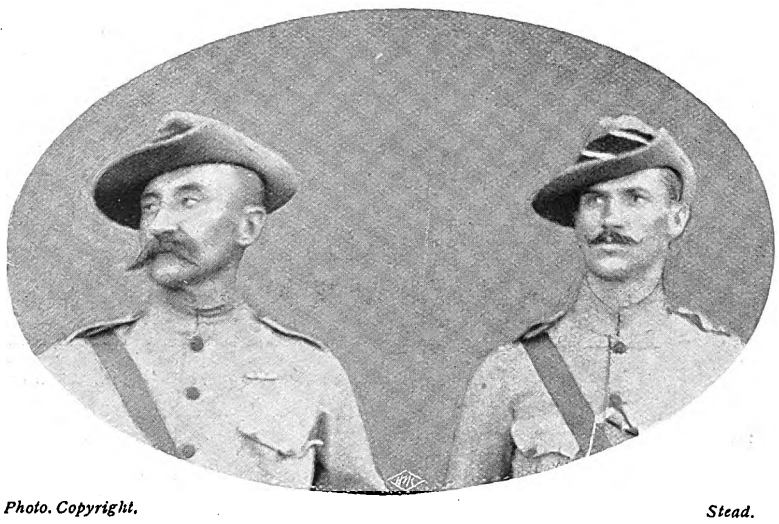

Photo. Copyright. *Stead.*
CAPTAIN H. W. GOLDSWORTHY AND LIEUTENANT E. J. WELBY,
Cape Mounted Rifles.
Captain Goldsworthy is the Hero of Labuschagne's Nek.

Lieutenant Welby, who figures also in our portrait, is one of the very few officers in the corps who are now on active service for the first time. With the exception of eleven of their twenty-four lieutenants, every officer in the Cape Mounted Rifles has seen service, and their doctor, Lieutenant-Colonel Hartley, won his V.C. for gallantry at Morosi's Mountain in 1879.

THE khaki-clad group here depicted have the honour of being the first in signalling in India for the year 1898-99. The 3rd Rifle Brigade ran them close, for they were only beaten by seven points. The group here shown fully equipped with flags, lamps, and heliograph have been doing good work on our North-West Frontier for some years, for they served through both the Chitral and Tirah Campaigns. One of them, Sergeant Race, received the medal for distinguished conduct in the field, almost as good as the V.C., and Major Logan-Home, the instructor of the squad, was Sir W. Lockhart's chief signalling officer in the Tirah Campaign, and earned mention in despatches.

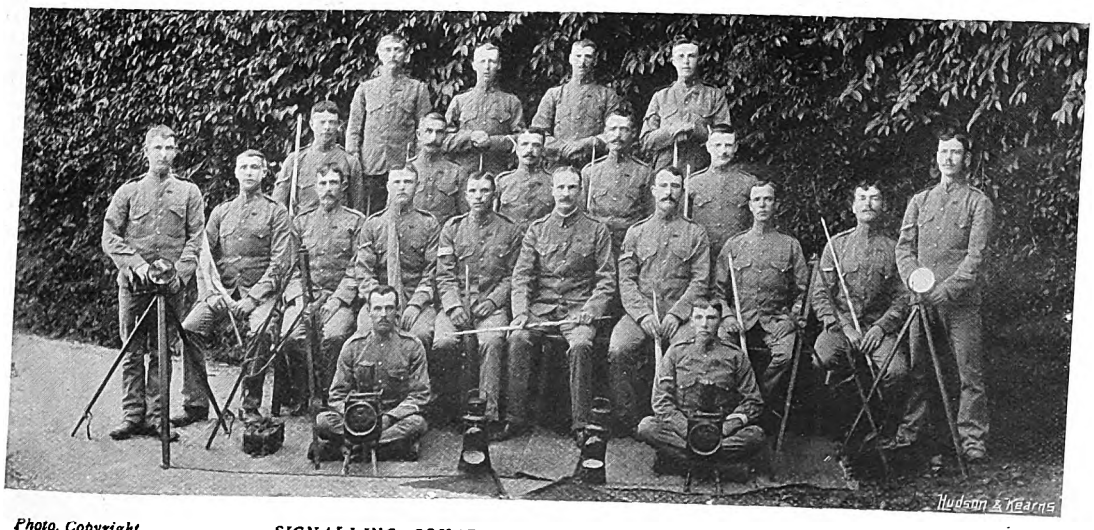

Photo. Copyright. *Tomar.*
SIGNALLING SQUAD OF THE 1st BEDFORDSHIRE.
Champion Squad of Regiments in India, 1898-99.

IN our present fighting the experts tell us we are outclassed and outranged by our opponent's

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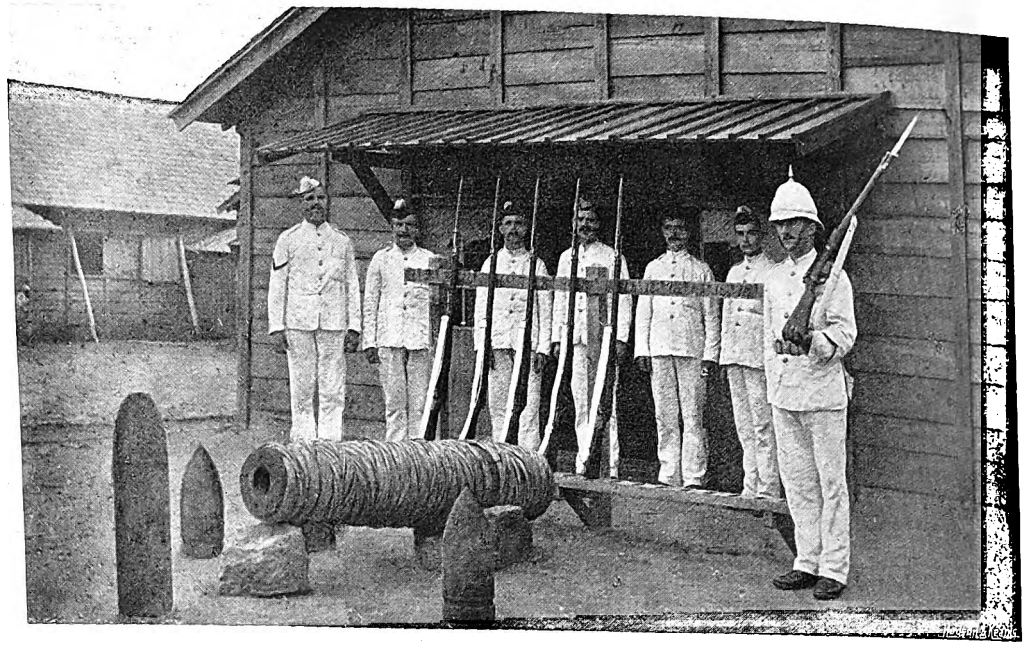
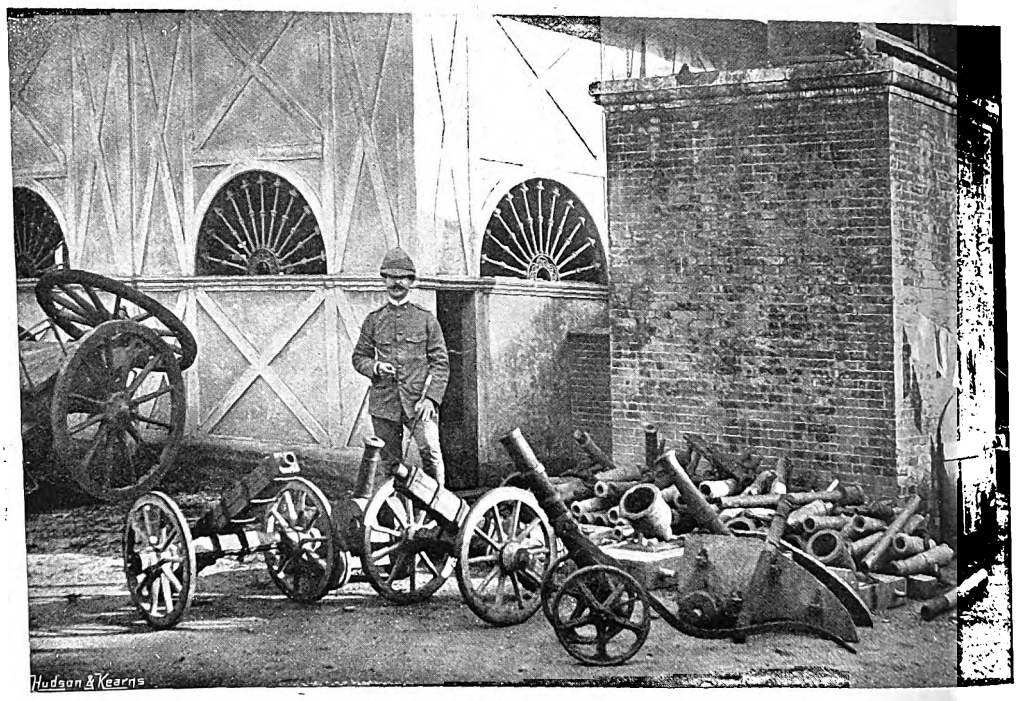
artillery. That may, or may not, be so, but at any rate it is comforting to reflect that when our foe is the Heathen Chinee our obsolete field guns will at any rate equal the cream of his ordnance. The gun looks as if it were wire-wound—with coarse string. As a matter of fact, it is made entirely of wood bound with split bamboo. The guard in charge of this mighty piece of ordnance are Marines of the "Powerful," and their main duty was to secure the gun from being carried off as fuel, for wood is scarce in those parts.

IT is lucky for the United States that in lieu of a Kruger they have found an Aguinaldo, who has not developed the Philippine artillery to that high pitch which a judicious expenditure of money in Europe might have brought it to. The guns are mainly of the gas-pipe order, with wood casing stiffened with iron. Those here shown were found in the arsenal at Manila, and curiously enough they are now in the possession of British Naval officers, and may perhaps figure some day in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution.

THE gun here shown is not a libel on modern artillery, for it was one actually used against the American troops at Santa Anna, when the United States commenced the building of their Empire. The carriage is simply the wheels and shafts of the ordinary "Carromato," the hansom of Manila. The man standing at the rear of the gun is a corporal of United States Artillery, and one can realise what he is suffering. Whether the insurgents were supplied with melinite or lyddite is immaterial, but the brave little truck in the foreground was meant to carry a small howitzer.



AN OLD-TIME RELIC.
A Chinese Gun at Wei-hai-Wei.

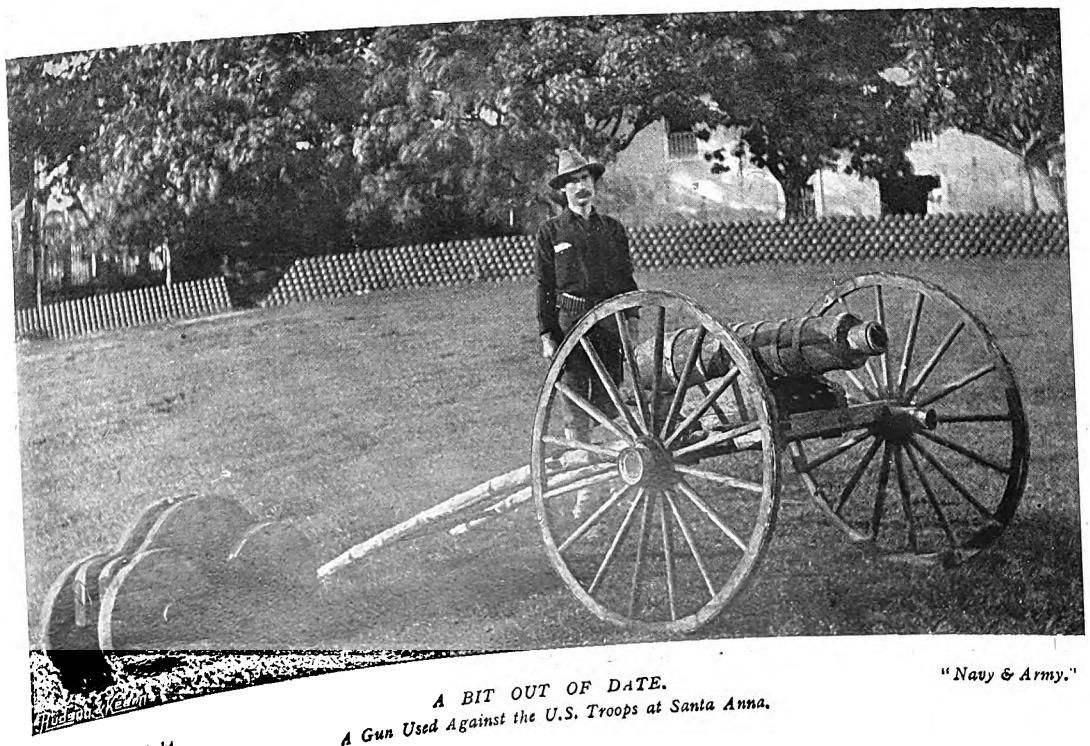


TO FIGHT THE AMERICANS WITH.
Types of Armament from the Insurgents' Arsenal.

THROUGHOUT the Navy, wherever any craft afloat is flying the White Ensign, the single wish in each man's heart is that he were on the Cape station. All, unfortunately, cannot be so, but from the Mediterranean to the Pacific every man is following with the keenest interest the history of the struggle. One of our illustrations on the next page was snap-shotted in an upper deck casemate of the "Renown," the flag-ship on the Mediterranean station. And can one wonder that the young officers of the Navy are keen to know how their comrades at the front are doing when one realises that the bulk of officers serving with the Naval Brigades are midshipmen and sub-lieutenants?

AND the lower deck man is as keen as his officer, but, on the whole, perhaps he takes it more calmly. The group of Bluejackets and Marines here depicted belong to the "Renown," the flagship on the Mediterranean station. Launched in 1895, the "Renown" has one of the most historic names in the Navy, for it commemorates the capture of two French ships, each called "Renommée," and both of which entered the British Navy under the name "Renown."

WHILE we are fighting for supremacy in South Africa, we must not forget that the northern length of the Cape Town to Cairo line is being, to a large extent, held by the small contingent of the Royal Navy now doing gun-boat service on the Nile. Our group is of Naval officers and men employed in this useful service. The senior



A BIT OUT OF DATE.
A Gun Used Against the U.S. Troops at Santa Anna.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

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officer, Lieutenant W. H. Cowan, who is seated in the centre of the group, is an officer who has seen much service in the Dark Continent. He has served in more than one of the West Coast expeditions, and earned his D.S.O. on the Nile during the operations of 1898, including the battles of the Atbara and Khartoum. Lieutenant Cowan holds, moreover, the Royal Humane Society's medal for gallantry in saving life. Seated on Lieutenant Cowan's right is Engineer Bond, who also earned his D.S.O. in the Nile Campaign. He was specially mentioned in despatches by the Sirdar, who said: "I wish also to add my appreciation of the services rendered by Engineer E. Bond, of the Royal Navy and the engineering staff." It is worth noting in our picture the part the Marines have played in the Nile Campaign, for four of the figures in the group are sergeants of the Royal Marine Artillery, and, as our Khartoum correspondent writes us, "We were not able to get together every one, as Colour-Sergeants Sears and Muller and Sergeant Mead were away in gun-boats at the time." The names and general positions of the officers and non-commissioned officers in the group are as follows: Lieutenant Cowan, R.N., D.S.O., in the centre; Engineer Bond, R.N., D.S.O., on Lieutenant Cowan's right; Lieutenant Escombe, R.N., on Mr. Bond's right; Lieutenants Fell and Drury, R.N., on Lieutenant Cowan's left. Behind being: Chief Engine-room Artificer Milton, R.N.; Colour-Sergeant Lambert, R.M.A.; Colour-Sergeant Saddon, R.M.A.; Colour-Sergeant Evans, R.M.A.; and Sergeant Maynard, R.M.A.

MR. HENRY INGLIS ROSSLYN TRISCHLER, the latest winner of the medal presented annually to the "Britannia" by Her Majesty the Queen, is but a little over sixteen years old, as he was born at Melbourne on October 2, 1883, and it is well that now, when the Empire is testing itself, and the work the colonies are doing for it is so markedly in evidence, that the gold medallist of the "Britannia" should be an Australian. The young cadet, who has now been appointed to the "Doris" as midshipman, goes straight to the front, for the "Doris" is the flag-ship on the Cape

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.
The Gun-room Officers Smoke and Ruminate.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.
Bluejackets and Marines Take it Calmly.

Photos. Copyright. 'Navy & Army.'

THE NAVY TO THE FORE—NAVAL OFFICERS AND MARINES DOING THE EMPIRE'S WORK ON THE NILE.

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station. Mr. Trischler is also a fair athlete, and his record in that direction is not a bad one. When he joined the "Britannia" in 1898 he at once got his colours for the first "Rugger" fifteen. In his next term he gained his hockey colours. Last term he was bowling for the cricket eleven, and with some success, for an average of 16·2 runs per wicket is not one to be ashamed of. During this term also he won the bayonet *v.* bayonet competition at the annual assault-at-arms, and pulled stroke in three winning crews out of four races. A very good type of the Naval cadet is Mr. Trischler, and we are glad he hails from the colonies, for it is well that the men from overseas should take their part in the sea service as well as they are now doing on land.

Photo. Cooling.
MIDSHIPMAN H. I. R. TRISCHLER, R.N.
Winner of the Queen's medal in the "Britannia," and now appointed to the Flag-ship at the Cape.

IN our picture the officer of the watch is seen hailing a passing boat with that magnified ear trumpet—the megaphone. Like most American inventions, it is, without being ornamental, distinctly useful. It has found its way into Her Majesty's Service, and has proved of much use in it.

THE two Services, side by side, are well depicted in the accompanying illustration, which shows the boatswain of the "Powerful" and a sergeant-major of the King's Own (Yorkshire Light Infantry). When the trouble began the Yorkshires had their left half battalion quartered in Mauritius, and the great cruiser, speeding from China to the Cape, was detained to act as transport to bring this half battalion down to the scene of action. By their removal, with the exception of a couple of companies of Garrison Artillery, Mauritius is denuded of British troops. The troops now in garrison there are two regiments of native infantry from India and the 2nd Battalion of the British Central Africa Rifles.

Our picture is an interesting one, for in the two warrant officers depicted we have the goal that is the ambition of "Tommy" and "Jack," as both officers represent what a good man can work up to from the ranks or the lower deck.

Photo. Copyright. *"WHAT HO!"* *"Navy & Army."*
Using the Megaphone.

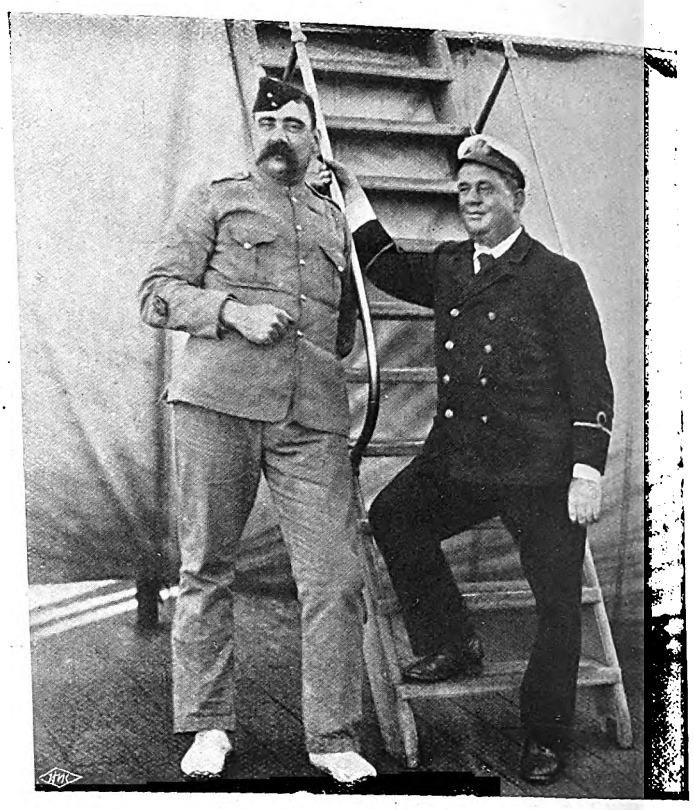


Photo. Copyright. *"COMRADES."* *H. Sharps.*
The Boatswain of the "Powerful" and a Sergeant-Major of the Yorkshire Light Infantry.

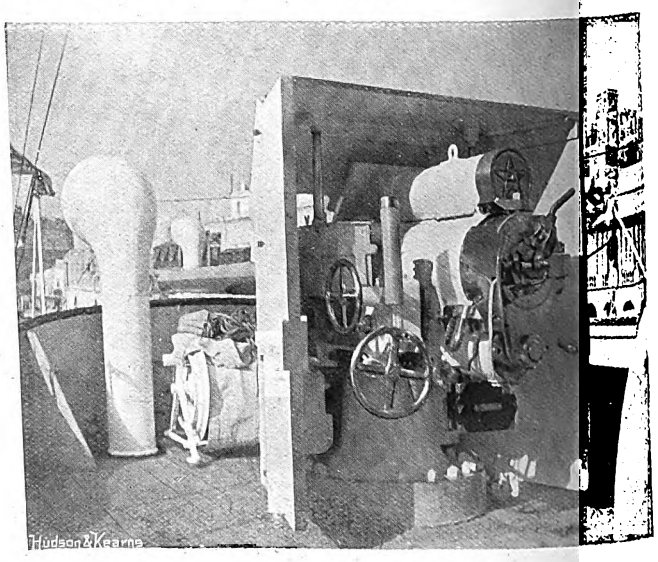
THE accompanying illustration gives an excellent view of the breech, recoil mechanism, and protective shield of the "four-point-seven," the gun which is now doing such good work with White in Ladysmith, with Methuen on the Western Frontier, and with Buller on the Tugela. Transported from the Fleet to the front, these guns have, thanks to the inventive genius of Captain Percy Scott, been transformed into what are practically field-pieces, and so we are able to make some reply to the heavy artillery which the Boers have in the field. The range of the gun with cordite is 9,800-yds., and it throws a shell of 45-lb. weight. The shell now being used against the Boers with such effect has a charge of 4-lb. 8-oz. of lyddite, with 4½-oz. of picric powder as an explosive. The recoil mechanism prominent on top of the gun in our picture has in the most recent designs been placed underneath the gun.

The weight of the gun is 41-cwt.; its length 16-ft. 1½-in.; and the number of grooves, 22.

In addition to the shell just mentioned, the following shells are supplied:

	Weight of bursting charge. lb.	oz.	
Iron, common	2	15	powder
Steel ,,	4	2	,,
,, shrapnel	0	5	,,
Armour piercing (pointed and hardened).	1	15	,,

A correspondent writing from the camp says: "It is a peculiar sight to see the 4·7-in. fired. Many thought it would



A "FOUR-POINT-SEVEN."
The Gun that has Saved the Situation.

turn over, but Captain Percy Scott appears to have well calculated the stresses; there is with a full charge of cordite a slight rise of the fore end, which practically relieves all the fastenings. Hastily put together, and crude as it looks, it really embraces all the points of a scientific mounting, and it wants a great expert to pronounce an opinion on it."

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 156.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 27th, 1900.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

WITH FRENCH AT RENSBURG.

This is a suggestive little scene from the camp of the Inniskilling Dragoons, who charged the other day with such deadly effect through and through the Boers near Colesberg. The standing figure is sentry over the regimental machine-gun, which in action is carried on a galloping carriage as mobile as the corps itself.

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Delagoa Bay and the War.

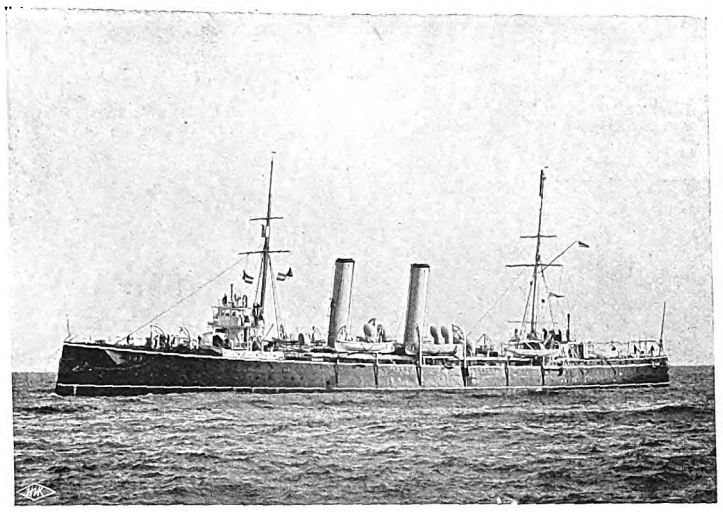
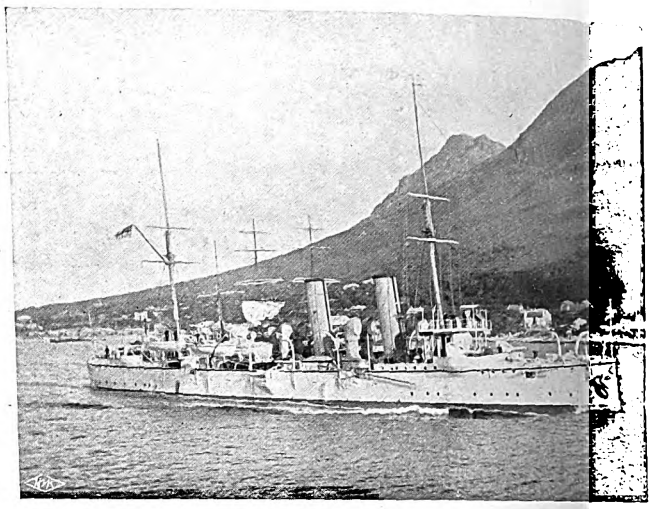


Photo. Copyright. Ellis.

THE "THETIS."

The Cruiser which Captured the German Steamer "Herzog" to the North of Delagoa Bay.



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THE "MAGICIENNE."

The Cruiser which Captured the German Steamer "Bundesrath," and Towed her to Durban.

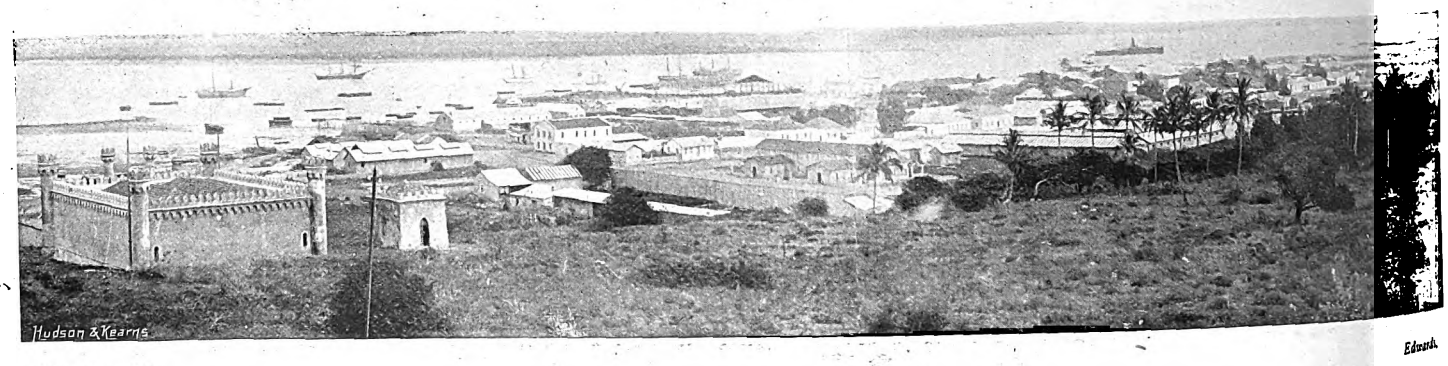
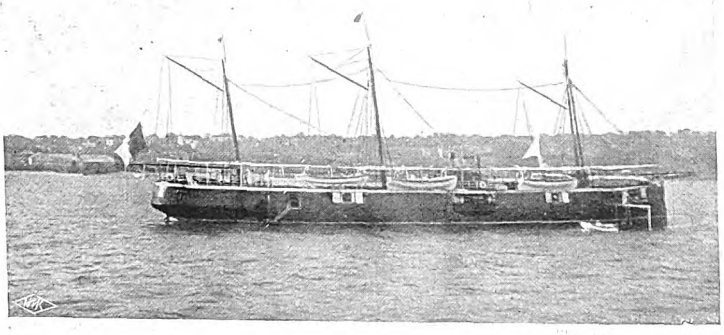


Photo. Copyright. Edwards.

DELAGOA BAY.

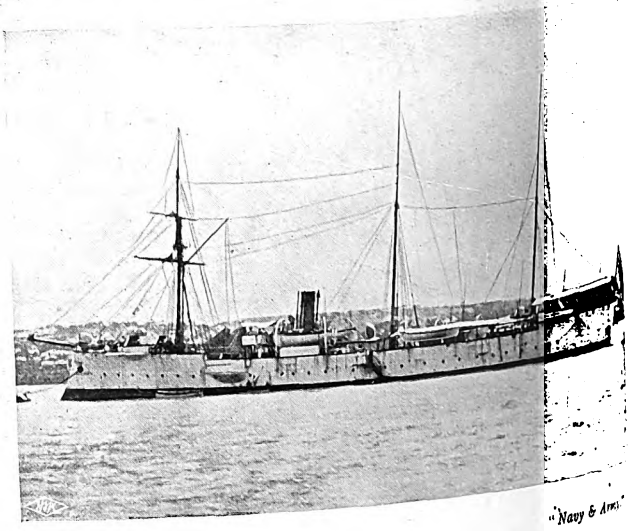
Showing the Old Portuguese Fort on the Left. Delagoa Bay has been described as the "Key of South Africa," but we allowed it to slip through our hands.



Photos. Copyright.

THE "INDIA."

The Portuguese War-ship in which Transvaal War Stores were Detained at Lourenco Marques.



"Navy & Army."

THE "CONDOR."

The German Cruiser which Carried the Mails and Passengers of the "Bundesrath" to Lourenco Marques after her Capture.

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Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.

ENFIELD LOCK.—I.

TUCKED away, so to speak, out of sight on the marshes at Enfield Lock stands the chief small arms factory of England, the birthplace of the Lee-Metford magazine rifle, and of many another good weapon. Although, by the very nature of things, not so vast as the Arsenal at Woolwich, it yet employs from 2,300 to 3,500 men, for whom the authorities have made generous provision in the shape of cottages, schools, and institutes. It is interesting to note here that the Government Service is looked upon by many as a distinct profession, and several instances of three generations of one family can be shown by the pay-sheet as working at the factory. The sluggish River Lea, which, by numerous canals, intersects the establishment, lends an air of sylvan picturesqueness to the scene unusual in a manufactory, and furnishes a cheap and efficient means of transport.

Photo. W. J. Wright.
COLONEL W. N. LOCKYER, R.A.,
Chief Inspector of Small Arms.

Photo. Lafayette.
COLONEL H. S. S. WATKIN, C.B.,
Superintendent of Enfield Lock.

The factory is an affair, comparatively, of yesterday, and has no old buildings or associations to stand in the way of enlargement. Aggressively new, it is yet being constantly added to as the tenets of the new gospel of universal peace become more generally understood!

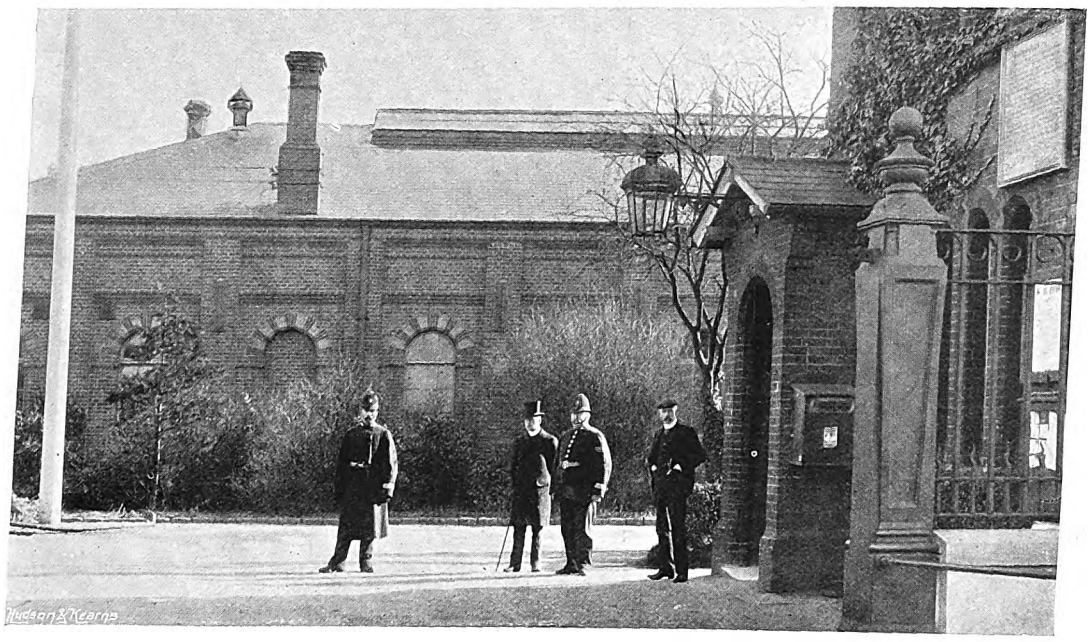

Photo. Copyright. ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL SMALL ARMS FACTORY, ENFIELD LOCK. "Navy & Army."

The control of the Small Arms Department was, until quite recently, vested in Mr. Donaldson, now Chief Mechanical Engineer of Ordnance Factories. By the new order of things an officer on the active list is to be appointed, and he, like his brother superintendents, will be directly responsible to the I.G.O.F. Side by side with the manufacturing branch, and inhabiting the same block of buildings, is the inspection branch. The modern rifle is so intricate that inspection of its parts has to proceed *pari passu* with their manufacture, and hence the two departments, although absolutely distinct, are far more closely allied than is the case at Woolwich. The Chief Inspector of Small Arms is Colonel W. N. Lockyer, R.A., who is one of the greatest authorities on rifle manufacture in Europe. His service at Enfield extends from 1884, when he was appointed captain-inspector, down to 1894, when he was appointed to his present position.

Photo. L. Sawyer.
CAPTAIN W. B. WALLACE,
Assistant Inspector of Small Arms.

Photo. A. Weston.
MR. SPEED.
Manager of the Small Arms Factory.

His services have recently been recognised by an extension of his command by five years, a fact as satisfactory to the rifle world as it must have been to him. His second in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Ward, R.A., was appointed Inspector of Small Arms in 1895, having been gazetted to the Royal Artillery in 1873.

Photo. Maull & Fox.
LIEUT.-COLONEL E. WARD, R.A.,
Inspector of Small Arms.

Captain W. B. Wallace, of the Suffolk Regiment, was appointed as Inspector of Machine Guns in 1897, having been gazetted 1885. The output from the factory is gigantic, and only when it is so can the cost of production be kept within bounds. There are 300,000 square feet of floorspace available, and it can be readily understood that to allow any of the expensive plant which such an extensive factory entails to lie idle increases the annual cost of that machinery which *is* running. The weekly wage-bill is an instructive document, showing as it does an amount which varies from £3,000 to £4,000, according to the work in hand. The weekly output, when the factory is working at its highest pressure, is as follows: 500 swords, 3,000 bayonets, 200 lances, 3,000 magazine rifles, and six machine-guns. Besides this, if necessary, 1,000 spare rifle barrels and 1,000 spare bayonets can be produced at a pinch, every one of the details being of the finest workmanship, and as narrowly inspected as though "easy all" was the order.

Photo. C. S. Southin.
MR. BLACK,
Principal War Office Clerk, Enfield Lock.

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The factory, like the Arsenal and the cordite factory, is an eight-hour day establishment, and there is but one break, viz., the dinner-hour. Men come in at 8 a.m., knock off at 12 noon; resume work at 1 p.m., and knock off for the day at 5 p.m. The modern rifle is well shown in the illustration, by contrast with its predecessors. Mark II. has a magazine capable of holding ten cartridges, and has an effective range of 2,900-yds., its bore being ·303-in. Its weight, including bayonet, is 10½-lb., and its length over all is 5-ft. 1½-in. The French Lebel rifle measures, with bayonet, 5-ft. 11½-in., an advantage of 10-in. to the Frenchman when he crosses bayonets with Thomas Atkins. The cost, excluding all profits, of our Service rifle amounts to £2 14s. without bayonet, or £3 0s. 9d. inclusive. As may be imagined, the task of inspecting the manufacture of its 120 different parts is an onerous one; it demands the services of 190 men of all ranks. Gauges capable of detecting errors of 1-1000-in. are used by these men for testing each item, and these gauges alone total up to 305.

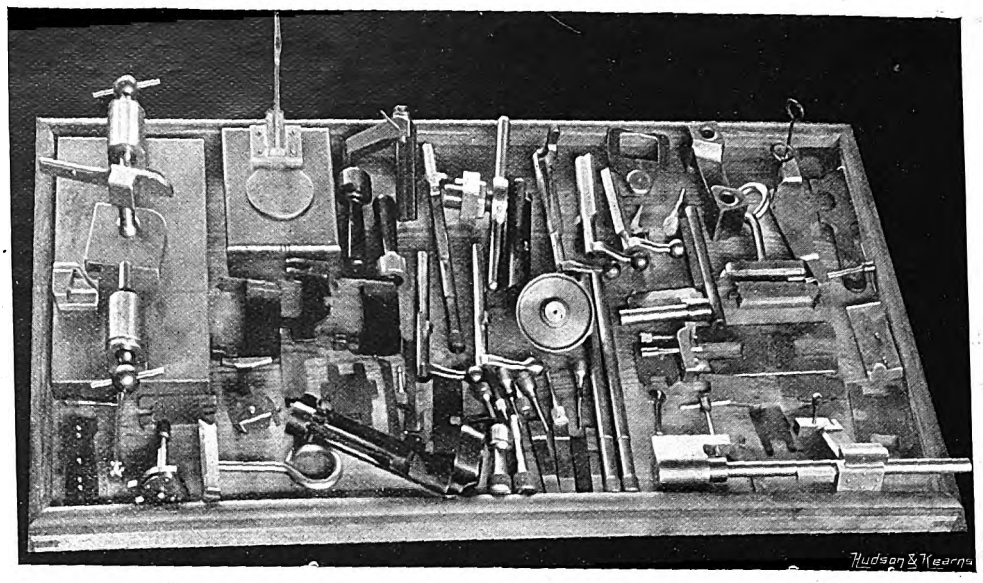

Photo. Copyright GAUGES FOR THE BODY OF THE SERVICE RIFLE. *"Navy & Army."*
The Body Requires 68 Different Gauges. The Bolt Requires 29 Different Gauges. The Barrel Requires 41 Different Gauges.

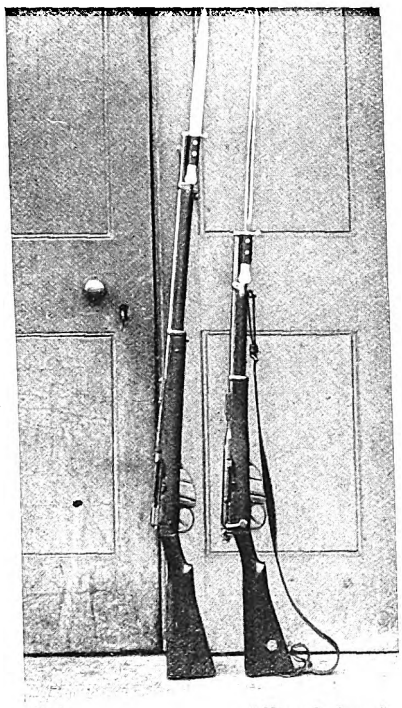

Photo. *"Navy & Army."*
COLONEL LOCKYER'S PROPOSED UNIVERSAL PATTERN WEAPON.
Compared with the Lee-Enfield Rifle, it weighs 2-lb. less and has a Triangular Bayonet, with the Same Handle as the Old Sword-Bayonet.

In addition to testing rifles, bayonets, and swords, trained viewers inspect periodically the arms in the charge of troops. No smartness of drill impresses *these* men, and woe to the commanding officer of a regiment if his rifles are found neglected. Colonel Lockyer has recently been engaged in trying to persuade the War Office to adopt the carbine as the universal arm, as he has proved that its range is as good and its shooting as accurate as that of the rifle, and it weighs 2-lb. less. The reason for the reintroduction of the triangular bayonet is based upon an incident which occurred at the battle of the Atbara. An English soldier bayonetted a Dervish, and to his disgust found that he could not withdraw the weapon, its shape rendering it peculiarly liable to be retained.

A triangular bayonet, on the other hand, is far less liable to such an accident, and, besides, requires far less force to penetrate the enemy's body.

One other point must be borne in mind, and that is that the long bayonet is of some use to a soldier unhappily deprived of his rifle. It would puzzle the most ardent fighter to make much headway with a bayonet little better than a hunting-knife.

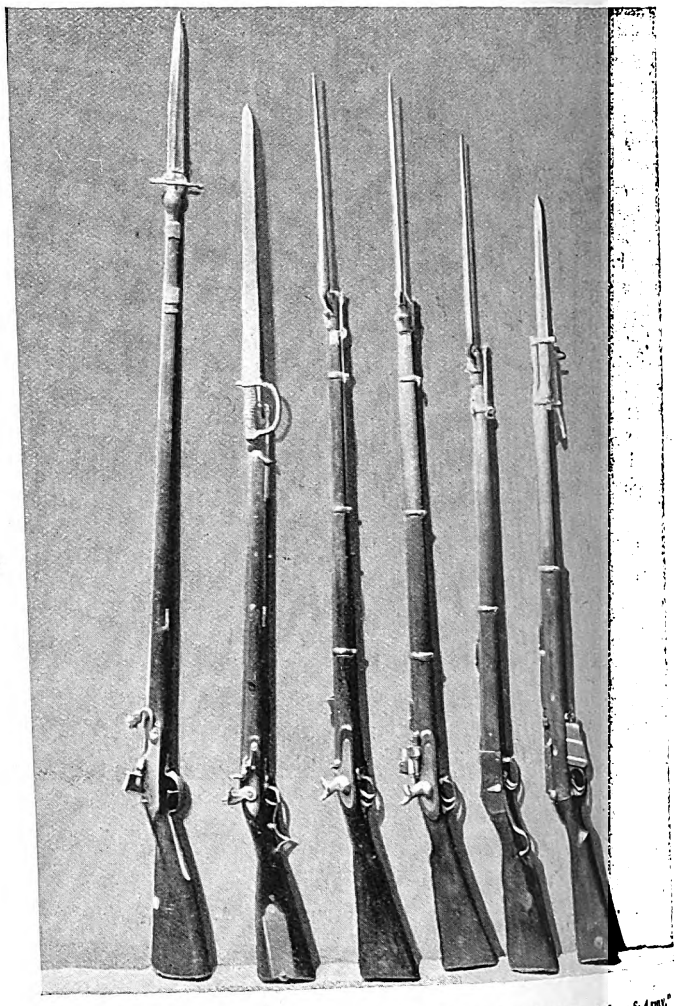

Photo. Copyright. THE EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN RIFLE. *"Navy & Army."*
Matchlock of about William III., Flintlock (Brown Bess), Enfield Rifle, Snider Breech-loader, Martini-Henry, and Lee-Enfield (Mark II.).

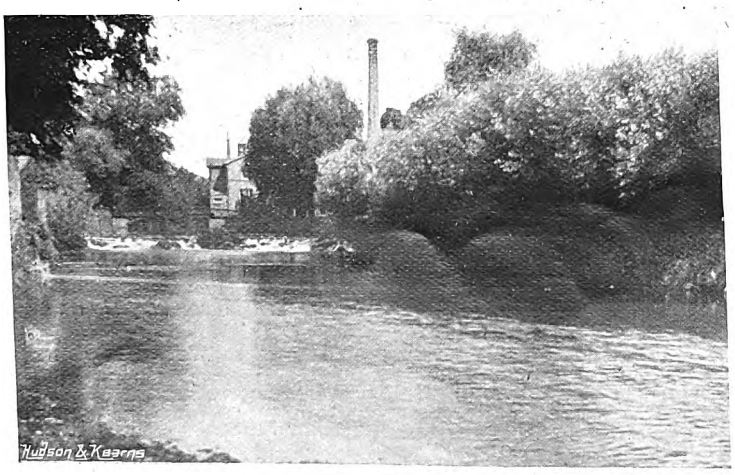

Photo. Copyright. *Col. Lockyer, R.A.*
A CHARMING VIEW INSIDE THE FACTORY.

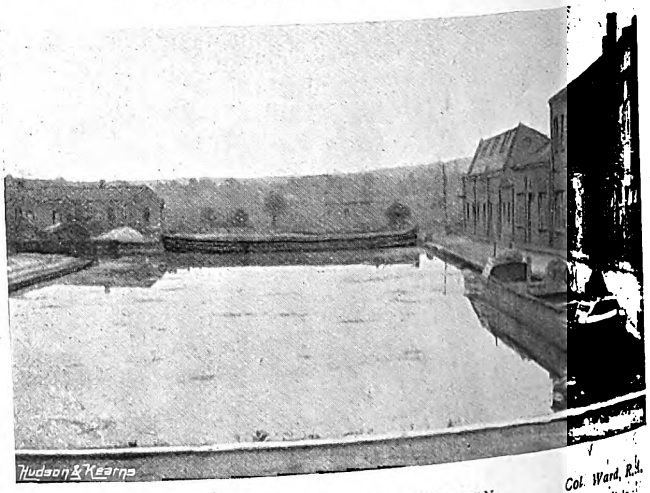

Photo. Copyright. EN ROUTE FOR WEEDON. *Col. Ward, R.E.*
View of the Basin at Enfield Lock—Rifles being Loaded into Barges for Transit to the Weedon Government Store.

(Previous articles of this series appeared on July 15 and January 13).

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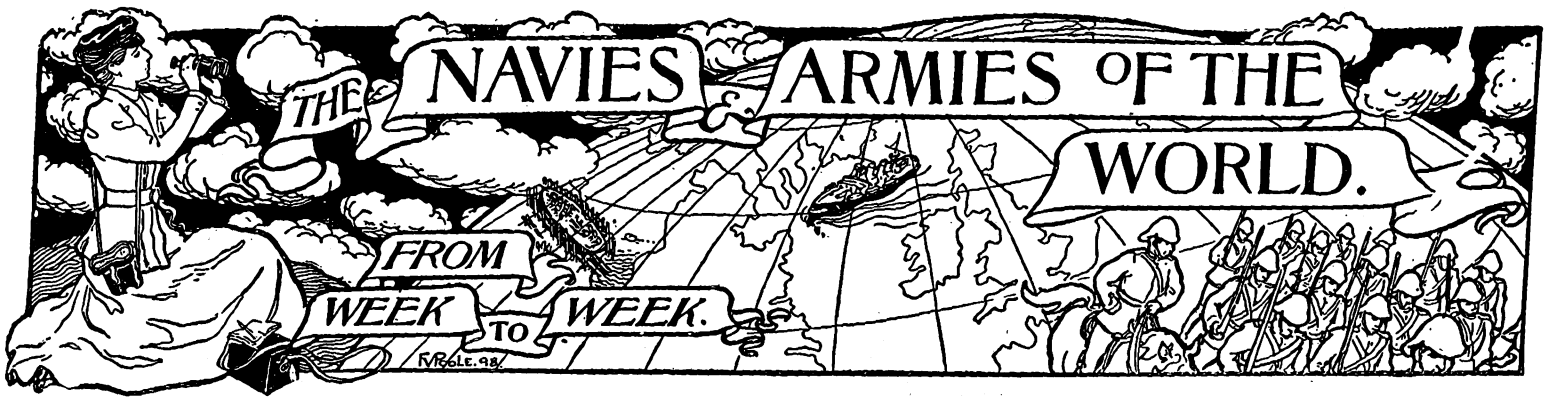

THE little unpleasantness which has arisen between ourselves and the Germans over the arrest of the "Bundesrath" and other vessels is interesting to others than international lawyers and politicians. A good deal of the history of the Navy is concerned with just such matters, and will probably continue to be in the future. Nor has that been the case with us only, but with all Naval Powers at all times. The sea being the common road and field of all nations which can reach its waters, there has never been a possibility of limiting war upon it as upon land. Belligerents and neutrals have been always so mingled together that it has been all but impossible to disentangle them, therefore the second have ever—except when they were too powerful to be made light of—suffered what they considered wrong at the hands of the first. Indeed, there were times when it could hardly be said that there ever was full peace for anybody on the sea. All sailors were more or less pirates, and were liable to be so treated. When our Edward III. fought his battle with "the Spaniards on the Sea" he was not at war with their Sovereign; he attacked them because he had to complain that they had plundered his subjects. No doubt they had, and their excuse was that they had been previously robbed by the English. The fact was, that everybody wanted the road over the sea to himself, and was disposed to treat all rivals as interlopers if he could. When two States were at war, their natural wish was to deprive one another of their whole trade, whether borne in their own vessels or by neutrals; hence the sorrows of the latter, who were liable to be crushed between the two.

* * * *

It is a natural consequence that wars on the sea have always had a tendency to become what Froissart said they were in his time, "felon," that is, peculiarly cruel and destructive. Commercial greed enters into them more than it does in land wars. We have not been the worst offenders in that way, or, at any rate, not worse than others. In the ancient world a maritime power always sought to make a monopoly by crushing everybody else. So it did in the Middle Ages, and some of the most cut-throat fighting ever known went on in the Mediterranean between Genoese, Venetians, and Catalans, all of them being intent on getting the whole trade of the Levant into their own hands. At the other end of Europe it was the same story. The Germans had once a Naval power in the shape of the Hanseatic League, which was a confederation of seaport towns on the Baltic and at the mouth of the Elbe, together with trading and manufacturing towns in the interior. The league had great privileges both in Scotland and England, where the merchants of the Steelyard were a powerful corporation. It established a regular tyranny in the North of Europe, and was abundantly greedy and overbearing. When Ivan the Terrible encouraged the English to establish a factory at Archangel, it was largely because he wished to escape from the overbearing dominion of the Hanseatic League. One of the first steps we took when our commercial development began was to overthrow the privileged position of the merchants of the Steelyard.

* * * *

In the natural course of things, when we got the upper hand we began to try to act in precisely the same fashion. So did the Dutch, and everybody else whenever they had a chance. Of course, we all talked of our rights, which in plain English meant the right to strangle the trade of a neutral. In spite of all the outcry against the tyrants of the sea, we did no worse than others, and were even less exacting than some. Our theory that we were entitled to take an enemy's goods found in a neutral ship was meant to deprive him of the chance of carrying on commerce by the help of a third party. The French claimed to confiscate a neutral's goods when found in an enemy's ship, which, of course, was meant to ruin the carrying trade of the hostile State by making it dangerous to employ his vessels. To the unlucky neutral one was quite as bad as the other. The history of our Navy is full of stories of the capture of whole convoys belonging to neutrals, even when they were under the protection of their own war-ships. It was all such an intolerable harassment and loss to neutrals that only the existence of peculiar circumstances, which may not and probably will not exist in future, rendered it possible.

* * * *

One thing which during centuries has distinguished sea from land warfare has been the very limited number of great Powers. In the seventeenth century they were England and Holland, with France as a good third during the last quarter; then Holland fell out, and England and France were left alone. All other States were so weak at sea that the choice for them lay between being dragged behind one or other of the combatants or putting up with the treatment which the "big boys" chose to mete out to them. When one of the cocks of the walk had fairly beaten the other he was absolute master of the situation. Nothing like that League of Augsburg, which counterbalanced the power of Louis XIV. on land, was possible at sea. Therefore, when we had got the best of the French we could do what we pleased. What resistance could Spain or Holland, in her decline, or Ragusa or Genoa or the Free City of Hamburg make to our dictation? Little or none. So the rights of a belligerent at sea grew to mighty proportions, and we became honestly convinced that when the Scandinavian States objected to our taking convoys of their vessels into our ports for adjudication, and keeping their perishable cargoes waiting for the leisure of the Admiralty Court, they were denying us our fair rights, and were acting in a most unfriendly way.

* * * *

The only exception to this condition of things on the sea is a very significant one. During the great American War of 1779-83, the Northern Powers united to limit our belligerent rights with a considerable measure of success. At an earlier period Frederick the Great could only retaliate for what he held to be our harsh interference with the trade of his subjects by stopping the payment of interest on a loan, owned by British subjects, but that was a small affair, and we did not feel it. Matters were very different when he joined with Catherine of Russia and the Scandinavian kingdoms to make the Armed Neutrality. Then there was a balance of force between us, and the coalition of France, Spain, Holland, and the American insurgents. Moreover, the war in America cut us off from our Naval supplies from that quarter, and made us wholly dependent on the Baltic for the means of fitting out our fleets. So we could not afford to add the Northern Powers to our enemies, and were fain to draw in our horns. The pendulum swung back to our side in the great Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars, because France became a common enemy, and all other fleets as good as vanished. What the state of the poor neutral was at that time, his sufferings under the Berlin decrees and the orders in council show. The United States found it so intolerable that they first fought the French, and then us.

* * * *

Will the conditions which rendered the exercise of belligerent rights—as the only great Powers at sea interpreted the term in their own favour—ever recur? One may doubt it. We have already surrendered the claim to take enemy's goods from a neutral ship, except when they are contraband of war. This we did because the Powers of the Continent showed a disposition to tolerate it no longer. Those who complain that we have renounced the means of putting pressure on an enemy seem habitually to forget that we have also got rid of the risk that we shall provoke the formation of another Armed Neutrality. The storm aroused by the stopping of the "Bundesrath," though it was technically correct, is a pretty clear warning. We cannot, be our Fleet what it may, treat such Powers as Russia, Germany, Italy, France, and the United States as we could afford to treat Ragusa or Venice or Genoa or Hamburg or Sweden—that is to say, as negligible quantities.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

JANUARY 28, 1596.—Death of Sir Francis Drake. 1801.—French "Dedaigneuse," 36, taken by the "Oiseau," "Amethyst," and "Sirius," all 36-guns. 1806.—French "Voltigeur," 14, taken by the "Growler," 12, and "Sarcier," 14, by the "Attack," 12.

January 29, 1744.—The "Fly" sloop, 8 guns, took the Spanish "Rosario," 12, off the Lizard. 1801.—The "Bordelais," 24, beat off two French 18-gun brigs and a 6-gun schooner, capturing one brig, the "Curieux," 18. 1813.—Capture of the Island of Augusta, Adriatic, by the British squadron. 1856.—The "Polyphemus" wrecked. 1884.—The "Warspite" launched.

January 30, 1761.—Capture of the "Brune," 36, by the "Venus," 36, and "Juno," 32, off Scilly. 1780.—The "Surprise," 28, took the "Duguay-Trouin," 20, one of two French ships that attacked the "Surprise" off the Dodman. 1892.—The "Grafton" launched. 1893.—The "Cambrian" launched. 1895.—The "Snapper," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

January 31, 1748.—The "Nottingham," 60, and "Portland," 60, took the French "Magnanime," 74. 1761.—The "Solebay," 28, and the "Amazon," 28, drove ashore and captured the "Chevrette," 18, off Calais. 1779.—The "Apollo," 32, took the "Oiseau," 26, in the Channel. 1797.—The "Andromache" captured an Algerine corsair. 1873.—Naval Brigade at the battle of Amoaful. 1895.—The "Majestic" launched.

February 1, 1807.—The "Lark," 18, defeated and destroyed Spanish flotilla off the Spanish main. 1873.—Royal Naval College opened. 1897.—The "Bittern," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

February 2, 1747.—British squadron took the French "Bellone," 36, in the Bay of Biscay. 1894.—The "Decoy," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched. 1897.—The "Angler," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

February 3, 1781.—Rodney's fleet captured the "St. Eustatia" and Dutch squadron. 1807.—Spanish squadron, at Monte Video, surrendered to the British squadron. 1810.—The "Valiant," 74, captured the "Confiance," ex 40-gun frigate. 1812.—The "Southampton," 32, took the "Amethyste," 40, off San Domingo. 1813.—Capture of the Island of Curzola, Adriatic, by a British squadron. 1814.—The "Majestic," 56, took the French "Terpsichore," 40. 1885.—Naval Brigade at Wad Habeshi, Soudan.

JANUARY 28, 1783.—Surrender of Bednore. After the successful storming of the Hussenghurry Ghauts, General Mathews marched on Bednore, which surrendered without offering resistance. 1833.—General Gordon born. 1846.—Battle of Aliwal. Major-General Sir Harry Smith—the founder of Ladysmith, in Natal—with a force of 12,000 defeated a Sikh army numbering 19,000. Our losses were 151 killed and 413 wounded. The enemy lost nearly 6,000 killed or drowned in attempting to cross the Sutlej. 1881.—Disaster at Laing's Nek. Sir George Colley repulsed by the Boers with heavy losses, principally in the 58th Regiment. Colonel Deane and six officers were killed.

January 29, 1760.—Surrender of Chittapett. The French garrison surrendered to Colonel Eyre Coote after a show of resistance. 1813.—Capitulation of Lagosta, Adriatic Sea. Lieutenant-Colonel Robertson, with 300 men landed on the island on January 21, and eight days later the fort and island surrendered. 1818.—Storm of Juwud. 1849.—Capture of Mooltan. A British force, under General Whish, after a twenty days' siege, stormed and took this place. 1856.—Victoria Cross instituted by Royal Warrant. 1898.—Disaster at Shin Kamar, Tirah. Plan of attack on this pass failed. Colonel Houghton killed.

January 30, 1809.—Landing at Martinique. A British army of 10,000 men, under Major-General Beckwith, landed on the island, and thus began the operations which terminated in the complete subjection of the island.

January 31, 1690.—Action on St. Martin's Island, West Indies. Major-General Sir Timothy Thornhill successfully repelled a French attack, and embarked his force without further molestation. 1819.—Storm of Fort Nowah. Major Pitman, commanding the Nizam of Hyderabad's regular cavalry, laid siege to this fortress belonging to a notorious chief in Berar on January 8, and took it by storm on the 31st. 1874.—Battle of Amoaful, Ashanti. A force of 1,375 men defeated the Zulus, the Black Watch leading the attack.

February 1, 1760.—Surrender of Timery by the French. This was one of the many successes of the British arms which followed the battle of Wandewash. 1781.—Battle of M'Cowan's Ford. Americans defeated by Lord Cornwallis. 1874.—Becquah, Ashanti, captured by Sir A. Alison.

February 2, 1814.—Merexem taken. In an advance movement of the British and Prussians to destroy the French shipping at Antwerp, an attack was made on the village of Merexem, which was gallantly carried. The enemy were driven from a strong position, and two guns and several prisoners were taken. 1839.—Capture of Fort Munhara, Scinde. Kurrachee surrendered next day without resistance.

February 3, 1759.—Action at St. Thome. During the siege of Madras, Captain Preston, with a small force, was attacked near the village of St. Thomé by the French under Lally, and drove them back with considerable loss. 1807.—Storm of Monte Video. After being invested on January 23, the city was taken by storm eleven days later. Our losses were 6 officers and 112 men killed, and 17 officers and nearly 400 men wounded.

Tommy Atkins in Barracks.

By LIEUTENANT D. DALLAS.

OLD prejudices die hard, and it has taken many years to clear the idea from the minds of the lower middle class—from which a very much larger proportion of our recruits should be drawn than is at present the case—that soldiers are unmitigated scamps, that their officers are utterly oblivious to their well-being, physically and morally, and that their comfort or discomfort is entirely dependent on the caprice of non-commissioned officers, who are believed to be tyrants capable of any conceivable meanness in order to gratify their vindictive spirit

At the present day recruits, instead of joining their regiment direct, as was formerly the practice, are first grounded in their drill at the depôt. The drill, though perhaps a little irksome to some lads at first, is by no means severe, three hours a day being usually devoted to it. The instructors have great patience, and they require it; but the tact, combined with firmness, which they display is deserving of the highest praise. The use of bad language or a harsh manner is stringently forbidden, and the exercises are made as interesting as possible.

Formerly some drill-sergeants considered a ferocious manner absolutely essential in dealing with recruits. It smartened them up, they said. There used to be an enormous drill-corporal in a certain Highland regiment whose delight it was to drive fear into the hearts of the youngsters. "Roughy Reid" was his nick-name, and rough indeed he was. The great and unpardonable sin in his eyes was looking on the ground. Heaven help the unlucky wight who dropped his eyes for an instant. "Roughy" was down on him. His pace-stick pushed out in front, with half-a-dozen gigantic strides he was towering over the culprit, while in a voice like the bellowing of a bull came the dread-inspiring query:

"Hae ye ony freens in the 'ill place,' that ye're looking down there?"

This type of instructor has, however, passed away, and though they turned out smart soldiers, and were by no means bad fellows when off the parade ground, I think on the whole their successors are an improvement.

Gymnastic training takes place concurrently with recruit drill. In every large garrison there is a gymnasium, with a staff of highly-trained instructors, and fitted with every gymnastic appliance. Recruits, as a rule, thoroughly enjoy their hour daily, and the effect on their physical development is astonishing.

In addition to drill and gymnastics the recruit has yet another hour's instruction. This is in the school, of which there are one or more in every garrison. No matter how smart a recruit may turn out, or how well conducted he may be, without at least some education a private soldier he must remain. But there is no need that he should do so. The school is provided, and an excellent school it is. Many a man now holding an honourable position in Her Majesty's Service has to thank the Army schoolmaster for it.

Bullying in the Service is not tolerated, and any non-commissioned officer having a tendency in that direction would speedily find himself in trouble. At the same time, great firmness is required, for without this discipline could not be maintained.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the officers are now brought into much closer association with their men than was formerly the case, and undoubtedly with the most beneficial results. Tommy Atkins now recognises in his officer a friend who looks after his interests, ever ready to lend him a helping hand; to meet him on equal terms on the cricket or football field; and to take his punishment as good-humouredly from Private Atkins as he would from the Earl of Broadacres. The British love of sport in every shape is one of the most prominent traits of the British soldier of every rank, and thoroughly well is it carried out. The annual athletic sports gathering is a gala day in every regiment; every company has its cricket and football teams, and even when pitted against the best county teams the military more than hold their own.

In the matter of recreation the soldier has certainly nothing to complain of. Should he wish to go out, he is at liberty to do so every evening he is not on duty. If he be a non-commissioned officer or well-conducted private he may remain out till midnight. Leave for two or three days is readily obtained, while, once a year, he can have a furlough for a month, or even for six weeks in some cases. Should he not feel inclined to go out of barracks in the evening he need still

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be at no loss for amusement. In every barracks there are two large rooms fitted up as reading-room and game-room. In the former he has plenty of newspapers and all the principal magazines, while such periodicals as The NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *Tit-Bits*, &c., being in great demand, are provided on an extra liberal scale. In the game-room he can indulge in almost any indoor game for which he has a fancy, chess, draughts, backgammon, cards, and so forth, being supplied in abundance. There are always one or two bagatelle boards, and not infrequently a billiard table. There is also an excellent lending library.

In connection with the reading-room there is a coffee-bar, where Tommy may enjoy a by no means bad cup of coffee or basin of stew at a very modest rate. Formerly the coffee-bar was, in many instances, run by an old soldier for his own profit, and very amusing scenes sometimes occurred in connection therewith.

The writer recollects an old veteran who was the manager and sole proprietor of such an establishment in Malta. No Czar was ever a greater autocrat than he. He was in the habit of giving trust, which was, however, limited to 2½d. a night, and 1s. in the aggregate. One evening two of the "last draft," who were aware of the accommodation but not of its limitations, having enjoyed a walk in the country, returned to barracks with appetites, and wended their way to the coffee-shop, in the full expectation of being able to appease them.

"Two cups o' corffee, two 'a'porths o' bread and butter, an' two sausages, an' be quick, Mick, for we're hungry."

Mick consulted his book. Unfortunately in that grim ledger their names already appeared for the maximum amount of credit. Mick came back to the bar, his great brows overhanging his eyes and wrath on his countenance.

"Ye miserable onsaisoned atomies! D'yez dar' tu come here tu shwindle an ould soger? Sure isn't id a gud shillin's worth av tick yez 'ave had? Yez desarve a barrack-room coort-martial, so yez do; be off wid yez now, 'tis hungry tu bed yez'll go to-night!" And hungry to bed they went.

In these days, however, Tommy has no *need* to go to the coffee-bar to supplement his rations. Wonderful strides have been made in Army catering, and the ration is found ample. Each company has a room set aside as a dining-hall where the men have their food, instead of, as formerly, having it in the same room in which they slept. Here on tables provided with table-cloths, cruet-stands, etc. (luxuries that in the old days were never thought of), the meals are served piping hot, and excellent meals they are. Breakfast usually consists of coffee, bread and butter or dripping toast (the dripping saved from the roast meat), bacon, fried liver, or some such dainty. For dinner there is meat baked with potatoes, roasted or stewed, sea-pie, and so forth, with a pudding to follow. Frequently there is soup made from stock, but it must be confessed that English soldiers do not care much for soup. The tea-meal is usually somewhat similar to breakfast, with tea instead of coffee. There is in most regiments soup for supper for those who wish it. Mr. Atkins is, however, somewhat peculiar in his ideas regarding food, and is suspicious of innovations. One curious thing he insists on with absolute unanimity: he will have his meat overdone.

Should our friend feel disposed to indulge in a pint of beer instead of a cup of coffee, there is the canteen to which he can go. There he gets his beer of the best possible quality at the lowest possible price, and with the knowledge, in addition, that all profits accruing will ultimately come back to him in some shape or other, instead of going to swell the banking account of the landlord of the Valiant Soldier. There is usually a piano, with a man to play it, and there "Tommy" can sing his patriotic choruses to his heart's content. Not infrequently very fair professional singers are engaged for his amusement.

But it is when our friend becomes a sergeant that he, for the first time, thoroughly realises that no matter what position in life he has filled before joining Her Majesty's Service, he has by no means thrown himself away in doing so. A sergeant's life, though duty may take up a considerable portion of his day, leaves him still abundance of time for recreation. He is allowed a batman, or servant, to clean his accoutrements, boots, etc.; he has a separate sleeping-room, and he has the "sergeants' mess." It is a difficult thing to make it clear to the civilian mind precisely what the sergeants' mess is. I might describe the mess-rooms and their furnishing, the deft, neatly-dressed, respectful waiters, the games indulged in, the whist parties and billiard tournaments, the quadrille parties and smoking concerts, but I should signally fail if I tried to make anyone who has not been a soldier understand the good-fellowship, the warm-hearted friendship, the true *camaraderie* of the British sergeant. The man who, having been one of that happy brotherhood, leaves it, for it matters not what position, must often long in after days for the merry jest, the hearty, unaffected laugh, and as each old comrade's face rises before his mental vision, wish, with an ache in his heart, that he were back amongst them once more.

"Hae ye ony freens in the 'ill place' that ye're looking down there?"

Although the sergeants' mess is used by all warrant and non-commissioned officers (excepting, of course, those who have not been made paid lance-sergeants), it is essentially a bachelor institution. The married non-commissioned officer has his quarters, but the mess is the bachelor's home. Here he entertains his friends and dispenses hospitality in a way peculiar to the British sergeant, for who can excel him as a host?

The affairs of the mess are in the hands of a committee consisting of a president and two members, one of whom must be married and one unmarried. These officials are appointed quarterly, and are responsible to the commanding officer for the management of the mess. To them falls the duty of controlling the finances of the institution, and they are given a free hand as far as ordinary expenditure is concerned.

The details of food and drink are left in the hands of a caterer, who, according to reputation, should be a sergeant; and upon his worthy shoulders falls no small share of grumbling when the cooking or liquor is not all that could be desired. He is, however, usually an "old hand" with years of experience, and it is seldom that there is any ground for complaint as regards the menu he provides. As in the officers' mess, so in that of the sergeants the senior member is always responsible for the conduct of those present, and he is obliged at times to call his particular "chum" to order when, as will occasionally happen, he shows signs of "going large a bit."

Any sketch of "Tommy" in barracks would be incomplete without some allusion to "Mrs. Atkins." In most instances when her husband has married "with leave" she is much to be envied by her sisters who have selected their husbands from among men of more peaceful trades. She is provided with comfortable quarters in barracks and has many other privileges. Yes, during peace "Mrs. Tommy Atkins" has many comforts, but when her husband is summoned to answer his country's call and go to the front she has need of many kind friends to render her hard lot bearable.

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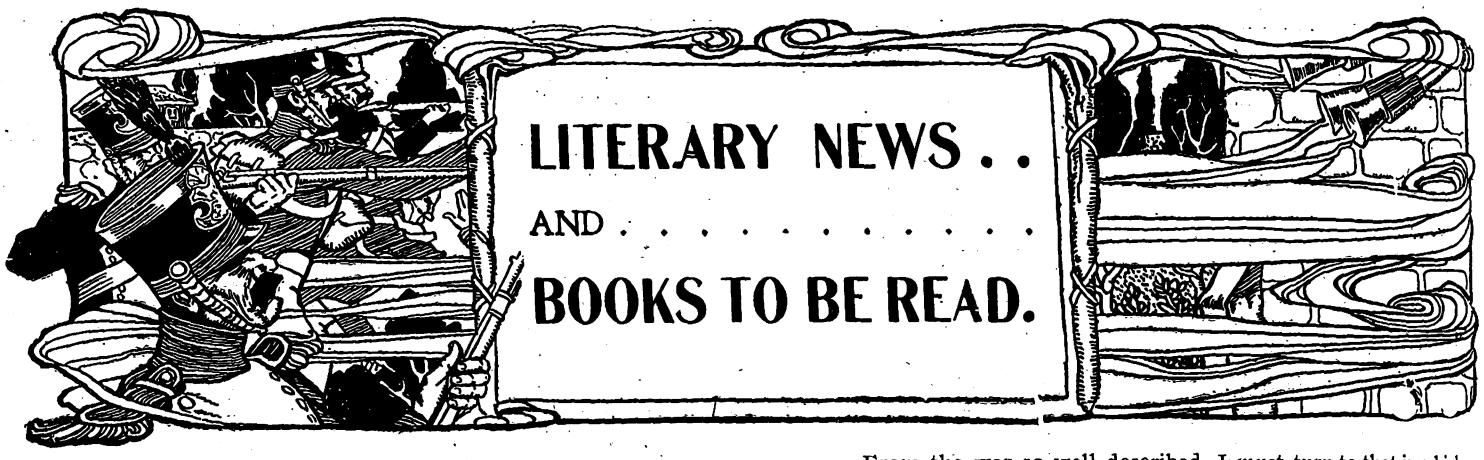

AN extremely interesting book is that which Mr. H. W. Wilson, author of "Ironclads in Action," has written upon the Spanish-American War under the effective, but, I hope, not altogether accurate title of "The Downfall of Spain" (Sampson Low). I have not read anything so good upon the subject, and it is particularly gratifying to have a dispassionate narrative, embodying the essential information, from a competent hand. The literature which has already appeared in America relating to the war would almost fill a library, and it cannot have been an easy task to produce this lucid and accurate narrative. Mr. Wilson properly begins by dealing with the destruction of the "Maine." His conclusion is that the ship was actually blown up by a mine, but he attributes the action to the hand probably of a single traitor. I think he treats the report of the Spanish commission with too little respect, for undoubtedly there exists a strong opinion in some quarters contrary to the finding of the American Board, and it has not yet been explained how the first sharp report could proceed from an external explosion sufficiently powerful to break the back of the unfortunate ship, while the second and greater explosion undoubtedly was that of the ship's magazines. After discussing the relative values of the fleets, Mr. Wilson gives, in a very interesting form, the views expressed by Admiral Cervera and Captain Concas. Both were absolutely despondent, and the former, recognising that the fleet was doomed to destruction in West Indian waters, was apparently prepared to abandon Cuba rather than take the risk involved. A high degree of moral courage was exhibited by these brave officers in thus speaking, and perhaps few more chivalrous or gallant seamen ever walked the quarter-deck than unfortunate Admiral Cervera. But, probably, the very fact that the admiral held these views made him an unsuitable commander for the fleet. Mr. Wilson's account of the events in the Philippines and of the battle of Manila is particularly good, and, though he is full of praise for the courage of the Spaniards, he not unnaturally has censure for a certain lack of enterprise and want of training which they exhibited. His greater condemnation, however, is for the Spanish Government, which permitted things to be as they were. I do not gather that he has read the defence of Admiral Montojo by Captain Concas, published last year in Madrid. If he had done so, I think his view of the failure of the Spanish Cabinet would have been very greatly deepened.

* * * *

When Mr. Wilson comes to deal with the admirable training and conduct of the American fleet under Admirals Sampson and Dewey, he is properly full of enthusiasm. Equals in bravery, Admirals Sampson and Cervera were men of different mould. The former was eager even to attack Havana, and would have done so, for good or ill, if he had not been over-ruled. The movements of the fleet are very carefully described, and Admiral Schley meets with his share of censure for his unsatisfactory proceedings before Santiago was blockaded. When the Spanish Admiral arrived at that port he found empty bread-rooms and half-filled magazines, and felt that he had brought 2,000 more mouths to feed, and that his presence was more of a danger than a salvation. The letters which the admiral wrote and the views he expressed are well known, and it is not possible to read Mr. Wilson's pages without feeling the tragic character of his situation. One cannot but agree with the remark that General Blanco issued orders knowing little of the special circumstances which obtained at Santiago. Mr. Wilson appears to hold an open mind in regard to the wisdom of the day sortie, and sets forth ably the arguments on both sides. His description of the battle of Santiago is extremely good, and with the aid of his plans it is possible to follow almost every movement in the battle. Perhaps he has not read all the Spanish evidence, for although Captain Evans asserts that he could see no signs of any intention on the part of the Spaniards to use the ram or torpedo, Captain Eulate, of the "Viszcaya," expressly declares that he put over his helm with the intention of ramming the "Brooklyn," but that she used the same manœuvre in order to avoid him. I may remark, incidentally, that the defence of General Toral is extremely interesting, and that it embodies the opinion of Blanco, that "a place of arms once lost may be recovered, but that a squadron which perishes, perishes decisively"—a remark which he used to fortify his view that Cervera should issue from Santiago, for he seemed to think the operation was not a very difficult one.

* * * *

A brief chapter of technical deductions concludes this very interesting book, and Mr. Wilson remarks that the struggle is peculiarly instructive as showing the result of the control of navies by boards. He proceeds with an attempt to enforce some lessons in regard to our own Admiralty. "The truth is, that all sense of personal responsibility is lost in a board, and timidity almost invariably prevails"; and Mr. Wilson seeks justification for this view in the opposite excesses of rashness and caution on the part of Spaniards and Americans. It cannot, however, be said that our own Board of Admiralty stands condemned on these grounds, because, as is well known, the responsibility is ultimately vested in the First Lord, and the fault will be his if he does not use his power well. Neither, perhaps, is it altogether accurate to say that the tendency of our Admiralty Board is to make its admirals and commanders-in-chief mere puppets of which the strings are pulled from Whitehall. However, these questions are not intimately connected with the downfall of Spain, which, from the naval point of view, Mr. Wilson has discussed and described with very great competence, and in a manner which will add to his reputation. The book is very well illustrated.

From the war so well described, I must turn to that in which we are now engaged. Newspaper readers are no doubt at a loss to understand some facts presented to them, and Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published a booklet which he entitles "How to Read War News: A Vade Mecum of Notes and Hints" (1s.). The idea is to describe technical military terms, local, African, and Dutch phrases, and other special matters of interest. Undoubtedly the book will be useful, because it finds room to describe equally a Maxim gun and a Mauser rifle, the life and services of Sir Alfred Milner, Mr. Rhodes, and Lord Roberts, and the situation of places like Krugersdorp and Mafeking. We are told what are a "daal," a "dorp," a "drift," or so forth, but I looked in vain for "hoek," and failed to find that very interesting place Bushman's Hoek. It might have been better, too, instead of entering into doubtful disquisitions as to the status of the Naval lieutenant, for example, to tell us something about local forces—about the origin and constitution, let me say, of the Diamond Fields Artillery, the Natal Carbineers, or Thorneycroft's or Bethune's Horse. Perhaps in another edition something of this kind may be included.

* * * *

We have been hearing a good deal lately of "How Soldiers Fight," the title chosen for a new book by F. Norreys Connell (James Bowden, 3s. 6d.). Mr. Connell is undoubtedly a writer of great vigour, with a picturesque style, who throws himself with enthusiasm into his subject. He is very thorough-going, for he brings us up from Palæolithic times, or even from the Simian period, through the Bronze Age to the phalanx of the Iliad and the Legions of the Romans. There is a wonderful picture of a number of Roman soldiers on the back of an elephant crossing a river on a raft. I have no fault to find with Mr. Connell, except that he is apt to generalise too hastily and upon inadequate grounds. For example, he asserts that Southern peoples have never been able to aim correctly; and it is doubtful whether his similes are always appropriate. Thus he says: "Reduced to the simplest form of comparison Napoleon's cavalry rolled over the field of battle like assorted brazen balls showered forth profusely, and of which the gross weight was enormous, but liable each to be deflected or arrested by mere accidents of terrain, or even sundered through their interior jostling." The appreciation presented of foreign soldiers is good and striking, as is also the account given of the various characters of the three arms, and of their work in the field. Finally, there is a vigorous attempt to describe the battle of the future. Altogether it is a very interesting book, conveying much information, and it is extremely well illustrated by Messrs. Caton Woodville, Stanley L. Wood, W. H. Overend, and others.

* * * *

Those who are acquainted with the "Almanach fur die k. u. k. Kriegs-Marine," published by Gerold at Pola, will be glad to know that the issue for 1900 has appeared. The Austrian Navy is fortunate in finding official support for certain useful publications, and this admirable little volume is issued officially. It is a Naval pocket-book, containing admirable lists of the ships of the world, with ample particulars, and excellent tables of guns. I note some improvements in the new volume. Thus, as in the "Naval Annual," space is found to indicate the types of water-tube boilers. There are also excellent chapters on international law and Naval ceremonial. The diagrams of ships are very numerous, and the general arrangement leaves nothing to be desired. Absolute accuracy is impossible, but the mistakes are very few.

* * * *

There has been latterly so much of the blare of the trumpet and the roll of the drum in the organs of the press, that many familiar notes have been silenced by the martial din. Literature is all too heroic to tolerate much of its lighter vein, and this page has borne testimony to the public engrossment in warlike affairs. Yet I shall find space to allude to two good novels, very different in their character, but equally worth reading. "The Lost Emeralds of Zarinthia," by Henry Beauchamp (Sands), is a tale of mystery and adventure, with a complicated scheme arising out of a deep-laid plot, possessed of a touch of Boisgobey and Sherlock Holmes. Striking incidents and sudden developments, with a well-contrived love affair, make the story thoroughly readable and attractive, and the clever writer who hides his personality under the pseudonym of Henry Beauchamp desires no more than to interest and amuse. "Gilian the Dreamer," by Neil Munro (Isbister), depends almost wholly upon its style and upon the personality of a single character in its pages. The writing is delightful, for the author of "John Splendid" is a master of the pen, and many passages are exquisite. As for Gilian, he, too, is attractive, though singular. He is a selfish, introspective dreamer, heroic *in petto*, but a weakling in the larger world. The enthusiasm of the ideal being is lost in the action of the real man. Such characters are not uncommon, and are not confined to the Scotch scenes where we encounter Gilian. He loves as such youths do love, but fails to express his passion, and the adored being slips from his grasp. The development of the character is excellent, and power is displayed in other personages in the story; but the great charm of the book is in its polished and penetrating style.

"SEARCH-LIGHT."

Publishers' announcements and books for review should be addressed direct to the Editor of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, *20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.*

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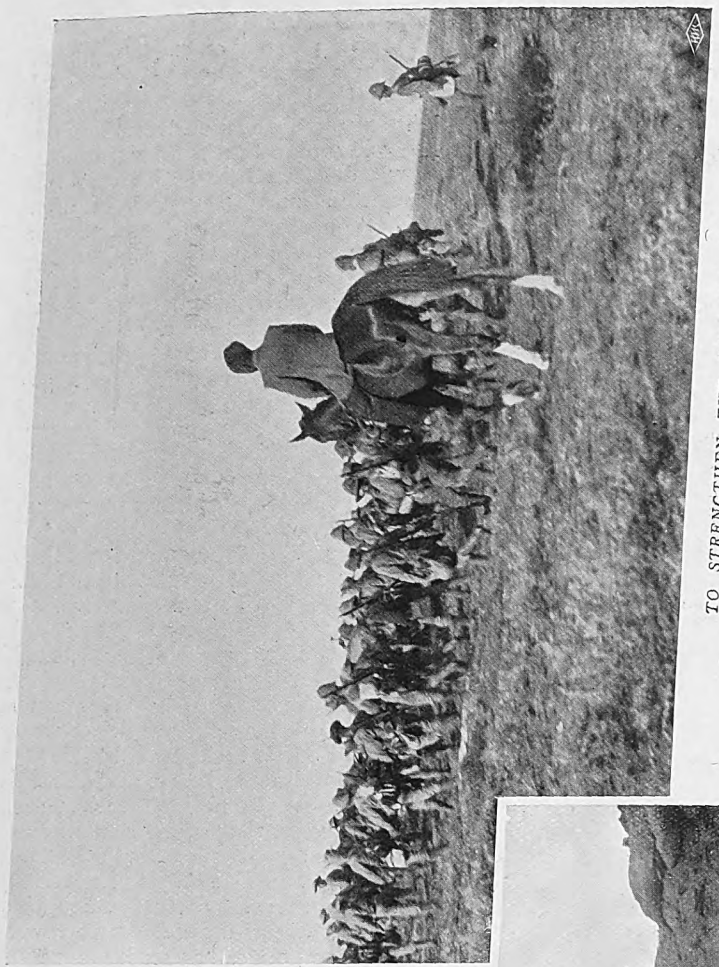
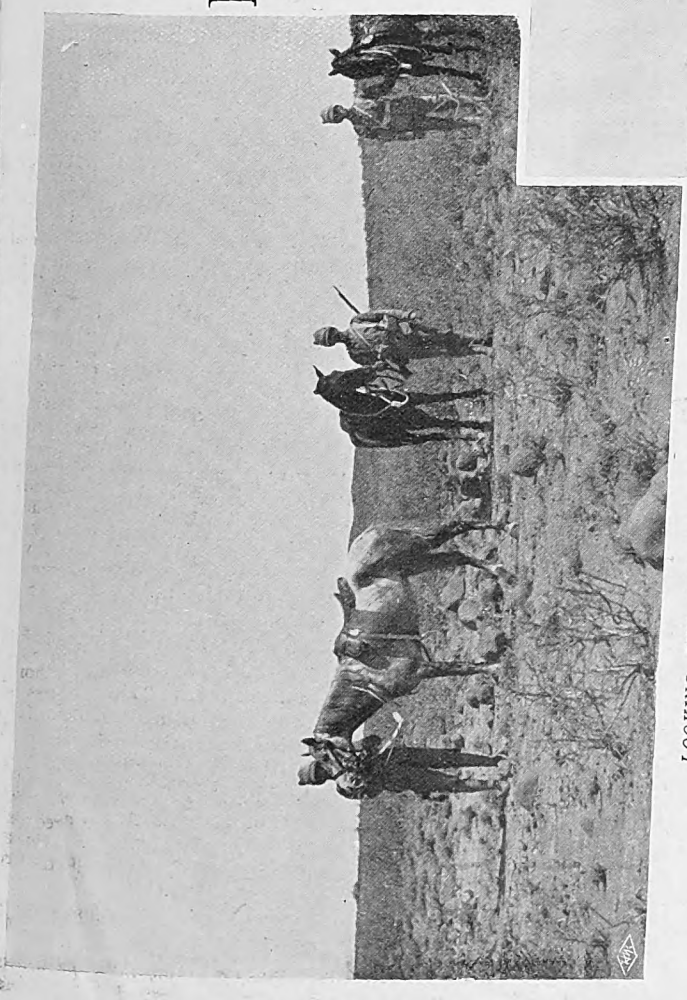
The Engagement ON THE Modder River.



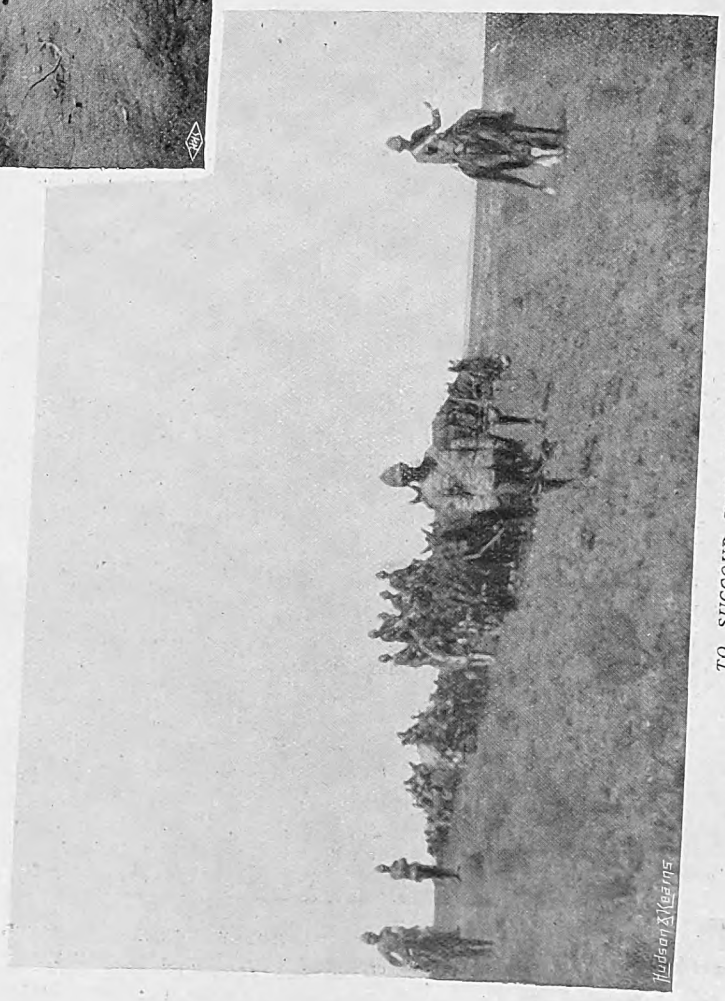
TO STRENGTHEN THE FIGHTING LINE.
Reinforcements Advancing to the Front.

A LULL IN THE ACTION.
The Crew of a Naval Long Twelve Resting.

AFTER THE FIGHT.
The Boer Trenches.



LOOKING OUT FOR THE ENEMY.
Scouts on the Bank of the Riet River.



TO SUCCOUR THE WOUNDED.
Bearer Parties of the R.A.M.C. in the Field.

From Photographs Taken by Earl De la Warr, Special War Correspondent of the "Globe."

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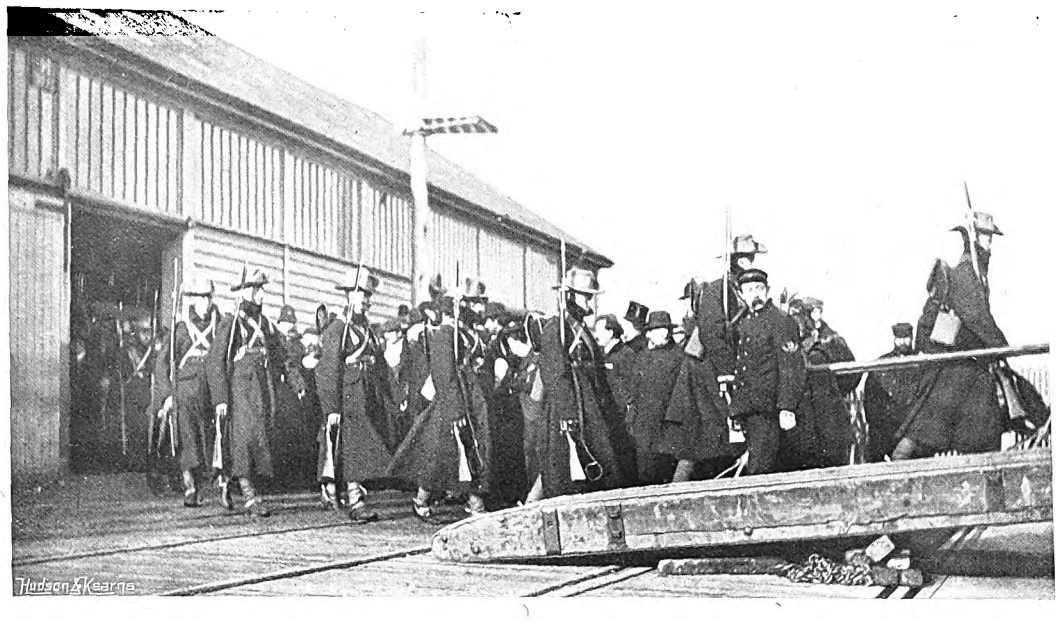
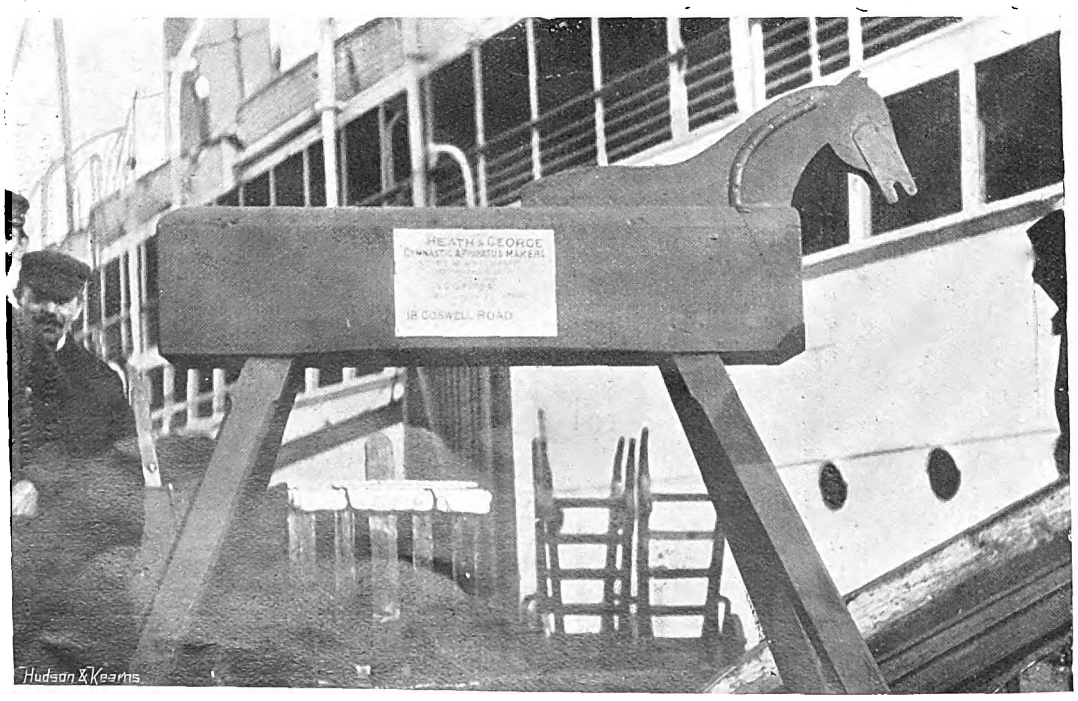
The City of London Imperial Volunteers.



THE EMBARKATION.
The City of London Imperial Volunteers Marching on Board from the Train.

ON BOARD THE "GARTH CASTLE."
The Corps Listening to the Lord Mayor's Speech.



Photos. Copyright. *A HOBBY HORSE.* *Cribb.*
For Training Purposes on the Voyage Out.

IT is the proud boast of the City of London that whatever it does it does well, and assuredly the formation and despatch of this special corps of Volunteers for South African service has been no exception to the pleasing rule. It occurred to the City that such a corps was desirable, and within a week or two not only was the corps raised and equipped, but a first draft 500 strong was already on its way to the Cape. Funds? Well, of course, funds are wanted for this sort of thing, but there happens to be generally some loose cash lying about the City, and no difficulty arose on that score. In the course of a little conversation at a meeting of the Common Council a trifle of about £50,000 was raised to go on with, and since then a good many cheques have been drawn for the same object. Men and officers? It is not too much to say that, if half-a-dozen picked corps had been wanted, they would have been as readily available. In fact there has been an *embarras de richesse* of highly-qualified candidates for the C.L.I.V.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the numerous details which have appeared during the past few weeks with reference to the personnel and equipment of the C.L.I.V. But it may be briefly recalled that the corps consists of an artillery battery, an infantry battalion, and a mounted infantry section. The battery is a four-gun one, armed with Messrs. Vickers and Maxim's quick-firing 12½-pounder guns, the only one of the kind in this country. It is officered and manned from the Honourable Artillery Company. The infantry battalion is commanded by the Earl of Albemarle, and the mounted infantry section by Colonel Cholmondeley, of the London Rifle Brigade. Among other staff appointments may be mentioned that of Captain W. Triggs, retired list, Army Pay Department, who has accepted the post of paymaster of the corps. Captain Triggs is favourably known throughout the Service as manager of the Army Assurance Association, an institution to whose good work we have had occasion more than once to refer in these columns. The C.L.I.V. as a whole are commanded by Colonel W. H Mackinnon, whose name is a "household word" in the Home District, in which he has had extended staff service as A.A.G.

The send-off of the first draft of the C.L.I.V. to South Africa, which is happily illustrated in the accompanying pictures, was a function in which ceremony and enthusiasm were delightfully blended. The "Lord Mayor's Own," as the corps is popularly called, had, prior to its departure from town, been most hospitably entertained at the Inner Temple by the "Devil's Own."

Among the pictures will be noted one of a hobby horse for the use of the corps during the voyage, the idea being that it would be serviceable in teaching even good riders how to mount and dismount while carrying a rifle These horses were made to the order of the War Office, at twenty-four hours' notice, by Messrs. Heath and George, the well-known manufacturers of gymnastic apparatus.

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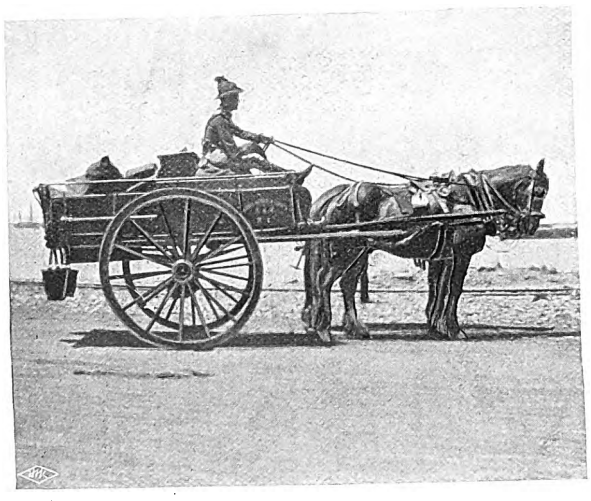
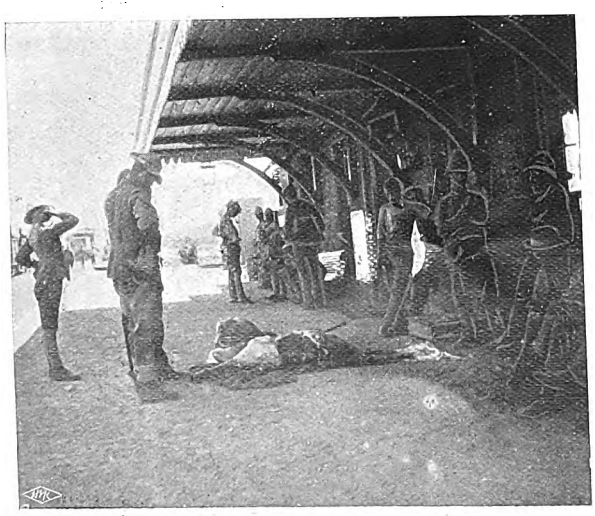
Operating on the Orange River.

TO THE MANNER BORN.
Australian Mounted Infantry and Their Horses.

A PARCEL FOR DE AAR.
A 6-in. Naval Gun being Landed from the "Scot."



AN ARMY SERVICE CORPS CART.
Specially Adapted for South African Transport.



From Photos.

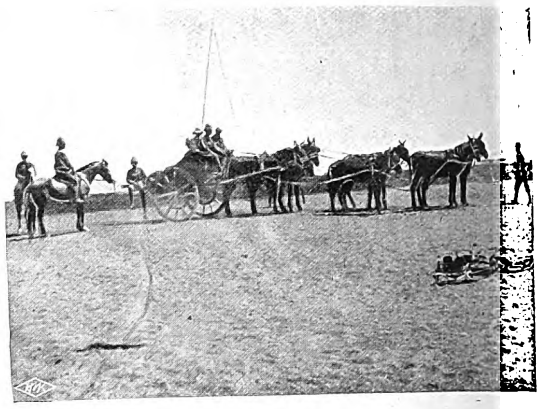
BELMONT STATION.
The Most Important Point between De Aar and the Modder River.

IN the preoccupation caused by events in other quarters, the public has perhaps given too little attention to the long line of communications which stretches between Cape Town and the great entrenched camp at Modder River. To some extent this is as might have been expected, since considerable reticence has been displayed by the authorities with regard to the disposition of troops on this line, and it is very difficult to form any accurate estimate of what is the actual strength at either De Aar, the base of Lord Methuen's advance for the relief of Kimberley, or Belmont, which, since the battle of Modder River, has been a place of singular importance, both from an offensive and defensive standpoint.

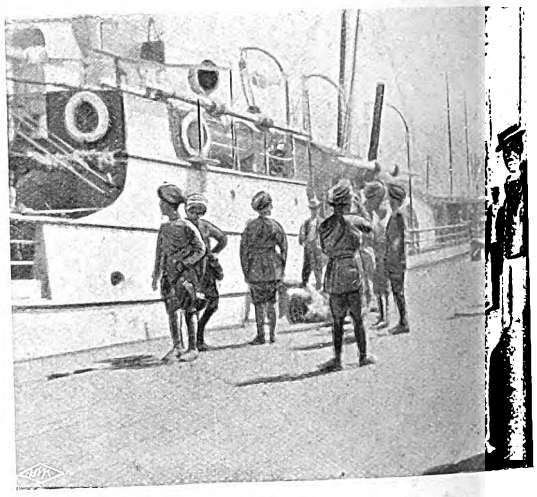
As a rule, a station on the line of communications gives very little opportunity for an offensive movement. But it was from Belmont that one of the neatest and most successful operations of the campaign was carried out under Colonel Pilcher, of the Bedfordshires, a special service officer of whom we are likely to hear a good deal in the not very distant future, if opportunity is forthcoming for the display of his really remarkable abilities. The capture of the Boer laager at Sunnyside, on New Year's Day, was a piece of work which was simply faultless, both in conception and execution, and was followed some ten days later by an extended reconnaissance in co-operation with General Babington's Cavalry Brigade from Modder River, the results of which may have an important bearing on the future advance upon Bloemfontein.

Among the considerable body of troops ranged along this line, the Australian and Canadian contingents must be accorded an honoured place. It will be remembered that a strong body of mounted Queenslanders and Canadian infantry accompanied Pilcher against Sunnyside, and distinguished themselves greatly by their coolness and handiness under fire.

The accompanying pictures are all self explanatory. Some of them are highly instructive, particularly, perhaps, those showing a 6-in. gun being landed from the "Scot," and the class of Army Service Corps cart in use in this particular camp.

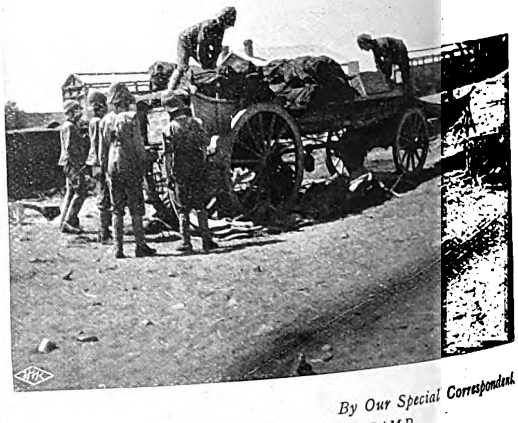


"KITTLE CATTLE."
Drilling Mule Teams at De Aar.



"FOR THE SAKE OF THE HORSES."
Landing of a Field Veterinary Hospital from India.

FOR THE LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS.
The Shropshire Light Infantry Going North.



By Our Special Correspondent.

BAGGAGE FOR THE CAMP.
At Belmont Station on the Arrival of the Cape Town Train.

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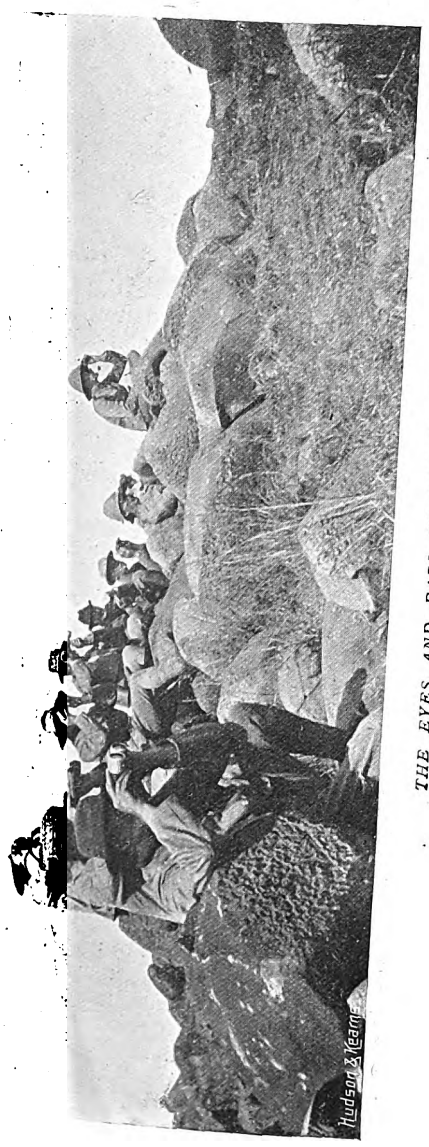
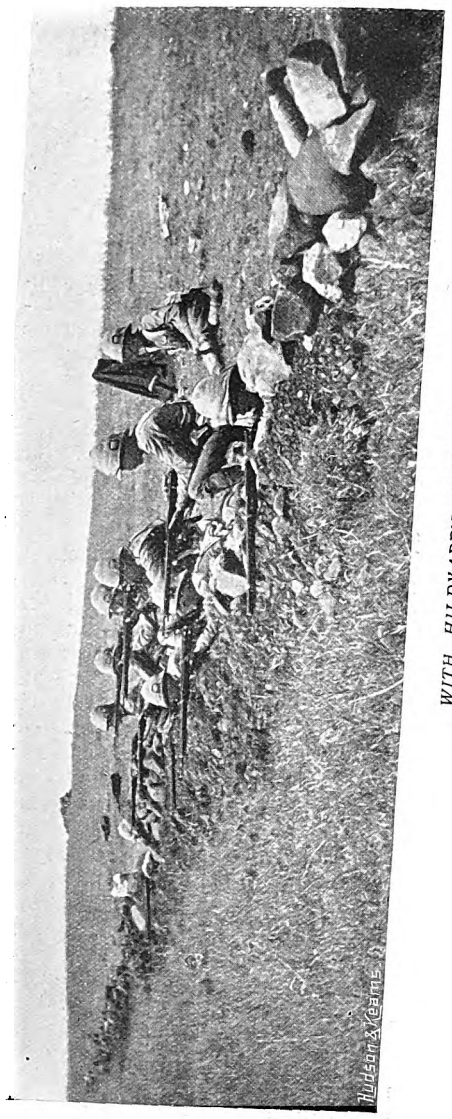
The Battle of Colenso.

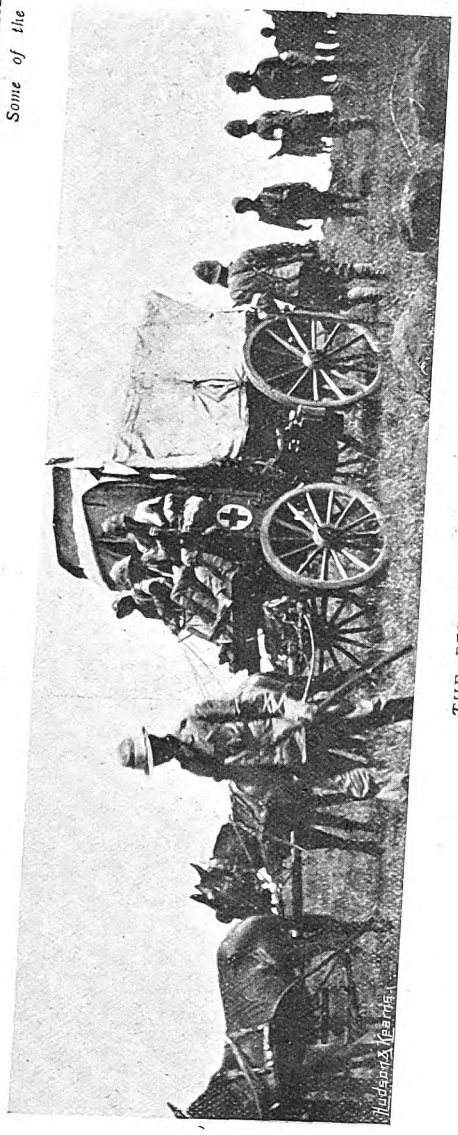


THE EYES AND EARS OF THE PRESS.
Special Correspondents Watching the Fight.

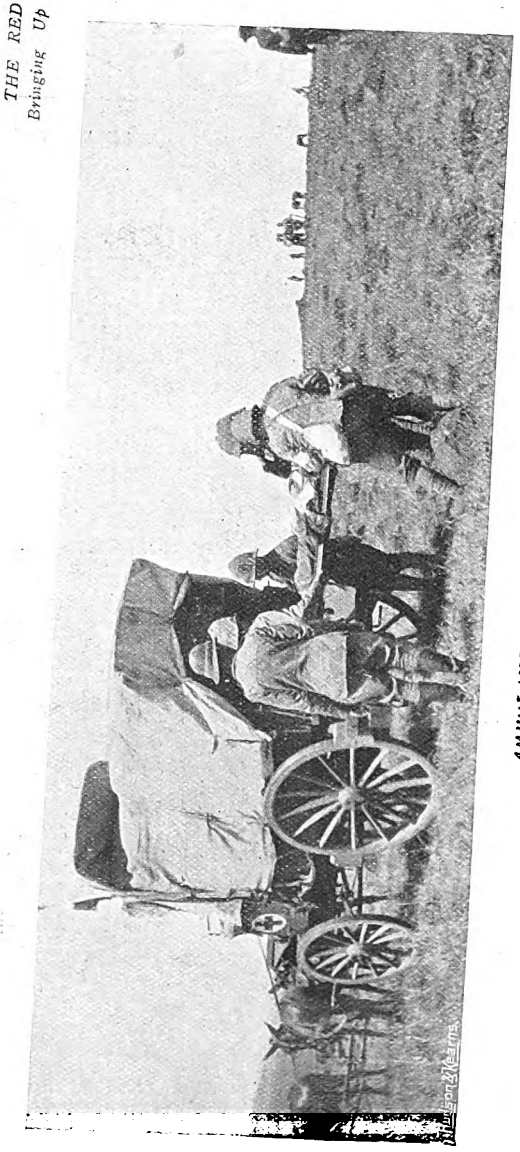


WITH HILDYARD'S BRIGADE.
Some of the Supports Taking Cover.

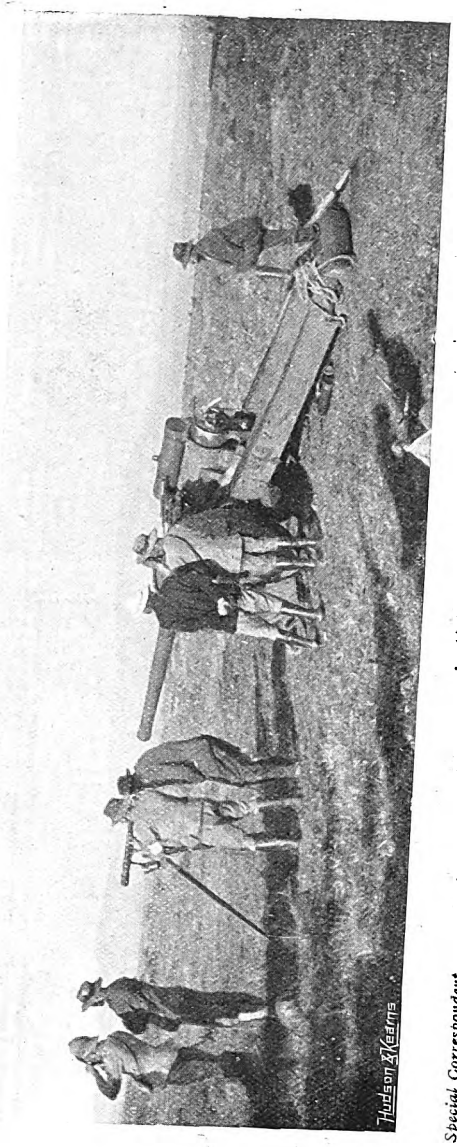
With Buller in Natal.



THE RED CROSS IN ACTION.
Bringing Up the Ambulance Waggon.



AMBULANCE PARTIES AT WORK.
The R.A.M.C. Bringing in Wounded.



A 47-in. IN ACTION.
The Bluejackets Clear the Enemy out of Fort Wylie.

From Photographs Taken by Our Special Correspondent.

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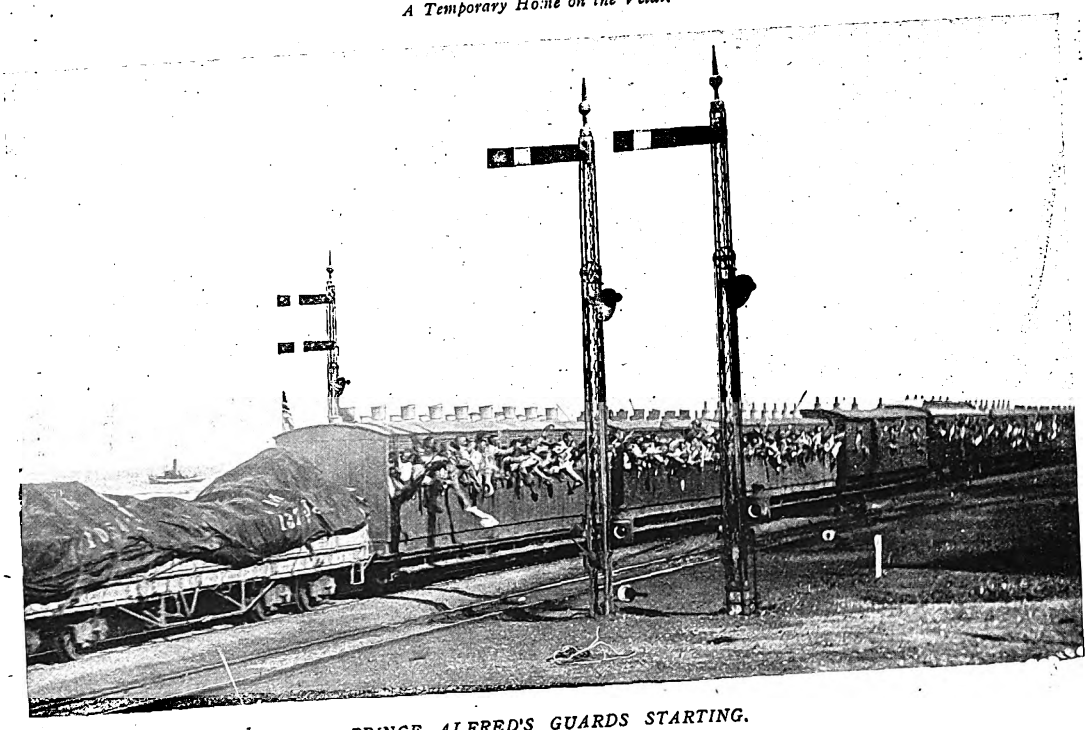
In the Central Theatre of War.

ON THE LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS.
A Temporary Home on the Veldt.



PRINCE ALFRED'S GUARDS STARTING.
A Trainful of Courage

TROOPS FOR THE FRONT.
From Our Base of Operations the Sea.

Photos. Copyright. *Goldsbrough.*

WHILE the struggle has been hot at the two extremes of our line, it has been a day of little things, comparatively speaking, in the centre. We say comparatively speaking, because Colonel Pilcher's first raid against the Boers would have been counted a rather considerable operation on the North-West Frontier, while the manœuvres of General French would deserve the name even better. As for the Stormberg affair, if the like had taken place in the Pathan country, it would have shaken all India. But all things are comparative, and in this war, which is no longer little, and, as we now see, ought never to have been so ranked, these movements, events, and fights are overshadowed. Yet their real is far greater than their apparent importance. We have to remember that our enemies have counted on being largely supported from within our borders. Some help they have got, but not what they expected. That this has been the case is largely due—in fact, may well be altogether due—to the check which the officers we have named, and the forces with them, who are largely colonials, have kept on the ill-disposed Dutch Afrikander element. Colonel Pilcher's well-delivered blow helped to prove that an insurgent movement within the Cape would not necessarily bring opponents into the field who are of very formidable quality. His colonials, and the regular soldiers whom his direction has taught the ways of irregular war, proved themselves better men at partisan fighting than the commando they broke up. The sweeping reconnaissance in which he has taken part with the cavalry from the Modder, again, is a sign that in the open the enemy is by no means venturous. Once turned out of the kopjes which he uses so astutely, and the trenches he makes indefatigably and cleverly, the Boer may not be found a very tough customer. We have discovered that he can attack when he thinks he sees a good occasion, but it is not his favourite method, and he does not do it well enough, as a rule, though Majuba is always quotable to show that he can be superior even in that line in a happy hour. Meanwhile, he prefers on the whole to stand on the defensive, though not in a stupid way. Certainly he has given Colonel Pilcher, and the other officers whose function it is to keep the railway clear behind the camp on the Modder, much less trouble than was expected. Except one futile dab at the station at Enslin, he seems to have done practically nothing in that line, and when General Babington and Colonel Pilcher look into his country they do not find him. He tries to slip away from General French. In that art he is clearly very superior, and it is not one to be despised. A force which is being continually threatened on its flanks, and which is not prepared to make counter attacks, must keep a very sharp look-out, and must have its mind made up as to what it is going to do next, if it is not to be caught at a disadvantage. Still, with the best management in the world you

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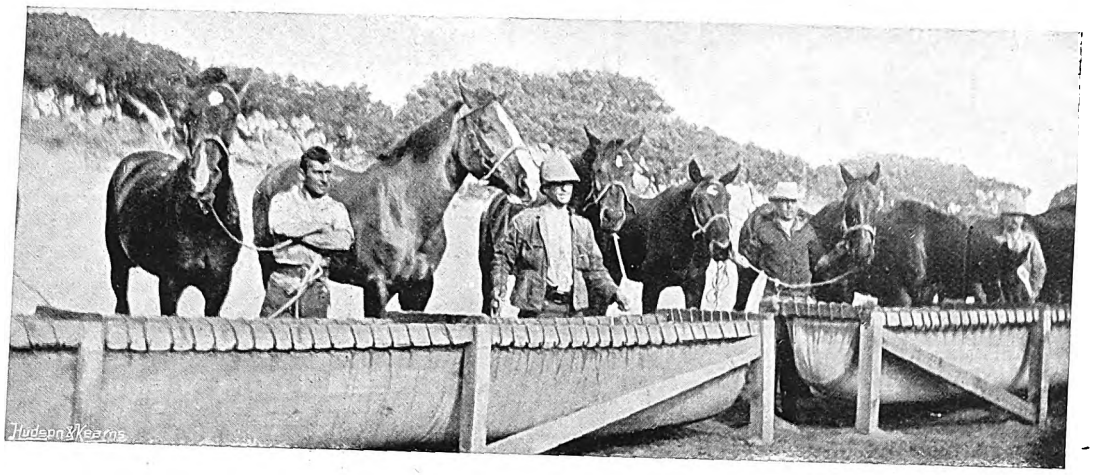
cannot go on slipping away for ever. The time comes when you must either run for good or stand and fight. Even running away for good is not always possible if your enemy is alert, for he may cut your line of retreat, and then, as Marmion said before Flodden, it is "fight he must." Till that happier day arrives it is a business of dry manœuvring. It is upon this duty that our friends, home and colonial, with French and Gatacre have been engaged. It is more arduous and necessary than showy. When properly done it is very brilliant, but its merits become conspicuous only in the results. Meanwhile, Prince Alfred's Guards and the other forces there are leading the life of the camp in all its beauty. We see them here on the veldt and on their way to it, with the sea as the background and base of operations. One satisfactory feature there is about this war. With us it has often been the case that where the sea ended we found it difficult to be strong. The trouble with us has generally been to find the means of "stretching the trident of Neptune over the land." We have in Europe for some centuries been able to do so only by securing allies. In South Africa we have experienced something of the old inability, and the allies have again been needed; but this time they have been of our own blood, which is a vast change for the better, and a hopeful one, for when the scattered divisions of the Empire have filled up, we shall be able to show front on the most distant frontiers, and to more numerous enemies than the Boers.



HORSES AT THE TROUGH.
Thirst Assuaged.

MULES AT WATER.
Obstinate but Indispensable

From Photos.

OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL IRISH RIFLES—ROUGH AND READY.

By Our Own Correspondent.

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The Story of the War.

IT is now practically certain that by the time this number is published the relief of Ladysmith will have been accomplished, and an end put to a state of affairs of a most unsatisfactory, not to say humiliating, description. Since November 2 Sir George White's garrison, comprising between 9,000 and 10,000 splendid troops, and including a large force of cavalry and some forty guns, has been enclosed in a ring of fire from heavy artillery, and latterly, at any rate, must have suffered a good deal from diminishing supplies and sickness. The bombardment has been nearly continuous, and on at least two occasions, namely, November 9 and January 6, very determined efforts were made by the enemy to carry the town by assault. But the garrison has held out manfully, winning the admiration of every honest critic by its combined fortitude in resistance, and its readiness to sally forth and strike a blow whenever a chance presented itself. The memory of the disaster of Nicholson's Nek has been well-nigh wiped out by the defence of Ladysmith; and Buller's repulse on the Tugela on the 15th ult. has been finely compensated by the able and far-seeing plan he has been carrying out for a second advance to the relief of the beleaguered town.

The story of the operations to this end is a stirring one. The advance commenced on the 10th — the very day that Lord Roberts arrived at Cape Town—Lord Dundonald moving forward with the Mounted Infantry and one battery to Springfield Bridge on the Little Tugela, fifteen miles from Frere, where all the direct roads crossing the Upper Tugela converge. The river having risen, the Boers had left the south bank and crossed over, evidently intending to return, as they had entrenched many of the hills. Dundonald, however, skilfully prevented this, and at the same time secured a passage for our infantry by seizing Mount Alice, a high hill eight miles from Springfield, immediately above Potgieter's Drift, from which a road runs through comparatively flat country to Ladysmith, twenty miles distant. As a counter to this bold move, the Boers began to arrive rapidly from the east with waggons and guns, and busied themselves in entrenching the kopjes opposite Potgieter's Drift, and Spion Kop, a hill overlooking the river to the west.

Meanwhile, the infantry had commenced an important movement from Frere, of which the object was soon clearly apparent. The advancing force comprised the whole of Sir Charles Warren's Division, and the brigades under Hildyard, Lyttelton, and Hart, General Barton's Brigade being left behind to watch and hold the Boers at Colenso. Upon Sir Charles Warren was to devolve the important task of carrying out a great turning movement on the west, while Buller, having under him Hildyard's, Lyttelton's, and Hart's Brigades, superintended the attack on the enemy's position opposite Potgieter's Drift. The infantry advance was an extremely difficult one, owing to the two days' heavy rain which had preceded it, and which rendered the roads well-nigh impassable, and converted even streamlets into rushing torrents. A train of transport some miles long accompanied the troops, and it could only have been by almost superhuman efforts that the force contrived to reach Springfield in the three days allotted to the movement. Happily the men were in splendid health and spirits, and further stimulated by a spirited order from Sir Redvers Buller, beginning "We are going to the relief of our comrades in Ladysmith. There will be no turning back!" With such an appeal from such a leader ringing in his ears the British soldier was not likely to be deterred by the worst of bad roads or the most torrential of swollen streams.

At Springfield preparations were made for crossing the river. To facilitate this the ferry punt at Potgieter's Drift was badly wanted, but unfortunately it had been recently used by the Boers and was now on the other side, to some extent covered by fire from the Boer positions on the kopjes fronting the drift. As usual in British military operations, the occasion produced the man, and Lieutenant Carlyle with five men of the South African Light Horse swam across the river under fire and brought back the punt.

On the 16th, 17th, and 18th a crossing was effected, Lyttelton's Brigade passing over at Potgieter's Drift and Warren's Division at Trichardt's Drift, about five miles further west. Some idea of the magnitude of this operation may be gathered from the fact that the bridge at Trichardt's Drift was a pontoon one, 85-yds. long, evidently constructed by the Engineers for this purpose. To cover the crossing two Naval 4·7-in. guns and 12-pounders posted on Mount Alice kept the enemy's attention engaged, and a further bombardment of the Boer trenches was carried out by a howitzer battery, which crossed with Lyttelton's Brigade, and took up a position on three small kopjes two miles north of the river, known as One Tree Hill Farm.

On the 18th, Lord Dundonald, whose activity and shrewdness throughout this phase were most conspicuous, worked round still further to the west and engaged the Boers not far from Acton Homes, being himself reinforced by a detachment of the 1st Royal Dragoons from Warren's Division. We had two men of the King's Royal Rifle Corps (Mounted Infantry) killed in this engagement, and an officer and man of the Imperial Light Horse wounded, but a loss of twenty killed and wounded, including a field-cornet, was inflicted on the Boers, and fifteen were taken prisoners. After the fight Lord Dundonald occupied a kopje and held the position, thus materially contributing to the success of the turning movement in which Sir Charles Warren was by this time busily engaged.

On the 20th, General Clery, with a part of Warren's Division, came into action against the Boers near Venter's Spruit, which is close to Trichardt's Drift, by which Warren's force had crossed. The action was a long and warmly-contested one, lasting for thirteen hours, and resulting in casualties on our side to the extent of nearly 300 killed and wounded. By judicious use of his artillery Clery worked his way up towards the enemy's main position, winning ridge after ridge, and eventually bivouacking on the ground he had gained. Meanwhile in front of Potgieter's Drift Lyttelton's Brigade made a reconnaissance with the double object of ascertaining the strength of the enemy's position and of relieving the pressure upon Warren and Clery by keeping the enemy in their trenches, and preventing them from reinforcing their western positions.

On Sunday and Monday Warren was busily engaged, having swung forward his left so as to partially envelope the enemy, who held a long ridge four miles north-west of Trichardt's Drift, and ascending from the river. The ground was very difficult, and the fighting all up hill; but substantial progress was made, and it became increasingly evident that there was, indeed, to be "no turning back."

While these singularly eventful movements were taking place in Natal there had been a certain lull in the operations of both French and Gatacre, the latter being still without sufficient reinforcements to do more than move a small force from Bushman's Hoek to Loperberg, while French was apparently meditating a more decided attack on the Colesberg position of the enemy, having now received substantial assistance in the shape of two 5-in. howitzers. On the 19th he advanced eastward, still further threatening the enemy's communications, and it is quite possible that we may shortly hear of his closing in upon the Boer position, and, with the aid of his cavalry and horse artillery, cutting off every avenue of escape.

At Modder River nothing seems to have been attempted of late beyond a demonstration in force, which revealed the presence of a large force of the enemy in the direction of Jacobsdal.

Kimberley continues to hold its own, and communication with it has been established on a better footing from Honeynestkloof, where a detached post has been established. That amazing little place, Mafeking, too, was still safe on the 6th inst., although the fact that the garrison was beginning to be pressed for supplies appeared to be indicated by more wants among the native population, who were said to be suffering greatly from hunger.

Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener have commenced their new *régime* by a very wise proceeding, the recognition, namely, of the value of the colonial forces as worthy to be dealt with on an altogether different footing from that on which they have been hitherto employed. As an initial step, Colonel Brabant, a well-known colonial officer, has been appointed a brigadier-general, and it has been intimated that a separate colonial division will be formed and placed under his command. A further irregular force is to be raised, and the second and third regiments of the South African Light Horse are to be rechristened Roberts's and Kitchener's Horse respectively.

At home there has been no appreciable falling off in either the support of the various war funds or the rush to join the Volunteer contingents which are being despatched under various "schemes." Last Saturday the second draft of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, some 800 strong, left Southampton amid enthusiasm fully as great as that which marked the previous "send-off." The "Special Corps" for gentlemen willing to defray their own expenses and devote their pay to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund is also filling well, and the late Commander-in-Chief has intimated his wish that it should bear the name "The Duke of Cambridge's Own."

An Eighth Division is now in course of preparation, but at the time of writing final orders had not been issued for calling out Reservists and otherwise completing the arrangements for mobilisation.

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Deeds of Valour.

By Colonel S. Dewe White.

THE deeds of valour about to be described are taken from the stirring events of the great Sepoy revolt and civil insurrection, in which terrific and tremendous struggle we very nearly lost India, our rule there being secured by a variety of providential interpositions, and by the skill and gallantry of our officers and soldiers. During the two years' fighting that ensued (in which I served from beginning to end) many brave officers and soldiers won that distinguished badge of valour, the Victoria Cross. It is not, however, my intention to narrate individual acts of courage, but rather those of collective bodies of men. The awful and indiscriminate massacre of the British by the mutineers at Delhi (May 11, 1857), and the proclamation of a native King of India, were the occasion of prodigies of valour. Out of these I have selected a glorious deed, for assuredly the gallant defence of the magazine was as desperate a feat of gallantry as ever occurred. The band of heroes consisted of Lieutenant George Willoughby, of the Bengal Artillery, in charge of the magazine, assisted by Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor, of the Ordnance Commissariat Department, and six European conductors and sergeants. The rest of the magazine party were natives, who were all traitors. These nine brave Britishers at once braced themselves for the terrific combat, resolving to defend their post with their lives, which they were ready to sacrifice in the execution of their duty. The gallant Willoughby at once closed and barricaded the gate of the magazine. Two 6-pounder guns, doubly charged with grape, were placed inside the gate. One of the heroic band stood by with lighted port-fire in hand, ready to discharge the guns full upon such assailants as should attempt to force the gate. A train was next laid to the powder magazine, with a view to its explosion in case of extremity. After the completion of these arrangements a summons to surrender came to them from the rebel King of Delhi, a demand which was treated by our intrepid countrymen with the scorn and contempt it deserved. The King now threatened the magazine with assault, and sent scaling ladders from the palace; whereupon the mutineers came swarming over the walls, and then the magazine gun lascars and others immediately deserted. Grim death stared our brave fellows in the face. How did they like the prospect? Did they, in the hope of saving their precious lives, think of hoisting the flag of surrender? Not a bit of it! This little band of heroes preferred to die rather than surrender to rebels. So they undauntedly poured upon their assailants a murderous fire of grape from their guns, which was continued as long as a single shot remained. Then, after enduring a galling musketry fire, which wounded some of them, and further resistance being found impossible, the train was fired, and a few seconds afterwards there was a tremendous explosion, which gave to several hundreds of the mutineers their merited quietus. The struggle was over. Nothing was left to these brave men but flight. Though not one of that gallant band of nine heroes expected to get away with his life, yet four of them, stunned and bewildered and wounded, succeeded by God's mercy in effecting their escape from the ruins. Lieutenants Willoughby and Forrest, who were badly wounded, fled to the main guard, but Willoughby appears afterwards to have been killed in attempting to get to Meerut. Lieutenant Raynor and Conductor Buckley, the latter of whom fired the train and was shot in the arm, took a different direction, and eventually reached Meerut, a distance of forty miles. Scully and his gallant comrades were, alas! never seen alive again.

At the Assault on Delhi.

The second deed of valour about to be related was an instance of sublime heroism probably unparalleled in the annals of war, and one that I confidently affirm has never been outdone by any soldiers in any age of the world's history. It occurred on September 14, 1857, in the critical assault at Delhi, which was only partially successful, for of the four attacking columns there had been two failures. The first, under the command of Brigadier-General Nicholson, sustained a reverse, and that splendid officer was mortally wounded. A still greater mishap had attended the largest party of stormers, led by my friend Major Charles Reid—now (1899) General Sir Charles Reid, G.C.B.—a gallant officer, who deserved the Victoria Cross for his bravery, but who on this occasion, being baulked of success by circumstances beyond his control, was dangerously wounded by a bullet going through the side of his head, which led to confusion and the retirement of his column, which had lost almost a third of its numbers.

Under such disheartening circumstances there was grave cause for anxiety. It was at this juncture that the troops under the command of that brave man and excellent officer, Brigadier Hope Grant, performed a wonderful act of devoted heroism whilst creating a diversion to cover Reid's disaster. The Cavalry Brigade were now called upon to exhibit that most difficult of all phases of valour—passive courage—exposing themselves to be shot down by a concealed fire without being able to retaliate, to lose their lives in obedience to orders without the stimulating excitement of fighting and giving blow for blow to a most hated foe. The mutineers were perfectly detested by us at this time. This quiescent valour under a deadly fire is the severest test a man's courage can be put to. It was a grand sight to see the British cavalry drawn up in battle array, stern and immovable, submitting calmly to be fired at without being able to return the compliment.

When Brigadier Grant commended this sturdy gallantry, the men replied that they were ready to do the like again. Forty-two men and six officers were struck down. The Artillery, under Tombs, were equally exposed to the pitiless fire of the enemy, and, animated by the example of their gallant commander, were ready to face any danger. The Punjabees, viz., Watson's Cavalry and Probyn's Horse, also emulated the example of their white comrades, the 9th Lancers and the Artillery, and bore unflinchingly the merciless fire. "For two long hours," says Kaye, in his history of the Sepoy War, "the brigade stood firm as a rock, and, as one after another fell riddled with grape and canister, there was no wavering in their ranks; every man pressed his knees more tightly on his saddle and took a firmer grip of his reins. There was nothing else in their demeanour to distinguish this grand scene of defiance and endurance from an ordinary cavalry parade." After a while the enemy's fire began to slacken, and Brigadier Grant, by orders of General Wilson, withdrew his troops to Ludlow Castle. They had done good service, for their presence prevented the mutineers advancing along the open ground to make a flank attack.

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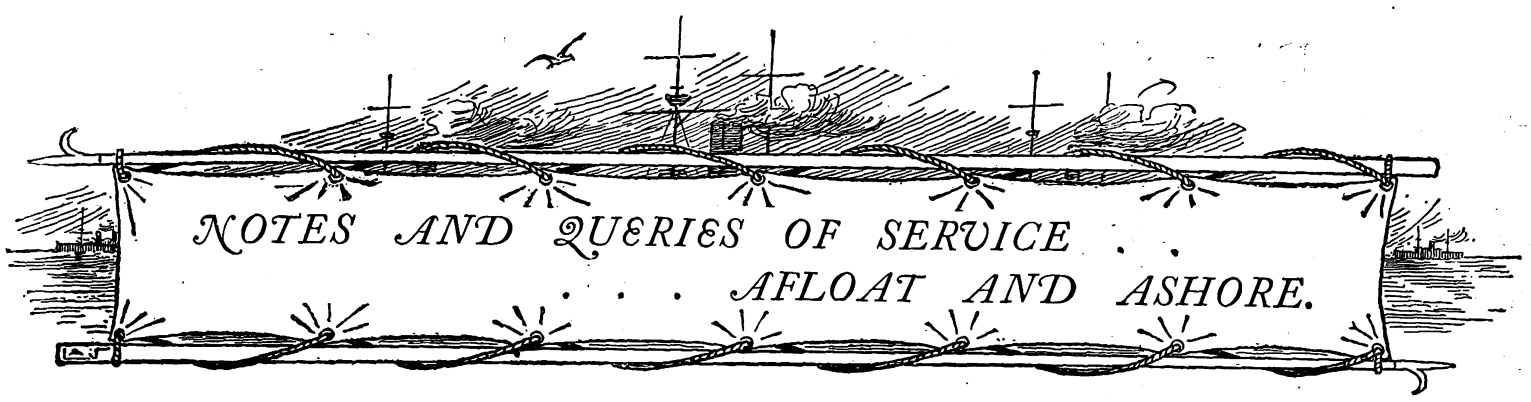

"C. O. R."—It has been computed from reliable statistics that if it were necessary to put the whole world under arms, every country contributing to its fullest possible capacity, the number of men in the field would be about 45,000,000. The war strength of the world in time of peace is roughly 5,250,000, and of these 4,250,000 represent the armies of Europe. This continent could put in the field if required nearly 16,500,000 trained soldiers, while its whole available fighting force would total to 34,000,000 men.

* * * *

"AYLESBURY."—Buckinghamshire is not represented in the Army at all. The only regiment bearing the name of the county is the yeomanry corps known as the Royal Bucks Hussars, of which Lord Chesham is colonel. The county is one of importance, and is not without its military traditions. I am glad to see that Buckinghamshire men mean to alter this state of things, and that a movement is on foot with this object in view. The leading part taken by Lord Chesham in raising a regiment of yeomanry for service in South Africa must be very gratifying to the county.

* * * *

"AUDREY."—It is a pleasure to find that ladies read and enjoy the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, and I am very glad to answer your question. Osprey feathers are no longer to figure in officers' helmets. According to an Army Order recently issued, ostrich feathers will in future replace the ospreys. The new plumes will be similar in colour to the old, except in the case of those of the King's Royal Rifles, which will be scarlet instead of black as formerly. The stems carrying the plumes fit into specially designed sockets. Three gilt flames form the socket for the Royal Artillery, a gilt ball with four upright leaves for Hussars, a bronze corded ball for the Scottish Rifles, and upright leaves and flames for other rifle regiments. The plumes are 15-in. high for the Royal Artillery and 7-in. high for rifle regiments.

* * * *

"FALSE COLOURS."—The use of false colours in time of war was much discussed during the "Alabama" controversy, but has always been held to be a legitimate stratagem. Maritime law, however, forbids firing under false colours, and officers infringing this regulation are liable to be treated as pirates. The ancient rule as stated by Valin was that the "affirming gun" could be fired only under the national flag, but this decision has not met with general approval; it is, however, universally admitted that actual hostilities can only be carried on under the correct ensigns of the belligerent ships.

* * * *

"M. C. K." (Eltham.)—"Faugh-a-Ballagh"—clear the way—was the shout with which the old 87th—now the 1st Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers—rushed to the charge at Barrosa, where the old corps covered itself with glory. All through this campaign the regiment was commanded by Major Gough, whose family motto is "Faugh-a-Ballagh," and the then major is the Hugh Gough, the hero of the first China War, the Gwalior Campaign, and the first and second Sikh Wars, whose military prowess earned him successively a baronetcy, barony, and viscountcy. It is characteristic of Her Majesty's gracious thought for her soldiers that she should take the very moment when this splendid battalion, through no fault of its own, is captured and imprisoned in Pretoria to add to its colours the legend that recalls its glorious career during the Peninsula, by reason of which, ever since those days, the regiment has been known in the Service as the "Faugh-a-Ballaghs."

* * * *

"PUZZLED."—It is difficult to distinguish the regiments to which officers belong when they are clad in the fighting khaki uniforms. But if you look closely you will see that there is one distinguishing mark that can be easily detected. This is the puggaree round the helmet. Headquarter staff officers have crimson twisted through their puggarees, divisional staff officers a dark blue twist, and brigade staff officers a dark red twist. The cavalry staff wear an all-red puggaree, Artillery staff all blue, and Engineers' staff a red and blue puggaree. Ordinary cavalry officers have a green twist in the puggaree, the Medical Corps a puce-coloured patch on the puggaree, and the Army Service Corps a dark blue patch. Distinguishing patches are also worn by the privates of each regiment. These patches are of the same colour as the twist of the officers, and are worn on the left side of the puggaree.

* * * *

"LETTERS OF MARQUE."—These were first issued at the commencement of the fifteenth century. The origin of the practice was that if a foreign prince or state seized or despoiled the goods of English subjects the king made reprisals upon the goods of subjects of the offending nation resident within the realm, or granted licences to his aggrieved subjects to recoup their losses by the same means. In this sense letters of marque have fallen into disuse, the term being now limited to licences granted to privateers in time of war; on the one hand, the captors are allowed to retain a portion of the booty to indemnify themselves for risk and expenditure; on the other, they are usually compelled to deposit substantial security that they will conduct the cruise according to the laws and usages of war and bring their prizes in for adjudication. Letters of marque have been forfeited for misconduct, *e.g.*, for firing on a prize, entailing loss of life, after the vessel had surrendered. The distinguishing mark of an English privateer was the Red Ensign, bearing the Union in canton at the upper corner, no other flag or pendant being allowed. The term is limited to licences granted against a foreign enemy, those issued during the American Revolution authorising privateers against the colonists being styled "Letters of Permission."

"KNIGHT OF WINDSOR."—The Order of Merit is to the native soldier of the Indian Army what the V.C. is to his British comrade. It is a star of eight points, 1½-in. in diameter. The centre is blue enamel, thereon being two crossed swords within a circle, and the legend "Reward of Valour," and around all a laurel wreath. In the third class, the star, swords, legend, and wreath are all in silver. In the second class, the star is in silver, but the swords, legend, and wreath are in gold. In the first class all four are in gold. The third class is given for any conspicuous act of gallantry. Members of the third can win to the second class by a second recommendation for gallant conduct, and similarly from the second to the first. The ribbon is dark blue with red borders. Why it was called the Order of Merit, only the Government of India knows. Order of Valour would have been far more appropriate. It was established in 1837, was the first Order Her Majesty created, and of the prototype of the Victoria Cross. It is open to every class alike. Admission to the Order entitles a member to receive extra pay or pension by one-third in the third class, two-thirds in the second, and the entire amount in the first. The third class of the Order is much commoner than the V.C., but the second and first are very rare. To-day the men on the active list who hold the second class of the Order of Merit number not more than a dozen. Of holders of the first class of the Order there are nine, all on the pensioned list, and of these seven are old Mutiny veterans. The pride of the Order is that grand old soldier, Kishanbir Nagarkoti, who comparatively recently retired as a subadar from the 1st Battalion 5th Ghoorkas. During the Afghan War of 1878-80, he by three acts of conspicuous gallantry won his way to the first class of the Order of Merit. In 1888, during the time of the Black Mountain Expedition, he was again, for the fourth time, recommended in despatches for having displayed conspicuous gallantry at the time of the death of Major Battye. No further promotion in the Order was possible for him, but he was granted the unique distinction of having conferred on him a gold bar to wear on the ribbon of his star.

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THE horses which the omnibus companies and other large firms recently handed over to the Government were inspected first by members of the remount staff, and fit animals only were enlisted, so to speak. The horses are available under special arrangements between the owners and the War Office. Those who are willing to supply horses in case of emergency enter into an agreement with the Inspector-General of Remounts. The contract is signed by both parties—the latter, of course, acting on behalf of the Government—and the price to be paid for each animal when required is stated. For each horse registered the owners receive a sum of 10s. per annum, and they are bound to furnish within forty-eight hours after receiving notice all the horses named in the agreement or pay a penalty of £50.

* * * *

"FAIR PLAY."—In reply to your questions, the cost of uniform, equipment, etc., for the Royal Marine Light Infantry, is assessed by the Royal Marine Offices at £80, which sum has to be deposited by a candidate with the Admiralty before joining the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. As a matter of fact, if the articles be selected carefully the whole of this sum need not be spent in the first year of service, and part may be reserved by the officer to help him in obtaining the further outfit required on joining his headquarter division, but much depends on individual taste. The appendix of the "Quarterly Navy List" gives very full information on this head, and also particulars of pay, pension, etc. Also the Army and Navy Stores ordinary catalogue gives the cost of different articles, and any Service outfitter would be pleased to furnish an estimate. The pay in the Royal Marine Light Infantry is the same as that for officers of infantry of the line, a table of which is given on page 217 of "Whitaker's Almanack" for 1900, or in the "Quarterly Navy List." A second lieutenant receives 5s. 3d. a day, rising gradually to 18s. a day for a lieutenant-colonel after thirty years' service, but extra pay and allowances are given in this, as in other services, for extra work or special conditions of employment. The number of vacancies half-yearly averages about ten, but depends on the varying flow of promotion, and has been limited to three or four, or has risen to twenty. An officer in the Royal Marine Light Infantry always has combatant Army rank, but can only be transferred to the Army in special cases to join the Service Corps, or for colonial or Indian service. On passing the Staff College he is eligible for Army Staff employment, but if so employed he remains a Marine officer and is merely "seconded," *i.e.*, made supernumerary to the establishment of the corps, while actually holding the appointment, and afterwards reverts to his regimental position and rank.

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A CAVALRY Brigade is a mixed force, consisting of three cavalry regiments, one battery of Royal Horse Artillery, and two companies of mounted infantry. Each of the brigades, however, comprising Lieutenant-General French's Division now in South Africa has attached to it double that quantity of mounted infantry, with two machine-gun sections (four guns). The non-combatant portion of the brigade includes an ammunition column, a supply column, a bearer company, and a field hospital. The force takes the field with 114 officers, 2,383 of other ranks, and 2,448 horses; three officers and 242 of other ranks are left at the base. A company of mounted infantry consists of one captain, four subalterns, 131 of other ranks, and 142 horses, excluding ten dismounted men, namely, one saddler, five batmen, two cooks, and two waggon men.

THE EDITOR.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

.—Western Border. Troops North of De Aar, under Methuen.

Brigade Commanders: Major-Generals Sir H. E. Colvile, Hector Macdonald, and R. Pole-Carew. Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Brabazon.

CAVALRY
2nd Dragoons.
9th Lancers.
12th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—G and P Batteries.
Field—18th, 37th (Howitzer), 62nd, 75th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division (latter in Kimberley).

ENGINEERS
7th (Field) Co.
8th (Railway) Co.
11th (Field) Co.
29th (Fortress) Co.
31st (Fortress) Co.
Two Sections 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY
3rd Grenadiers.
1st Coldstreams.
2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.
1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Highland L.I.
1st Northumberlands.
2nd Northamptons.
1st Gordons.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.
1st N. Lancashire (half battalion in Kimberley).
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Rimington's Scouts.
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
Canadian Infantry.

II.—Cape Colony. All Troops in and South of De Aar, on line Cape Town to De Aar.

Lieutenant-General commanding line of communications: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

ARTILLERY
Horse—U Battery.
Field—4th, 38th, 65th, 76th, 81st, 82nd Batteries.
Garrison—15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division (Siege Train).

ENGINEERS
6th (Fortress) Co.
20th (Field) Co.
37th (Field) Co.
38th (Field) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY
1st Welsh.
2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Royal Warwicks.
1st Royal Irish.
2nd Shropshire L.I.
2nd Wiltshire.
2nd Worcester.
2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucester.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles (Cape).
Cape Town Highlanders.
S. African Light Horse (part).
Victorian Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.

III.—Southern Border, operating from Naauwpoort under French.

Commanding Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Babington.

CAVALRY
Household Regiment.
6th Dragoon Guards.
6th Dragoons.
10th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—O and R. Batteries.
Field—20th Battery.

ENGINEERS
10th (Railway) Co.
26th (Field) Co.
42nd (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Div. Telegraph Batn.

INFANTRY
1st Suffolk.
1st Essex.
1st Yorkshire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Prince Alfred's Volunteer Guards (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
New South Wales Lancers.

IV.—Southern Border, operating from Queenstown under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY
Field—74th, 77th, 79th Batteries.

ENGINEERS
12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY
2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.
1st Derbyshire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Cape Mounted Rifles.
Det. Cape Mounted Police.
Frontier Mounted Rifles.
Kaffrarian Rifles.
Brabant's Horse.

V.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

Divisional and Brigade Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals Sir F. Clery and Sir C. Warren; Major-Generals Hildyard, Lyttelton, Hart, and Barton. Cavalry Brigade: Lord Dundonald.

CAVALRY
1st Dragoons.
13th Hussars.
14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS
17th (Field) Co.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.

INFANTRY
1st Border.
2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.
1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.
2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.
2nd Somerset L.I.
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
2nd Middlesex.
2nd Bedfords.
1st York and Lancaster.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Natal Naval Volunteers.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Durban Light Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Imperial Light Infantry.

VI.—Natal, beleaguered in Ladysmith under White.

Brigade Commanders: Major-General F. Howard. Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Brocklehurst.

CAVALRY
5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th Hussars.
19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS
23rd (Field) Company, Balloon Section, Headquarters and Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
1st Liverpool.
1st Devon.
1st Leicester.
1st Gloucester.†
1st King's Royal Rifles.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Manchester.
2nd Gordons.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†
2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Imperial Light Horse.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

VII.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

CAVALRY
16th Lancers.
7th Dragoon Guards.
17th Lancers.
8th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A, J, Q, M, T Batteries.
Field—43rd (Howitzer), 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 2nd, 8th, 44th, 39th, 68th, 88th, 5th, 9th, 17th Batteries.
Garrison—5th Co. E. Division; 15th Co. W. Division (Siege Train); 2nd Co. S. Division.

ENGINEERS
"C" Pontoon Troop.
47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY
2nd Lincoln.
2nd Norfolk.
1st Scottish Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.
2nd Hants.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
2nd North Staffs.
3rd South Lancashire.*
4th Royal Lancaster.*
6th Royal Warwick.*
4th Derbyshire.*
9th King's Royal Rifles.*
3rd Durham L.I.*
4th Argyll and Sutherland.*
1st Sussex (from Malta).
1st Leinster (from Halifax).
1st Cameron H'gh's (from Egypt).
City of London Imperial Volunteers.
Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
Imperial Yeomanry.
Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.
Lumsden's Horse (from India).

* Militia Regiments.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 38 (Supply), 40, 41, and 42.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (detachment), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles. In Kimberley, under Colonel Kekewich, there are the Diamond Fields Artillery, Diamond Fields Horse, Kimberley Rifles, and Cape Mounted Police (detachment).

NOTE.—The strength of the various units on a war footing is approximately as follows: A regiment of Cavalry 610; a battery of Artillery, Horse 180, Field 170 (companies of Garrison Artillery vary considerably, but may be taken to average 150; the Siege Train batteries are, however, very largely augmented); a company of Royal Engineers 210; a battalion of Infantry 1,010; and a company Army Service Corps 140.

The Eighth Division ordered to mobilise for service in South Africa is as follows: Sixteenth Brigade: 2nd Grenadiers, 2nd Scots Guards, 2nd East York, 1st Leinster, No. 2 Co. Army Service Corps (supply column). Seventeenth Brigade: 1st Worcestershire, 2nd Manchester, 1st South Staffordshire (from Gibraltar), 2nd West Kent (from Malta). Divisional Troops: 89th, 90th, and 91st Batteries, Royal Field Artillery, No. 5 (Field) Co. R.E., No. 39 Co. A.S.C.

The following Militia Battalions are embodied for garrison duty at home and abroad to take the place of the regular battalions gone to South Africa: 3rd Royal Scots (Holywood), 3rd West Surrey (Portsmouth), 3rd East Kent (Cork), 3rd Northumberland (Portsmouth), 5th Royal Fusiliers (Dover), 3rd Devon (Fermoy), 3rd Suffolk (Guernsey), 4th Somerset Light Infantry (Portland), 3rd Bedford (Dublin), 4th West York (Aldershot), 3rd Royal Irish (Dublin), 3rd Yorkshire (Aldershot), 3rd Lancashire Fusiliers (Bury), 6th Lancashire Fusiliers (Halifax, N.S.), 3rd Scots Fusiliers (Aldershot), 3rd Welsh Fusiliers (Plymouth), 4th Scottish Rifles (Glasgow), 3rd Inniskilling Fusiliers (Mullingar), 4th Gloucestershire (Athlone), 4th East Surrey (Woking), 3rd Cornwall Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Border (Colchester), 3rd Sussex (Brighton), 4th South Staffordshire (Kinsale), 3rd Dorset (Shorncliffe), 3rd Welsh (Pembroke Dock), 3rd Black Watch (Montrose), 3rd Oxford Light Infantry (Limerick), 3rd Essex (Warley), 3rd North Lancashire (Malta), 3rd Northampton (Aldershot), 3rd West Kent (Malta), 4th Shropshire Light Infantry (Gravesend), 4th Middlesex (Woolwich), 3rd Wiltshire (Fermoy), 3rd York and Lancaster (York), 3rd Highland Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Seaforths (Fort George), 3rd Gordons (Edinburgh), 3rd Camerons (Aldershot), 6th Irish Rifles (Sheffield), 4th Irish Fusiliers (Colchester), 5th Connaught Rangers (Dover), 5th Dublin 3rd Leinster (Woolwich), 3rd Munster Fusiliers (Dover), 5th Dublin Fusiliers (Portsmouth), 6th Rifle Brigade (Curragh).

The following battalions are ordered for embodiment, but stations not fixed: 3rd Royal Lancaster, 5th Warwick, 3rd Liverpool, 3rd Norfolk, 4th Lincoln, 4th Suffolk, 4th Cheshire, 3rd South Wales Borderers, 3rd East Lancashire, 3rd Hampshire, 3rd Derbyshire, 8th King's Royal Rifles, 4th North Staffordshire, 4th Durham Light Infantry, 3rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

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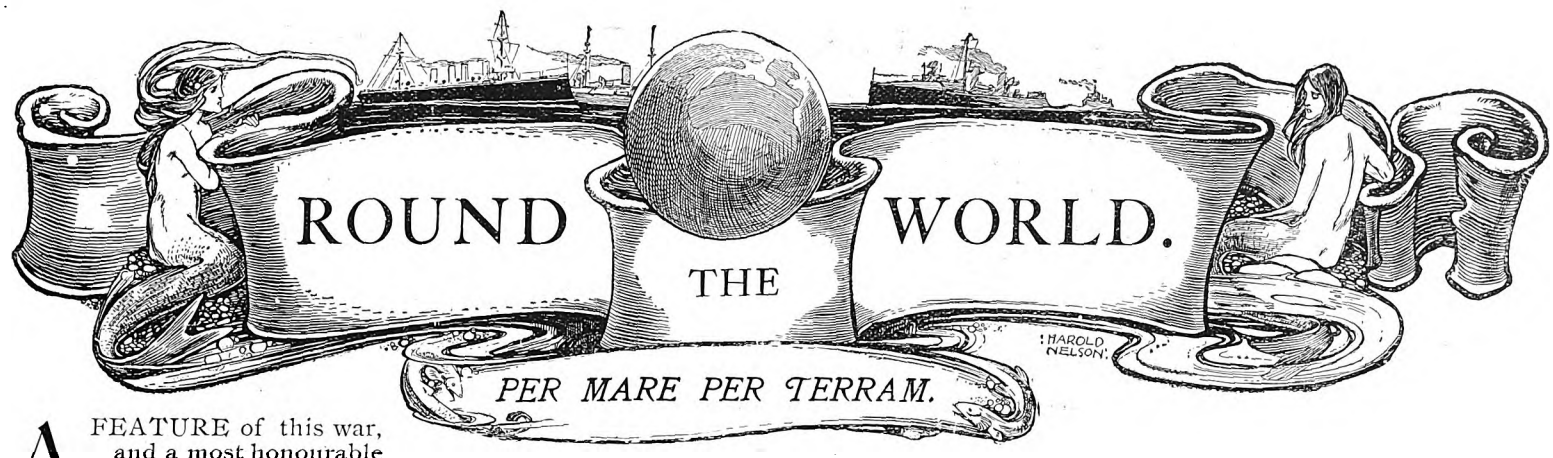

A FEATURE of this war, and a most honourable one, is the way in which eminent doctors have come forward to lend their skill for the help of the soldiers in the field, and also the readiness of the Government to accept their services. The volunteering and the acceptance are alike new—at least in our wars. During the Franco-German War there was something like it, and then it was quite new. In old days little enough care was taken of the soldier, and still less of the sailor. Napoleon, who was not naturally a kind-hearted man, but much the contrary, did take care to have his soldiers looked after, from motives of pure enlightened selfishness. The memory of Baron Larrey and of his good work for the Imperial armies is famous. But, even so, things went badly for the wounded man, and it may be said in a general way that care for the health of armies is one of the most modern of modern things. It was thought a wonderful proof of the foresight of Frederick the Great that he ordered his company officers to carry a small barrel of vinegar with them to correct bad water. What amount of good this precaution might do the scientific man can no doubt explain. The intention, at any rate, was sound. In a general way no precautions were taken, with the result that ten men died of disease—if not twenty—for every one who fell by the sword. With the Navy things were even worse. Roderick Random's picture of the "Thunder" is no exaggeration, as we may learn from the undoubted fact that Rodney, who was once disappointed of an assistant-surgeon, was consoled by being told that the youth selected for the post was an apothecary's apprentice, or some such thing, and wholly ignorant of his duties. It is not wonderful that during the mutiny at the Nore the men were more embittered against the doctors than against any other class of officers. These are happier times, when such eminent medical men as Sir W. Thomson are entrusted with the health of our armies, and when we hear of such volunteers as Doctor Conan Doyle.

Photo. Copyright THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE. *Knight.*
Riding the Charger Taken Out by the Earl—12th Lancers.

Photo. *D'Arcy*
SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, M.D.,
Who will do Good Service in South Africa.

VOLUNTEERING, as we know, is a feature of this war. The Countess of Airlie does not, we presume, intend to follow the 12th Lancers into action, as Mrs. Dalbiac rode

Photo. *Russell & Sons.*
DR. CONAN DOYLE.
Off to South Africa with the "Longman" Hospital.

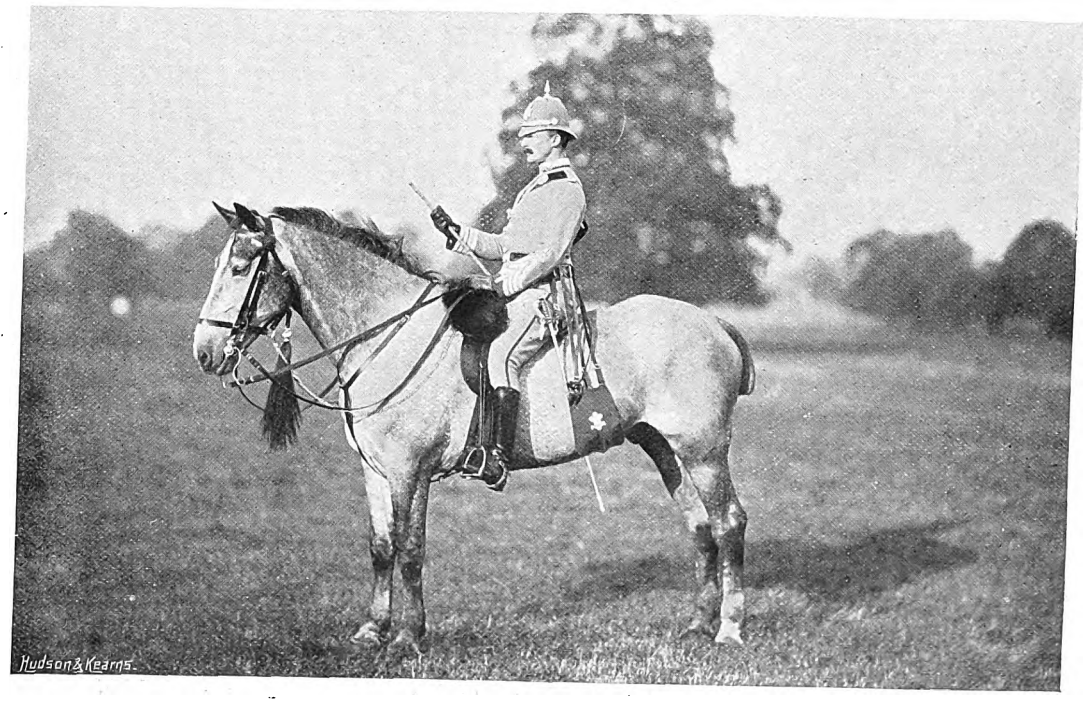

Photo. Copyright. THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE. *Gregory.*
Commanding the Infantry of the City of London Imperial Volunteers.

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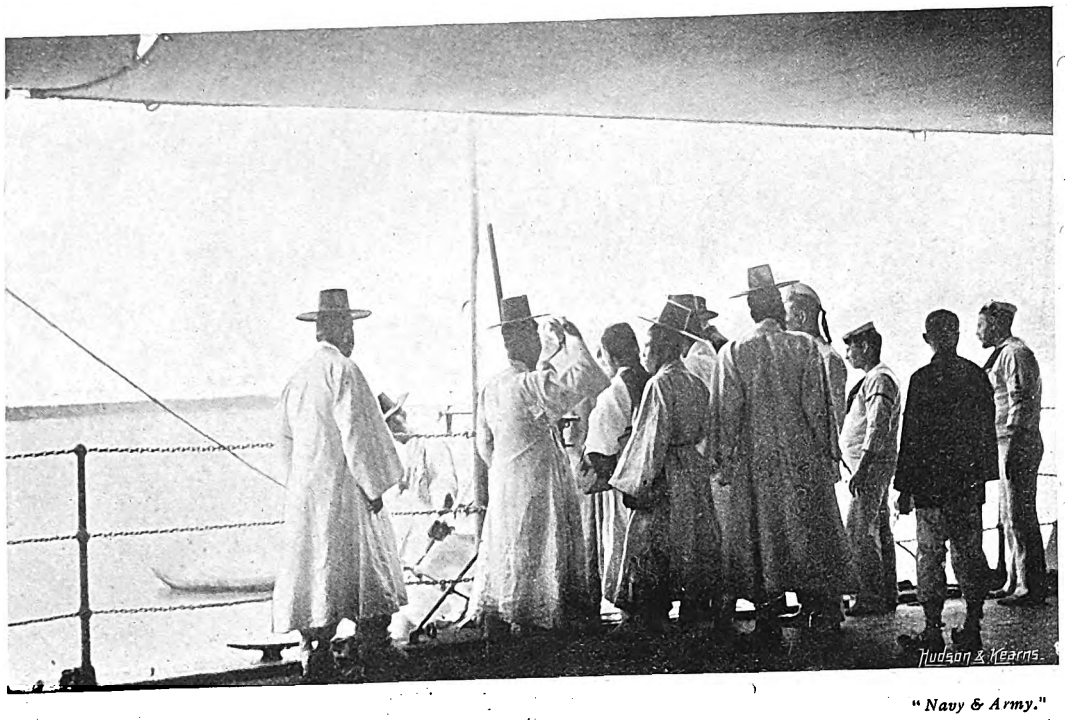

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

QUEER FISH.
Corean Notables on Board the "Centurion"

Photo. Copyright. Jenks.

THE QUEEN'S COLOURED SUBJECTS.
Mr. Jones, Bo'sun of Simon's Town Dockyard, and His Kroomen.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

THE NEW SOUTH WALES NAVAL BRIGADE.
The Artillery in Action during a Sham Fight.

after her husband's regiment at Salamanca. It is only the horse that is going, and, indeed, in these days of long-range rifles a battlefield is even less a place for a lady than in 1812. Besides, General Joubert might complain. The Earl of Albemarle is a volunteer in every sense, for he goes in command of the infantry of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, a gallant force, which will have a chance of rivalling the train-bands which raised the siege of Gloucester in the Civil War, and will, we may be sure, do still better than they.

A GROUP of Coreans visiting one of our war-ships takes us far away from the scene of war, to a region where fighting looked far more probable a short time ago than anyone would have thought it did in South Africa. But it may come in those far-off Eastern regions after all, and sooner than is expected. Then the Coreans, with their unique hats, and those manners and customs of theirs which the Western world finds repulsive, are likely to be more interesting than they are for the moment. The Kroomen, or Krooboys, sitting round Mr. Jones, boatswain of the Simon's Town yard, are more familiar figures. They have at all times had their humble share in the glories of the British Navy. In Michael Scott's "Cruise of the 'Midge'" most boys have made their acquaintance, and have learnt something of their odd ways of life. Their beautifully uniformed and disciplined appearance would have moved the wonder of the Naval officer of Scott's time; but one may say as much of the white crew. Just at present Mr. Jones and his black followers are having a busy time in preparing gun-carriages and doing all the other miscellaneous work which, according to ancient custom and the necessities of the case, falls to the Navy in most of our wars. On this occasion it has been more varied and heavier than usual. In fact, the Navy may fairly claim to have done much to save the situation at Ladysmith—if it has not saved it altogether. What would have been the course of events there if the Naval guns had not come up in time? Something most unpleasant, in all probability, or to a certainty. Now the timely arrival of those guns, which have neutralised the Boer possession of guns of position, was wholly the work of the Navy. We hear a great deal of the vast advantage our enemy possesses in having those long-range cannon; but, after all, we have given him a Roland for his Oliver pretty well. It does not appear that he has enjoyed such an overwhelming superiority at Ladysmith, nor on the Modder River either. Indeed, since he worried General Yule into retreat at Dundee, he has been rather outclassed than otherwise, thanks often to the Navy. However contrary to reason it may appear that the sea force should be fighting far inland, the fact is so, and that it would have been bad for us if it were otherwise. The Navy has always been more or less ambidextrous. It did plenty of work on shore in Elizabeth's time, and has kept up the tradition ever since. The New South Wales Naval Brigade drilling ashore, as seen in our picture, is a very representative

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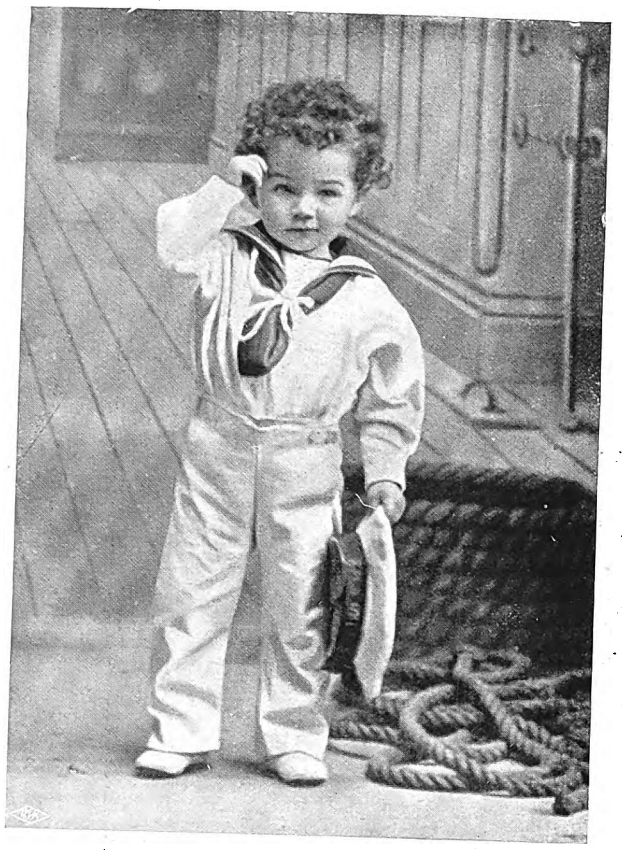

Photo. Copyright. A SUCKING NELSON. *Chase.*
A Possible Candidate for Naval Honours.

body. The epoch of Naval wars proper has so far not revived. One can hardly count the futile and desperate proceedings of poor Admiral Cervera's ill-fated squadron as an exception. They only gave a faint idea of what a Naval war might possibly become. The Spaniards had also landed men and guns at Santiago to take part in the defence. Until Naval wars proper revive, which may possibly be the case when the German Emperor has persuaded his subjects to pay for a powerful fleet, the chief opportunities for fighting which can fall to any Navy must needs be in the way of brigades landed to do the work of gunners, and of light infantry. They are doing plenty of it to-day with Lord Methuen, with Sir George White, and with Sir Redvers Buller.

OUR next set of illustrations is of a more domestic, peaceful, or even pathetic order. The wives and children of those who are fighting have always afforded subjects for the poet and painter. A very slight examination of the print-shops will reveal numbers of plates representing "The Soldier's Widow," or "The Soldier's Family," or the domestic circle of the "Naval Hero." It is their common feature that the interesting persons they show us always look like very delicate princes and princesses in disguise, and never give the impression that they have done, or could have done, a day's work in their lives The photographer who is confined to the reproduction of nature is much less romantic, and proportionately more trustworthy; not that he is by any means constrained to depict ugliness. On the contrary, as our page shows, he has his pretty models, only they look human, and not, as is commonly the case with the sentimental picture maker, as if they had stepped out of fairy land. The groups of soldiers' families—which we have often given—are from real life. For them also the times have changed, and are much better. We do not now carry the women who are "on the strength" into the field, as Sir John Moore's army did, with the result that numbers of them fell into the hands of the French during the retreat to Corunna. Neither do we leave the wives who are not on the

Photo. Copyright. BRITANNIA'S CHILDREN. *Bowers.*
A Typical Group from Sunny Natal.

strength to beg and starve, as was once our inhuman habit. Proper attempts are made to take care of the families of those who are fighting abroad. If there is any fault in our efforts, it is that they are too various and voluntary, and are, therefore, in no small danger of becoming confused, which is likely to mean that much good work will be wasted. Excellent people who raise funds do not always distribute them with judgment, and are very liable to fall victims to the artful impostor, whose wiles are innumerable. There would perhaps be no surer course to follow than to ask "the colonel's lady" to take charge of the distribution of all the free offerings raised for the families of soldiers. The wives who are entitled to a Government allowance must, of course, make good their claim.

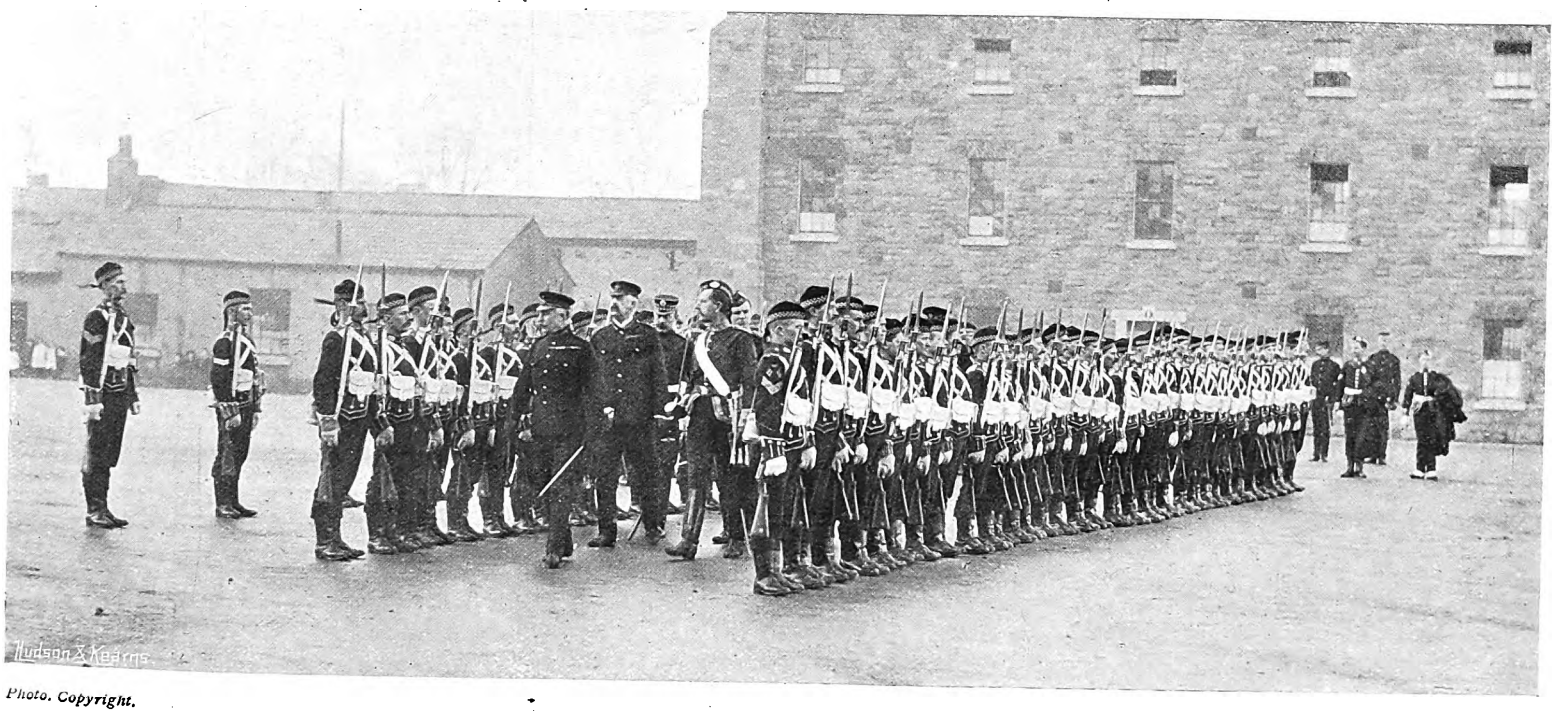

Photo. Copyright. MILITIA FOR THE FRONT. *Chancellor.*
H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the New Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, Inspecting the 4th Battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders previous to its Departure for South Africa. This Battalion Volunteered for Active Service.

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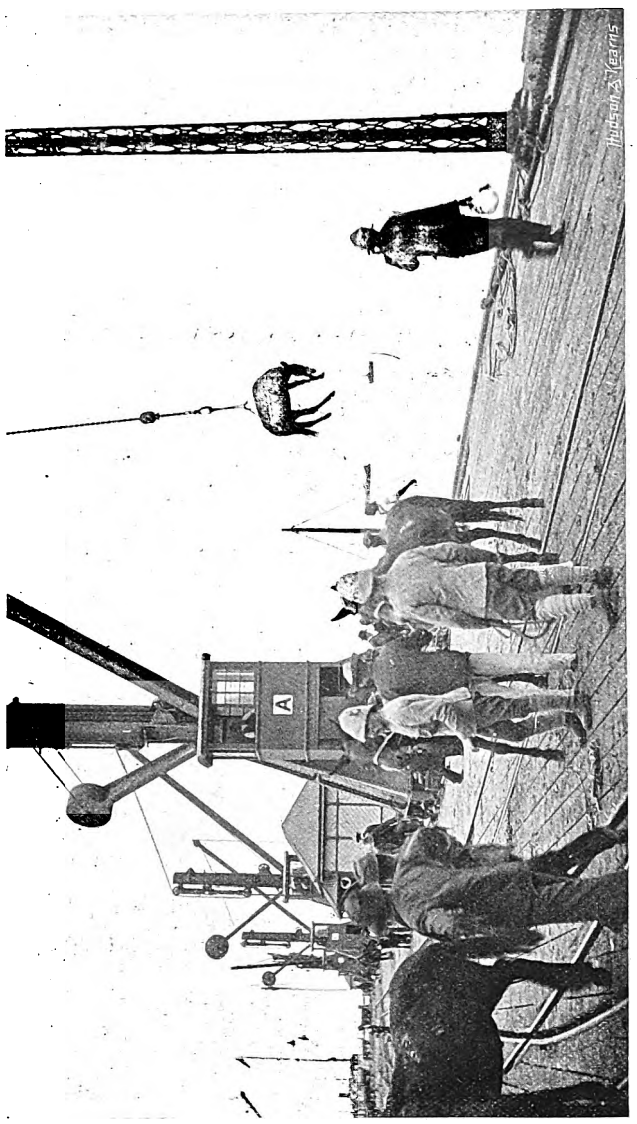

Photo. Copyright. Goldsbrough.

NO USE KICKING.
Whipping the Mules Ashore in the Cape Colony.

Photo. Copyright. Goldsbrough

A CARGO FROM THE STATES.
Unloading Useful Animals at Port Elizabeth for Military Transport.

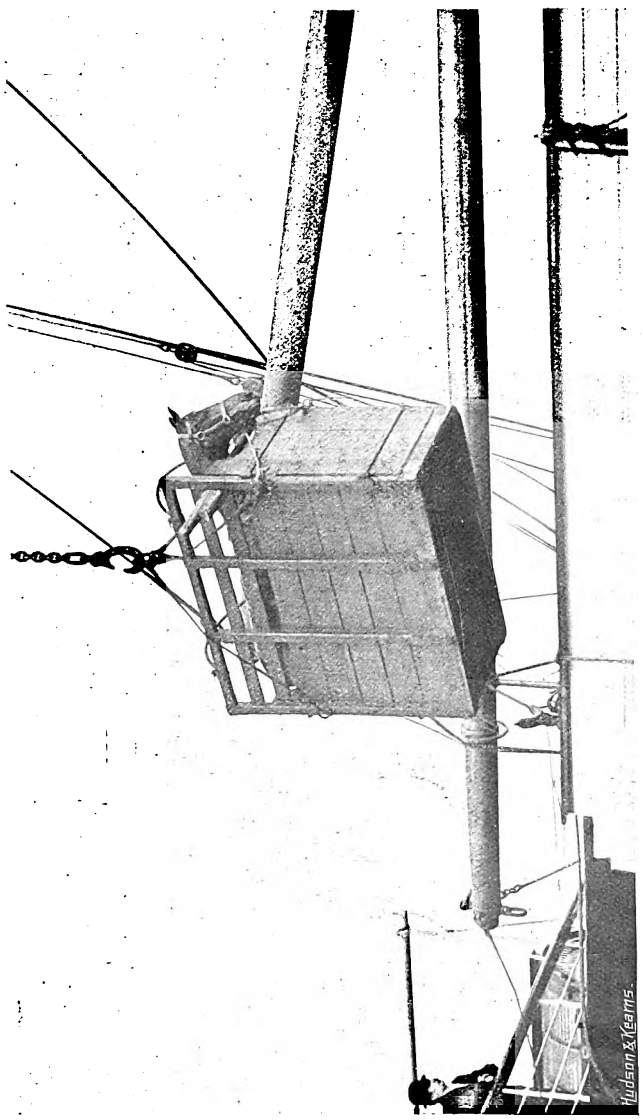

Photo. Copyright. Gregory.

A NOVEL SITUATION.
Shipping an Officer's Charger at Southampton Dock.

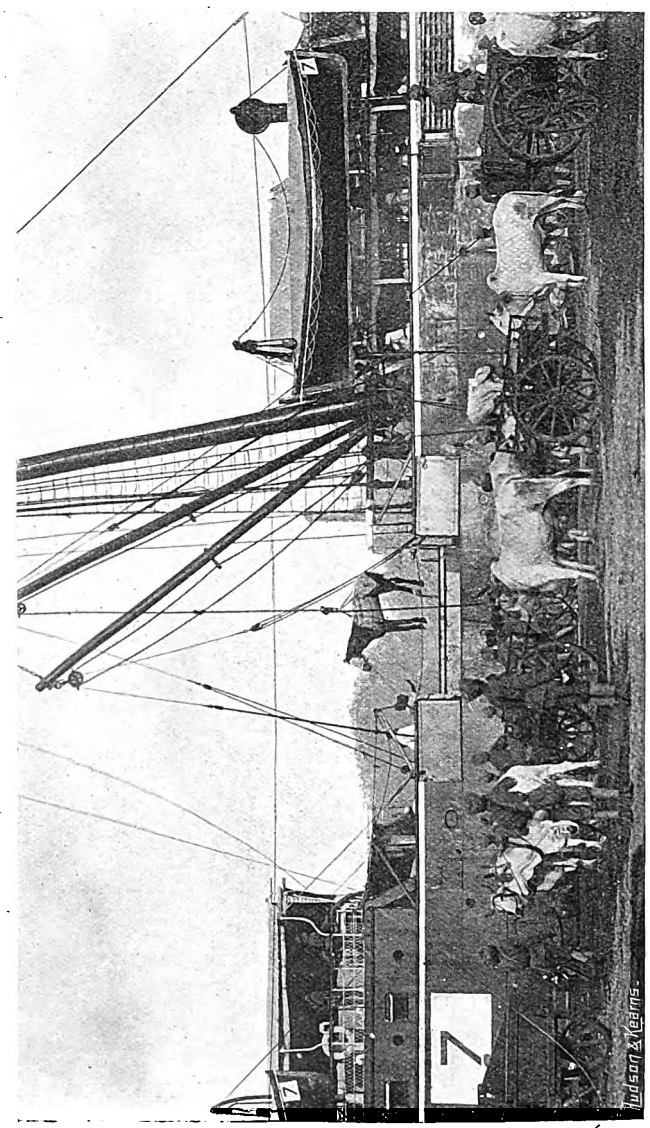

Photo. Copyright. Kapp.

THE INDIAN CONTINGENT.
Slinging Horses on Board a Trooper at Calcutta.

FOR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.
Embarking and Disembarking Horses and Mules.

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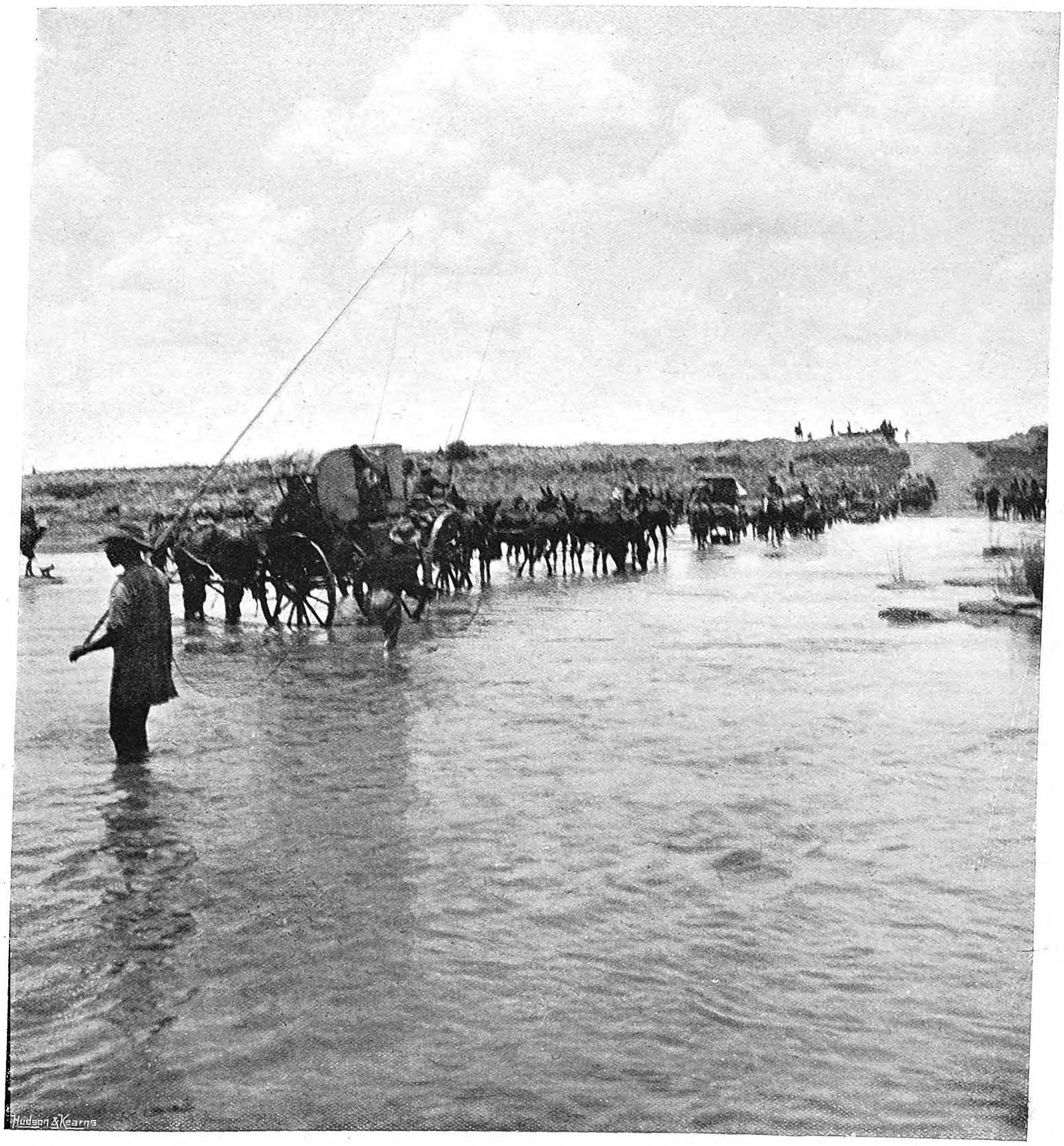
THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 157.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1900.



THE ADVANCE TO MAGERSFONTEIN.

This picture of military transport crossing by one of the drifts of the Modder River after the battle brings before us very vividly the difficulties that attend the advance of our army. From the Orange River to the Modder our column marched rapidly, winning victories as it went; but at the latter river a pause became necessary to bring up supplies, while the Boers were entrenching themselves at Magersfontein. Near the place where our picture was taken a veritable entrenched camp has since grown up.

From a Photograph Taken by Earl De la Warr, Special War Correspondent of the "Globe."

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Munitions of War for South Africa.

A PICTURESQUE ASPECT.

A STATE of war generally abounds in variety and sharp contrasts. Thrilling as are the more active accompaniments of a campaign, the storm and stress of the battle-field, the labour of forced marches, the perils of the trenches, the grim tragedies of the field hospital, they never constitute, at any rate nowadays, an all-absorbing preoccupation in the mind of a great nation. In a protracted siege men and women come in time to treat their gloomy environment with comparative indifference, and go about civilian avocations, and even amusements, as if no enemy were within a hundred miles. So, too, in a war — especially if conducted abroad—the public mind often finds relief from the tales of hard-won victories or sad reverses in the contemplation of subjects and objects possibly of kindred but yet of very different interest.

Photo. Copyright. UPNOR CASTLE. *A. Debenham, Ryde.*
Opposite Chatham Dockyard.

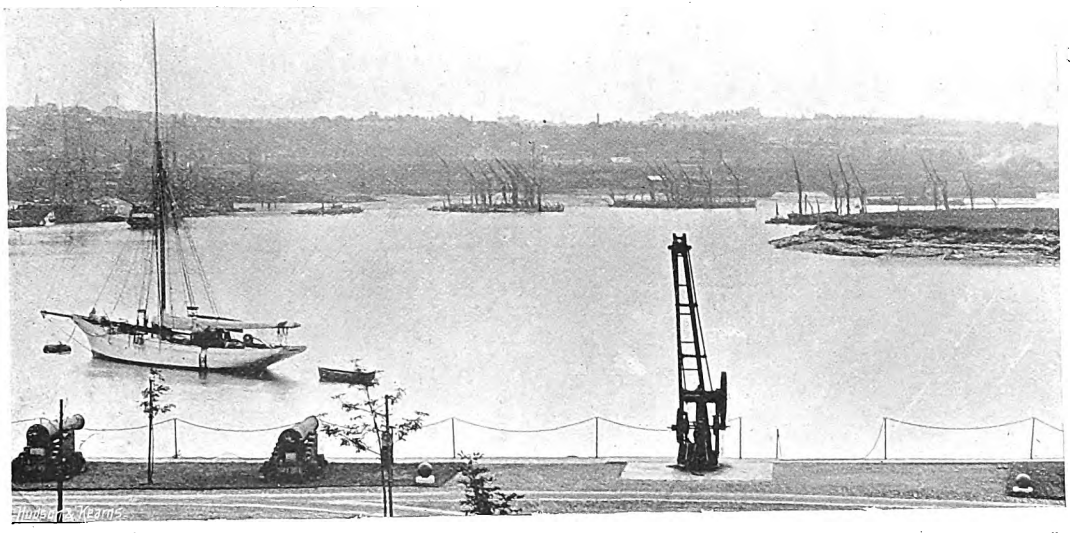

Photo. Copyright. THE MEDWAY. *"Navy & Army."*
From Chatham Gun Wharf.

It is pardonable then to regard this charming little series of pictures much less solemnly than we naturally regard many of the sights and scenes at the front which war artists and war photographers have reproduced for us. In a sense, moreover, a certain feeling of relief may be experienced by turning from the grave realities of warfare to the more restful, but still suggestive, subjects included in these half-dozen illustrations.

Here we have pictures from the three great dockyards, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, from all of which great stores of war material—not to speak of men—have for many weeks past been continually leaving for South Africa. Necessarily, the despatch of these important munitions has caused to some extent a busy stir among sheds and shops,

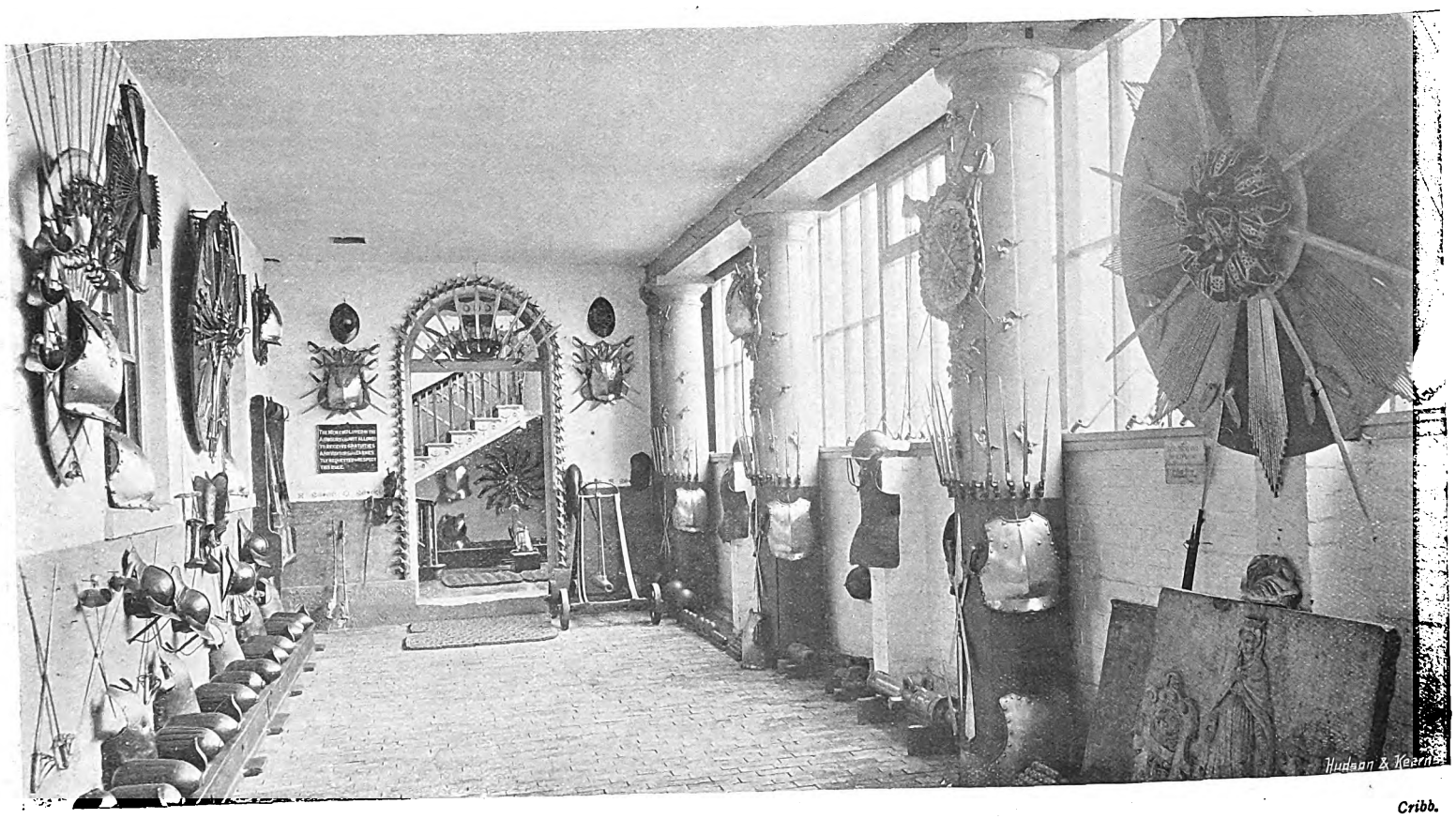

Photo. Copyright. *Cribb.*

THE MAIN CORRIDOR—ENTRANCE TO THE ARMOURY, PORTSMOUTH GUN WHARF.

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and here and there a certain amount of strenuous excitement must have prevailed, and be prevailing still. But this does not greatly modify the picturesque aspect of serenity which seldom fails to belong to scenes where many ships are congregated. In all these cases, too, the picturesqueness is really enhanced by the fact that a great war is in progress, since that circumstance alone is sufficient to awake a host of quaint historical associations.

Looking across the Medway at Rochester, or glancing at Upnor Castle, such ideas will come crowding in upon the least imaginative mind. This part of the world has a famous history for others besides Kentish men, a history contrasted with which our serious but rather vulgar squabble with two mushroom States in South Africa sinks into utter insignificance. Two sharper contrasts could scarcely be imagined than, say, the capital of the Transvaal,

Photo. Copyright. MOUNT WISE, DEVONPORT. *"Navy & Army."*
A View from a Corner of the Gun Wharf.

Photo. Copyright. THE ARMOURY—THE GUN WHARF AT PORTSMOUTH. *Cribb.*

with its forts bristling with modern cannon, and towns like Chatham and Devonport, in which all outward show of armed defence is subordinated to the arts of peace and the pursuit of business. Yet the latter have furnished many of the weapons by which the pride of the former will eventually be humbled, and these old castles and gun wharves, with their curiously harmless array of obsolete ordnance, will last many years longer than the brand-new works which girdle Pretoria.

As for Portsmouth Gun Wharf, one might fairly revel in the contrasts and associations created by a glance first at the latest war telegram and then by a dip into that delightful armoury. Here are the helmets which were worn by Cromwell's Ironsides, as grand cavalry in their way as the Boers are grand mounted infantry in theirs. Here, too, are old firearms which are a very long way removed from the four-point-seven, the Lee-Enfield, and the Maxim. But the existence of the Highland Brigade is distinctly and happily recalled by a trophy of claymores worn by bygone heroes of the Forty-Twa.

Photo. Copyright. LOOKING SEAWARD. *"Navy & Army."*
The Water Gate to the Western Gun Wharf.

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The Imperial Yeomanry.

Photo. Copyright. THE IRISH YEOMANRY. *Chancellor.*
A Group of the Accepted Volunteers at the Royal Barracks, Dublin.

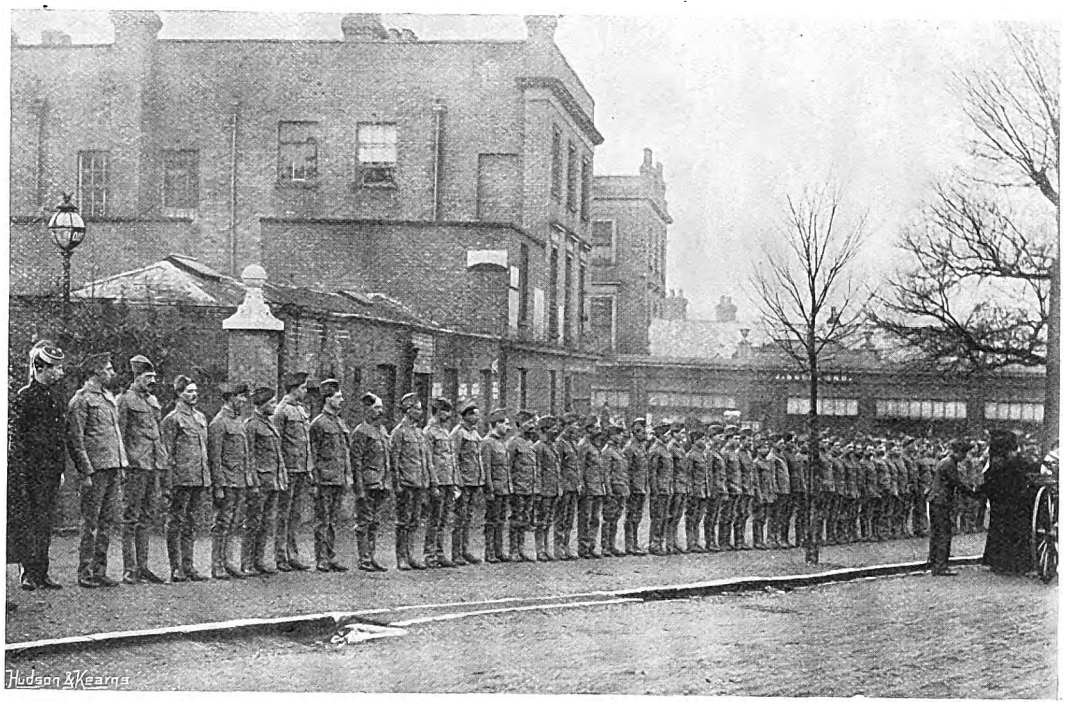

Photo. Copyright. THE ISLE OF WIGHT CONTINGENT *Hughes & Mullins.*
Being Inspected by Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Photo. Copyright. ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. *Russell & Sons.*
A Group of the Hants Imperial Yeomanry in Mufti.

NOTHING could have excelled the display of patriotism on the part of the whole nation in the present emergency. Nor in anything has this been more marked than in the enrolment of Volunteers for service and in the formation of the Imperial Yeomanry.

With the latter force, however, we are here chiefly concerned. Despite its name, the Imperial Yeomanry is not entirely recruited from among Yeomen, as we usually understand the term, but the name, it is said, was given because the authorities looked to our own Yeomanry Cavalry to send a considerable number of men into the ranks of the new corps. Moreover, it was thought, and rightly so, that the corps already existing, being in touch with the desired stamp of recruit, could greatly aid in obtaining the number of men required. To the invitation of the authorities there has been a hearty response, and the officers of the Yeomanry have given their loyal support in every conceivable way.

The War Office has entrusted the selection of recruits to a committee of Yeomanry officers, and by them all the details have been arranged. When the idea of raising this mounted force was first announced the offices of the committee in London were besieged day and night by crowds of eligible men only too anxious to serve as troopers in the embryo regiment.

So great became the pressure of business upon the committee that ere long it became necessary to refer the would-be recruits to the headquarters of the existing Yeomanry Brigades, where the permanent staffs have had a busy time in enrolling the men.

As regards qualifications for the corps, which is, strictly speaking, a mounted infantry, not a cavalry, force, all candidates must satisfy the authorities that they can ride and shoot, for without both acquirements they would be of little use on the veldt. They must, of course, also be medically fit, and preference is given to unmarried men. So great has been the influx of recruits that the authorities have been able to exercise a wise discretion in selecting candidates.

The movement has taken root throughout the country; in many parts the men are busy at work, for it must remembered that a considerable percentage of the rank and file have never served before.

In Ireland, where there is no Yeomanry Cavalry, recruiting has been carried on briskly, and many well-known hunting men have joined the ranks. Among the officers are men of wealth, who have cheerfully volunteered to brave the rigours of the campaign. The accompanying illustrations of the Isle of Wight, the Hampshire, and the Irish contingents will give our readers a very good idea of the composition of the Imperial Yeomanry. As showing the eagerness of the Hampshiremen to serve in the corps raised in their native county, it may be noted that some of the members have come from Canada and other parts of the world especially to join the draft.

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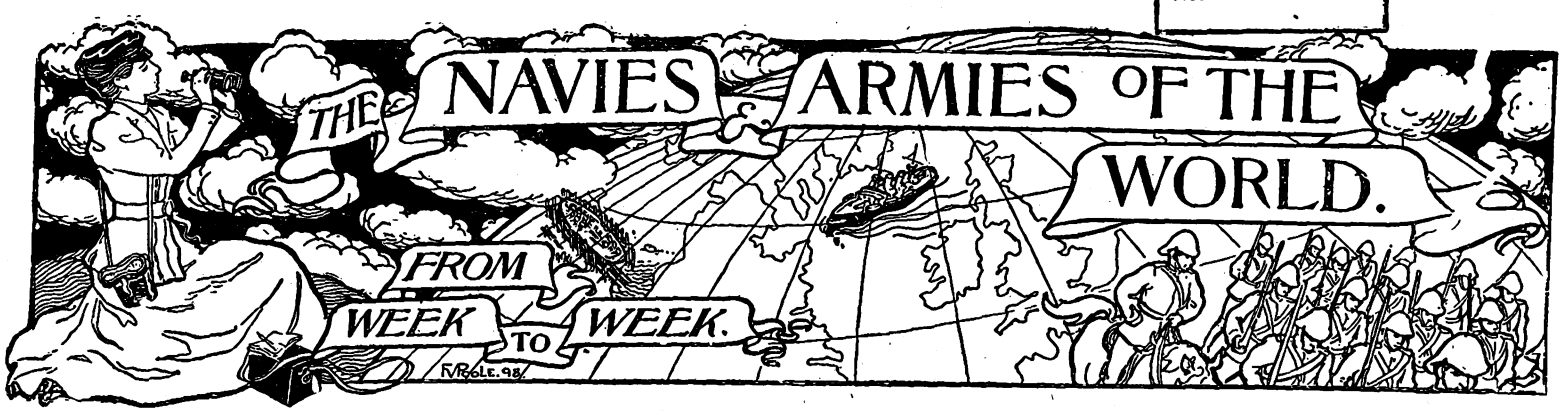
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



WE are in the habit of grumbling about most things, and therefore nothing is more in the regular course than that a whole chorus of grumbles should have arisen over the recruiting for the Imperial Yeomanry. If one is bound to accept all one finds to read in letters to the *Times* (which happily is not the case), the authorities engaged in the task of organising this force are guided by two great rules. The first is to reject all the competent men who present themselves, on frivolous grounds; the second is to accept every deplorably unfit youth who comes forward. We hear of volunteers who have had colonial experience worried because of social qualifications. There are also stories of stalwart youths whose services are declined because their teeth are defective, though their muscular development is splendid and their digestions are unimpaired. What can appear more unreasonable? If there be an act more absurd than refusal of the services of young athletes whose teeth are slightly defective, it is the acceptance of boys—poor boys of delicate upbringing—who have no eyes, no chest, no stamina, no knowledge of riding, and no familiarity with the use of firearms. Yet it is quite common to find these poor creatures accepted for the Imperial Yeomanry, if everything is true which appears in letters to the *Times*.

* * * *

Only one does not accept every word in those voluntary contributions as gospel. When, for instance, an anxious mother writes to say that her poor delicate boy, who is fragility itself, who is compelled to live on Revalenta Arabica, and cannot sleep when the weather is in the least cool without a hot-water bottle in his bed, has been cruelly accepted for the Imperial Yeomanry, one may feel for the poor lady, but one does not find it necessary to suppose that her version of the story is quite accurate. One has heard of affectionate mothers who coddle their offspring, and of offspring who rebel against the process. What letters would be written to the *Times* by hens which have hatched ducklings? The coddled youth who is tired of the maternal apron string may really be excused for jumping at the chance of serving his country in the Imperial Yeomanry, and it is by no means certain that he will make a bad recruit. Then there is the schoolmaster who gives the sad eventful history of the boy who is blind of one eye and can hardly see with the other, who is condemned to Salutaris Water, gets swiftly tired of cricket, has been rejected from the rifle team as hopeless, and suffers from a local complaint which will be aggravated by riding, and will, when in full aggravation, make riding impossible. This unhappy bag of groans has none the less been accepted, and, after three weeks of camp training, has passed all the tests, including shooting and riding. One does not quite know what to make of that schoolmaster. Is he a humourist, or an example of the truth of a saying of Sir Walter Scott's, "that it is rare to find a schoolmaster who is a man of sense"?

* * * *

A man may find school games a bore—many of ill-regulated minds do—and a school rifle team no better, and yet be ready enough for the real game. Neither is it always your big man who is the best fighter. What doctor would have passed our William III. as fit for military service, or his opponent, the hunchback Luxembourg, either? In fact, in the old days of incessant wars people were not so particular as now, and so long as a man could get through his work and had plenty of pluck, they cared little whether his teeth were defective or one of his toes grew over another. Besides, they held a good deal by the doctrine which Falstaff laid down to Justice Shallow: "Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, the big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is—he shall charge you and discharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy, the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off." Even if the Imperial Yeomanry is mainly recruited of Wart, Shadow, and Feeble, as these authorities assert, we need not lose all hope that they will fight. The question of time is important. Compare the weedy-looking boys who enlist at Walmer with the thoroughly trained Marine. It seems at first sight impossible that the first should become the second, and yet they do. Unfortunately it takes four years or thereabouts to make the change, and a good deal goes to the process—the nine months' gymnastics at Walmer, the great gun drill at Chatham, or Portsmouth, or Plymouth, and then the first commission at sea.

* * * *

There is a very beautiful picture in Clarendon's memoirs of a gentleman who would doubtless have been judged unfit for military service, and who yet fought well in the great Civil War. This was Sidney Godolphin, of whom it was said that "there was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room. . . . Though everybody loved his company very well, yet he loved very much to be alone, being in his constitution inclined somewhat to melancholy, and to retirement among his books, and was so far from being active that he was content to be reproached by his friends with laziness, and was of so nice and tender a composition that a little rain or wind would disorder him, and divert him from any short journey he had most willingly proposed to himself, insomuch as when he rode abroad with those in whose company he most delighted, if the wind chanced to be in his face he would (after a little pleasant murmuring) suddenly turn his horse and go home. Yet the Civil War no sooner began . . . than he put himself into the first troops which were raised in the West for the King, and bore the uneasiness and fatigue of winter marches with an exemplary courage and alacrity, until by too brave a pursuit of the enemy into an obscure village in Devonshire he was shot with a musket, with which—without saying any word more than 'Oh, God! I am hurt'—he fell dead from his horse, to the excessive grief of his friends, who were all that knew him, and the irreparable damage of the public."

* * * *

It is quite possible that a good many so-called delicate youths would be all the better for a little roughing. Dana was sent to sea to restore his health by a voyage round the Horn, as he has described in "Two Years Before the Mast." The remedy seems to have been rather a favourite in the New England towns, and was certainly a kill or cure one. A lad who made a voyage round the Horn before the mast in a sailing ship had to put up with greater hardships than will fall to the lot of the Imperial Yeomanry. Withal there is something serious in the complaints. It is quite a mistake to suppose that because Britons are generally fond of athletic games and sport, it can be easy to raise a corps of volunteers, all strong, all good horsemen and good shots. Many who are qualified will not or cannot come forward. Besides, we are so rich and so industrial that with all the love of sport and so forth in the world we cannot be qualified by habits of life for soldiering. The soldier in a civilised community has to be made by special training. It is one of the advantages possessed by our opponents in this war that they have been brought up to the life of an army in the field by the conditions of their existence. That is not, and cannot be, the case with us. In time we shall learn, but it is rather late to begin after war has broken out. The moral of this is possibly a very serious one. If in future we are to be often liable to have to put armies of 150,000 men or thereabouts into the field while providing for the Indian and other garrisons, it will not do to rely on the very moderate regular force we already possess, and supplementary forces to be got together by hook and by crook when the guns have already begun to shoot. Why, these Imperial Yeomanry, Volunteers, and so forth, are not organised yet! Months of work must be done before they are really fit, and though it may happen that the war will be over by the time they are ready, it may also happen that we shall suffer more checks for want of sufficient force on the spot.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

FEBRUARY 4, 1757.—Defeat of Suraj ad Dowla. Colonel Clive, with 569 seamen and marines, 150 Europeans, and 800 Sepoys repulsed an attack by 20,000 men, under Suraj ad Dowla, on Calcutta. 1762.—Surrender of Fort Royal, Martinique. 1804.—Surrender of Gwalior. The native chief, Ambajee, was compelled to surrender this formidable fortress to Lieutenant-Colonel White, after a brief resistance. 1874.—Battle of Ordashu; Sir Garnet Wolseley completely routed the Ashantis under King Coffee. Coomassie was entered on the same day.

February 5, 1781.—Surrender of the Island St. Martin, West Indies. 1794.—Martinique invaded. An expedition, under Admiral Sir John Jervis, and an army under Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Gray, effected a landing on the island. 1804.—Action near Mankaiseer. A large force, under some predatory chiefs, was caught while re.reating, and routed by Sir Arthur Wellesley. All their guns, ammunition, and baggage were captured. 1810.—Surrender of Guadaloupe. As the result of an engagement on February 4, the island was this day surrendered. 1856.—Institution of the Order of the Victoria Cross gazetted.

February 6, 1545.—Rout of the French near Boulogne. A force, under Marshal de Dies, 14,000 strong, encamped near Boulogne, then held by the British. The Lord High Admiral De Lisle, the Earl of Hertford, Lord Grey de Wilton, and Sir Thomas Poynings, with 4,000 foot and 700 horse, sallied out to attack them. The British getting between the two divisions of the French army put them to rout. 1874.—Coomassie burned.

February 7, 1602.—Portobello taken. 1792.—Siege of Seringapatam. This fortress, which was invested on February 5 by Lord Cornwallis, was held by the Sultan Tippoo with 6,000 horse and 50,000 foot. On the 7th the place was carried by storm. Our loss was 535 killed and wounded, while more than 4,000 Mysoreans fell. 1794.—Landing in Corsica.

February 8, 1803.—Siege of Sasnee. This post, in the district of Furruckabad, ceded to the East India Company in 1802, was held by a refractory chief, Bugwunt Sing. The pettah of the fortress was carried by assault by Colonel the Hon. J. St. John. 1881.—Repulse on the Ingogo River. Sir George Colley was defeated by the Zulus.

February 9, 1781.—B'hore Pass forced—Mahratta War. General Goddard drove the enemy from their fortresses in the pass while advancing on Poonah. 1826.—Battle of Pagahm-mew. On this day a force under Major-General Sir A. Campbell, hardly 2,000 strong, defeated a Burmese army of about 16,000 men, whose centre was broken by the impetuous attack of the British.

February 10, 1711.—Surrender of Mahé to Sir Hector Munro. 1760.—Surrender of Arcot to Colonel Coote, after having been invested since February 1. 1809.—Storm of Arambuli, Travancore. 1846.—Battle of Sobraon. With an army of 35,000, Lord Gough utterly defeated the Sikhs, who had taken up a position on the Sutlej. The British loss was over 2,300, while that of the Sikhs was estimated at 10,000.

FEBRUARY 4, 1781.—British squadron captured Dutch "Mars," 60, and convoy in the West Indies. 1804.—Cutting out of the "Curieux," 16, in Fort Royal, Martinique, by the boats of the "Centaur." 1874.—Naval Brigade at the battle of Ordashu.

February 5, 1800.—The "Fairy," "Harpy," and consorts took the "Pallas." 1804.—The "Eclair" engaged the "Grand Décidé." 1825. Than-ta-Ban captured. 1840.—The first Cunarder, "Britannia," launched. 1890.—The "Wallaroo" launched.

February 6, 1777.—Letters of Marque granted against America. 1799.—The "Argo" captured the "Santa Teresa." 1800.—The "Loire" and consorts captured the "Pallas." 1806.—Duckworth's victory off San Domingo. 1839.—Vice-Admiral C. E. Buckle born. 1886.—The "Mohawk" launched.

February 7, 1808.—The "Découverte" drove ashore a privateer. 1813.—The "Amelia" engaged the "Aréthuse." 1863.—Loss of the "Orpheus" off New Zealand.

February 8, 1794.—The "Fortitude" and "Juno" captured Mortella, Corsica. 1805.—The "Curieux" captured the "Dame Ernouf." 1808.—Boats of the "Meleager" captured the "Renard." 1809.—The "Amphion" and "Redwing" dispersed the French ships off Melida. The "Horatio" and consorts captured the "Junon." 1813.—Boats of the "Belvidera" and consorts took the "Lottery." 1842.—Rear-Admiral A. L. Douglas, second sea lord, born. 1844.—Rear-Admiral Swinton C. Holland, Admiral-Superintendent, Chatham, born. 1882.—Fire in Devonport Dockyard—estimated loss, £20,000.

February 9, 1746.—The "Portland" captured the "Auguste." 1799.—The "Dædalus" captured the "Prudente." 1808.—The "Découverte" captured the "Darabe." 1826.—Pagahm-mew captured. 1885.—The Nile Expedition. Rescue of Sir C. Wilson near Gubat, by Lord Charles Beresford. 1895.—The "Teaser" launched.

February 10, 1710.—The "Salisbury" and "St. Albans" captured a French 60-gun ship. 1761.—Mahé, India, surrendered to Rear-Admiral Cornish. 1810.—The "Thistle" captured the Dutch corvette "Havik." The "Latona" and consorts capture the "Junon." 1846.—Lord Charles Beresford born. 1868.—The "Hercules" launched. 1891.—The "Apollo" launched, 1898.—The "Bullfinch" launched.

Horse Sickness in S. Africa.

By C. H. TEMPLE.

SOUTH African "horse-sickness"—called in the Dutch language "Parde Ziekte"—is a scourge which is always prevalent in the sub-continent, although at this time of the year, the summer season of the Cape, when the heavy tropical rains fall, it becomes more widespread and virulent.

As showing the deadly nature of the malady, it may be said that a force of Transvaal Boers fighting against a Kaffir tribe some years ago lost, through it, one-third of its horses; in the years 1854-55 over 70,000 horses and mules died of it in Cape Colony alone, and three years ago, out of a small force then garrisoning Natal, 600 Government horses were carried off. These illustrations, pregnant though they be, represent very inadequately, however, the devastation caused by this disease in all the different countries from the Cape to the Zambesi.

As to the sickness itself, although it has many manifestations, there seems to be only one rational explanation of its origin. Dutchmen themselves say that it is caused by open feeding on the veldt at night, when the poisonous herb called "tulp" is in its worst state of virulence. Others, while admitting this, go a step further, and add, as a further cause, the fact that the heavy rains loosen the soil—the heat of the summer sun, too, causes gaping cracks in the earth's surface—whereby poisonous gases, generated by the accumulations of rank vegetation, are liberated. These gases naturally affect the growing veldt grass, especially at night time, for between sunset and sunrise, when the heavy dew and vapours form, is the most dangerous period of the day for horses grazing.

Further, both Veterinary-Colonel Lambert, C.B., and Veterinary-Major Nunn, D.S.O., amongst our highest authorities, who have studied the subject scientifically on the spot, agree as to the origin of the disease, and as to the best means of avoiding it, but they have to confess that no cure is known for it. According to them, the sickness is due to the action of a specific bacillus, which takes its origin from the soil, and has its home in the herbage that grows upon it and the vapours that float above it. This latter theory is the most scientific and reasonable, and seems to explain all the facts of the case. But whether due to tulp, gases, or microbe, or all combined, this at least is clear, the disease is most prevalent on the low veldt, where the temperature is high and the vegetation luxuriant, and it seems to find a helpful environment in damp spots, water-courses, marshes, and vleys.

The disease may attack the respiratory organs In such case it commences with a husky cough and a slight discharge from the nose. Often the head swells greatly, the breathing is difficult and painful, the eyes become glazed and sunken, a swelling occurs over the eyelids, and the mouth fills with a peculiar kind of yellowish froth. Just before the end comes the nasal discharge changes to a profuse snow-white foam, proving suffocation to be the cause of death. Or, again, the digestive organs may be attacked. In this case the horse will show all the signs of acute internal suffering, breaking out into a sweat of agony. The temperature rises tremendously, revealing high fever, and soon the animal yields to the burning strain.

In this latter form the disease is generally not so summary as in the former, but in most cases the doom is as certain. The sickness comes on with fearful suddenness. A horse may be grazing, or even carrying a rider, when all at once it gives way, and in two or three hours it is dead.

All attacked horses, however, do not die, and this shows that the real remedy for the disease is the sickness itself. A horse may pull through its illness—perhaps 20 per cent. do so. In such case it is called "salted." And a peculiar fact is that a salted horse will seldom have a second attack. This it is which enhances the value of the animal, increasing it fourfold, although for ever after it will be but a poor shadow of its former self, its temper, knees, and pace suffering terribly. *En passant*, it may be said that in all horse-dealing transactions in South Africa, when a salted horse is sold, a certificate, guaranteeing it for three, six, or twelve months from sickness, is demanded and given.

Beyond the sickness itself there is no absolute cure known. Theories have been propounded, and quack cures have been advertised, but without avail. Paarde Ziekte is as prevalent as ever. Prevention, however, is often better than cure, and the man who studies his pocket and values his horse will take precautionary measures. Horses should never be allowed to graze until the sun is three hours up, and should be carefully stabled at the latest an hour before sunset. Both fodder and bedding should be perfectly dry, bin and nosebag ought to be regularly tarred, nostrils washed every other day in a thin solution of tar containing a few drops of eucalyptus oil, and the drinking water should contain a few drops of arnica. Horses cared for in this way, while not immune, stand every chance of escaping the deadly visitation.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of De Aar, under Methuen.

Brigade Commanders: Major-Generals Sir H. E. Colvile, Hector Macdonald, and R. Pole-Carew. Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Brabazon.

CAVALRY
- 2nd Dragoons.
- 9th Lancers.
- 12th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
- Horse—G and P Batteries.
- Field—18th, 37th (Howitzer), 62nd, 75th Batteries.
- Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division (latter in Kimberley).

ENGINEERS
- 7th (Field) Co.
- 8th (Railway) Co.
- 11th (Field) Co.
- 29th (Fortress) Co.
- 31st (Fortress) Co.
- Two Sections 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
- Balloon Section.
- Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY
- 3rd Grenadiers.
- 1st Coldstreams.
- 2nd Coldstreams.
- 1st Scots Guards.
- 1st Argyll and Sutherland.
- 2nd Seaforths.
- 2nd Black Watch.
- 1st Highland L.I.
- 1st Northumberlands.
- 2nd Northamptons.
- 1st Gordons.
- 2nd Yorkshire L.I.
- 1st N. Lancashire (half battalion in Kimberley).
- 2nd Cornwall L.I.
- 1st Munster Fusiliers.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
- Rimington's Scouts.
- Queensland Mounted Infantry.
- Canadian Infantry.

II.—Cape Colony. All Troops in and South of De Aar, on line Cape Town to De Aar.

Lieutenant-General commanding line of communications: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

ARTILLERY
- Horse—U Battery.
- Field—4th, 38th, 65th, 76th, 81st, 82nd Batteries.
- Garrison—15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division (Siege Train).

ENGINEERS
- 6th (Fortress) Co.
- 20th (Field) Co.
- 37th (Field) Co.
- 38th (Field) Co.
- Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
- Field Park.
- Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY
- 1st Welsh.
- 2nd Royal Lancaster.
- 2nd Royal Warwicks.
- 1st Royal Irish.
- 2nd Shropshire L.I.
- 2nd Wiltshire.
- 2nd Worcester.
- 2nd East Kent.
- 1st Oxford L.I.
- 1st West Riding.
- 2nd Gloucester.
- 2nd Norfolk.
- 2nd Hampshire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
- Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles (Cape).
- Cape Town Highlanders.
- S. African Light Horse (part).
- Victorian Mounted Infantry.
- S. Australian Mounted Infantry.
- W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
- Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.

III.—Southern Border, operating from Naauwpoort under French.

Commanding Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Babington.

CAVALRY
- Household Regiment.
- 6th Dragoon Guards.
- 6th Dragoons.
- 10th Hussars.
- 16th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
- Horse—O and R. Batteries.
- Field—20th Battery.

ENGINEERS
- 10th (Railway) Co.
- 26th (Field) Co.
- 42nd (Fortress) Co.
- Section 1st Div. Telegraph Batn.

INFANTRY
- 1st Suffolk.
- 1st Essex.
- 1st Yorkshire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
- Prince Alfred's Volunteer Guards (Cape).
- 1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
- New South Wales Lancers.

IV.—Southern Border, operating from Queenstown under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY
- Field—74th, 77th, 79th Batteries.

ENGINEERS
- 12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY
- 2nd Irish Rifles.
- 2nd Northumberland.
- 1st Royal Scots.
- 2nd Berkshire.
- 1st Derbyshire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
- Cape Mounted Rifles.
- Det. Cape Mounted Police.
- Frontier Mounted Rifles.
- Kaffrarian Rifles.
- Brabant's Horse.

V.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

Divisional and Brigade Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals Sir F. Clery and Sir C. Warren Major-Generals Hildyard, Lyttelton, Hart, and Barton. Cavalry Brigade: Lord Dundonald.

CAVALRY
- 1st Dragoons.
- 13th Hussars.
- 14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
- Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
- Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS
- 17th (Field) Co.
- 45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
- "A" Pontoon Troop.
- Balloon Section.

INFANTRY
- 1st Border.
- 2nd Devon.
- 2nd West York.
- 2nd West Surrey.
- 2nd East Surrey.
- 1st Welsh Fusiliers.
- 2nd Irish Fusiliers.
- 2nd Scots Fusiliers.
- 2nd Royal Fusiliers.
- 2nd Scottish Rifles.
- 1st Durham L.I.
- 3rd King's Royal Rifles.
- 1st Rifle Brigade.
- 2nd Somerset L.I.
- 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
- 1st Connaught Rangers.
- 1st Dublin Fusiliers.
- 2nd Dorsetshire.
- 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
- 1st South Lancashire.
- 2nd Middlesex.
- 2nd Bedfords.
- 1st York and Lancaster.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
- Natal Naval Volunteers.
- Natal Carbineers (part).
- Durban Light Infantry.
- Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
- Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
- Imperial Light Infantry.

VI.—Natal, beleaguered in Ladysmith under White.

Brigade Commanders: Major-General F. Howard. Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Brocklehurst.

CAVALRY
- 5th Dragoon Guards.
- 5th Lancers.
- 18th Hussars.
- 19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
- Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
- Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS
- 23rd (Field) Company, Balloon Section, Headquarters and Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
- 1st Liverpool.
- 1st Devon.
- 1st Leicester.
- 1st Gloucester.†
- 1st King's Royal Rifles.
- 2nd King's Royal Rifles.
- 1st Manchester.
- 2nd Gordons.
- 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†
- 2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
- 2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
- Border Mounted Rifles.
- Natal Field Artillery.
- Imperial Light Horse.
- Natal Carbineers (part).
- Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

VII.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

CAVALRY
- 7th Dragoon Guards.
- 17th Lancers.
- 8th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
- Horse—A, J, Q, M, T Batteries.
- Field—43rd (Howitzer), 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 2nd, 8th, 44th, 39th, 68th, 88th, 5th, 9th, 17th Batteries.
- Garrison—5th Co. E. Division; 15th Co. W. Division (Siege Train); 2nd Co. S. Division.

ENGINEERS
- "C" Pontoon Troop.
- 47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY
- 2nd Lincoln.
- 1st Scottish Borderers.
- 1st East Lancashire.
- 2nd Cheshire.
- 2nd South Wales Borderers.
- 2nd North Staffs.
- 3rd South Lancashire.*
- 4th Royal Lancaster.*
- 6th Royal Warwick.*
- 4th Derbyshire.*
- 9th King's Royal Rifles.*
- 3rd Durham L.I.*
- 4th Argyll and Sutherland.*
- 1st Sussex (from Malta).
- 1st Leinster (from Halifax).
- 1st Cameron H'gh's (from Egypt).
- City of London Imperial Volunteers.
- Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
- Imperial Yeomanry.
- Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
- Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.
- Lumsden's Horse (from India).

* Militia Regiments

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 38 (Supply), 40, 41, and 42.

Naval Brigades are serving with White in Ladysmith, with Buller in Northern Natal, with Methuen at Modder River, and with the troops under General Gatacre.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (detachment), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles. In Kimberley, under Colonel Kekewich, there are the Diamond Fields Artillery, Diamond Fields Horse, Kimberley Rifles, and Cape Mounted Police (detachment).

NOTE.—The strength of the various units on a war footing is approximately as follows: A regiment of Cavalry 610; a battery of Artillery, Horse 180, Field 170 (companies of Garrison Artillery vary considerably, but may be taken to average 150; the Siege Train batteries are, however, very largely augmented); a company of Royal Engineers 210; a battalion of Infantry 1,010; and a company Army Service Corps 140.

The Eighth Division ordered to mobilise for service in South Africa is as follows: Sixteenth Brigade: 2nd Grenadiers, 2nd Scots Guards, 2nd East York, 1st Leinster, No. 2 Co. Army Service Corps (supply column). Seventeenth Brigade: 1st Worcestershire, 2nd Manchester, 1st South Staffordshire (from Gibraltar), 2nd West Kent (from Malta). Divisional Troops: 89th, 90th, and 91st Batteries, Royal Field Artillery, No. 5 (Field) Co. R.E., No. 39 Co. A.S.C.

The following Militia Battalions are embodied for garrison duty at home and abroad to take the place of the regular battalions gone to South Africa: 3rd Royal Scots (Holywood), 3rd West Surrey (Portsmouth), 3rd East Kent (Cork), 3rd Northumberland (Portsmouth), 5th Royal Fusiliers (Dover), 3rd Devon (Fermoy), 3rd Suffolk (Guernsey), 4th Somerset Light Infantry (Portland), 3rd Bedford (Dublin), 4th West York (Aldershot), 3rd Royal Irish (Dublin), 3rd Yorkshire (Aldershot), 3rd Lancashire Fusiliers (Bury), 6th Lancashire Fusiliers (Halifax, N.S.), 3rd Scots Fusiliers (Aldershot), 3rd Welsh Fusiliers (Plymouth), 4th Scottish Rifles (Glasgow), 3rd Inniskilling Fusiliers (Mullingar), 4th Gloucestershire (Athlone), 4th East Surrey (Woking), 3rd Cornwall Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Border (Colchester), 3rd Sussex (Brighton), 4th South Staffordshire (Kinsale), 3rd Dorset (Shorncliffe), 3rd Welsh (Pembroke Dock), 3rd Black Watch (Montrose), 3rd Oxford Light Infantry (Limerick), 3rd Essex (Warley), 3rd North Lancashire (Malta), 3rd Northampton (Aldershot), 3rd West Kent (Malta), 4th Shropshire Light Infantry (Gravesend), 4th Middlesex (Woolwich), 3rd Wiltshire (Fermoy), 3rd York and Lancaster (York), 3rd Highland Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Seaforths (Fort George), 3rd Gordons (Edinburgh), 3rd Camerons (Aldershot), 6th Irish Rifles (Sheffield), 4th Irish Fusiliers (Colchester), 5th Connaught Rangers (Woolwich), 3rd Leinster (Woolwich), 3rd Munster Fusiliers (Dover), 5th Dublin Fusiliers (Portsmouth), 6th Rifle Brigade (Curragh).

The following battalions are ordered for embodiment, but stations not fixed: 3rd Royal Lancaster, 5th Warwick, 3rd Liverpool, 3rd Norfolk, 4th Lincoln, 4th Suffolk, 4th Cheshire, 3rd South Wales Borderers, 3rd East Lancashire, 3rd Hampshire, 3rd Derbyshire, 8th King's Royal Rifles, 4th North Staffordshire, 4th Durham Light Infantry, 3rd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

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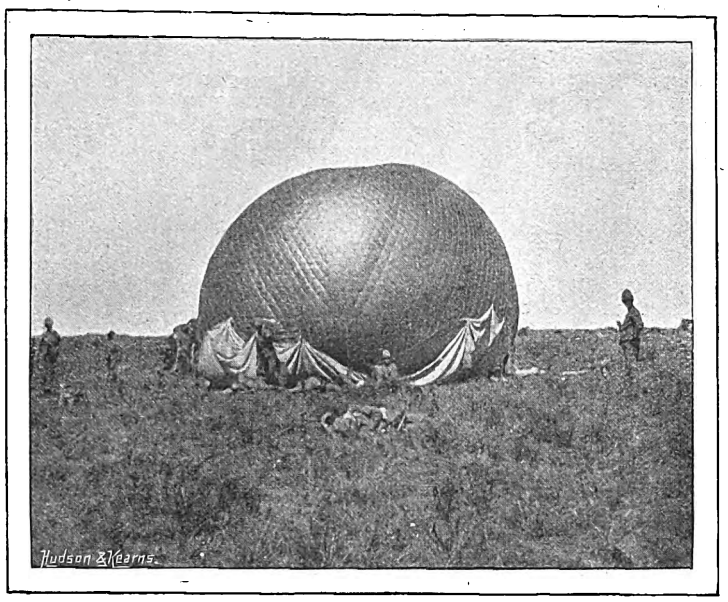
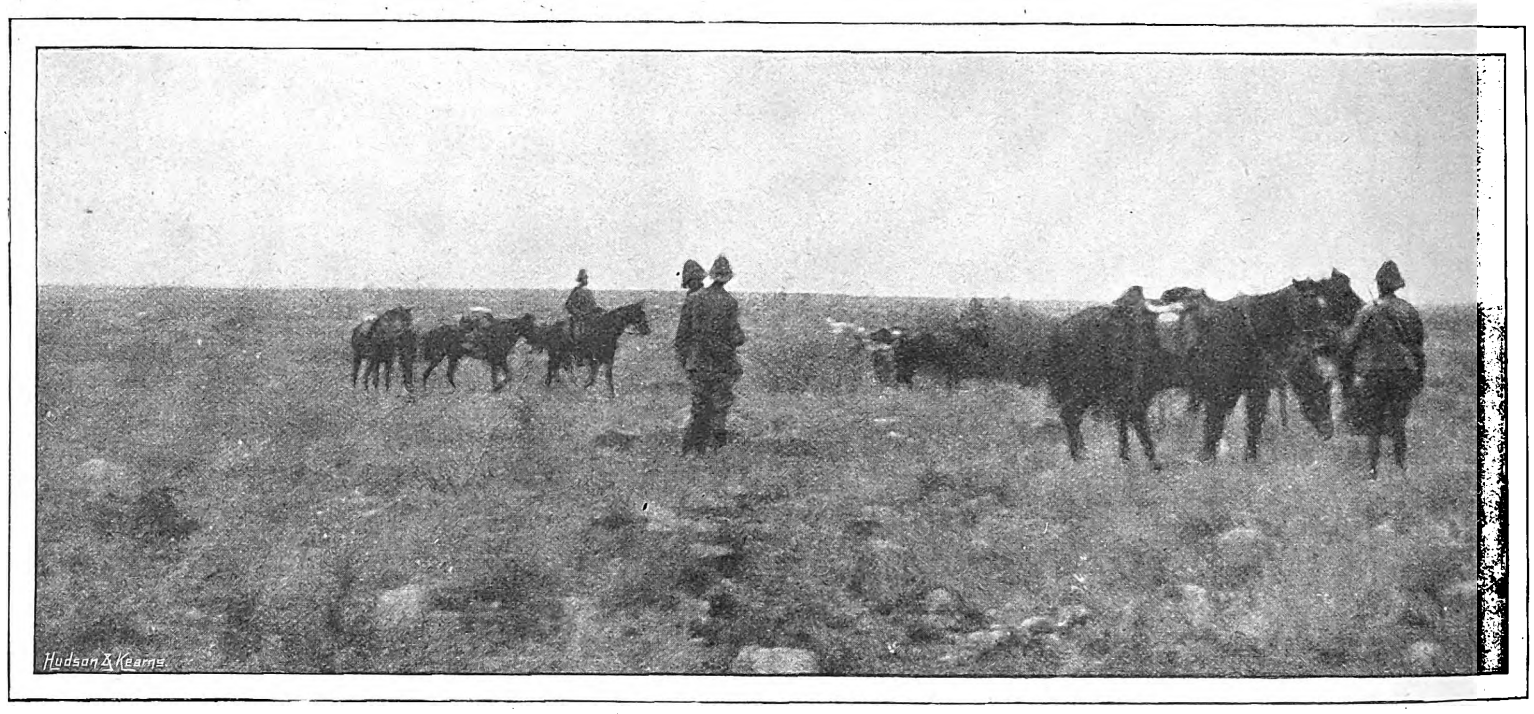
With Lord Methuen on the Western Border.



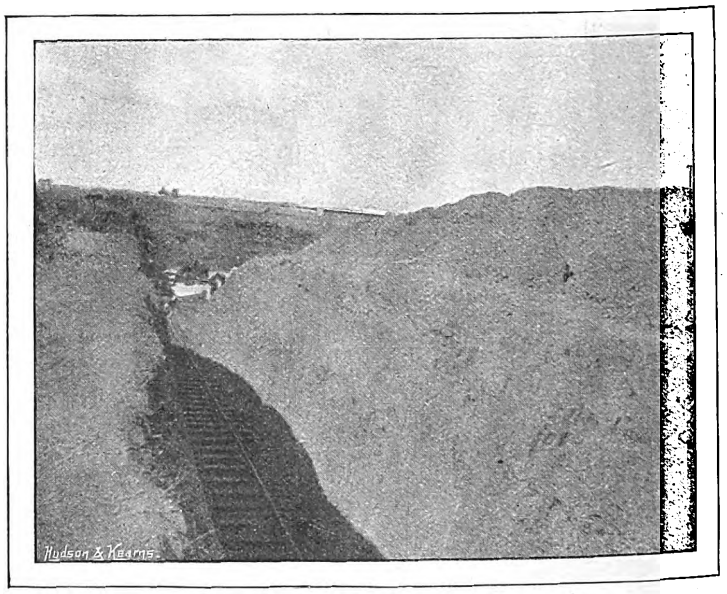
ABOUT TO OBSERVE.
The Balloon on the Veldt Preparing to Ascend.

AFTER THE FIGHT.
The Highland Brigade Returning to Camp.



AN ANXIOUS TIME FOR THE GENERAL.
Lord Methuen with Colonel Douglas Watching the Progress of the Battle.

KEEPING AN EYE ON SNIPERS.
Picquets on the Look-out for Transvaalers and Free Staters.



A DEEP RAILWAY CUTTING.
Constructed by Sappers to the Temporary Bridge Across the River

From Photographs Taken by Earl De la Warr, Special War Correspondent of the "Globe."

The Battle of Magersfontein.

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Photo. Copyright. *IN ACTION AT COLENSO.* *Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry.* *Laws Caney.*

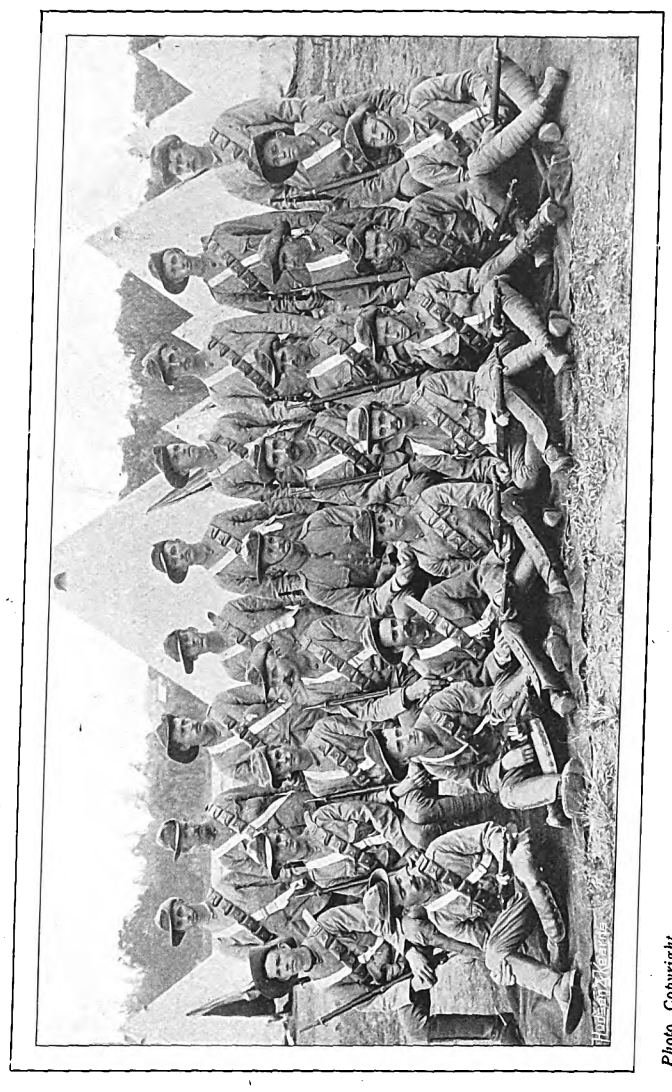

Photo. Copyright. *IN GARRISON AT FRERE.* *Troops of the South African Light Horse.* *Laws Caney.*

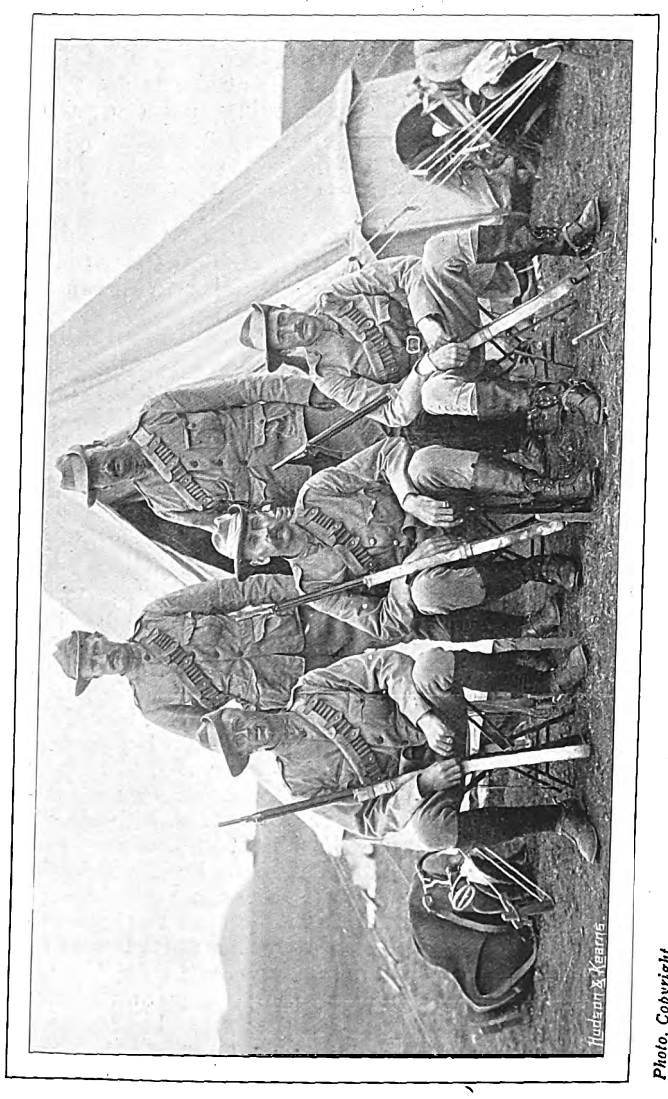

Photo. Copyright. *IN ACTION AT DORDRECHT.* *Officers of Brabant's Horse.* *H. W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.*

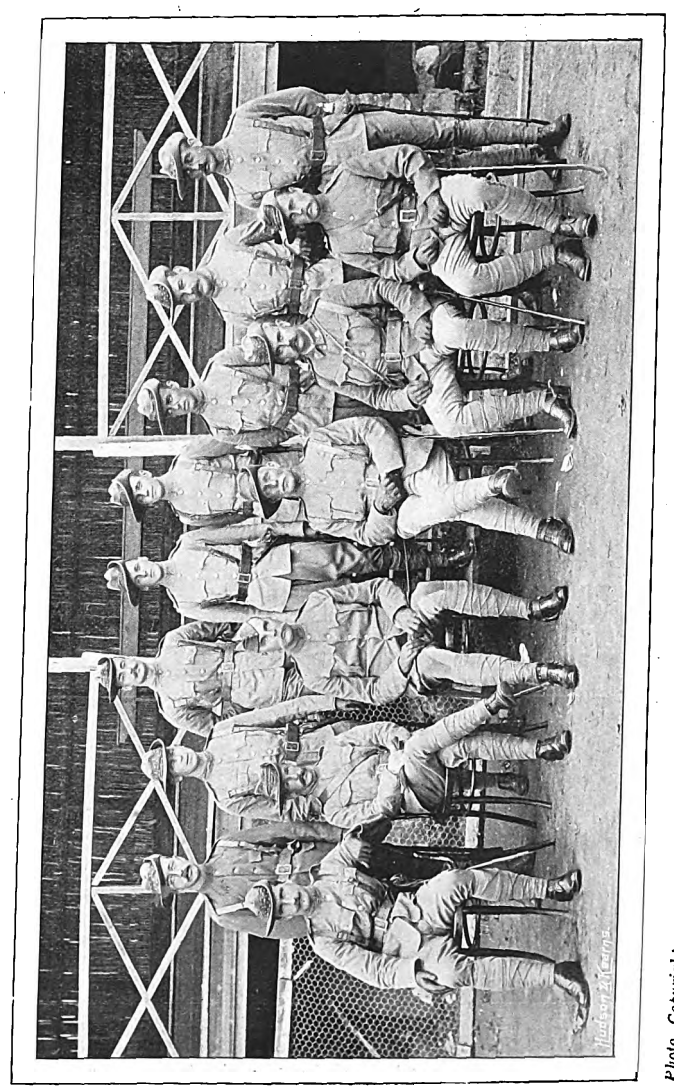

Photo. Copyright. *IN GARRISON AT ROSMEAD.* *Officers of the 1st City of Grahamstown Volunteers.* *Hepburne & Jeanes.*

South African Volunteers—Colonial Troops with Generals Buller, Gatacre, and French.

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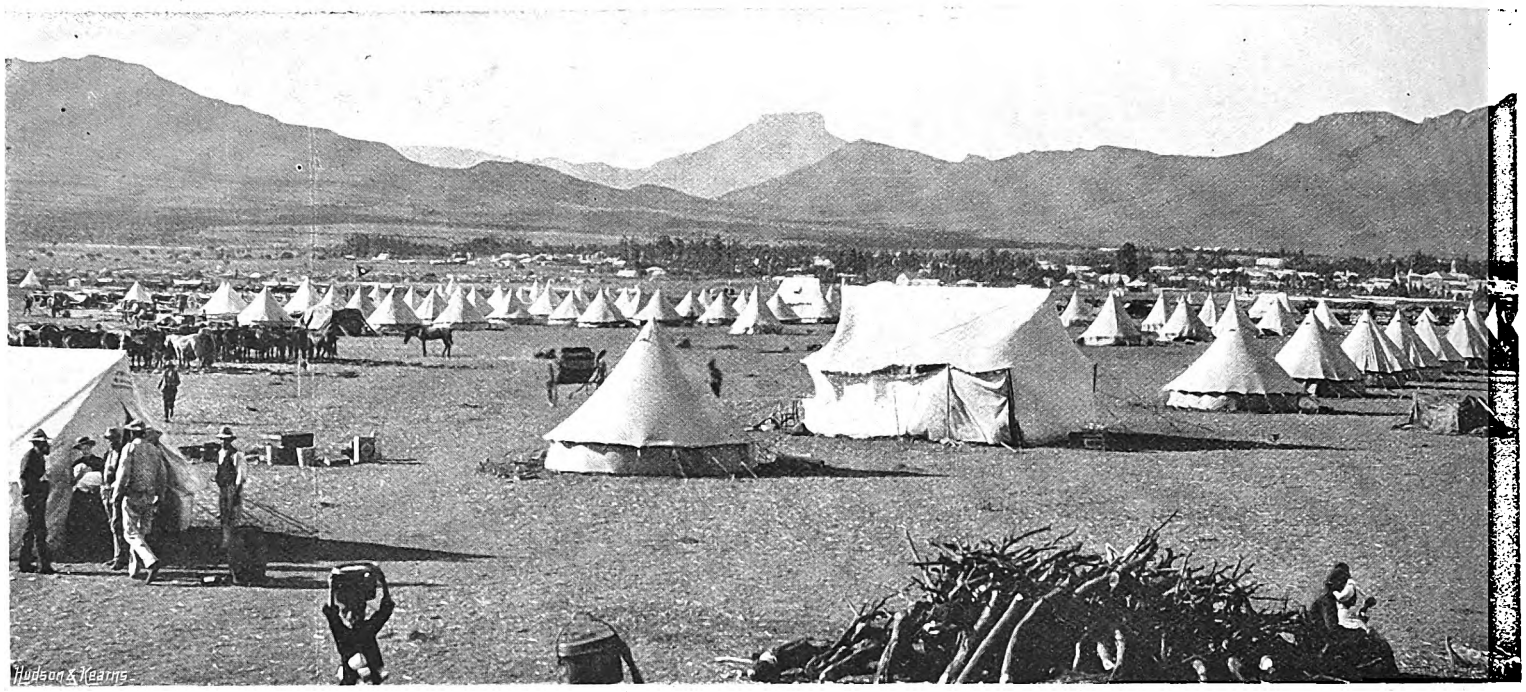
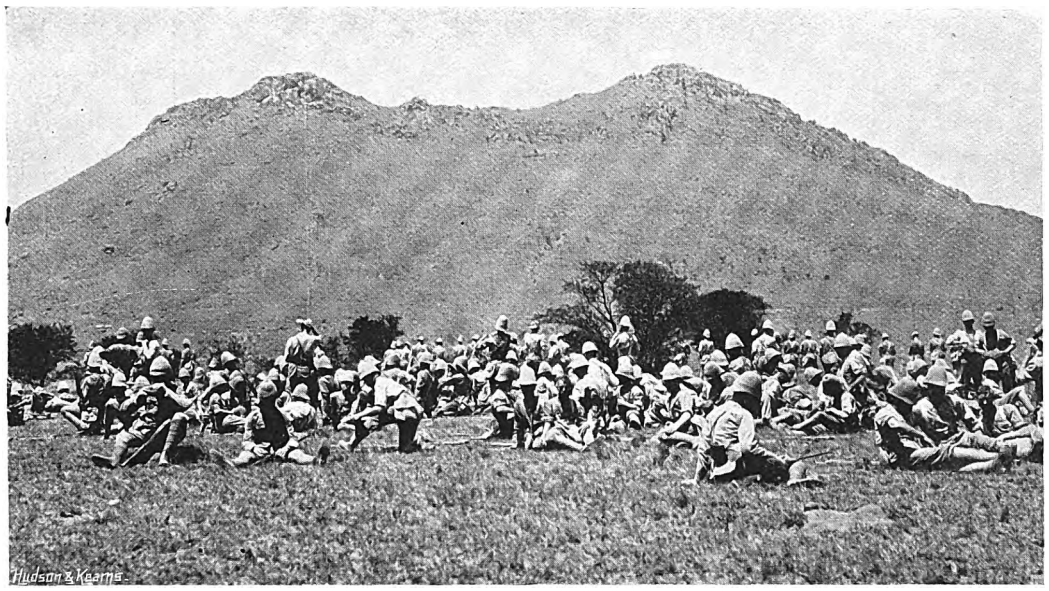
The Camp and Operations

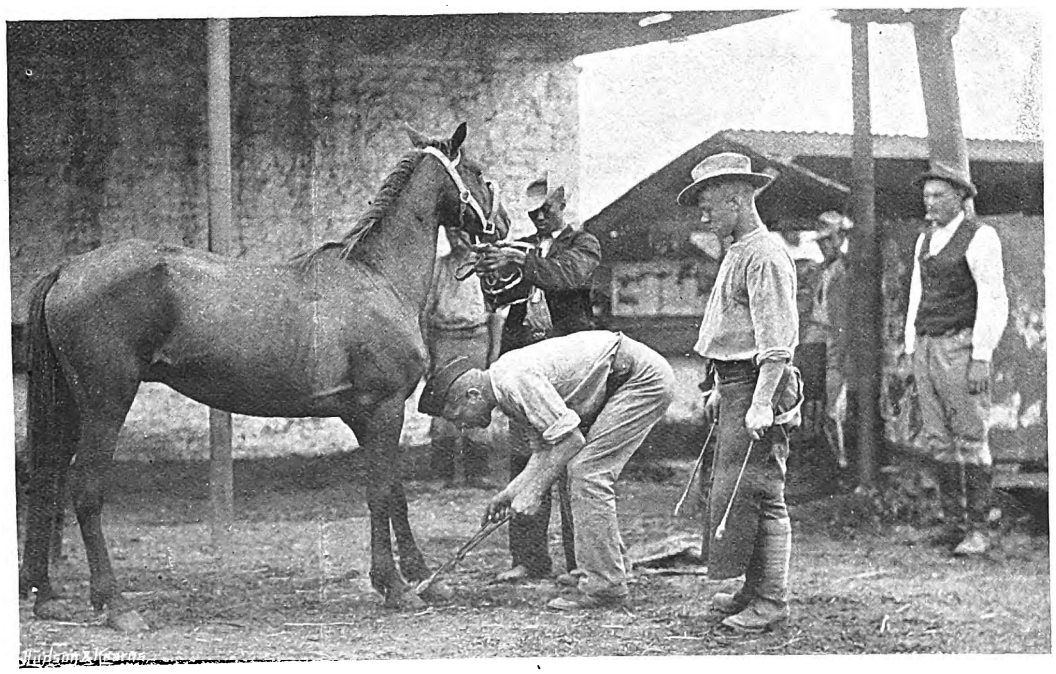
From Photographs Taken by



THE IMPORTANT BASE CAMP



LEISURE MOMENTS.
The Royal Berkshires at the Foot of a Kopje.



ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.
Branding Hoofs of Horses Bought at Queenstown.

ADMIRABLY illustrative of the operations in Cape Colony under Sir William Gatacre is this little series of pictures which has just come in from one of our various correspondents at the front. The series is of the greater interest, inasmuch as, owing to lack of reinforcements, Gatacre's advance has not been a rapid, nor—with the unfortunate exception of the reverse at Stormberg—a particularly eventful one, and has, consequently, not received as much attention in the papers as it deserves.

The pictures at the top of this and the succeeding page form a panorama, and give a graphic idea of the camp originally formed at Queenstown, shortly after Sir William Gatacre's arrival at East London. Some weeks back the General pushed forward, and has lately been operating much closer to the Free State frontier. But it was at Queenstown that his base camp was formed, and, judging from these two pictures, that camp was just what might have been expected, having regard to the general's reputation for soldierly neatness and exactitude. The site is naturally an excellent one, but what will more directly appeal to the expert eye is the precision with which the whole camp is laid out, and its evidently smart and well-kept appearance. Such details may not seem to be of great moment in a rather rough-and-ready campaign, but those who understand such things are well aware that, in reality, they are of singular importance, more especially at a base camp, where any tendency to slipshodness or irregularity is generally reflected, and on a magnified scale, at the front.

The picture of the Royal Berkshires at the foot of a typical kopje recalls the fact that this distinguished corps has done a quantity of excellent service in Cape Colony from a very early stage in the war. Its first duty was to garrison Grahamstown, from which it subsequently proceeded to Stormberg.

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# of Gatacre in Cape Colony.

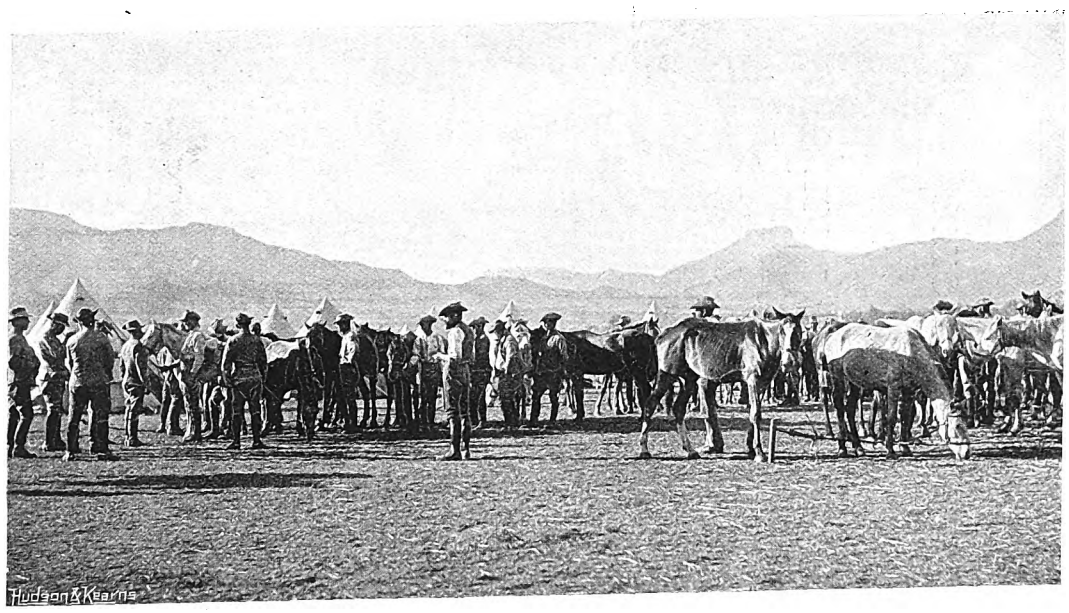
H. W. Nicholls, Johannesburg.

OF THE FORCES AT QUEENSTOWN.

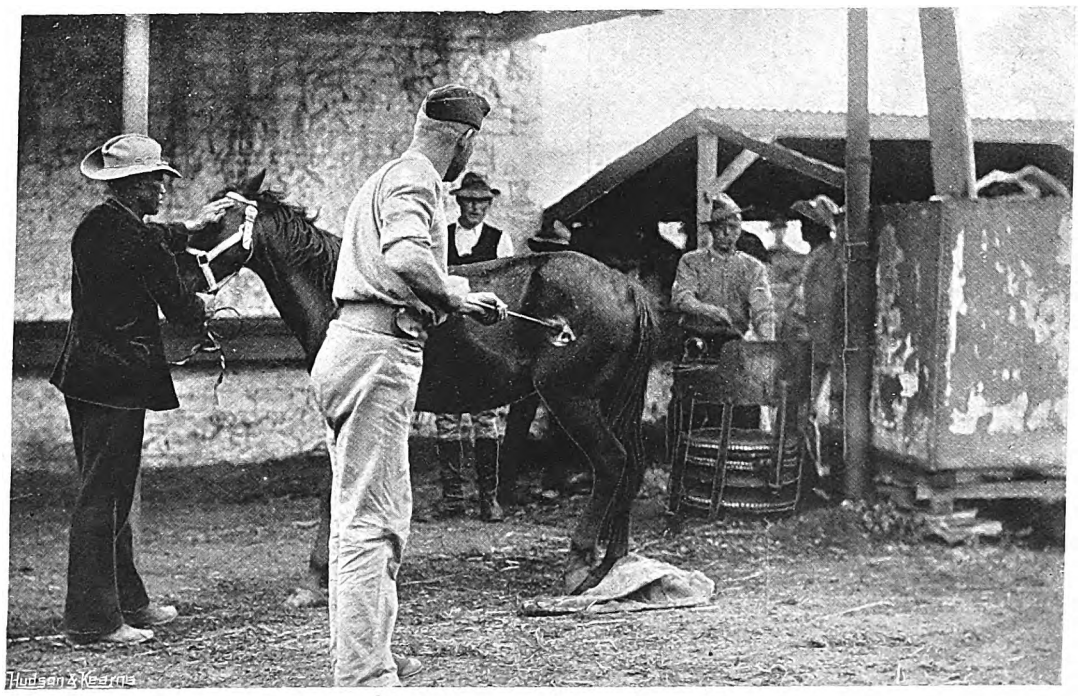
The men worked hard to put the place in a state of defence, and it is one of the most unfortunate circumstances in the record of the war that such an important post should have been, as many think, quite needlessly evacuated, the entrenchments made by the Berkshires being afterwards occupied by the enemy, to our signal disadvantage.

The branding of horses purchased at Queenstown for military purposes suggests the extraordinary influence of horseflesh upon this campaign, and is a rather painful reminder of our failure, at the outset, to fully realise the absolute necessity of making proper arrangements in this direction. It is quite certain that if more mounted men had been available in the earlier stages of the war the course of events would have been altogether different; and it may well be that the practice of the military art in general will for the future be considerably modified by our trying experiences in this connection during the past three months.

The camp scene, in which the figures are all Volunteers attached to Sir William Gatacre's force, is attractive testimony to the extraordinary value of these auxiliaries in the present war. A glance at this picture is sufficient to demonstrate the workmanlike quality of such corps as the Kaffrarian and Frontier Mounted Rifles, which have done excellent service with Gatacre, and, on some occasions, have surpassed the very finest regular troops in downright usefulness. Lord Roberts has recognised the importance of these local Volunteers more clearly than perhaps his predecessor had time to do, and when the time comes for the distribution of honours and rewards, we may be sure that they will run no risk whatever of being passed over. Experts who have studied the war carefully are of opinion that in the district which these pictures illustrate most interesting developments are likely to occur.



SOME OF THE BEST.
the Volunteers in Camp with Gatacre.



HALL-MARKING.
A Necessary Precaution where Horses are in such Request.

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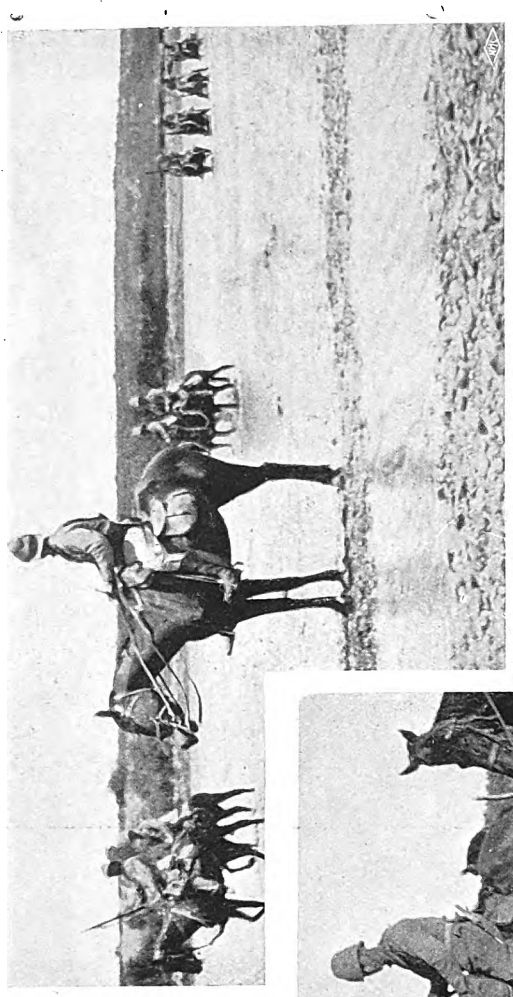
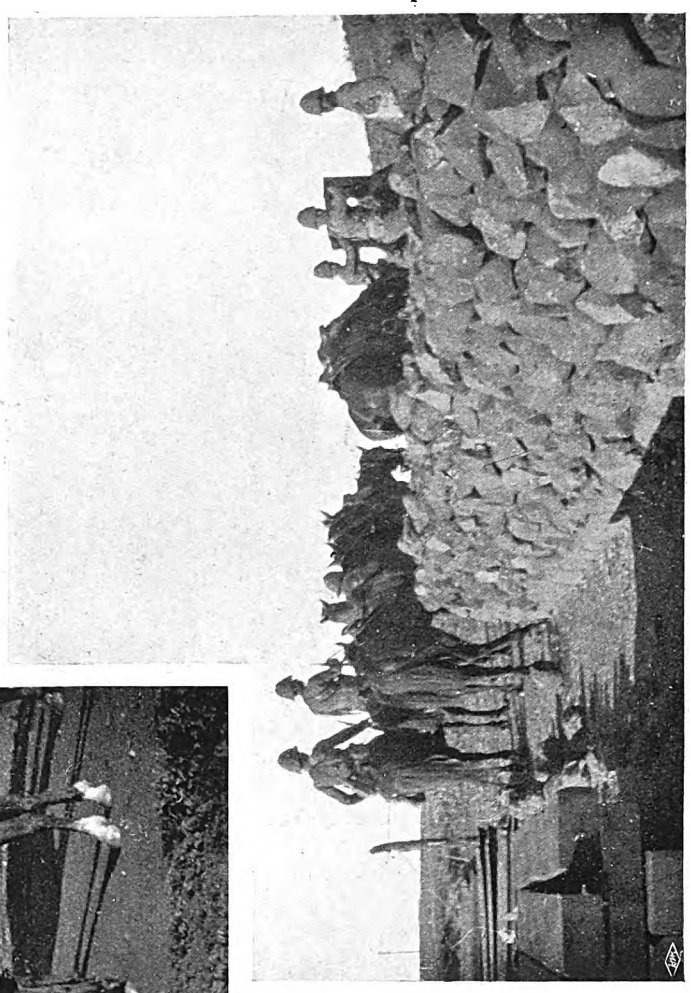
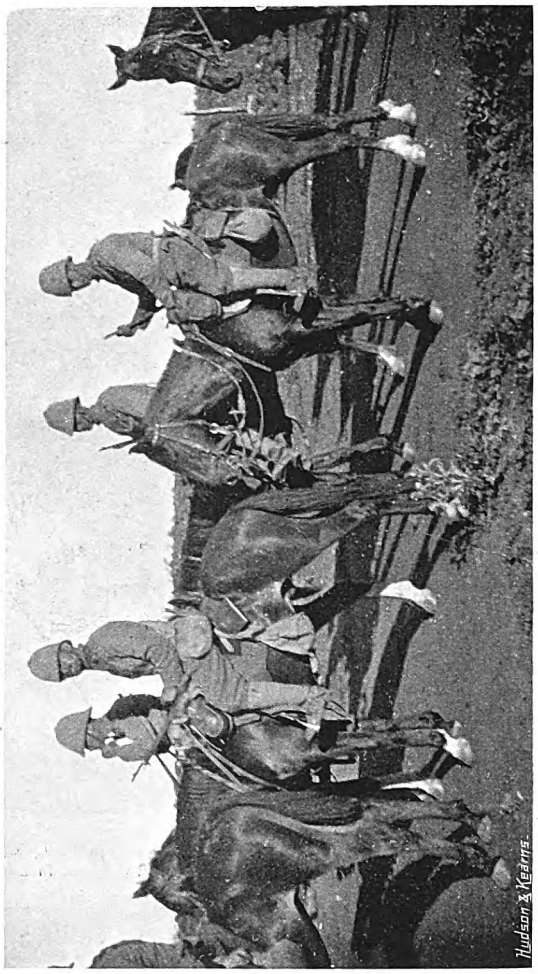
Some of Methuen's Scouts on the Modder River.



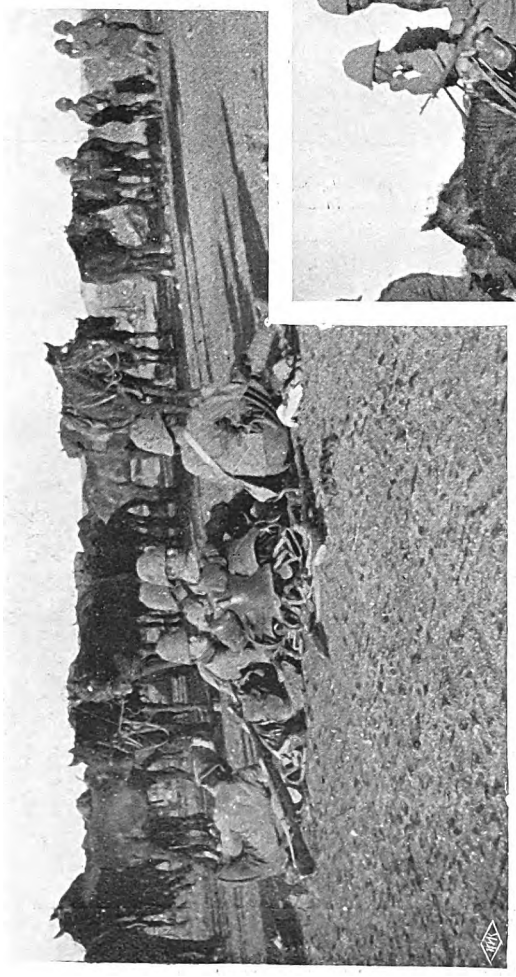
CROSSING AN AFRICAN DRIFT
The Queen's Royal Lancers Scouting.



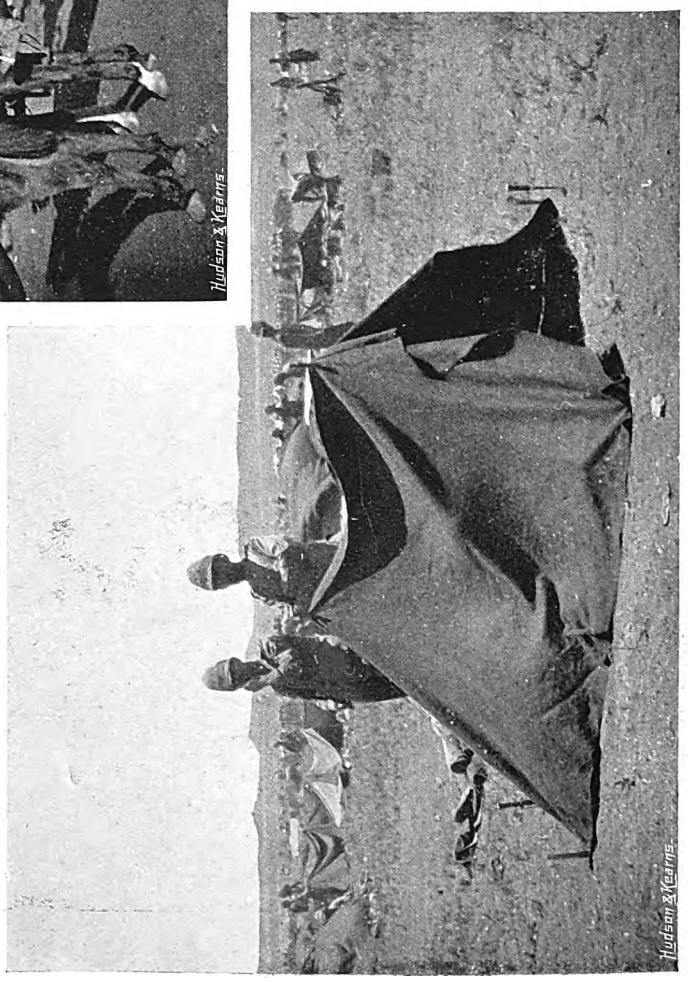
OVER THE GARDEN WALL.
Placing Vedettes at Daybreak.



RIMINGTON'S SCOUTS.
A Crack Colonial Corps.



TAKING A STAND EASY.
A Scouting Party of the 9th Lancers.



A ROUGH-AND-READY SHELTER.
Troops Bivouacking after a Fight.

From Photographs Taken by Earl De la Warr, Special War Correspondent of the "Globe."

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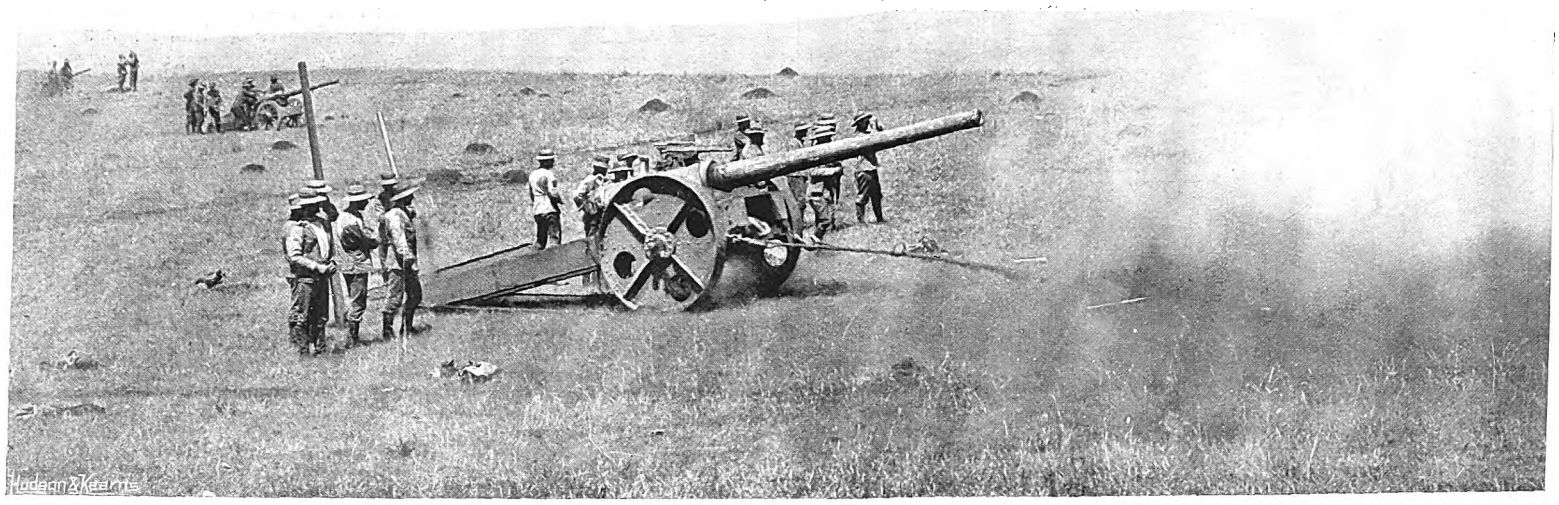
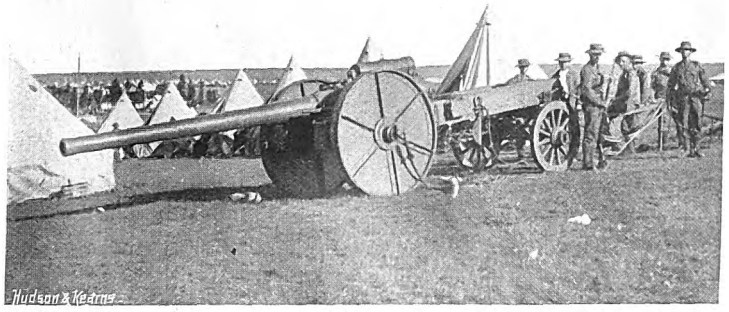
With the Naval Brigade



SHELLING THE BOER LINES—A FOUR-POINT-SEVEN OF THE "TERRIBLE" AT ANCHOR.

A BATTERY IN ACTION.
Watching the Effect of a Shot.



ABOUT TO ENGAGE.
Preparing to Inspan the Oxen.

TENTH ROUND, 7,200-yds.—C.P.O. BATES KNOCKS OUT THE CENTRE SPAN OF THE TUGELA BRIDGE.

In Action at Colenso.

From Photographs Taken by Our Special War Correspondent in Natal.

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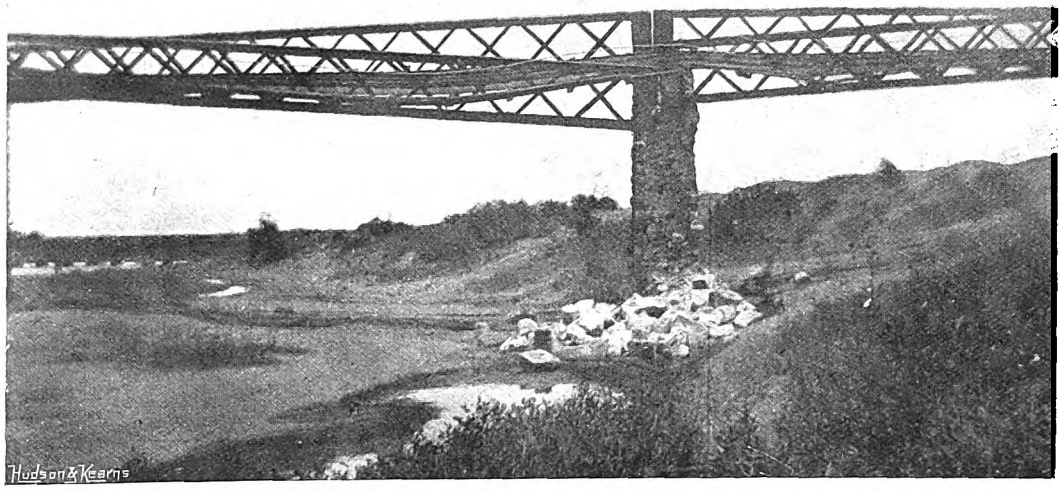
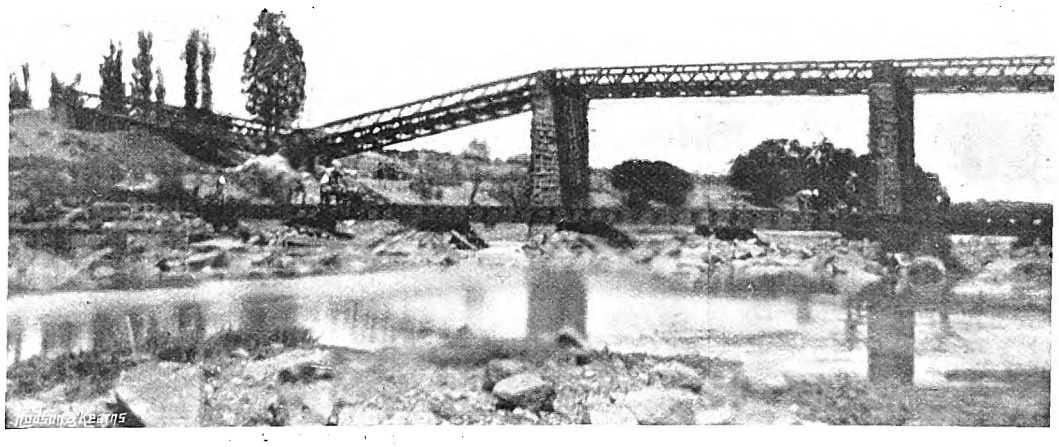
In Camp on the Modder.

From Photographs Taken by Earl De la Warr, Special War Correspondent of the "Globe."



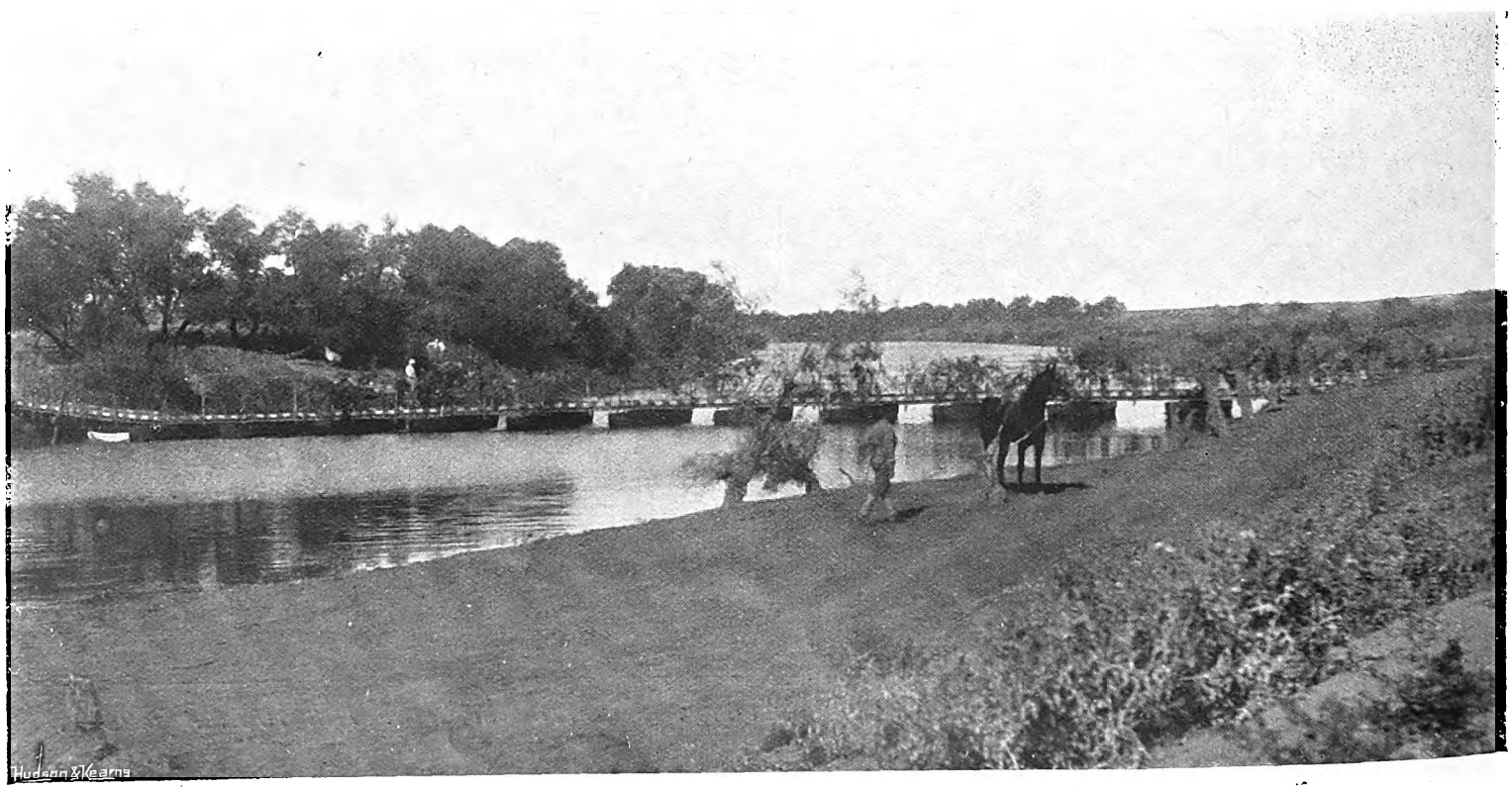
THE DESTRUCTIVE ENEMY.
A Girder Bridge Broken by the Boers.



THE WORK OF THE SAPPER.
A New Bridge Alongside the Old.

BRITISH troops have rarely, perhaps never, been in a more trying position than that in which Lord Methuen's little army has been placed in the camp on the Modder. To stand at gaze, as the old hunting term has it, is always a strain on the nerves, even when you have only to wait for the signal to begin.

It must be far worse when you have just suffered a bloody repulse. There is an air about it of confession of inferiority, which must needs be cruelly humiliating to men of a force holding the long tradition of victory enjoyed by our Army. And the worst of it is that the foe by whom we have been checked is not a regular soldier, but an armed peasant. Not only national, but professional, pride is hurt, and the sting is doubly painful. The proverbial fortune of war has surely never made itself felt in a more disagreeable fashion. Our soldiers on the Modder do not perhaps know, or care, what certain other enemies of ours, who are with the Boers more in sympathy than in active help, are saying. But it is not pleasant, though in a way it is profitable, to listen to their observations, which they may call criticism, but which are in reality scolding. There is something rather wholesome and tonic in listening to their comments. They will convince the most obstinate believer in the possibility of friendship between us and our neighbours in Europe of the futility of their hopes. We have been too prosperous, and have escaped the misfortunes of others too fully to have friends. At the same time, it is encouraging to observe that the ill-nature of adjoining nations is so far careful not to express itself in overt acts, which supplies good reason for doubting whether they



TO CARRY TROOPS AND GUNS TO METHUEN.
A Pontoon Bridge Thrown Across the River by the Royal Engineers.

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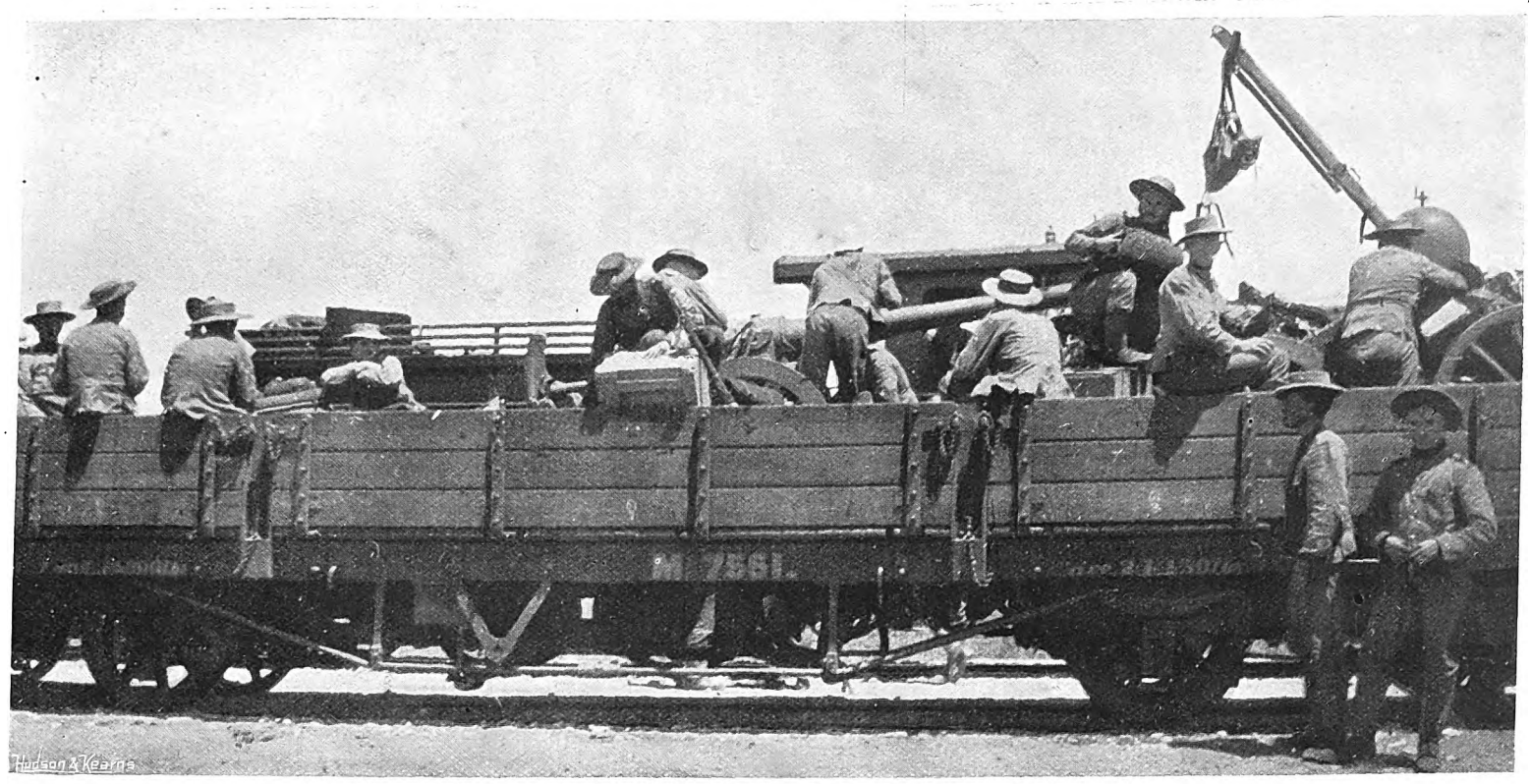
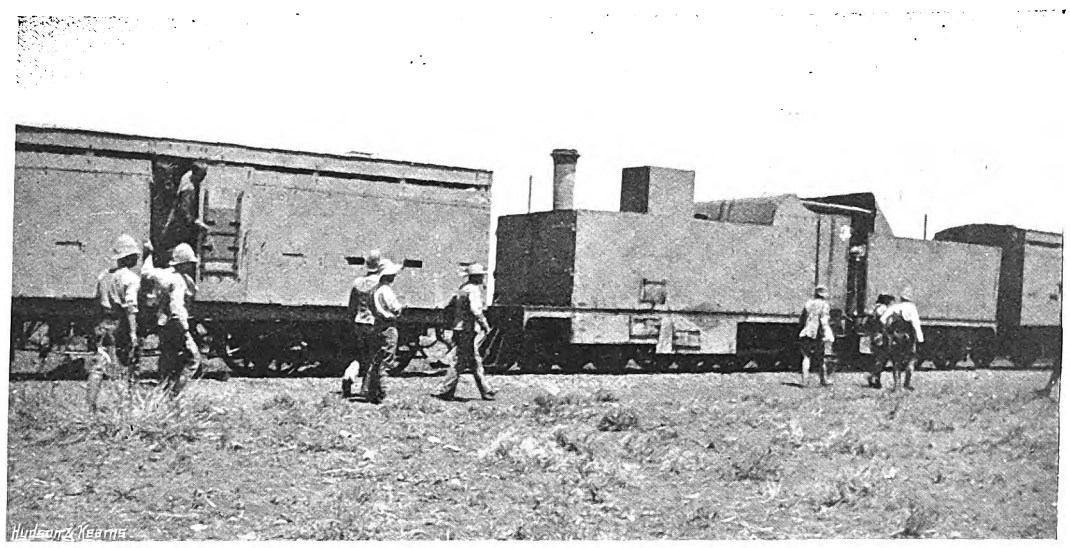


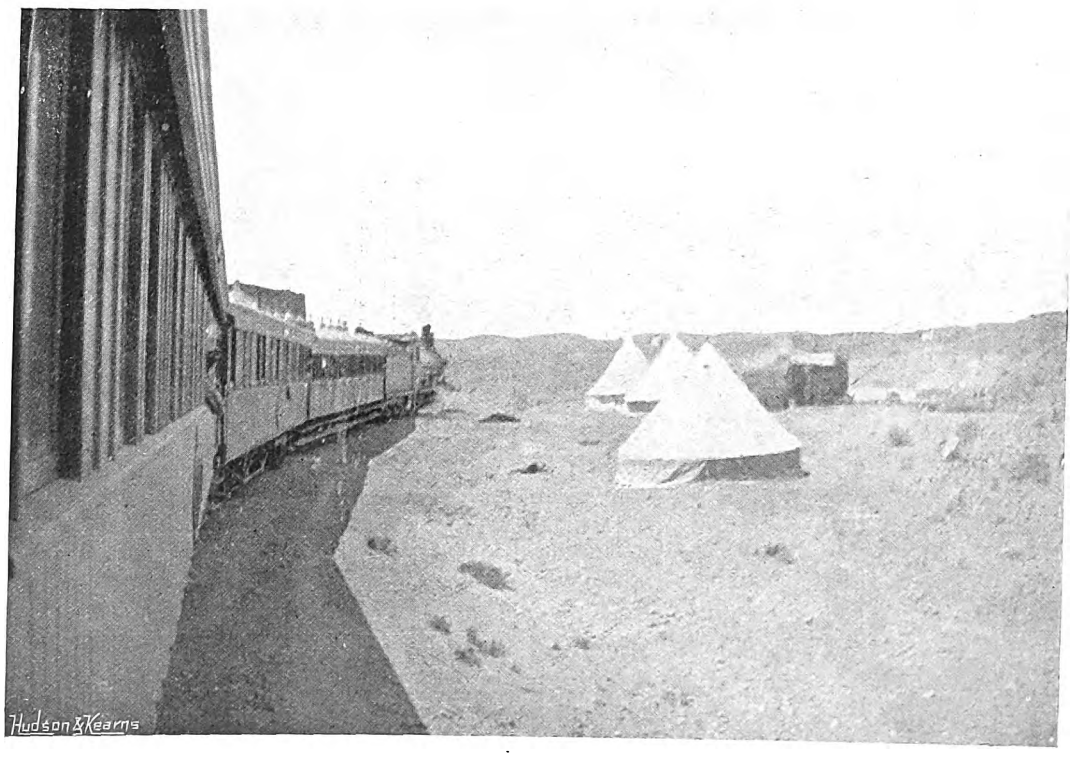
TO TACKLE CRONJE'S COMMANDOS—THE ARRIVAL OF NAVAL REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE SQUADRON.

are all so fully persuaded as they profess to be that we are in a state of decadence. Perhaps they are quietly influenced by one consideration, about which they say nothing, and it is this, that our successful opponent at Magersfontein shows not the least inclination to come on in his turn. We may doubt whether this is because he suffered too severely himself. Unhappily, the conditions of the game rather suggest that this cannot be the explanation. And yet if he did not, his quiescence only goes to show that he has no great taste for attacking.

Yet it is only by taking the offensive with vigour that victory can be obtained. If the Boers can only stand stoutly on the defensive, the time must surely come when they will be turned out. Meanwhile our troops must stand on guard in the sunburnt country through which they have advanced to the relief of Kimberley, which town again goes on very cheerfully in an unrelieved state. It does not appear to offer many resources nor any shelter A great rocky and treeless expanse, with a river running across it, is the impression one gathers from photographs, and than this nothing is more depressing. When it is added that the glaring heat by day is varied by cold at night, and thunderplumps which drench you in a second, all its beauties may more or less be realised. Add the oppressive strain of idleness, or of strenuous watching and effort which lead to no visible results, and we can appreciate the melancholy position of our men. The consoling feature is that the burden is well carried. And then we must get what satisfaction we can out of the reflection that it is not good for an army or any body of men to be too uniformly successful. One gets too cocksure and confident, a frame of mind which has been known to lead men into unpleasant surprises. We have unfortunately encountered more than one of these.



A MOBILE FORTRESS.
Patrolling the Repaired Railroad.



A WELCOME TRAIN-LOAD.
Tommy's Christmas Presents from Home.

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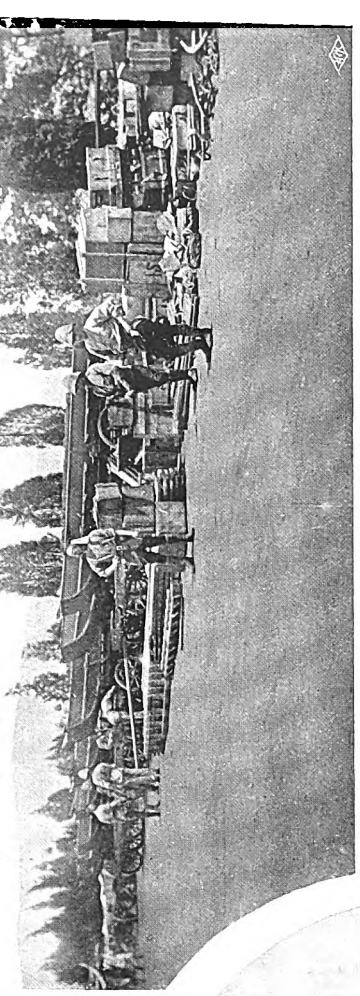
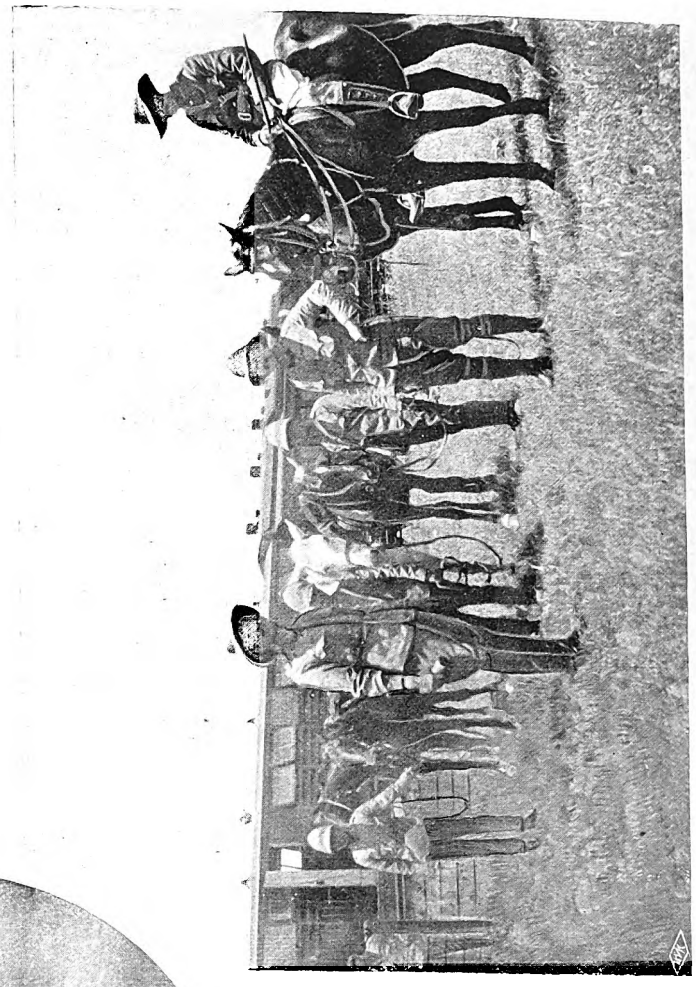
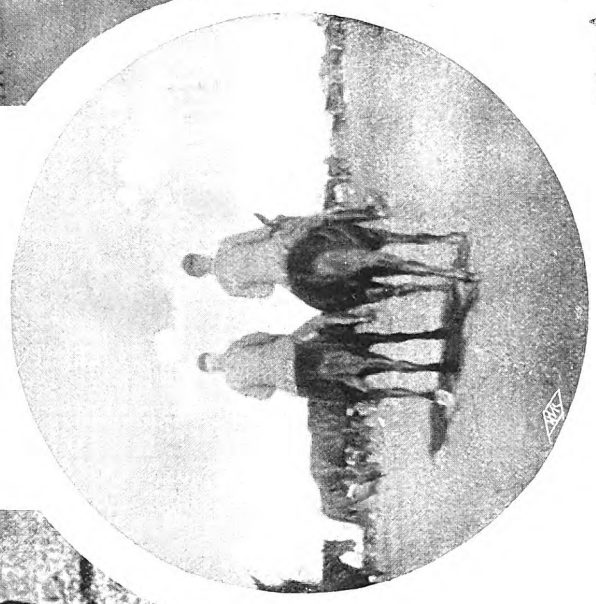
The Relief of Ladysmith.



TO CROSS THE RIVER.
A Pontoon Section for Use at Trichardt's Drift.



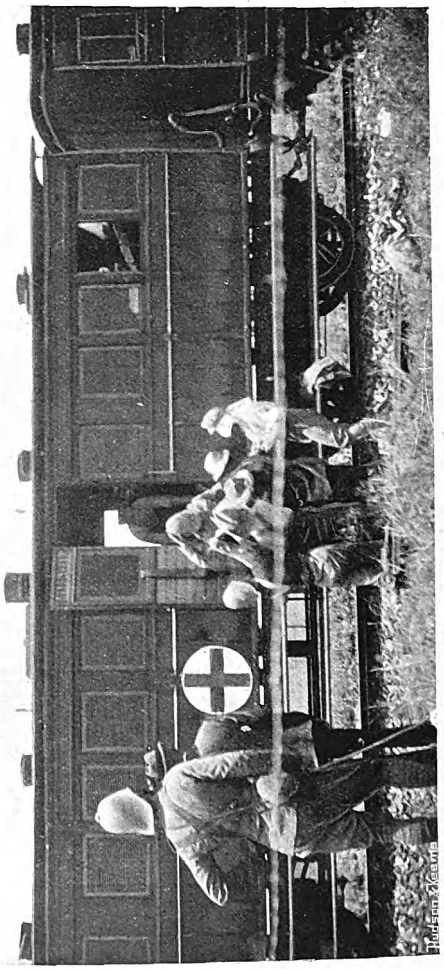
A PLUCKY SURGEON.
Major G. W. Brazier-Creagh Holding the Unexploded Shell Fired at Him while Assisting the Wounded.



GENERAL BULLER INSPECTING THE LINES.

FOOD FOR THE HORSES.
The 1st Royal Dragoons Drawing Forage.

With Our Forces on the Tugela.



BOUND FOR NETLEY.
Indian Bearers Lifting Wounded Men into the Ambulance Train after the Battle of Colenso.

From Photographs Taken by Our Special War Correspondent in Natal.

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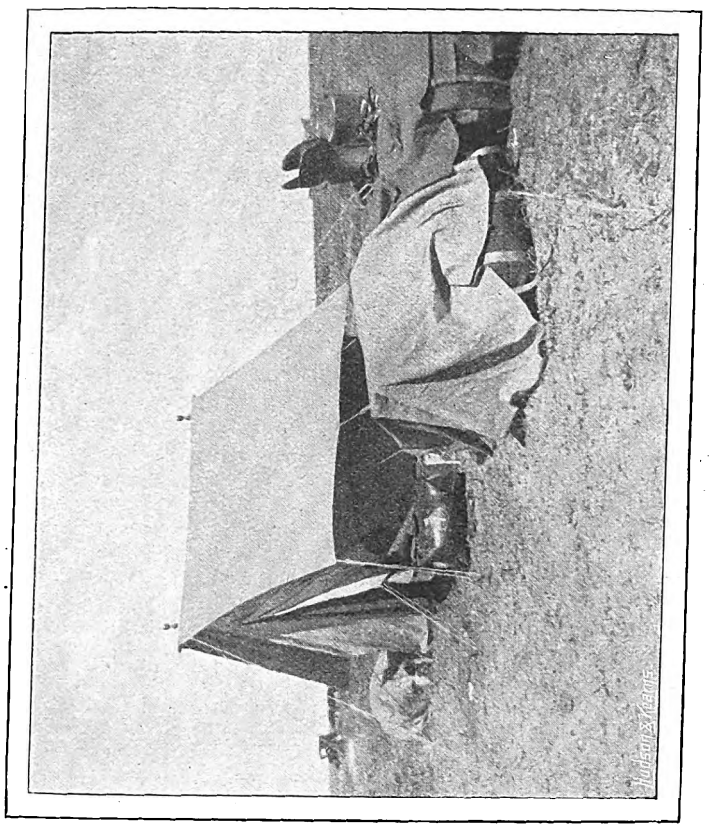
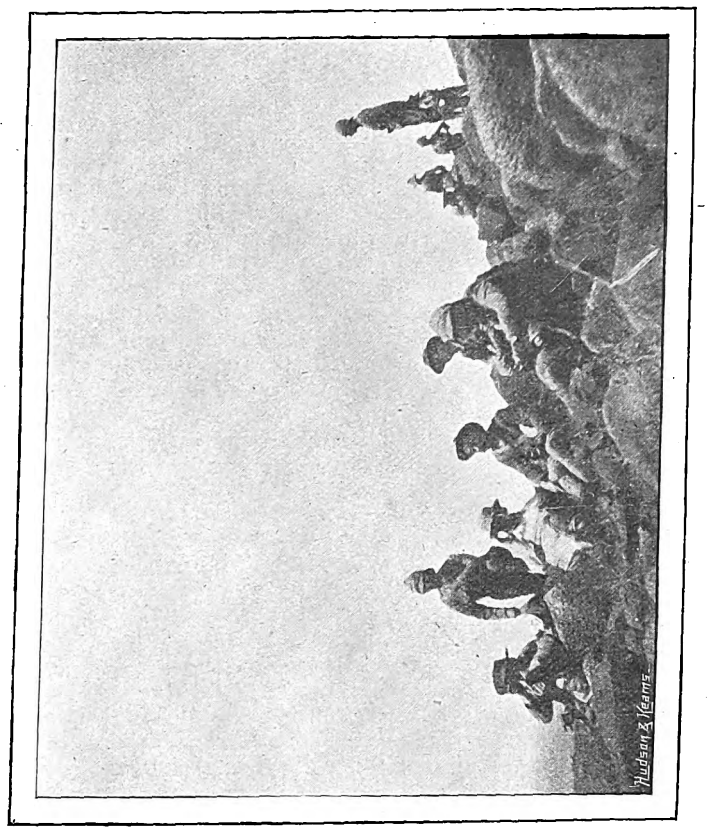
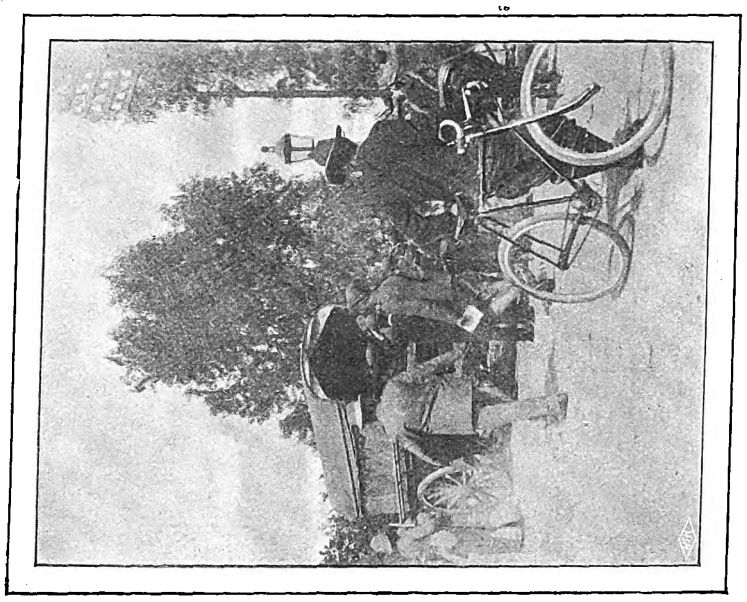
Some War Correspondents IN South Africa.



REPRESENTING THE "GLOBE."
Earl De la Warr's Quarters: On the Veldt with Methuen's Division.

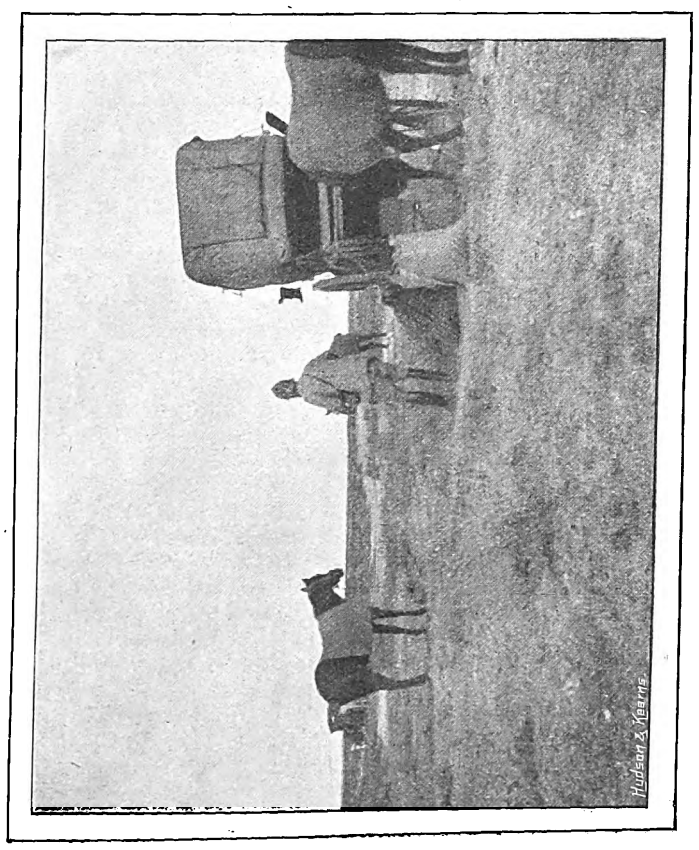


THE "NAVY AND ARMY."
The Figure on the Right Standing Up is Our Special War Correspondent in Natal, Mr. Harford Haviland.

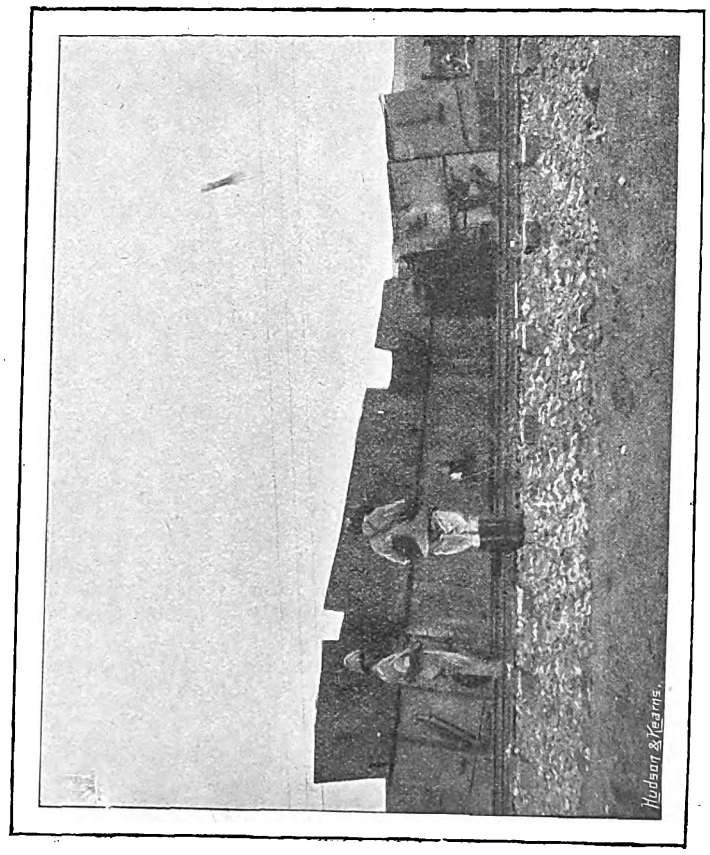


THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."
Mr. Bennett Burleigh Watching the Boer Wounded being Taken to Hospital.

With Pen and Camera AT THE Front.



THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE."
Mr. C. Shelley with His Cape Cart and Horses at Modder River.



FOR "BLACK AND WHITE."
Mr. Rene Bull Photographing the Smashed Armoured Train near Colenso.

From Photographs Taken by Earl De la Warr, Special War Correspondent of the "Globe," and others.

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The Insurance Companies and the War.

By An Actuary.

THE present war in South Africa has been rich in surprises. It has set military men several new problems, and it has given the life assurance companies at least one puzzle, to which their long history has been able to supply no precedent. The companies have understood perfectly well how to deal with professional fighters, with Naval or Army officers, but the sudden appearance of civilians in khaki enrolled for active service has worried them terribly. Hitherto they have looked upon the Yeomanry and Volunteers as being more or less ornamental troops, whose military duties as defenders of the country at home were not in the least likely to bring them within reach of bullets. When, however, the Government recently called for volunteers from these peaceful branches of the Auxiliary Forces to go to South Africa in real earnest warfare, there were few insurance officials whose minds were not gravely disturbed. What were they to do? On the one hand was a newspaper writing public ready to call out against war risk premiums as unpatriotic, and on the other hand were the policy-holders and shareholders of the companies who would have to pay seriously for any indulgence in sentiment on the part of their directors. It is the business of this article to make clear what the companies have done and their reasons for doing it.

Let us first take the case of the professional soldiers and sailors. Here there was no difficulty. The risks of warfare to those who take part in it have been carefully worked out and tabulated by insurance companies, and every prospectus contains the conditions on which Navy or Army men may insure their lives. The companies offer them a choice of two courses—they may either spread the war risk over several years or take it in the lump. They may either pay a small extra premium of about 10s. per cent. on their insurance money, and continue to pay this regularly, whether they are in times of peace or of war, or they may insure simply as civilians, and submit to being charged such a war premium as their company may consider necessary when they are ordered to take part in a campaign. The practice of the companies is quite well known, and the officers make their choice. At present officers, who have not adopted the first plan of insuring with a small continuous extra, are being charged a war rate of from £5 5s. to £7 7s. per cent. to cover the risk of their death in South Africa. These officers took their choice with their eyes open, and to do them justice they do not grumble—at any rate, not in public.

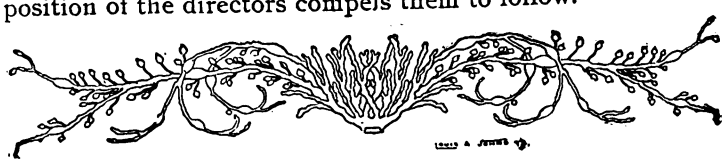
The Case of the Volunteers.

But when they came to consider the entirely different case of the Volunteers, the companies found themselves in uncharted waters. Those who were already insured had insured as civilians, and those who might want to insure must be presumed to incur the same risks as regular soldiers. It was plain from the first that a distinction must be made between those who were already insured and those who were not, and this for reasons which I will make as simple as possible. During many years past the terms of insurance policies have been growing simpler. Even twenty years ago a policy was a portentous document, full of things a policy-holder must not do. He must live within certain limits of latitude; he must not engage in certain occupations; he must not commit suicide; he must not be hanged. Fifty years ago the contracts were still more absurd. An assurer must not put his life deliberately in peril; he must not go up a mountain, or ascend in a balloon. It was really almost required of him that he should keep his house at a certain temperature, and always wear flannel next the skin. Two powerful forces broke down all these vexatious restrictions—they impeded business, and they were of no pecuniary value. It was discovered that people so rarely committed suicide, and were so rarely hanged, that these conditions might be dropped. Then it was discovered that when men had settled down in this country, or in the healthy colonies, they rarely went flying off to West Africa or Central America. So the regulations as to residence began to go too. The simplifying process has gone on rapidly until many first-class companies have taken up the practice of issuing whole-world and unrestricted policies to all assurers who, at the time of effecting the assurance, have no prospect of going to unhealthy climates or of taking to dangerous occupations. And a great many more offices make their policies equally free from conditions after they have been in force for a few years.

A moment's reflection will show how important this practice became when existing policy-holders volunteered for the front. It was then immediately seen that those offices who had swept their policies clear of conditions could not charge these men any extra, however much risk they incurred. And those companies whose contracts were most simple were among the best and most powerful institutions in the country. In insurance, as in most other trades, the big stores are cheaper and better than the small struggling shops. The best companies could not charge any extra premiums, and this fact had a most potent influence on the action of the smaller and less progressive offices. It was practically impossible for these offices, in view of the bitter competition between insurance agents, to stand out for their legal rights. In most cases resistance was not to be thought of, and so those companies who retained the power to make concessions in most cases made them. And it would be demanding too much of human nature to expect them not to get what advertisement they could out of the concessions. The manner in which the directors of one institution of high reputation—the London Life Association—acted really does deserve special commendation. There was no flourish of patriotism at the expense of other people, and no seeking after advertisement. The directors simply announced that as they could not conscientiously allow their volunteering policy-holders to incur a war risk at the expense of the other members of the association, the directors themselves and the officials would pay the extra premiums out of their own pockets.

The Uninsured Volunteers.

As regards the Volunteers who were already insured, many companies found themselves between the devil of powerful competitors and the deep sea of an indignant public, but as regards the uninsured civilian fighter there was no obstacle to the exercise of financial prudence. No hampering contracts were in force, and as regards the companies the unprotected Volunteer, or the Volunteer who wished to increase his existing assurance, was in precisely the same position as a Naval or Military officer who had insured as a civilian. It was not safe to suppose that he would be kept in comparative security at the base or on the lines of communication, and consequently the offices, with as much unanimity as they ever reach, decided to charge him a stiff war risk premium. In a matter of this sort it is rather cheap to talk loudly of the want of patriotism on the part of insurance companies. Directors are only the trustees of the large funds which are under their control, and the immense proportion of these apparently overflowing resources are pledged to meet existing liabilities. The principal supporters of life offices are by no means wealthy middle-class people, and every penny which is spent in insufficiently protected risks comes directly out of their divisible surplus. In these days even proprietary life offices are little more than huge mutual benefit societies. If the extra premiums which the Volunteers who go to South Africa inevitably incur ought to be borne by persons other than themselves, the burden should surely fall upon the whole country, and not upon an insignificant section of it. The war risk premium is not an arbitrary impost. It is calculated with exactness, and it is no exaggeration to say that £5 per cent. per man is no more than the cost price of insuring the lives of our patriotic Volunteers. Although extra premiums are being almost universally charged, one office—the Economic—has offered to assure any of the Volunteers or Yeomen without any addition to the ordinary premium to the limit of £500 each. This means that the Economic office will almost certainly lose £25 on each man whom it insures in this way, and if the other policy-holders make no complaint they deserve to receive every credit for their public spirit. Another company—the Sun Life—seeks to mitigate the severity of the war extra by putting its Volunteers into a distinct class, and, after charging them an extra of £7 7s. per cent. to return the greater part of any surplus which may remain after the war claims have been met. Still, such exceptions as exist only serve to call attention to the general practice of the offices, which is to estimate the risk of the campaign in South Africa at from £5 5s. to £7 7s. per cent. To blame the offices for putting on stiff additional charges seems to the writer to be as unreasonable as to express gratitude to them for the so-called concessions they are alleged to have made. The question has throughout been treated by them on strict business lines, and though insistence upon the requirements of prudence may jar upon the feelings of those patriots who themselves run no financial or personal risks in the country's cause, yet they point the inevitable course which the fiduciary position of the directors compels them to follow.



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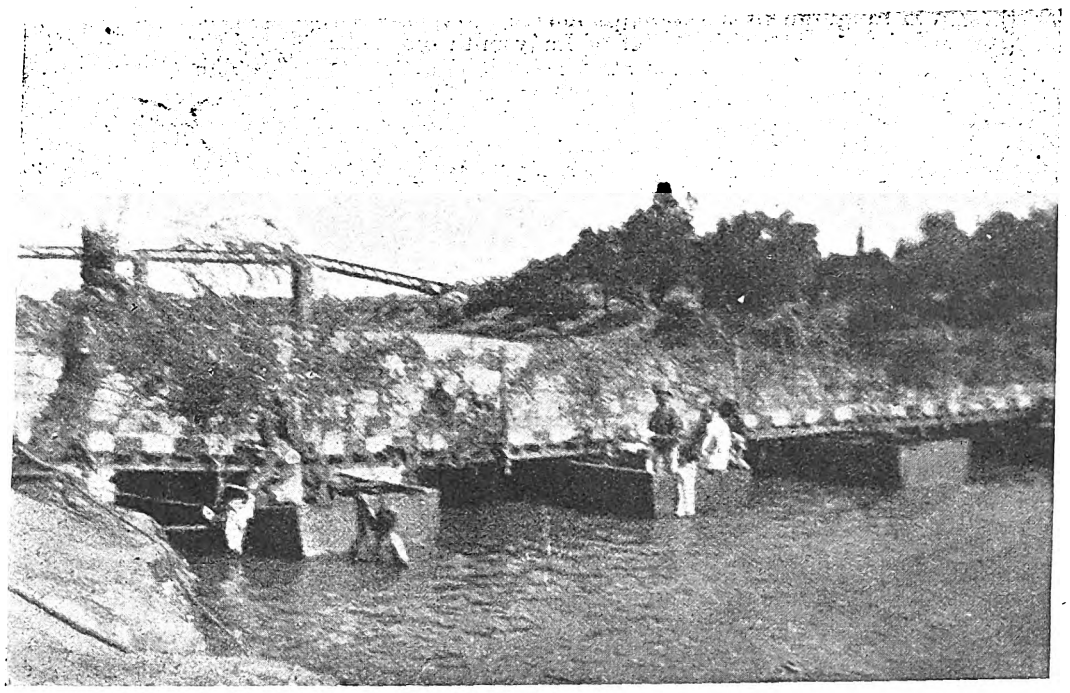
Battlefields and Scenes of the War.

PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

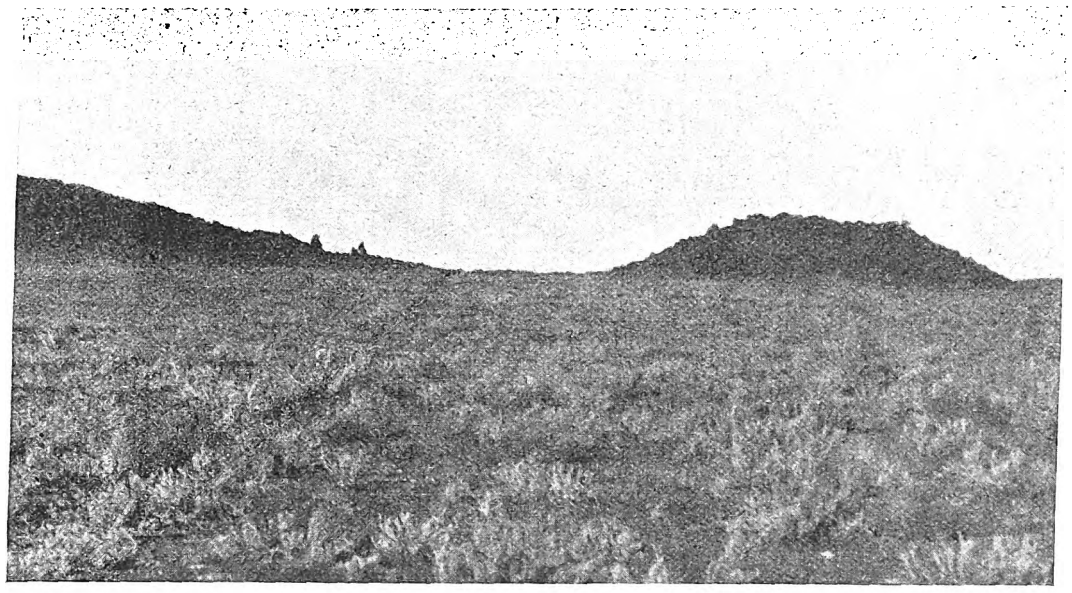
THE great public interest that has been evinced in our illustrations of many battle-fields and scenes of military activity in South Africa, makes it a pleasant duty to add other pictures to the series. These are vivid presentments, bringing before us the conditions of soldier-life during the war. Rivers and bridges play a large and curious part in our fighting. The bridge at Hope Town from which Lord Methuen may be said to have begun his advance is the largest in the country, was built by the Colonial Government at a cost of £114,000, and is 1,480-ft. long. There was also a good girder bridge across the Modder, but the Boers did not retreat without first destroying it. However, the Royal Engineers are admirable bridge-builders, and recruits are soon inducted into the duties of the camp and pontooning at Wouldham, near Chatham. Proper material of course accompanied Lord Methuen's column, and the throwing of a pontoon bridge across the river was very speedily and successfully accomplished, thus providing for the further operations of the column.

The kopjes we illustrate near Belmont — the scene of Lord Methuen's victory of November 23, when the Guards suffered so heavily —are typical of those found in many parts of South Africa. These isolated rocky and often flat-topped hills make excellent points of vantage for the defence. Generally the surrounding land is level and open, and to attack a well-defended kopje is no easy matter. The Boers are masters in the art of using the advantages of ground, and they know the country thoroughly. We cannot but admit that they have made the most of their opportunities, and the terrible loss suffered by the Naval Brigade in carrying the hill at Graspan illustrates how well they know how to make the most of a kopje. Behind the rocky ledges and amid the rough stones it is easy to lie hid, and yet to pour a deadly fire upon the assailants advancing across the open ground; and to this condition must be attributed a large part of the loss we have suffered both in Natal and on the Western Border. Experience is always valuable, and our soldiers have now learned to be wary in attacking kopjes.

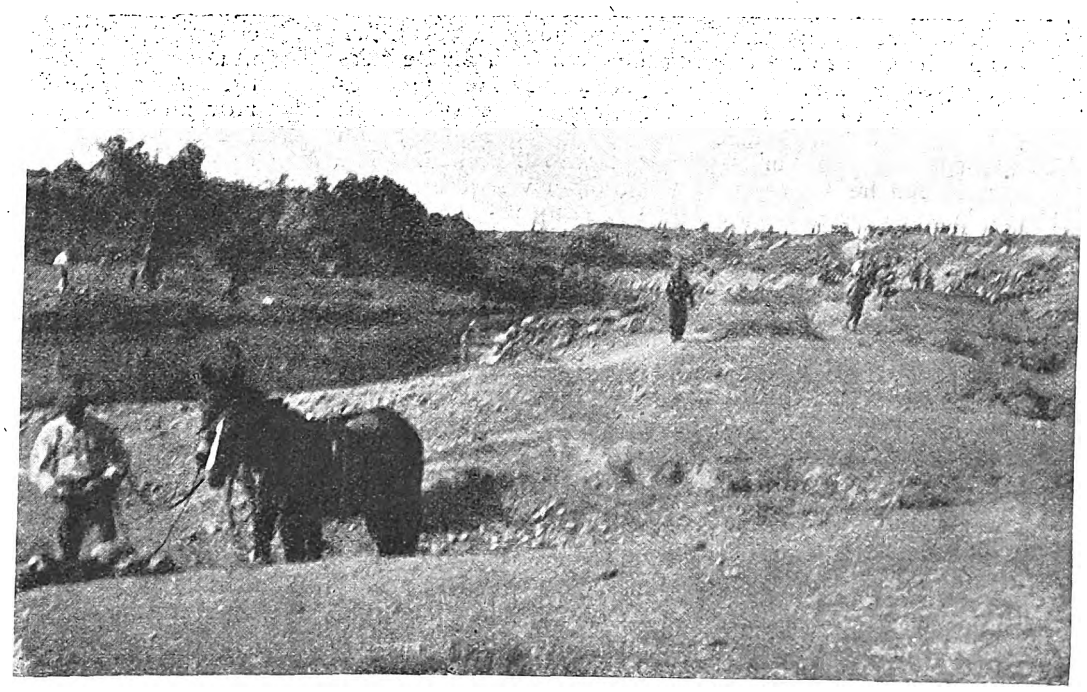
The picture of Boer trenches near the Orange River illustrates another advantage our enemy possesses. It is an advantage that often falls to the defending side, but the Boers have certainly made better use of the spade than we anticipated. There is, unfortunately, reason to know that a traitor trained in our own Royal Engineers has been their instructor, and they have, besides, had many foreign assistants. General French, in whose part of the theatre of war these Boer entrenchments lie, has fortunately not suffered from the enemy's spade-work so much as Lord Methuen and Sir Redvers Buller, and it is to be hoped that he will not be driven to make a frontal attack on a place well prepared by our astute adversaries.



ON THE MODDER RIVER.
The Pontoon Bridge Thrown Across by the Engineers.



KOPJES NEAR BELMONT.
Showing the Kind of Country in which Our Soldiers are Fighting.



BOER ENTRENCHMENTS ON THE ORANGE RIVER.
Places in which Our Sharpshooting Enemies Lie Concealed.

From Photographs Taken by Earl De la Warr, Special War Correspondent of the "Globe."

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The Story of the War.

THE writer of this chronicle was unfortunately a little too sanguine in his anticipation that by the close of the last week the relief of Ladysmith would be accomplished. Looking at the state of affairs at the moment when this forecast was made, it will be admitted that extreme hopefulness was justified, and, had things taken the course which was clearly indicated by the excellence of Sir Redvers Buller's plan of operations, and by the vigour with which the initial stages of that plan had been accomplished, there is little doubt but that, at any rate, some sort of junction between the beleaguered garrison under Sir George White and the relieving force under Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Charles Warren would have been carried out by Saturday. As it is, it is impossible as yet to say how far wrong the writer has been in his "too previousness." And, in the meantime, a situation—possibly of only temporary significance—was disclosed at the beginning of this week, to which the term unsatisfactory is about the mildest that can with justice be applied.

Taking up the story at the point at which we dropped it last week, we find that on the 23rd ult. Sir Charles Warren was still fighting in front of Spion Kop, to within a short distance of which he had won his way by steady uphill fighting. On the date mentioned the actual position is described to have partaken of the nature of a respite. The Boers were still holding the crest of a ridge, of which Spion Kop appears to have been the dominant feature. Our men held a line of broken ground where a gentle sloping glacis became to the eye an almost precipitous hillside. Along an uneven front, following the line of the valleys and spurs, were stone breastworks, built during the night, behind which lay our firing line. There was a continuous interchange of shots with the enemy, who were posted less than a mile away, digging hard, and otherwise making ready to resist an evidently impending attack. In the steep little valleys to the rear of our fighting line lay our supports, cooking, eating, sleeping, and bathing, safe, except from an occasional shell.

On Tuesday evening, the 23rd ult., Sir Redvers Buller telegraphed that Sir Charles Warren was holding his position and that the British forces were shelling the enemy on Spion Kop with howitzers and field artillery, the Boers replying with Creusot and other guns. In this duel the advantage was said to be with us; but, owing to the steepness of the ground in rear, it was difficult to bring up our guns into really good positions, while the open nature of the space intervening between our existing line of breastworks and Spion Kop reduced a frontal attack by day impracticable. Accordingly, it was resolved to attack Spion Kop by night, and the attempt was to be made that very evening.

It is needless to say that this telegram, issued in the small hours of Wednesday morning, produced a great sensation, which deepened into serious anxiety as Wednesday passed without any further news. It was felt that the proposed attack might be of crucial importance, and it was not unreasonably suggested that the War Office had taken a somewhat extraordinary course in announcing in such an open manner the fact that it was about to be made. When the Thursday morning papers came out without a line to show whether the attack had failed or succeeded, the public suspense was very considerable. Before noon, however, the War Office had issued a reassuring telegram from Sir Redvers Buller, dated Spearman's Camp, January 25, ten minutes after midnight, to the effect that on the previous night (*i.e.*, that of the 23rd) Warren's troops had occupied Spion Kop, surprising the small garrison, who had fled. The Kop had been held by us all day, though we were heavily attacked, and especially by a very annoying shell fire. Our casualties had been considerable, and General Woodgate, commanding one of Sir Charles Warren's brigades, had been dangerously wounded. Sir Charles Warren was of opinion, added Sir Redvers Buller, that he had rendered the enemy's position untenable. The telegram ended with the inspiring words, "The men are splendid!"

Throughout the afternoon and evening the public were sustained by the cheery conviction that the beginning of the end had indeed been reached, and that within a few hours yet more gratifying intelligence might be forthcoming It was true that the explicit statement that the Boer garrison of Spion Kop had been a small one was not as satisfactory as could be wished, while the suggestion of heavy casualties seemed to indicate that the Kop was not an easy place to hold. Still the moral effect of the success was excellent, and the recorded opinion of Sir Charles Warren that he had rendered the Boer position untenable naturally caused all our hopes to run high.

The disappointment, therefore, was the greater when on the Friday morning (26th) another telegram from Sir Redvers Buller, stated to have been received at 6 a.m., was posted at the War Office, running as follows: "Spearman's Camp, 12.5 p.m., January 25—Warren's garrison, I am sorry to say, I find this morning, had in the night abandoned Spion Kop." This telegram, it will be seen, is dated twelve hours, less five minutes, later than the previous one. At the time it was despatched the public were hardly aware that Spion Kop had been captured. Now they knew that it had been captured on the Tuesday night, held with difficulty all day Wednesday, and evacuated on Wednesday night. The blow to the public hopes was a serious one, and, at the time of writing, had not been modified by any subsequent information of a cheering character.

The news of the evacuation of Spion Kop was not followed by the publication of any details until Monday morning, when a long despatch from Sir Redvers Buller appeared, in which the whole operation was described with painful minuteness. It appeared that the evacuation was carried out, as stated, on the night of the 24th, owing to the fact that Spion Kop was untenable, and, moreover, was lacking in water supply. Sir Redvers Buller, being informed of what had taken place, hastened to Sir Charles Warren's camp, and, judging a fresh assault inadvisable, ordered a withdrawal of Warren's Division across the Tugela. This was effected in an orderly manner without loss.

On the 26th a number of casualties, including six officers killed, were reported as having taken place on the 24th, and it was at once concluded that they were those to which Sir Redvers Buller had alluded in his telegram announcing the capture of Spion Kop as having occurred while Warren was holding that position. It transpired, however, that these casualties had all been in corps belonging to Lyttelton's Brigade, which, it will be remembered, had crossed the Tugela at Potgieter's Drift while Sir Charles Warren's division was crossing at Trichardt's Drift, and had subsequently encamped about two miles the other side of the river. It is clear, then, that Lyttelton as well as Warren must have been heavily engaged on the 24th. Amongst the casualties in this engagement is the commanding officer of another battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, Lieutenant-Colonel Buchanan-Riddell, who is reported to have been killed, together with two other officers of the same corps, and three of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

While things were faring thus doubtfully with the relieving force, the garrison of Ladysmith, encouraged doubtless by the near approach of Sir Redvers Buller, were sending most cheery messages to Frere. In one of these, dated from Ladysmith the 21st ult., it was stated that the fortifications on Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill had been greatly strengthened, and that Ladysmith was now, practically speaking, impregnable. It was also asserted that fever had abated, and that the number of convalescents returning from the isolated camp exceeded that of the patients sent out. Finally, the supplies were lasting splendidly, and all the troops had a sufficiency of wholesome food. These facts were pleasing to dwell upon in the state of painful uncertainty which surrounded the movements of the relieving force.

Meanwhile, on the Western Border no perceptible change had taken place, Lord Methuen contenting himself chiefly with reconnaissances with the object of keeping the enemy constantly on the alert, and causing them to have a large number of men always in readiness to defend at any point their long line of entrenchments. These not very striking movements were accompanied by a pretty steady shelling of the enemy's position. The excuse given for the inactivity displayed in this quarter was that a complete reorganisation of transport and supply arrangements was being effected, but, considering the time that had elapsed since the repulse at Magersfontein, it was beginning to be felt that the delay in the resumption of the advance was growing something more than irksome. On the 24th ult. Major-General Hector Macdonald, of Omdurman fame, arrived from India, and took over command of the Highland Brigade formerly led by the late Major-General Wauchope.

Kimberley has been recently subjected to a somewhat severer bombardment, but no serious results are recorded.

On Sunday it was reported from Lourenço Marques—and the authority given is a Boer one—that Mafeking was relieved on the 23rd ult. Of course, it would be wrong to accept this as a fact, but some colour is lent to the suggestion by a despatch dated the 10th ult., which said that one of the leading Free State commanders had left the investing force and taken a number of friends with him "sick and tired of the whole business."

There was no appreciable change up to the time of writing in the positions of either French or Gatacre, but it is interesting to note that on the 24th ult. a patrol from Gatacre's camp at Sterkstroom returned, having effected a connection with General French's column at Steynsburg.

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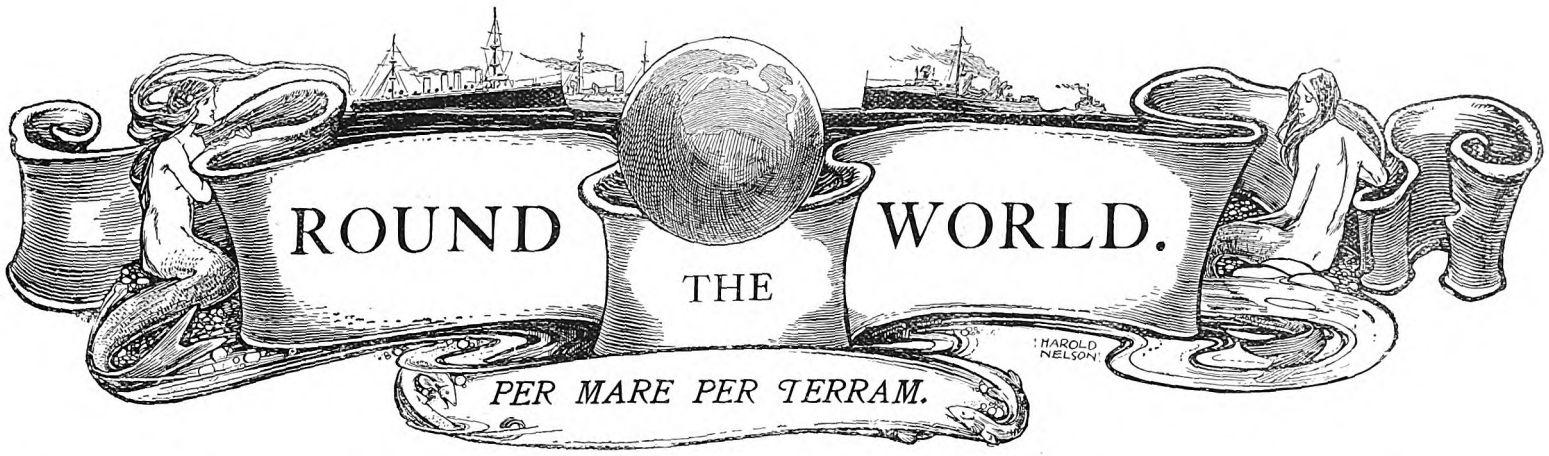
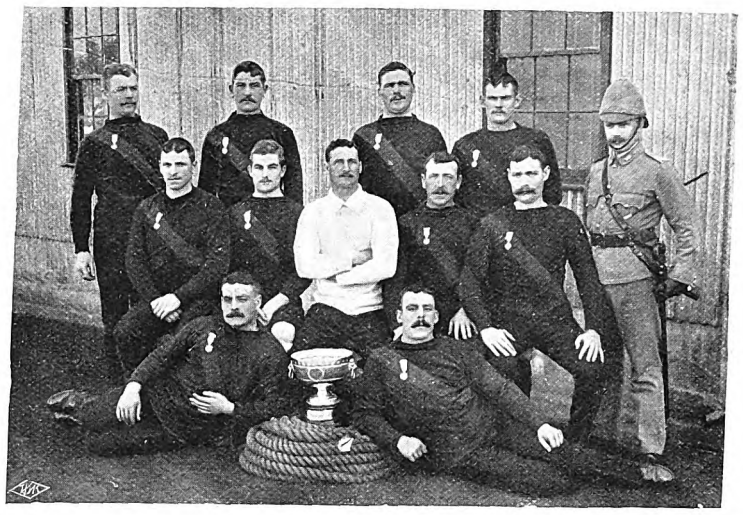


THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE 2nd ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.
Playing Five a Side.



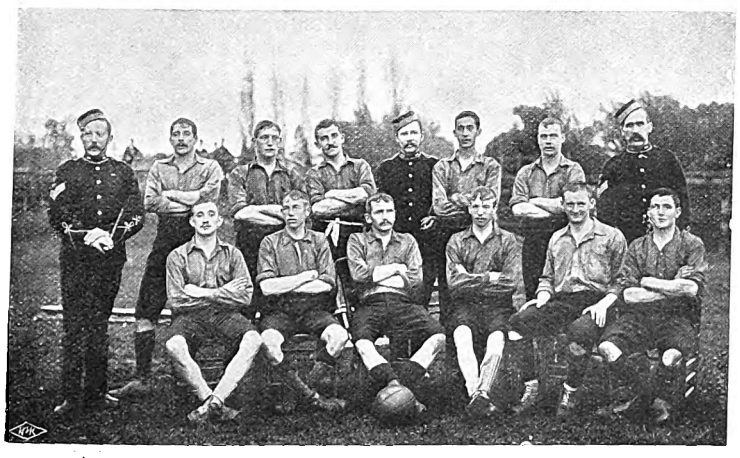
THE TUG-OF-WAR TEAM OF THE 2nd ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.
The Winners of the Natal Open Championship.

ON that October forenoon when the Dublins scaled the Talana Hill in the face of a deadly rifle fire at short range, they showed themselves to be as fine soldiers as there are in the Army, and well lived up to their glorious regimental motto, "We are judged by our deeds." And the "Old Toughs," as the 2nd Dublins were called when they were the most ancient as a battalion amongst the European regiments of "John Company," are as good sportsmen as they are soldiers. One of our illustrations shows the regimental team that won the football five-a-side tournament played at Pieter Maritzburg just before the war, and for which seventeen teams entered. The other shows the team that won the open tug-of-war championship. Let us hope that all those in our pictures may come scatheless out of the long investment and fighting defence of Ladysmith, to share in many a friendly contest in the football or athletic field.

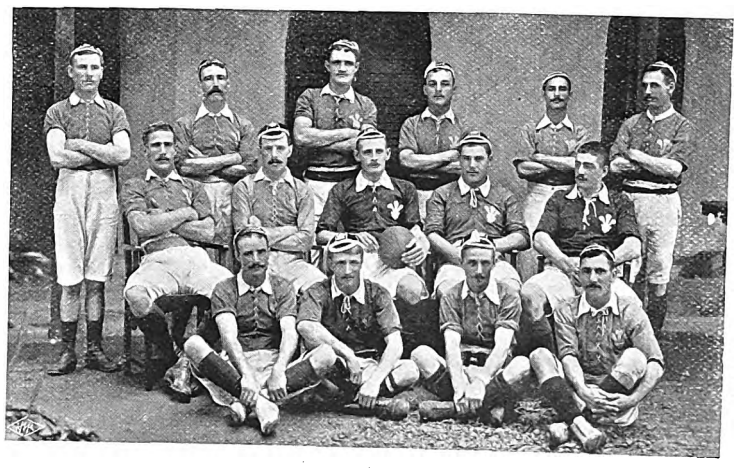
THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF No. 15 COMPANY S. DIVISION R.G.A.
Now Forming Part of the Siege Train in South Africa.

GUNNERS generally make fine footballers, and the two companies whose teams are here depicted can put some exceptionally good men into the field. Just before the 15th Company was ordered to South Africa, the two companies met in a tough struggle, which resulted in a draw of three goals each. Tommy is never so happy as when helping his comrades, and all the more so when they are taking the risks of active service, and so the gate money went to the fund for widows and orphans. Although the weather was bad, the attendance was very good, and the fund in consequence netted a nice little sum.

WHILE the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Regiment is assisting to "hammer Paul," the men of the 2nd Battalion are winning sporting laurels in India's sunny clime. The team here represented holds what is for India—and very probably for anywhere—a record, viz., that of having



Photos. Copyright.
THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF No. 20 COMPANY S. DIVISION R.G.A
The Siege Train Company now at Fort Fareham.



"Navy & Army."
THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE 2nd WELSH REGIMENT.
Winners for the Sixth Time in Succession of the Bombay Gymkhana Rugby Football Cup.

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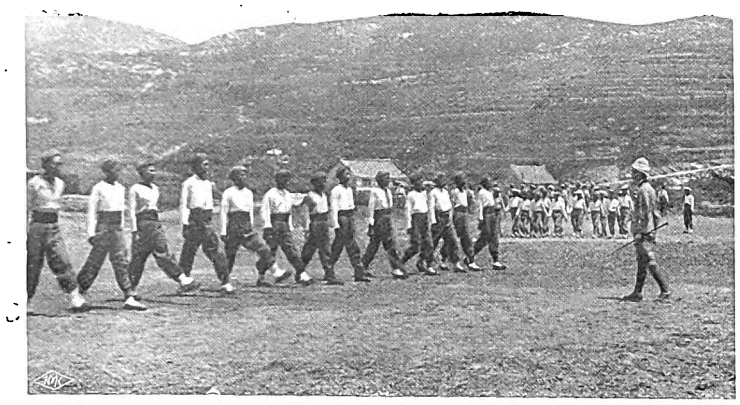


Photo. Copyright. *H. Sharpe.*

FAR EASTERN SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.
The Recruits of the Chinese Regiment at Wei-hai-Wei

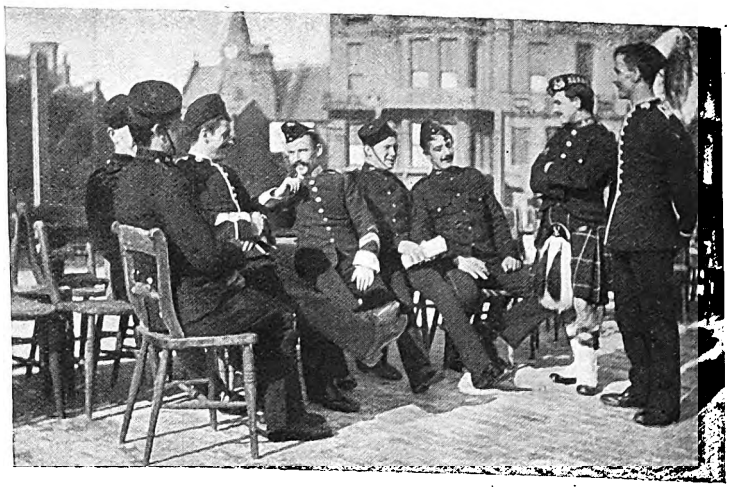


Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army.*

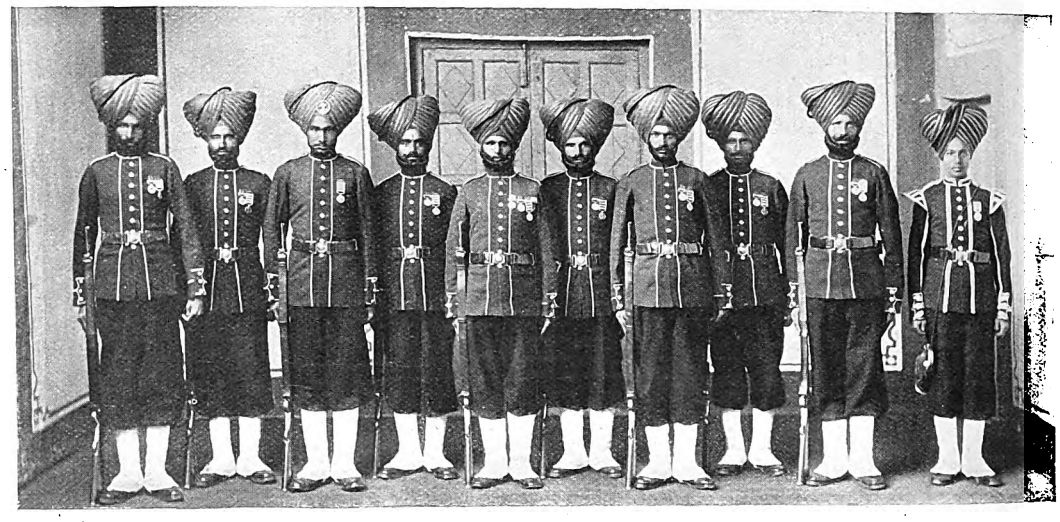
THE MILITARY CONVALESCENT HOME AT EASTBOURNE.
Men from Aldershot and the South-Eastern District.

won during six consecutive years the same football cup. This is the cup given by the Bombay Gymkhana for Rugby football, and the 2nd Welsh won it in 1894 and in every year since. Three times the battalion has played for the Calcutta Club cup, winning it once and losing it twice, but always getting into the final. Both these cups are open, being entered for by both civilian and regimental teams from every part of India. In struggling to hold the Bombay cup all these years the 2nd Welsh has met pretty nearly every regiment in India that plays a "Rugger" team, as well as the strong teams from the three Presidency towns. Officers who share in their men's sports are always good men and true, and one of these is Lieutenant Brandreth, who in our illustration is seen holding the ball. That he is a smart officer is proved by the fact that only a few days ago he vacated the adjutancy of his regiment, his term having expired. He has played for the team for the last five years, and captained it for the last four.

HOWEVER highly educated the "Heathen Chinee" may be in all the marvellous military lore of his most wonderful country, he yet, when he joins Her Majesty's Army, has to struggle with the intricacies of the goose step, as has the most ignorant of foreign devils, and our illustration shows him struggling. The new Chinese regiment is well supplied with British officers, and is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Bower of the Indian Staff Corps.

IN another illustration we have a group of convalescents from the home at Eastbourne taking the air on the sea-front, and eagerly discussing the latest news from the theatre of war. To this home are sent convalescents from Aldershot and all stations in the S.E. District, which accounts for the variety of uniforms, for the group comprises a Highlander, Guardsmen, Gunners, and Infantry of the Line.

NO finer corps is there in the Indian Army than the Loodiana Sikhs, raised as "Gordon's Sikhs" in 1846. They have seen service in China, 1860-62; in the Mutiny; in Afghanistan, 1878-80, including the battle of Ahmed Khel, the famous march, and the battle of Candahar; in the Soudan, 1885, including the battle of Tofrek; in the Chitral Campaign of 1895; and throughout the whole of the Tirah Campaign of 1897. The regiment is, as its name denotes, a class one, and is recruited entirely from Cis-Sutlej Jat Sikhs, a purely agricultural class of peasant proprietors, whose tradi-

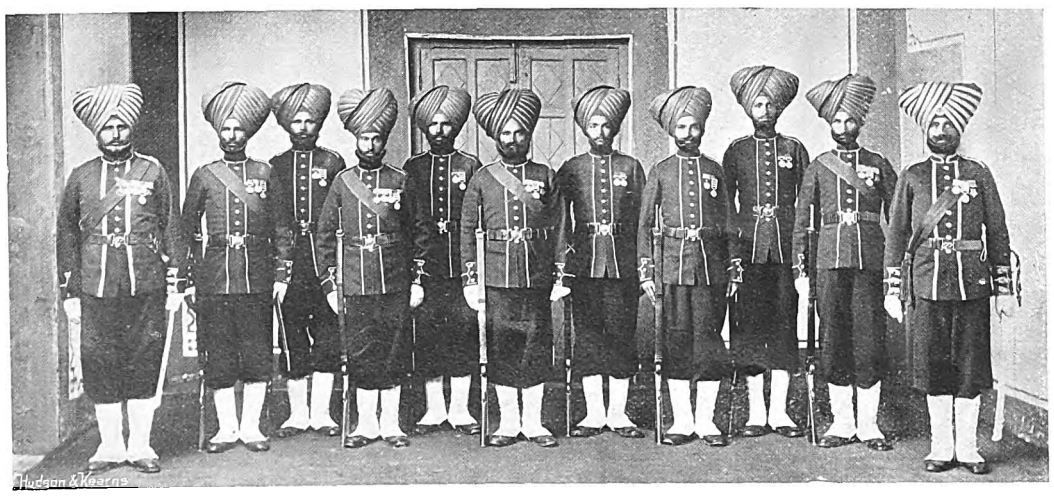


15th (THE LOODIANA SIKH) REGIMENT OF BENGAL INFANTRY.—Bugler and Sepoys.

Sepoy Warrian Singh. Sepoy Esur Singh. Seboy Bhan Singh. Sepoy Ganda Singh. Sepoy Atar Singh. Sepoy Ulum Singh. Sepoy Bissen Singh. Sepoy Chait Singh. Sepoy Hurnam Singh. Bugler Bir Singh.

tions allow them to follow naught but the plough or the drum. Splendid in physique and stout in heart, they make ideal soldiers. Look at the upper group, and say if you would wish to lead into action a finer body of men. Every man in the group is medalled, and eight have both the late and present I.G.S. medal, and no less than eight of the ten have four clasps to the latter. Sepoy Atar Singh is the veteran of the group, having seventeen years' service.

On the right lobe of the turbans may be seen the iron quoit worn by the Sikh regiments. The quoit as a weapon is a bit out of date; but it is still worn by the Sikhs as a badge of their race, and quoit throwing is a popular sport. The silver quoit worn by Bhan Singh in the front of his turban is one of eight presented by the Prince of Wales for annual competition in each company. Note carefully the second group, and you will see that Naik Ram Singh, Havildar Karam Singh, and Subadar Gurdit Singh wear the Order of Merit, the Indian soldier's V.C. Naik Ram Singh has been wounded three times, and the subadar once. Havildar Karam Singh won his Order of Merit in Central Africa, and both he and Lance-Havildar Kissen Singh wear the Central African medal. Havildar Prem Singh has hair any fair lady might envy, for it is 5-ft. long. He takes after Samson in more than the length of his hair, for he is an exceptionally powerful man.



Photos. Copyright. *Bourne & Shepherd.*

15th (THE LOODIANA SIKH) REGIMENT OF BENGAL INFANTRY.

Subadar Gurdit Singh. Lance-Havildar Kissen Singh. Naik Hazara Singh. Havildar Karam Singh. Naik Hurri Singh. Havildar Prem Singh. Lance-Naik Kissen Singh. Naik Ram Singh. Lance-Naik Dhiar Singh. Havildar Bhaggat Singh. Jemadar Sawan Singh.

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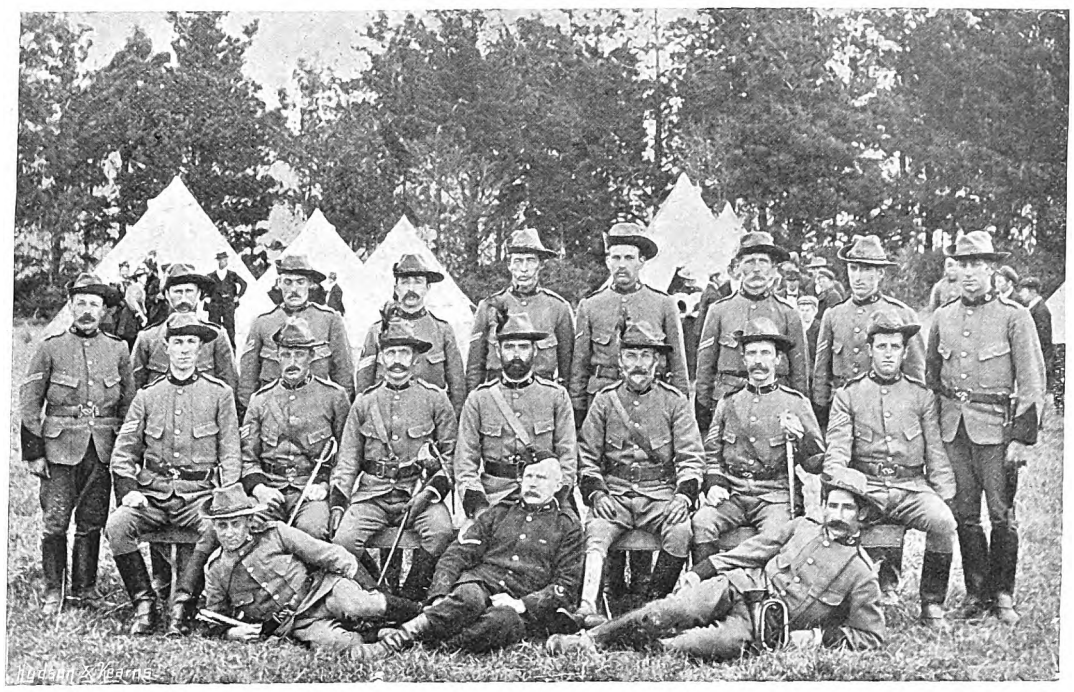
Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—X.

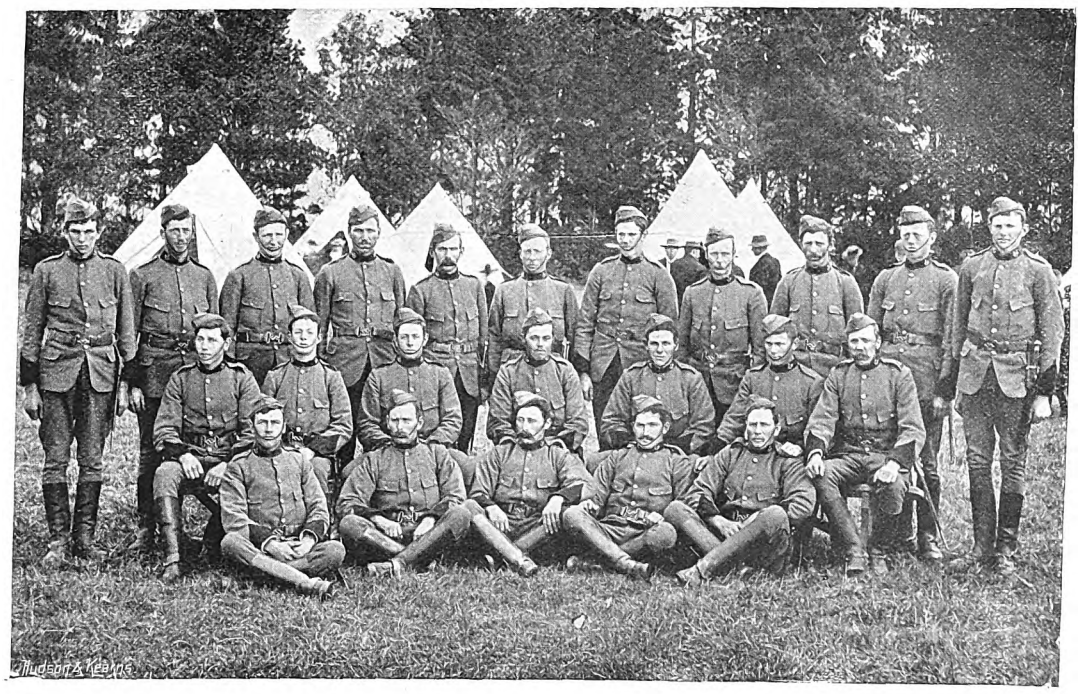
THE articles on our colonial forces which appear from time to time in these pages should prove of special interest at present. Every day brings us fresh offers of arms and men from our colonies. Nor have the Volunteers of Greater Britain, whose privilege it is to be already "at the front," failed to prove themselves equal to the occasion. Truly we have reason to be proud of our colonial troops, and among them of the local forces of New Zealand.

The present crisis has proved beneficial in filling the ranks of our Volunteers at home, and the same may be said of the colonial corps. Not only have those who already wear Her Majesty's uniform come forward gladly, but new corps are, in many places, being formed. In this connection it may be noted that a movement is now on foot to send a corps of bushmen from Australia and New Zealand to the theatre of war. That these hardy Sons of the Empire will take kindly to soldiering there is no doubt, and, accustomed as they are to the "back country," they are specially qualified for employment as mounted infantry.

In the ranks of the contingent sent from New Zealand there are, among men from other corps, five Volunteers from the Ellesmere Mounted Rifles (Canterbury), of which regiment two illustrations are here given. Though young in comparison with most of the corps in the colony, the Ellesmere Mounted Rifles are among the most promising, and owe their existence to no war scare or emergency, but rather to the solid patriotism of the district in which they were raised. The spirit that gives us so many Volunteers in time of need is ever to be admired, but a word of praise is due to those who in the calm of peace-time are active in repairing the bulwarks of the Empire. Captain Boag, who commands the corps, is a young and energetic officer, always ready to take up the latest ideas in drill and tactics. The other officers are Lieutenants Meurs, Hill, and Deal, who are equally enthusiastic in everything pertaining to the corps. The recruits are chiefly drawn from among the farmers in the district, and, as regards physique, can hold their own with any corps in the colony.



READY FOR THE BOERS.
Officers and Non-commissioned Officers, Ellesmere Mounted Rifles (Canterbury).



Photos. Copyright. *A LIKELY LOT.* *"Navy & Army."*
The Rank and File of the Ellesmere Mounted Rifles.

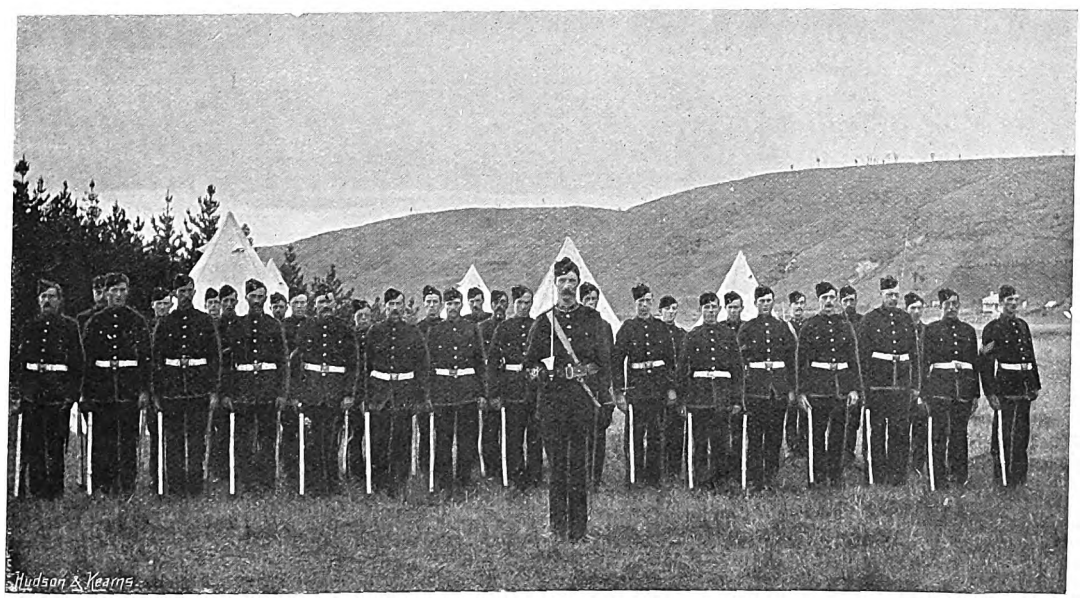


Photo. Copyright. *A GOOD DAY'S WORK IN CAMP.* *Standley.*
Waipawa Rifles.

The Waipawa Rifles have their headquarters in the bush country of the North Island, where the inhabitants are exceedingly patriotic, and always ready to draw the sword in defence of the Mother Country. As may be seen from the accompanying illustrations, the corps is a smart one and well set-up. The officers are Captain Rathbone and Lieutenants Joll and Collert. Unlike our Volunteers at home, the men when in camp work hard morning and evening, attending to their ordinary occupations during the day. At the last camp of exercise the corps performed some genuine hard work. The daily routine was as follows: Réveille, 5 a.m.; parade, 5.30; breakfast, 7; tea, 6.30 p.m.; parade, 7; guard mounting, 9; tattoo, 10; lights out, 10.15 p.m. Thus it may be seen that the duties falling to the corps were by no means child's play. After a hard day's work in the office or on the

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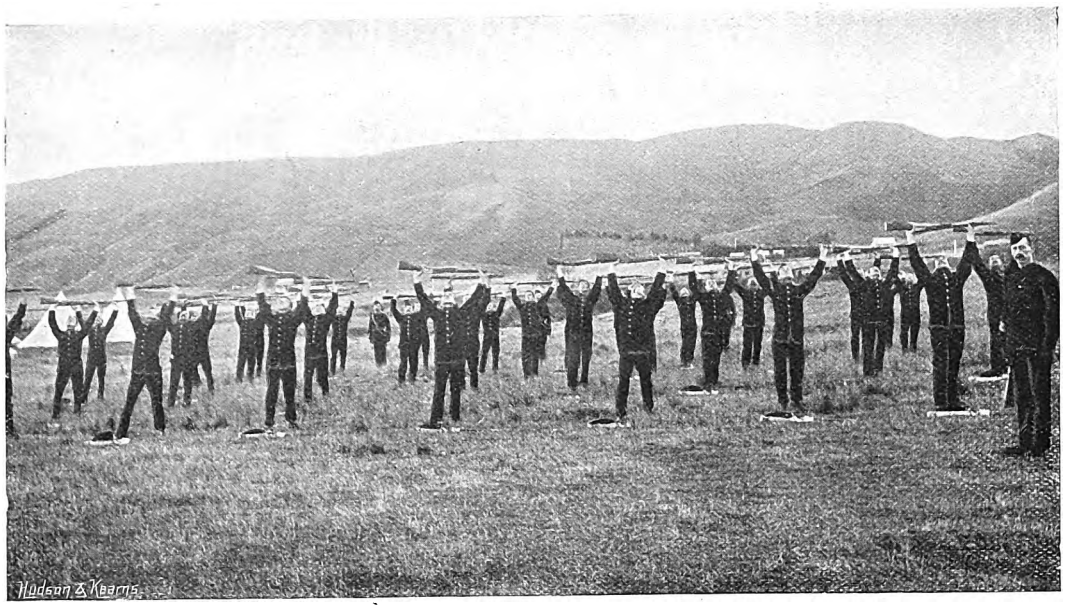
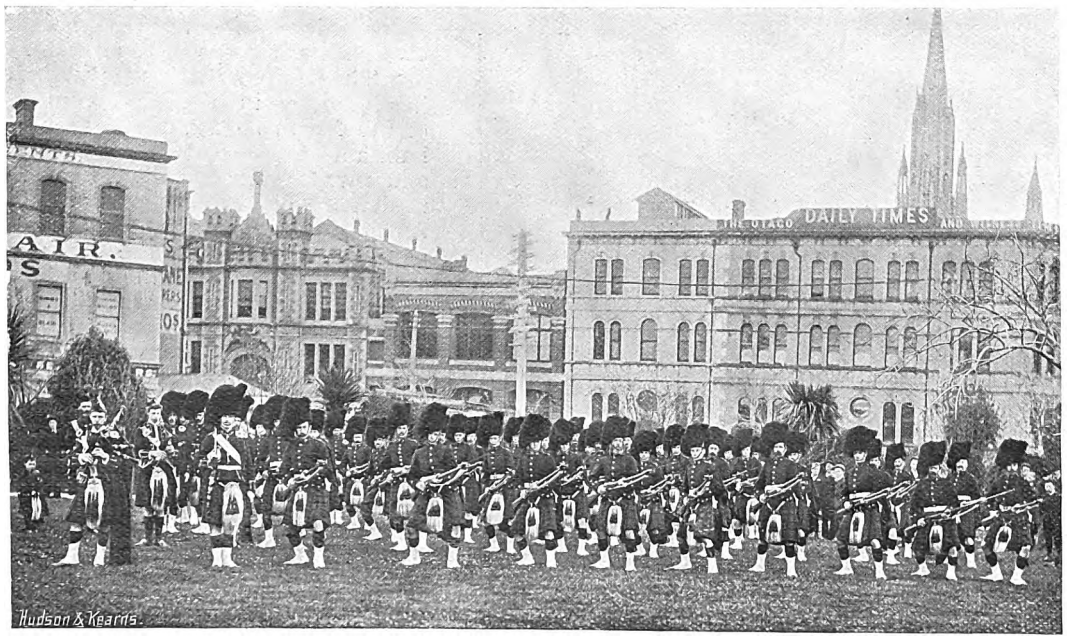


Photo. Copyright. KEEPING IN FIGHTING CONDITION *Golder.*
Waipawa Rifles.

NEW ZEALAND SCOTS.
Officers and Non-commissioned Officers, Dunedin Highlanders.



Photos. Copyright. "SCOTLAND FOR EVER." *Esquilant.*
Rank and File, Dunedin Highlanders.

farm the average man is not usually in a mood for drill, but the Waipawa men are nothing if not patriotic and keen soldiers.

During training the Lieutenant-Colonel Newall paid an inspection visit to the camp, and witnessed the men being put through the various evolutions by the officers and non-commissioned officers. The colonel expressed himself as well pleased with the steadiness of the corps.

It is usually believed that Scotchmen are to be found in even the remotest parts of the globe. In New Zealand, at least, they form a considerable part of the population.

The Scottish province of Otago is the birthplace of the only kilted corps in the colony—the Dunedin Highlanders. It takes its name from Dunedin, the capital of the province, and was raised in 1885. At that time there was a decided "boom" in Volunteer circles, owing, no doubt, to the Russian War scare.

As a suitable uniform for the newly-formed corps, that of the Black Watch was selected, and in an accompanying picture the officers and non-commissioned officers appear in the full dress of the corps, than which there is, perhaps, none more striking in the whole British Army. The uniform adopted entailed a very heavy demand upon the purses of the men, but the initial outlay has not prevented the corps from rising to a prominent position among others in New Zealand.

The first commanding officer was Captain A. Macgregor, who had as his subalterns Lieutenants McIntosh and Henderson. In 1887 Captain Macgregor resigned, and was followed by Captain Gunn. The latter held command until 1890, when Lieutenant Macpherson succeeded him.

The following year another change took place in the command. Lieutenant Gillies was gazetted captain, and filled that position until Captain Stoneham, the present commanding officer, succeeded him. The subalterns are now Lieutenants Dempster and Evans.

As is usually the case in Scottish corps, the men are for the most part good athletes, and show great interest in every kind of manly sport. On one occasion, at the Dunedin Military Tournament, the Dunedin Highlanders succeeded in securing first prize in the bayonet exercise, manual exercise, and physical drill competitions, and, at the same time the second prize in the tug-of-war.

This reputation is in itself sufficient to account for the fact that the corps is at present recruited up to its maximum strength of 63. As evidence, however, of the frequent changes that take place in colonial corps, it may be mentioned that, besides the commanding officer only one man—Private Moffatt—joined the corps on its formation. Although the members have come and gone, there has been no change in the character of the corps, which is essentially Scottish. Another illustration shows a number of the rank and file in working "kit." The feather bonnet and doublet are certainly picturesque, but they are kept for special occasions. The ordinary work of the corps has to be done in a more comfortable, if less attractive, "rig," to borrow a word from the Sister Service.

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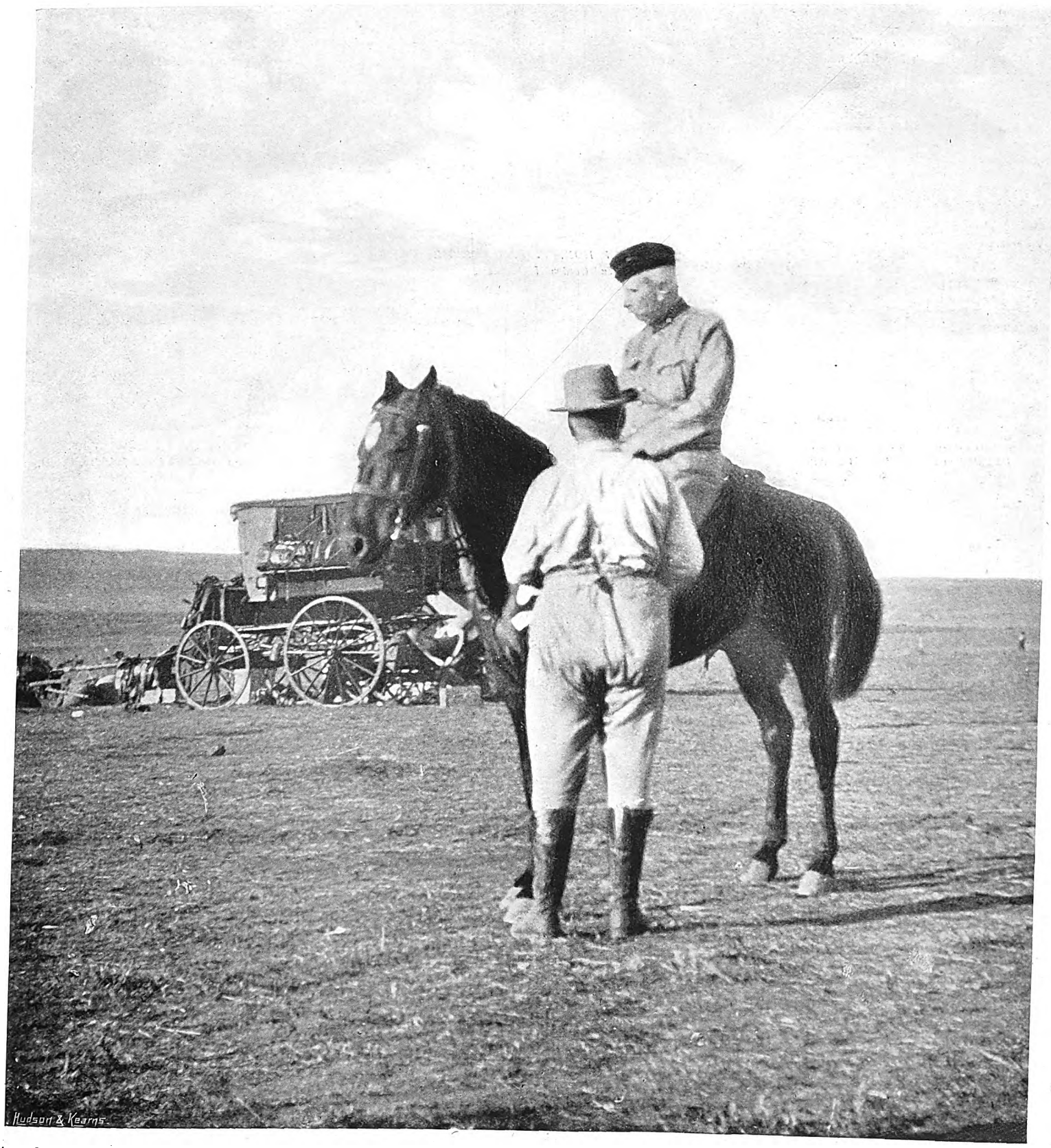
THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 158.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10th. 1900.



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SIR REDVERS BULLER AND A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

From the intent attitude of Mr. Bennett Burleigh, who is now at the front in Natal, he would appear to be receiving from the General some information of special interest. We may be quite sure, however, that the knowledge will not be sent home so as to be in any way useful to our friend the enemy. The experienced correspondent knows his work too well for that, and the Press Censor lurks behind.

From a Photograph by Mr. Harford Hartland, Our Special War Correspondent in Natal.

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A Tribute to Empire.

OUR GALLANT SLAIN.

MAJOR R. S. BOWEN,
2nd King's Royal Rifles.

THE EARL OF AVA,
On Brigadier-General Hamilton's Staff.

CAPTAIN HON. R. F. CARNEGIE,
2nd Gordon Highlanders.

CAPTAIN A. F. LAMBTON,
1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry.

CAPTAIN J. W. A. COWAN,
1st Battalion Highland Light Infantry, D.S.O.

LIEUT.-COL. J. H. C. COODE,
2nd Black Watch.

CAPTAIN A. H. GOLDIE,
Royal Field Artillery.

LIEUTENANT C. B. SCHREIBER,
Royal Artillery.

MAJOR J. F. W. CHARLEY,
1st Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

CAPTAIN KNAPP,
Imperial Light Horse.

MAJOR C. B. HARVEY.
10th Hussars.

THE HEROES WE MOURN.

From Photos. by Knight, Cumming, Bassano, Heath, Debenham, Wyrall, Temple, and Chancellor.

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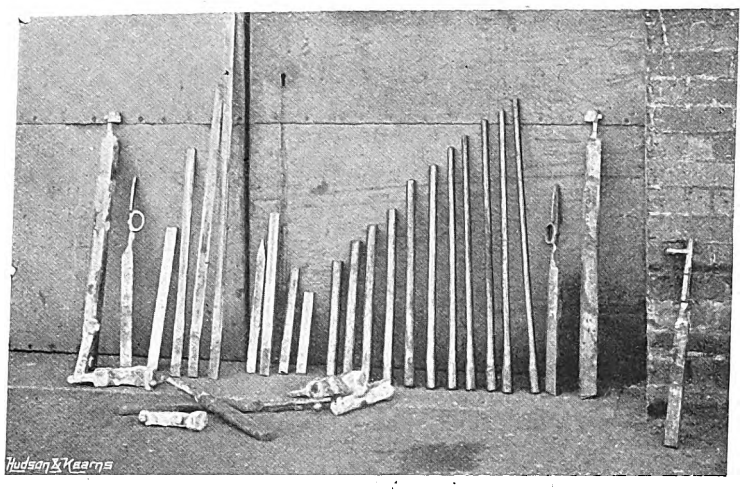
Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.

By Frederick G. Engelbach.

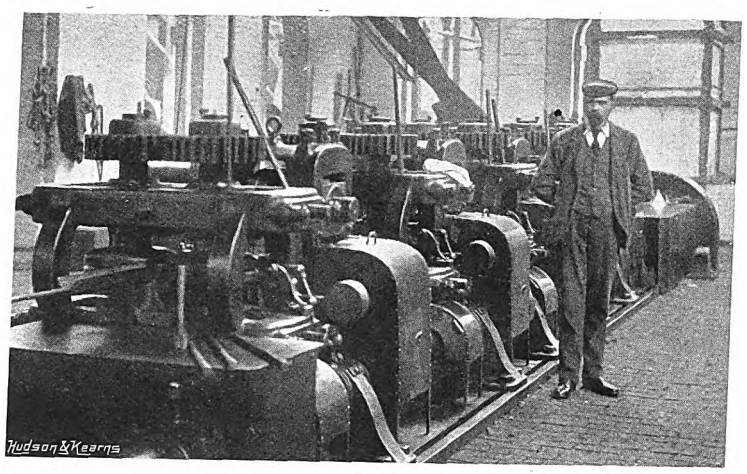
ENFIELD LOCK.—II.



THE RAW MATERIAL.
Specimens of Rough Forgings for Portions of Rifles, Swords, and Bayonets. The Gradation of the Barrel shown from the Rough Ingot to the Finished Article.

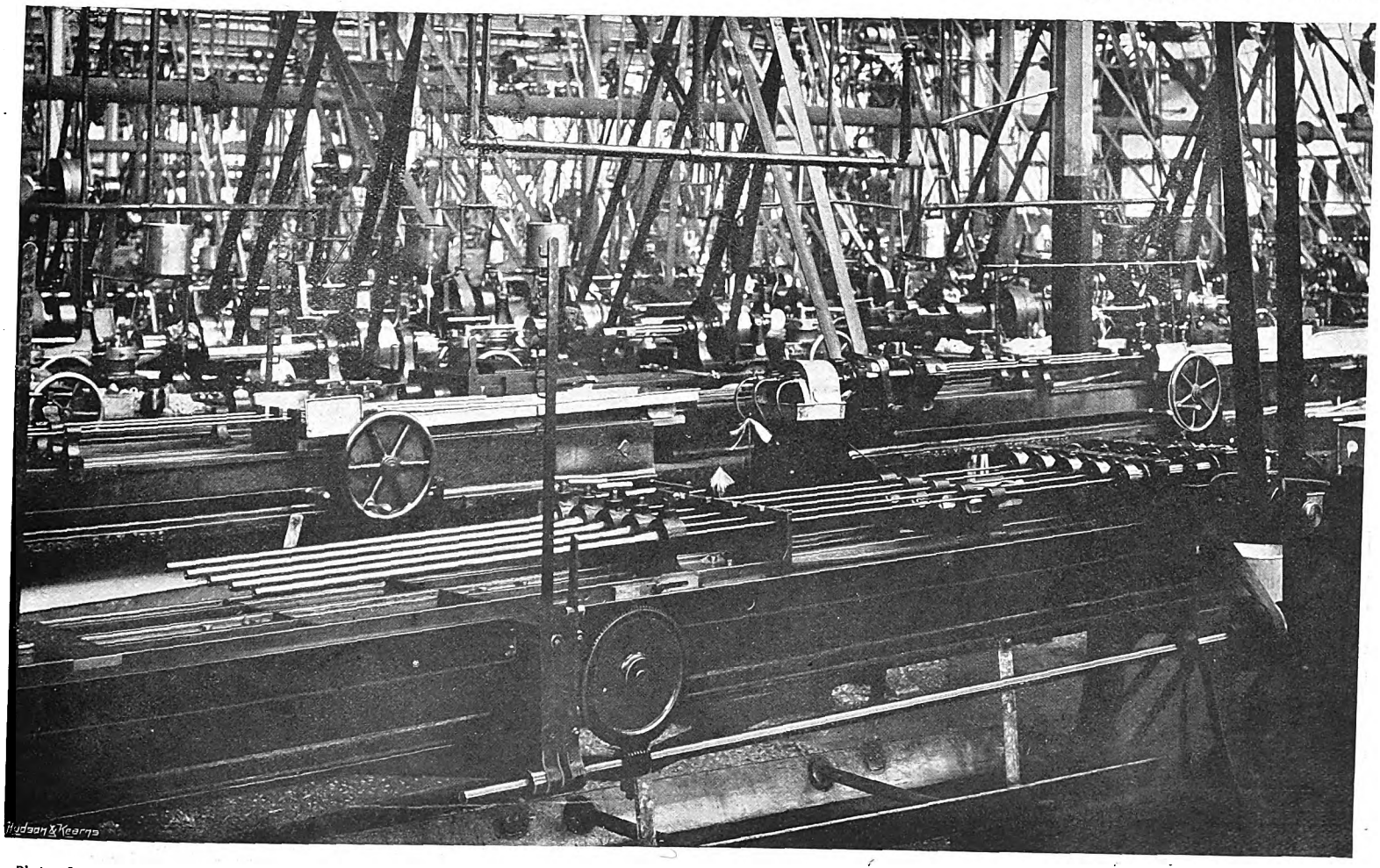
ROLLING THE BARREL—"IN."
Ingots are Heated White-hot, and are Passed through Tandem Rollers. They Enter 15-in. Long, 1⅞-in. Thick, and Weighing 6-lb. 1-oz.

AFTER all the barrel is the most important portion of a rifle, and hence the visitor to the Small Arms Factory sees more of its manufacture than of the other smaller details. The ingots, seen on the right of the rough castings, are bought from the trade at Sheffield, and are tested to a breaking strain of 38 tons to the square inch. As the maximum pressure from the Service cartridge is only 15 tons, this leaves a considerable margin of safety. After being rolled by the five pairs of tandem rollers, the barrel, now an attenuated bar of crucible steel, is hammered straight and flung into a heap to cool.



ROLLING THE BARREL—"OUT."
In 30-sec. the Barrel Emerges 33-in. Long, and with a Decided Resemblance to a Gun Barrel. (See the Specimen Fixed on the Top of the Roller.)

The first process involves a preliminary turning in a lathe, which, after lasting for five minutes, leaves the barrel ready for boring. To achieve this, drills acting from each end have to remove a solid piece of steel ·303-in. bore from the rod, and so beautifully are they centred that when finished no untrained eye can detect the spot where they met. The drills are hollow, and through this space soap and oil emulsion is driven under a pressure of 80-lb. to the square inch. This is done to cool the cutting edge and to remove the waste, which otherwise would clog the machine. By careful training it is possible to so educate



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A FOREST OF BANDS.
The Boring Machine for Rifle Barrels is Capable of Boring Five Rifles in 40-min., the Cutters Making 1,000 Revolutions per Minute.

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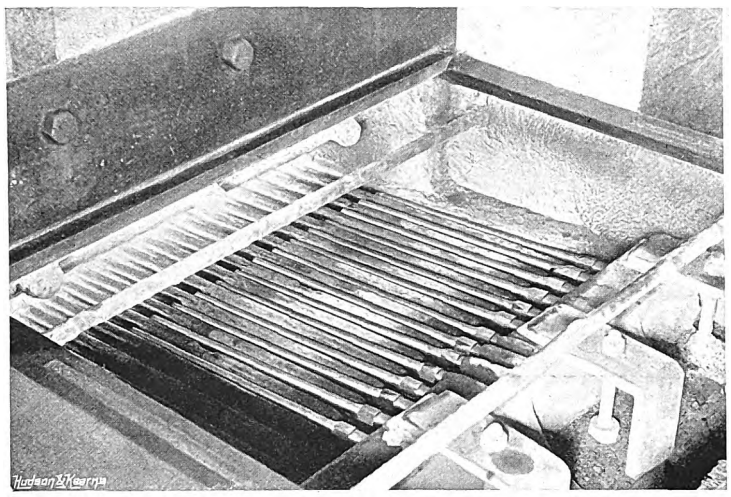
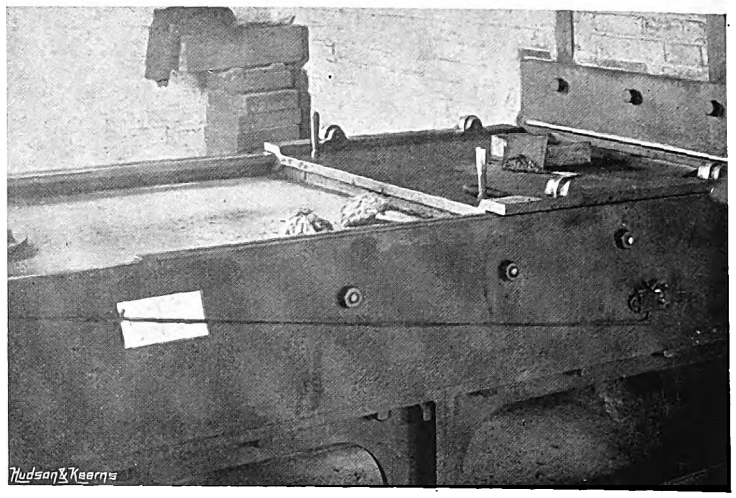
A CAREFUL VIEWER.
A Man Examining the Rifle Barrel to see if the Slightest Deflection from the Straight can be Detected. It takes Fourteen Months to Train a Viewer, and only Ten per Cent. of those Trained are Worth Anything.

the eye that a viewer can detect the least inaccuracy in the interior of a barrel, but this gift does not last long, to the exceeding grief of the workman. The exterior of the cylinder now demands attention, and in twenty minutes fine steel cutters trim the barrel to an exquisite smoothness. The viewer again inspects it, this time by reflected light. By fixing the barrel on a lathe, and by making it rotate rapidly with a light at one end, the eye can readily recognise any bulging due to the turning operation. All being satisfactory, the much-inspected barrel goes to its first proof, for which purpose the chamber end is tapped with a screw

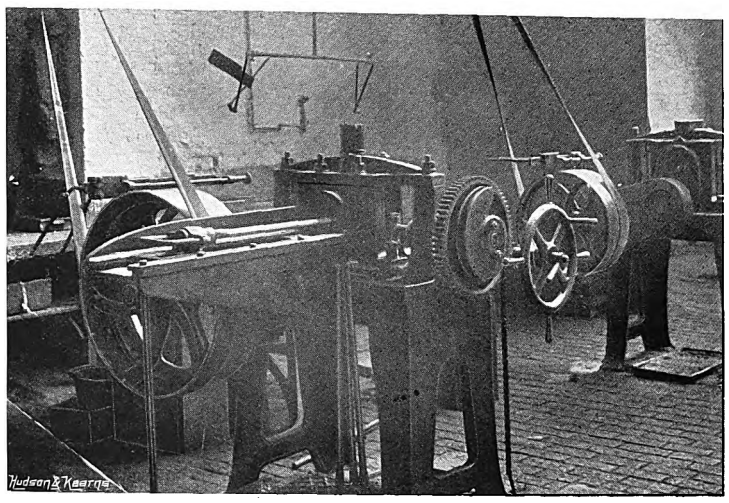


PROOF—THE BATTERY OPEN.
For First Proof, Rifle Barrels have their Chamber End Tapped and a Screw Plug and Heavy Charge Inserted; then the Battery is Closed.



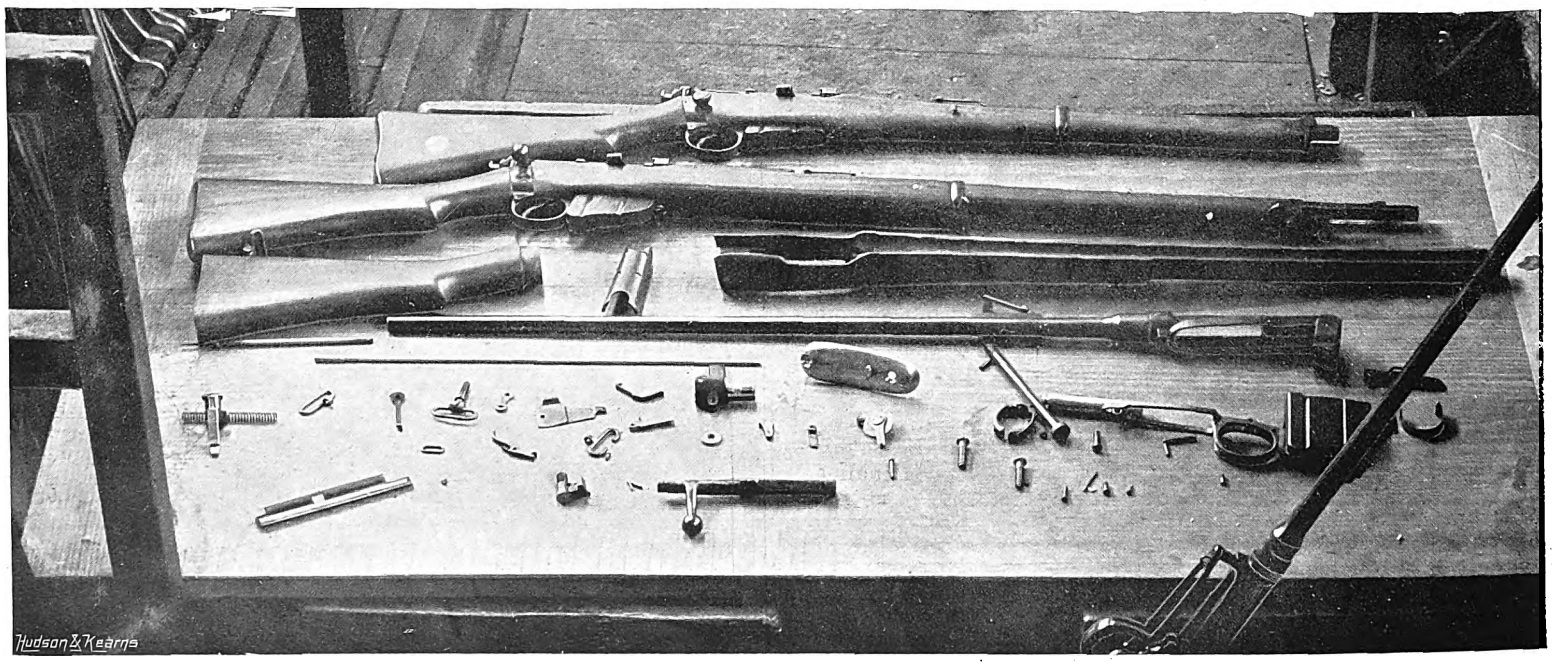
PROOF—THE BATTERY SHUT.
A Train of Powder is Laid, Communicating with each Touch-hole, and is Fired by Means of the Lanyard Shown, which Operates a Hammer.

thread. Into this a steel plug having a touch-hole is screwed, and hence the future breech-loader becomes a muzzle-loader. Black powder, 110-gr. by weight, and 350-gr. of lead are rammed down, the normal charge of powder (when used) being 70-gr. and of bullet 215-gr. Placed with others in a battery open to a heap of sand, the whole row is fired by means



STRAIGHTENING BARRELS.
This Machine Ensures that any Bending or other Deformity of the Barrel Due to Proof or Manufacture may be Rectified.

of a cap communicating with a train of powder. If on examination no flaw is detected, the screw plug is removed from the barrel and it is well washed in boiling soap and water to remove all products of combustion. In the turnery the screw thread is removed, thus slightly enlarging the breech chamber. This allows for the extra calibre of the brass cartridge-case.



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A RIFLE PUZZLE.

On this Board are Laid the Portions of a Complete Rifle, also an Assembled Rifle and Carbine. From these Portions a Skilled Hand will, with Incredible Rapidity, put the Rifle Together.

(Previous articles of this series appeared on July 15 and January 27).

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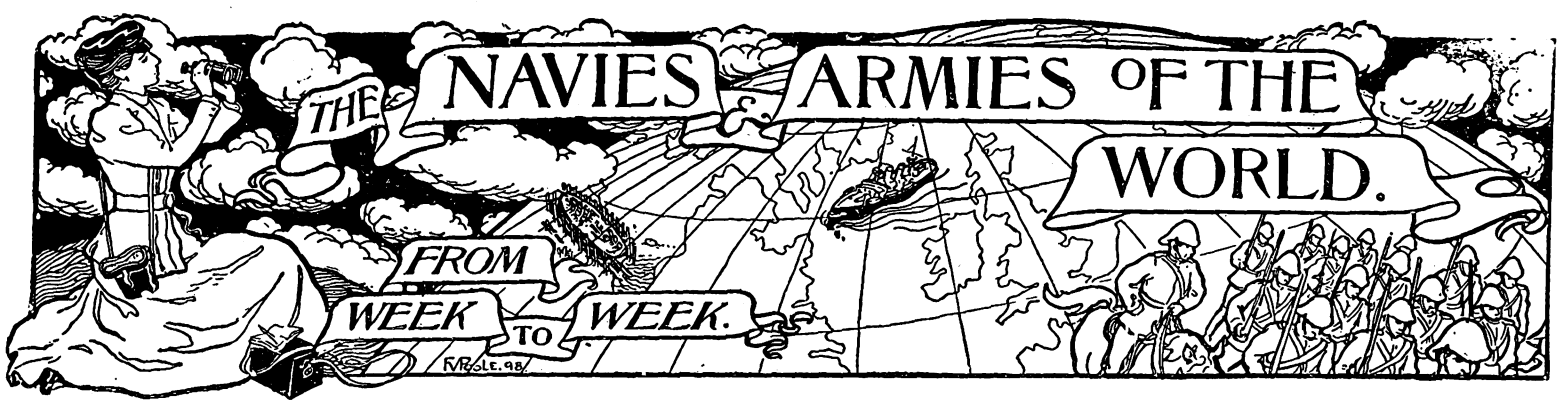

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* for the 3rd has two sentences which seem to me to contain more sense than most of the denunciations of the War Office, or other dummies of sinners set up to be hacked at in the papers at present. The first runs thus: "The truth is the British Army has been so accustomed to doing battle against savage enemies and underrating the more brilliant achievements of our troops before the era of small wars set in, that we have completely lost our heads, and seem to have supposed that we could carry all before us." Then the second says: "If the war against the two Republics only has the effect of putting an end to sickening bombast and causes us to mend our ways, it will not have been entered upon in vain, disastrous as it has proved to our military prestige."

* * * *

The first contains a great deal of truth, but not, as it seems to me, all the truth. No doubt it is the fact, and one which was observed many centuries ago, that there is a vast difference between breaking out against the quarters of the women and falling on the quarters of the men. It was a common-place nearly two thousand years ago that the Roman legions of Syria were not to be expected to be a match for the men trained in the camps of Pannonia and of Upper and Lower Germany. And in those times the Parthian, who was the standing enemy of the Eastern Roman armies, was more nearly their equal than any Asiatic has been to any European for centuries; indeed, since the first generation of Mohammedans came in contact with the decadent armies of the Eastern Empire, which also were not recruited in Western Europe. Yet it must not be forgotten that our armies have not been solely engaged in African and Asiatic warfare. They have at least been watching what has been done by European armies, and discussing the lessons to be learnt at no small length. One cannot really believe that British officers estimate all wars by the standard of operations in Burma or on the North-West Frontier. More than that, they cannot suppose that all wars are likely to be even as our battles with the Sikhs, the most formidable Asiatics we ever met, but who yet were beaten in circumstances in which it would have been insane to hope to overthrow equally well-drilled and well-armed Europeans—at least, they do not talk so when they write books, nor yet do they in tactical societies; neither are they understood to act on any such supposition in autumn manœuvres. How comes it then that we have to be told that they do make this miscalculation when they meet the Boers?

* * * *

The explanation may partly lie in what, with all due deference, may be described as professional pedantry. It seems at all times to have been very hard for the regular-bred soldier of all nations to realise that men not trained in the same sort of school as himself may yet be his equivalent. The scorn which Charles the Rash had for the Switzers, and Braddock had for the Virginian Militia on his own side, arose from just the same cause. It was really akin to the absurd surprise attributed by Sterne to the Oxford dons, when they found that Mr. Shandy, who had not been trained on the school logic, was yet able to reason correctly. In this South African affair we seem to have been about as wise. Because the Boers are not uniformed, not divided and organised on the orthodox model, it seems to have been largely taken for granted that they must needs be little if at all better than a tumultuous mob. Nobody who heard the talk of officers before they sailed, or who has seen the letters they wrote in the early days of the war, can doubt that this was the latent conviction of very many among them. It has no real justification in experience. If there is one thing which stands out more clearly than another in their history from the not very remote time of the Voortrekkers until Majuba Hill, it is the flexibility with which the Boers have adapted their methods to their enemy, and their means to their end. They are in fact a European race, with the same kind of brain as our own. What this means is that they ought to have been credited with the capacity to make full use of every advantage they had. They have been underrated, because they are not in outward things even as ourselves; and to allow yourself to judge by the outward things only is to be a pedant. There was this, and then there was another thing, namely, the tacit assumption that, because the Boer blows his nose with his fingers and sleeps in his boots, he must be a rather absurd person; yet, as a matter of fact, a man may reason sagaciously, act resolutely, and be animated by a very formidable enthusiasm, even though he does blow his nose with his fingers and sleep in his boots.

* * * *

The *Gazette's* protest against sickening bombast is by no means superfluous, and is made with all the more force because it is not the first. The *Army and Navy* did not wait till now to denounce the kind of swagger which was becoming too common. It is not altogether new with us. Lord Palmerston gave a very bad example when the Russian War was beginning. Yet I doubt whether there has ever been quite so much of it before since the outbreak of the Spanish War of 1739. Curiously enough that business was the most fertile in defeats and failures of all our great wars. Walpole's well-known prophecy, "They are ringing their bells now, they will be wringing their hands before long," might have been uttered six months ago with equal truth. It is a fact that loud bragging is almost always the forerunner of immediate defeat, and never fails to lead to ultimate beating, for which there is the very practical reason that it comes of a foolish, light-headed frame of mind, which prevents men from going soundly to work. As it is we cut pretty much the figure which Carlyle described in one of his pieces of grim humour, "Have we not seen persons of weight and name coming forward, with gentlest indifference, to tread such a one (viz., 'the ironic young man') out of sight, as an insignificancy and worm, start ceiling high (*balkenhoch*) and thence fall shattered and supine, to be borne home on shutters, not without indignation, when he proved electric and a torpedo." We did step out very conscious of weight and name, and were going to tread the Boer out of sight as an insignificancy and worm, but he has proved electric and a torpedo. If we have not exactly jumped ceiling high and fallen shattered, we have had a very disagreeable shock. We are actually asking for 100,000 more men, although we shall have 180,000 on the spot by the middle of the month—that is to say, an army larger than the whole population of the two republics we are fighting. If that lesson does not cure us of bragging, for a time at least, we must be incorrigible.

* * * *

It is to me at least a very unpleasant sign that some among us are found to justify the use of bragging language in war. They will tell you that you must say that sort of thing, because the soldiers expect it, and it keeps their heart up. Do they? And what amount of natural valour have they when they cannot get along without the stimulus of verbal Dutch courage? It would be interesting to get the evidence for this precious assertion. What I for my part seem to have learnt from reading about wars is that the greatest leaders and the best fighting forces have always been singularly free from anything which could be called swagger. Napoleon was an exception, but he was after all a brutal ruffian of genius and no gentleman, while his armies, in spite of their flaunting glories, were full of ruinous defects of character. And he, too, had a kind of melodramatic rhetoric which was redeemed from the charge of being mere boasting. The thrice famous "From the summit of yonder Pyramids forty centuries behold your actions" was clap-trap if you like, but it appealed to the sense of honour in his men, and to something more than mere bullying conceit. Frederick the Great, who was cynical enough to have used any kind of language he thought likely to serve his turn, was yet not given to bragging. He did not appeal much to his men in any way. "Do you expect to live for ever, you rascals?" was the tone he commonly took. Yet when he did make an exception, on the evening before the battle of Leuthen, it was not to brag, nor to tell his soldiers that they were certainly going to win.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

FEBRUARY 11, 1744.—Mathews's action off Toulon. 1782.—The seamen and marines of the "Monarca" storm Fort Osnaburg, Trincomalee. 1836.—Lord Brassey born. 1890.—The "Assaye" launched.

February 12, 1745. — The "Rose," 20, took the Spanish "Conception," 20, with treasure, off the coast of Florida. 1811.—The "Cerberus," 32, and "Active," 38, captured ten French vessels at Ortona. 1812.—The "Apollo" took the French frigate "Merinos." 1848.—The boats of the "Alarm" and "Vixen" captured Fort Serapagui Nicaragua. 1876.—The "Belleisle" launched. 1880.—The "Atalanta" lost.

February 13, 1801.—The "Success," 32, captured by the French squadron. 1808.—The boats of the "Confiance" cut out a French gunboat off St. Domingo. 1810.—The boats of the British blockading squadron attacked the French gunboats in Basque Roads. 1814.—The "Boyne," 98, and "Caledonia," 120, off Toulon, engaged the "Romulus," 74, and "Adrienne," 40. The Island of Paxo surrendered to the "Apollo" and troops. 1892.—Death of Sir Provo Wallis, the "Father of the Fleet."

February 14, 1797.—Jervis's victory over the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent. 1805.—The "San Fiorenzo," 38, captured the "Psyche," 40, in the Bay of Bengal. 1807.—The "Bacchante," 20, and "Mediator," 38, took a fort at Samana, St. Domingo. 1810.—The "Rainbow" and "Avon" engaged the "Nereide." Reduction of Amboyna. 1813.—The boats of the "Bacchante" capture the "Alcinous." 1814. — The "Picton" brig captured by the United States "Constitution."

February 15, 1760.—Loss of the "Ramillies," 90, on Bolt Head. 1796.—Ceylon surrendered. 1804.—Commodore Dance, with the China trade merchantmen, defeated Linois, off Pulo Aor. 1809.—The "Belle Poule," 38, captured the French corvette "Var" in the Levant. 1813.—Storming of the batteries of Pietra Nera. 1896.—The "Pelorus" launched. The "Desperate," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

February 16, 1762.—Capture of Martinique. 1782.—Sir E. Hughes's squadron captured a French convoy off Madras. 1783.—The "Magnificent," 74, captured the "Concorde," 36, off Antigua. 1798.—The boats of the "Alfred," 74, captured the "Scipion." 1857.—Captain Kane, Arctic explorer died.

February 17, 1782.—Sir E. Hughes's first battle with the Bailli de Suffren. 1794. — The "Alcede" and squadron reduced Fornielli, Corsica. 1797.—Trinidad reduced by Admiral Harvey's squadron. 1805.—The "Cleopatra," 32, taken by the "Ville de Milan," 40. 1886.—The "Anson" launched. 1894.—Unveiling of the monument at Greenwich erected to 20,000 seamen and marines buried from the hospital. The "Hazard," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

FEBRUARY 11, 1793.—War declared against France. 1803.—Sasnee taken. This fortress, after being besieged since December 12 by a force under Major-General the Hon. H. St. John and Lieutenant-Colonel Blair, was abandoned by the enemy on this day. 1815.—Surrender of Fort Bowyer. The Americans surrendered in answer to our summons without resistance.

February 12, 1429.—Battle of Herrings. During the siege of Orleans by the Earl of Suffolk, a force of 1,700, under Sir John Fastolfe, with stores—mostly herrings—for the besiegers, was attacked by 3,000 French, under Count de Chermont. Making barricades of fish waggons, our men beat off the enemy, and sallying forth, charged and routed them. 1796.—Defeat of the Dutch in Ceylon. Colonel Stuart, with a small force, while on the march to besiege Colombo, was attacked by a force of Dutch and Malays, who were effectively repulsed. 1835.—Defeat of the Kaffirs. Colonel Smith, with the 72nd and 75th Regiments and Cape Mounted Rifles, attacked and dispersed a large body of the enemy collected on the heights beyond Fish River.

February 13, 1756.—Surrender of Geriah. This piratical fortress surrendered to Admiral Watson and Colonel Clive, after a severe bombardment. 1819.—Storming of Rairee. Major-General Sir W. G. Kerr having invested this stronghold of Sawnut Warree, the lines before the fortress were gallantly stormed and carried by a small force under Lieutenant-Colonel Clifford.

February 14, 1761.—Surrender of Pondicherry. The French under Lally surrendered to Colonel Eyre Coote. 1783.—Ananpore taken. This stronghold of Tippoo Saib was taken by storm by General Mathews.

February 15, 1780.—Storm of Ahmedabad. This city, which was held by a chief favourable to the Mahrattas, was taken by storm by a force under General Goddard. 1814.—Combat of Garris, Peninsula. General Pringle, at the head of the 28th and 39th Regiments, drove the French from the summit of the Garris Mountain.

February 16, 1762.—Surrender of Martinique. After the surrender of St. Pierre, the island capitulated to General Monckton 1796.—Reduction of Ceylon. The island surrendered to Colonel Stuart. 1896.—Capture of Ilorin, West Africa. Major Arnold, with the Niger Company's forces, took this town after some sharp fighting.

February 17, 1794.—Capture of the lines of Fornielli. Convention Redoubt, the key of the fortified lines of Fornielli, Corsica, carried by storm. 1843.—Battle of Meeanee. Sir Charles Napier, at the head of only 2,600 troops, defeated with terrible slaughter 30,000 Beloochees, 5,000 of whom were cavalry, with fifteen guns.

Died for Their Country.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

DECEMBER 11 will always be a black-letter day in the annals of the British Army, and especially amongst Highland regiments. We here give the portraits of three of the officers of the gallant Wauchope's Brigade who met their death at Magersfontein. The senior was Colonel J. H. C. Coode, who commanded the 2nd Battalion of the Black Watch. Quite a young man, for he was not yet forty-four, he had at his death been just two years in command of the regiment which he had joined as a subaltern in 1875, and to which he had always belonged. The other two of the Magersfontein heroes are Captains Lambton and Cowan. Both were quite young men, for Lambton was not thirty-one, and Cowan, though Lambton's immediate junior regimentally, was only a month or two older. Both saw service at Crete in the tough fighting that occurred at Candia in 1898, and for his services on that occasion Captain Cowan was rewarded with the Distinguished Service Order. Captain Lambton was the grand-nephew of the first Earl of Durham. Three others of our portraits are those of officers who met their death around Ladysmith on January 6, when, after long and hard fighting, the Boer attack on the invested city was repulsed.

By the death of Lord Ava the Marquess of Dufferin loses his eldest son and heir. This young nobleman, who died of his wounds, was only twenty-six years of age, and joined the 17th Lancers in 1886, serving with that regiment until 1893, when he retired from the Service. Prior to his joining the regular Army, however, he had seen active service in South Africa as a Volunteer with the Mounted Rifles in Sir Charles Warren's Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85. Most of his service in the 17th Lancers was passed in India, and during that time he saw active service in Burma, and also served for some time as A.D.C. to his father, then Viceroy. In his keenness to see service during the present war he went to the front originally as a Press correspondent, but was ultimately appointed to a position on the staff of Brigadier-General Ian Hamilton, chief of the staff to Sir George White.

Major Bowen, who was killed on the field, had seen all his service in the corps to which he belonged—the King's Royal Rifles. He was not quite thirty-nine, and was completing twenty years' service, the present war being his first campaign. The Hon. Robert Francis Carnegie, who, like Lord Ava, died of his wounds, was a son of the Earl of Southesk, and joined the "Gay Gordons" from the Militia in 1890, at the age of twenty-one. He had been a captain for little over a year when he met his death, having obtained his company as recently as November, 1898. In the disastrous action fought to force the passage of the Tugela on December 15 the guns of the Field Artillery were, through a terrible mistake, brought so close to the enemy's trenches that no troops could live in the open. Horses and men were shot down, and ten of the twelve guns of the 14th and 66th Field Batteries had to be abandoned. Only by a display of conspicuous gallantry—for which three officers and one man have been recommended for the Victoria Cross, and nineteen non-commissioned officers and men for the Distinguished Conduct in the Field medal—were two guns saved. Captain Goldie, the senior of the two officers whose portrait is here given, belonged to the 14th Battery, and joined the Royal Artillery in 1889, when only a little over nineteen years of age. Lieutenant Schrieber belonged to the 66th Battery, and was not twenty-five years of age. These two officers left Aldershot for the front last November, and neither had seen active service prior to the present campaign. The third of the Tugela officers whose portraits are given is Major J. F. W. Charley, second in command of the 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. This battalion formed one of the regiments of Hart's Irish Brigade, which attempted the crossing of a drift the enemy had deepened by throwing up a dam below it. Major Charley joined the Inniskillings in 1878, before he was twenty-one, and had been second in command for eighteen months. He served with them throughout the operations on the North-West Frontier in 1897-98, for which he wore the Indian General Service medal with two clasps. Major Harvey, 10th Hussars, was killed near Rensburg on January 4 whilst leading his squadron in pursuit of the retreating enemy, after the officer commanding, Major Alexander, had been incapacitated by wounds. Major Harvey had seen service in the Soudan in 1884, and was present both at El Teb and Tamai. He was within a few days of his forty-first birthday. He joined the 10th Hussars in 1881, and had seen all his service in that fine old corps. Captain Knapp was one of the gallant colonial officers who joined the Imperial Light Horse when raised at the commencement of the war, and was killed in one of the earlier engagements, on November 3, when Brocklehurst, with a small force of cavalry, engaged the enemy to the south-west of Ladysmith.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of De Aar, under Methuen.

Brigade Commanders: Major-Generals Sir H. E. Colvile, Hector Macdonald, and R. Pole-Carew. Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Babington.

CAVALRY
2nd Dragoons.
9th Lancers.
12th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—G and P Batteries.
Field—18th, 37th (Howitzer), 62nd, 75th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division (latter in Kimberley).

ENGINEERS
7th (Field) Co.
8th (Railway) Co.
11th (Field) Co.
29th (Fortress) Co.
31st (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY
3rd Grenadiers.
1st Coldstreams.
2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.
1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Highland L.I.
1st Northumberlands.
2nd Northamptons.
1st Gordons.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.
1st N. Lancashire (half battalion in Kimberley).
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.
2nd Shropshire L.I.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Rimington's Scouts.
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
Canadian Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).

II.—Cape Colony. All Troops in and South of De Aar, on line Cape Town to De Aar.

Lieutenant-General commanding line of communications: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

ARTILLERY
Horse—U, Q, T Batteries.
Field—4th, 38th, 65th, 76th, 81st, 82nd Batteries.
Garrison—15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division (Siege Train).

ENGINEERS
6th (Fortress) Co.
9th (Field) Co.
20th (Field) Co.
37th (Field) Co.
38th (Field) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY
2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.
2nd Cheshire.
6th Warwick (Militia).
4th Derbyshire (Militia).
3rd Durham L.I. (Militia).
4th Royal Lancaster (Militia)
9th King's Royal Rifles (Militia)
2nd South Wales Borderers.
2nd North Staffs.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles (Cape).
Cape Town Highlanders.
Victorian Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.

III.—Southern Border, operating from Naauwpoort under French.

Commanding Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Brabazon.

CAVALRY
Household Regiment.
6th Dragoon Guards.
6th Dragoons.
10th Hussars.
16th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—O and R Batteries.
Field—20th Battery.
Heavy—2 5-in. Howitzers

ENGINEERS
10th (Railway) Co.
25th (Field) Co.
42nd (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Div. Telegraph Batn.

INFANTRY
1st Suffolk.
1st Essex.
1st Yorkshire.
1st Welsh.
2nd Bedford.*
1st Royal Irish.*
2nd Wiltshire.*
2nd Worcestershire.*

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Prince Alfred's Volunteer Guards (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
New South Wales Lancers.
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.

IV.—Southern Border, operating from Queenstown under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY
Field—74th, 77th, 79th Batteries.

ENGINEERS
12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY
2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.
1st Derbyshire.
2nd East Kent.*
1st Oxford L.I.*
1st West Riding.*
2nd Gloucester.*

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Cape Mounted Rifles.
Det. Cape Mounted Police.
Frontier Mounted Rifles.
Kaffrarian Rifles.
Brabant's Horse.

* These troops form Major-General Kelly-Kenny's Division now operating in conjunction with French and Gatacre.

V.—Natal, beleaguered in Ladysmith under White.

Brigade Commanders: Major-General F. Howard. Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Brocklehurst.

CAVALRY
5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th Hussars.
19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS
23rd (Field) Company, Balloon Section, Headquarters and Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
1st Liverpool.
1st Devon.
1st Leicester.
1st Gloucester.†
1st King's Royal Rifles.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Manchester.
2nd Gordons.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†
2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Imperial Light Horse.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

VI.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

Divisional and Brigade Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals Sir F. Clery and Sir C. Warren; Major-Generals Hildyard, Lyttelton, Hart, and Barton. Cavalry Brigade: Lord Dundonald.

CAVALRY
1st Dragoons.
13th Hussars.
14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—J Battery
Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS
17th (Field) Co.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
1st Border.
2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.
1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.
2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.
2nd Somerset L.I.
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
2nd Middlesex.
1st York and Lancaster.
2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Royal Warwick.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Natal Naval Volunteers.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Durban Light Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Imperial Light Infantry.
Natal Mounted Police (Det.).
S. African Light Horse (part).

VII.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

CAVALRY
7th Dragoon Guards.
17th Lancers.
8th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A and M Batteries.
Field—43rd (Howitzer), 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 2nd, 8th, 44th, 39th, 68th, 83th, 5th, 9th, 17th Batteries.
Garrison—5th Co. E. Division; 15th Co. W. Division (Siege Train); 2nd Co. S. Division.

ENGINEERS
"C" Pontoon Troop.
47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY
1st East Lancashire.
3rd South Lancashire.*
4th Royal Lancaster.*
6th Royal Warwick.*
4th Derbyshire.*
9th King's Royal Rifles.*
3rd Durham L.I.*
4th Argyll and Sutherland.*
1st Sussex (from Malta).
1st Leinster (from Halifax).
1st Cameron H'gh's (from Egypt).
City of London Imperial Volunteers (part).
Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
Imperial Yeomanry.
Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.
Lumsden's Horse (from India).
Roberts's Horse (raising).
Kitchener's Horse (raising).

* Militia Regiments.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 38 (Supply), 40, 41, and 42.

Naval Brigades are serving with White in Ladysmith, with Buller in Northern Natal, with Methuen at Modder River, and with the troops under General Gatacre.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (detachment), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles. In Kimberley, under Colonel Kekewich, there are the Diamond Fields Artillery, Diamond Fields Horse, Kimberley Rifles, and Cape Mounted Police (detachment).

NOTE.—The strength of the various units on a war footing is approximately as follows: A regiment of Cavalry 610; a battery of Artillery, Horse 180, Field 170 (companies of Garrison Artillery vary considerably, but may be taken to average 150; the Siege Train batteries are, however, very largely augmented); a company of Royal Engineers 210; a battalion of Infantry 1,010; and a company Army Service Corps 140.

The Eighth Division ordered to mobilise for service in South Africa is as follows: Sixteenth Brigade: 2nd Grenadiers, 2nd Scots Guards, 2nd East York, 1st Leinster, No. 2 Co. Army Service Corps (supply column). Seventeenth Brigade: 1st Worcestershire, 2nd Manchester, 1st South Staffordshire (from Gibraltar), 2nd West Kent (from Malta). Divisional Troops: 89th, 90th, and 91st Batteries, Royal Field Artillery, No. 5 (Field) Co. R.E., No. 39 Co. A.S.C.

THE strength of a siege train is determined by the nature of the work it is calculated it will have to perform in accomplishing its object. Therefore its complement of guns, ammunition, store waggons, and men may be great or small, according to the number of divisions comprising it. Each division is, as a rule, made up of sixteen pieces of ordnance, not including machine guns, and requires a personnel of four companies of garrison artillery, and a staff made up of a lieutenant-colonel, an adjutant, a quartermaster, two staff non-commissioned officers, two staff clerks, together with 596 officers, non-commissioned officers, and men.

* * * *

"J. G." (Peterhead).—A mounted infantryman is a picked infantry soldier, provided with a rapid means of locomotion. He is a unit, in fact, of a force which can co-operate with, and move as fast as, cavalry or horse artillery. He is not intended to fight on horseback. The best mount for a mounted infantryman is a cob of about 14-h. height. Thus mounted he can relieve cavalry of any work that would interfere with its particular *role*. He can drive in parties which bar or delay screening or reconnoitring cavalry; he can hold bridges, villages, fords, etc., as *points d'appui* for cavalry; he can act as escort to horse artillery; he can, in fact, do all dismounted work, and thus save the cavalry. A detachment comprises one officer, two sergeants, one corporal, and thirty privates.

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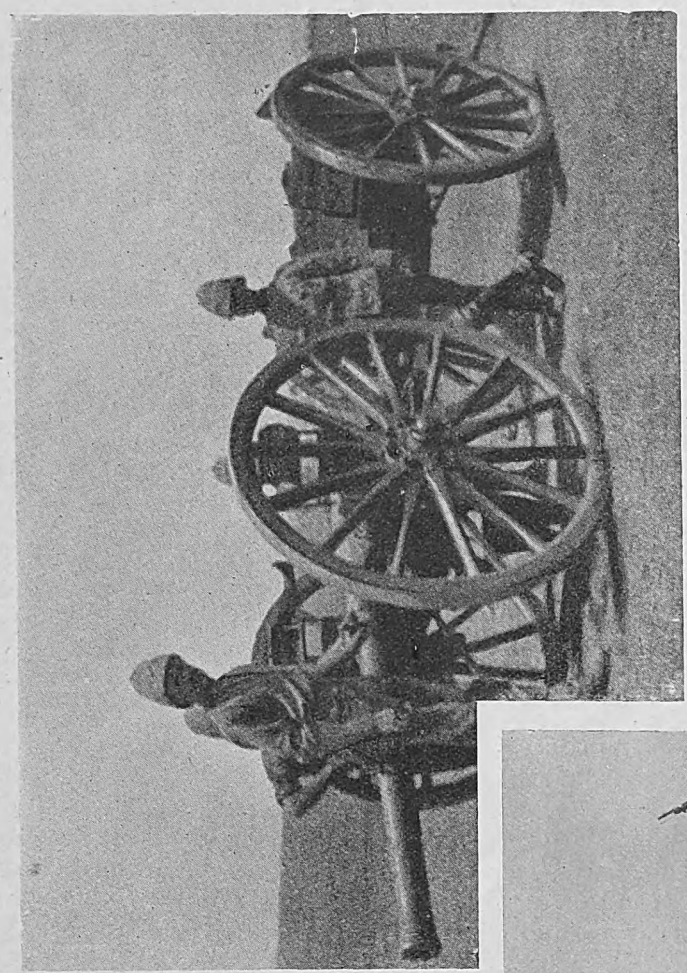
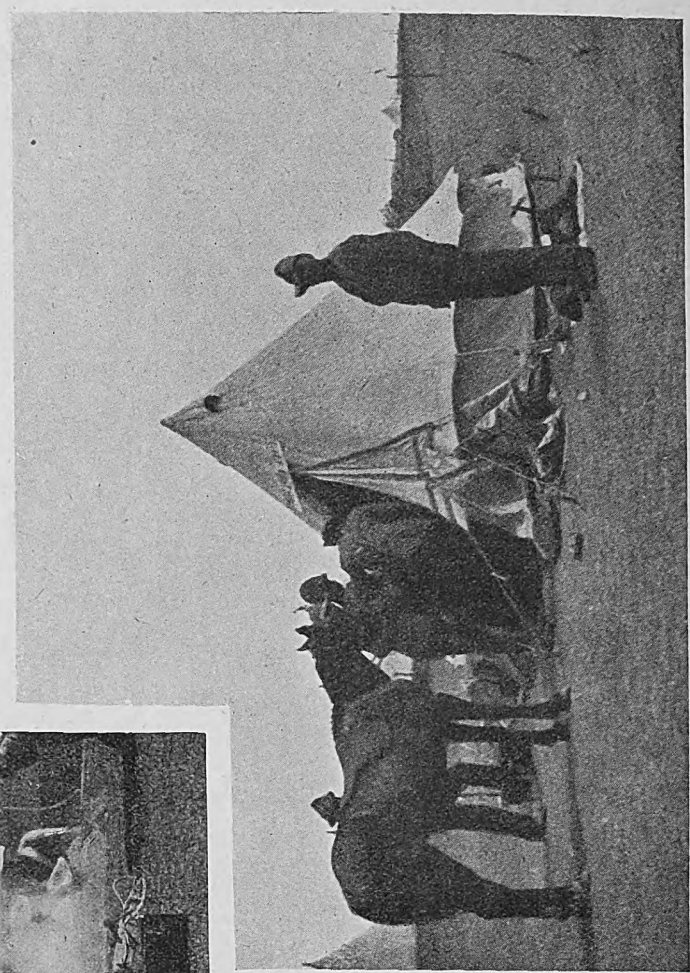
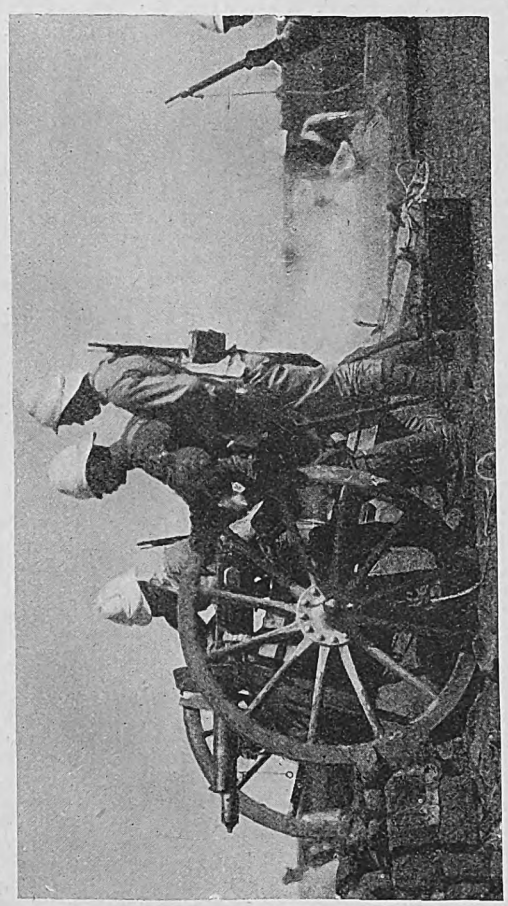
With THE Ladysmith Relief Column.



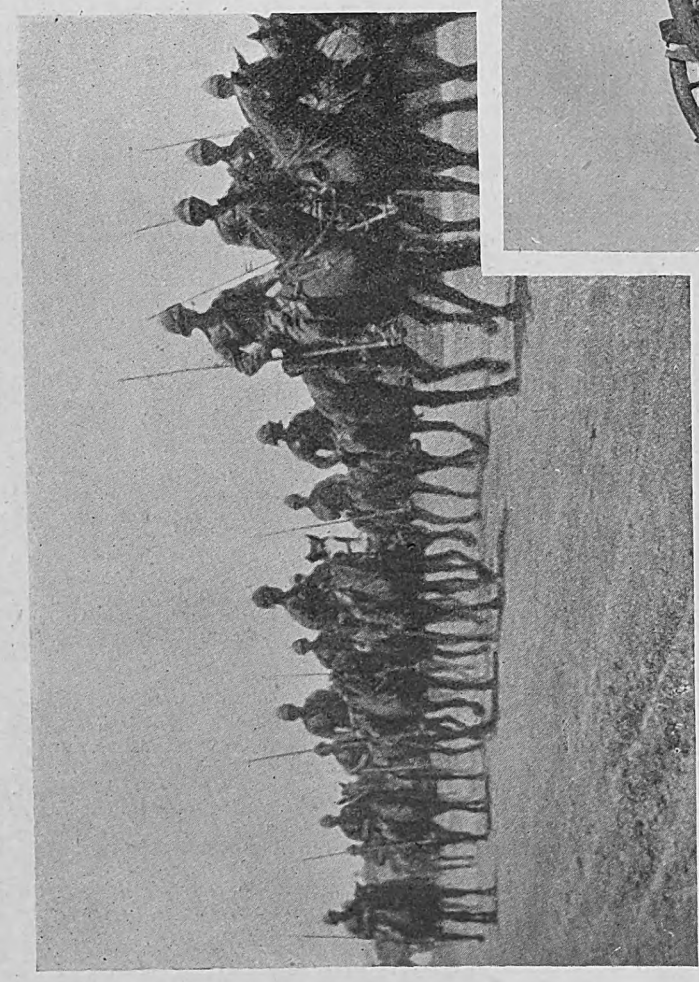
ARTILLERY FOR MOUNT ALICE.
One of the Guns of the 66th Battery Saved at Colenso, and Four of the Men who brought it out of Action.



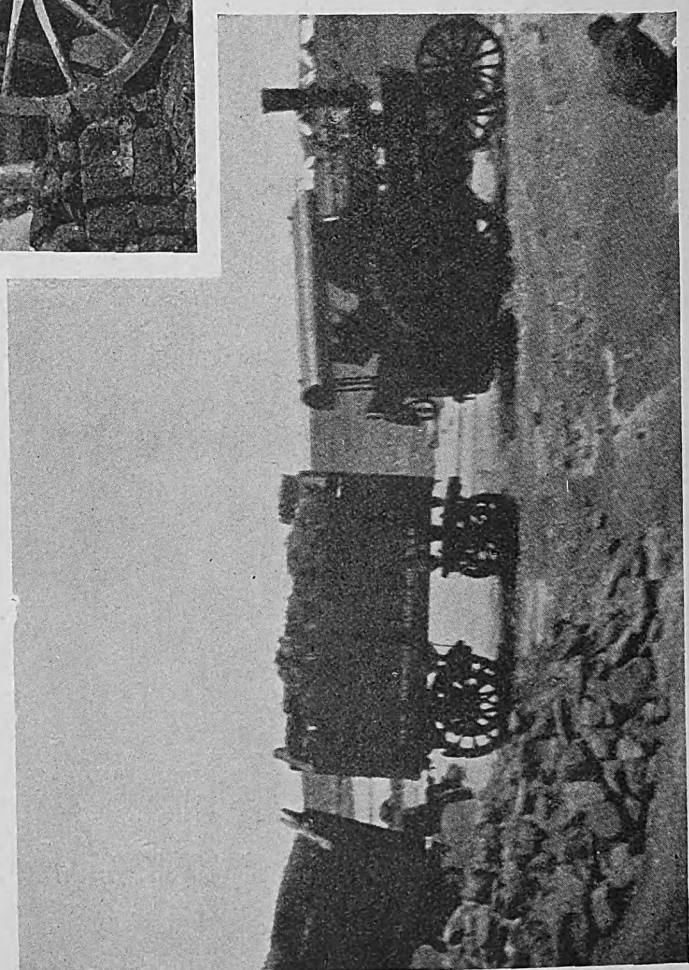
FIELD POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
Preparing for the Despatch of a Mail to Friends and Relatives at Home.



OUT OF ORDER.
Repairing a Maxim Gun.



CAVALRY WITH LORD DUNDONALD.
The Advanced Squadrons Leaving Camp to Cross the Tugela and Scout Round the Western Flank of the Enemy.



45th STEAM ROAD TRANSPORT COMPANY.
Traction Engine Crossing a Spruit with Two Waggon-loads of Forage.

The Advance FROM Springfield.

From Photos. by Mr. W. D. N. Cotts.

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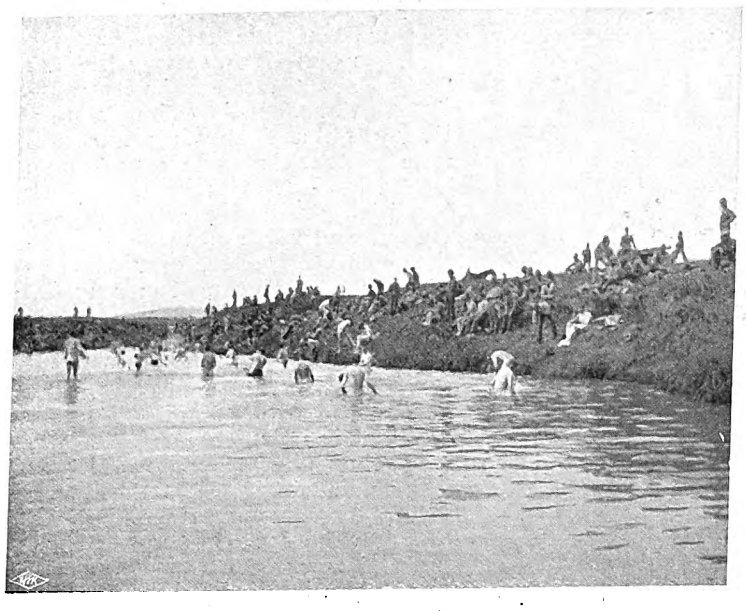
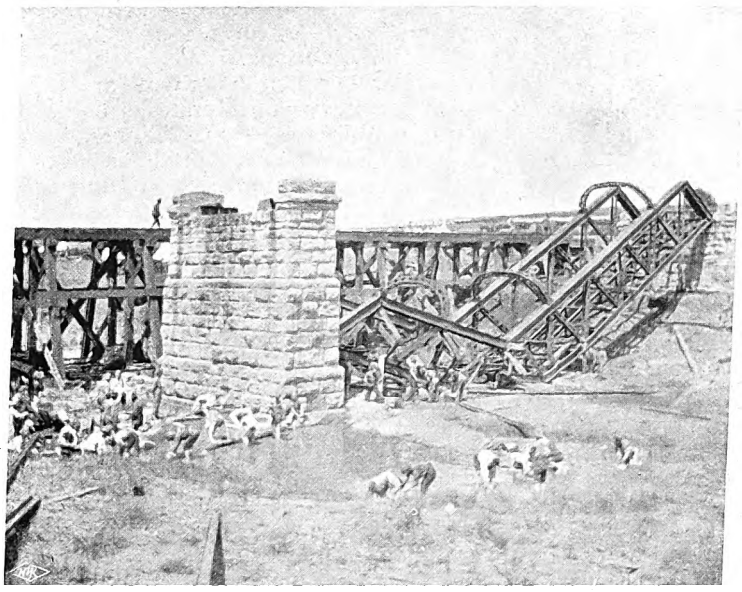
On the Tugela River.

From Photos. by an Officer at the Front.

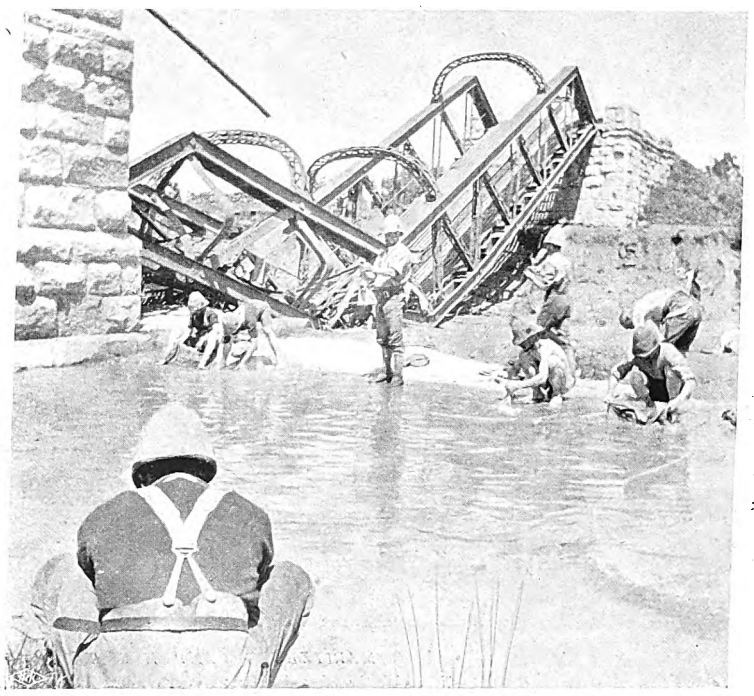


AN UNWONTED LUXURY.
Soldiers Bathing in the River at Frere.

HEADQUARTERS AT FRERE.
Sir Redvers Buller's House at the Camp.



ON THE BLAAUWKRANS RIVER.
A Merry Party under the Broken Bridge.



PEACE AND WAR.
Washing Clothes in the River.

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WHISKY AND SPARKLETS.
Our Men at Frere Camp.

A HASTY MEAL ON THE VELDT. "Navy & Army."
The Officers of the 2nd Devons at Tea.

The 2nd Devons in Natal.

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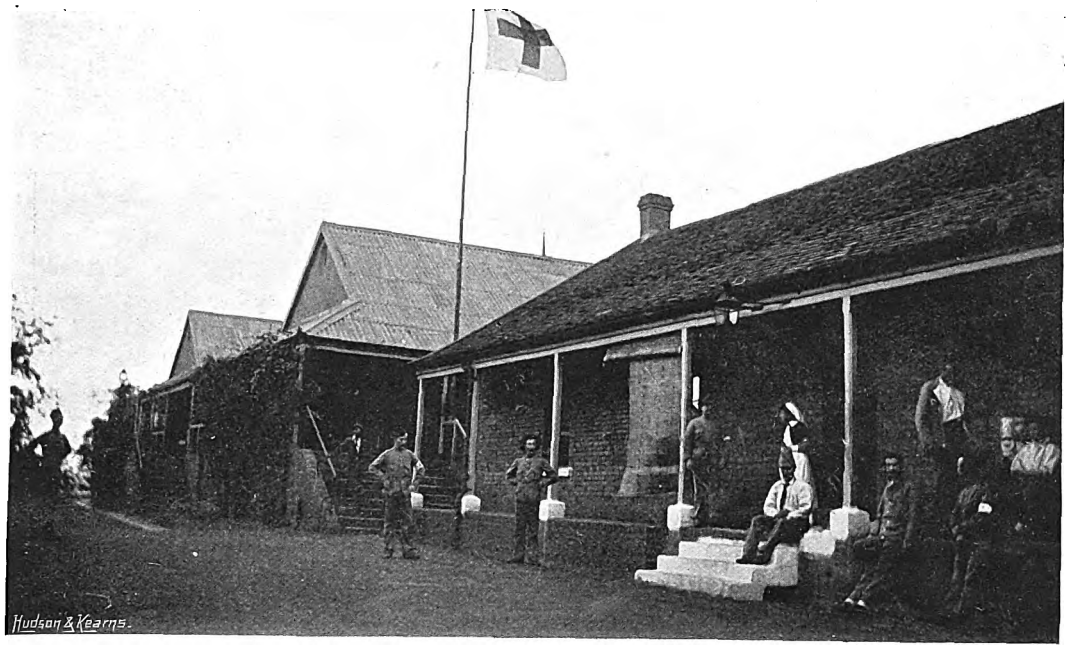
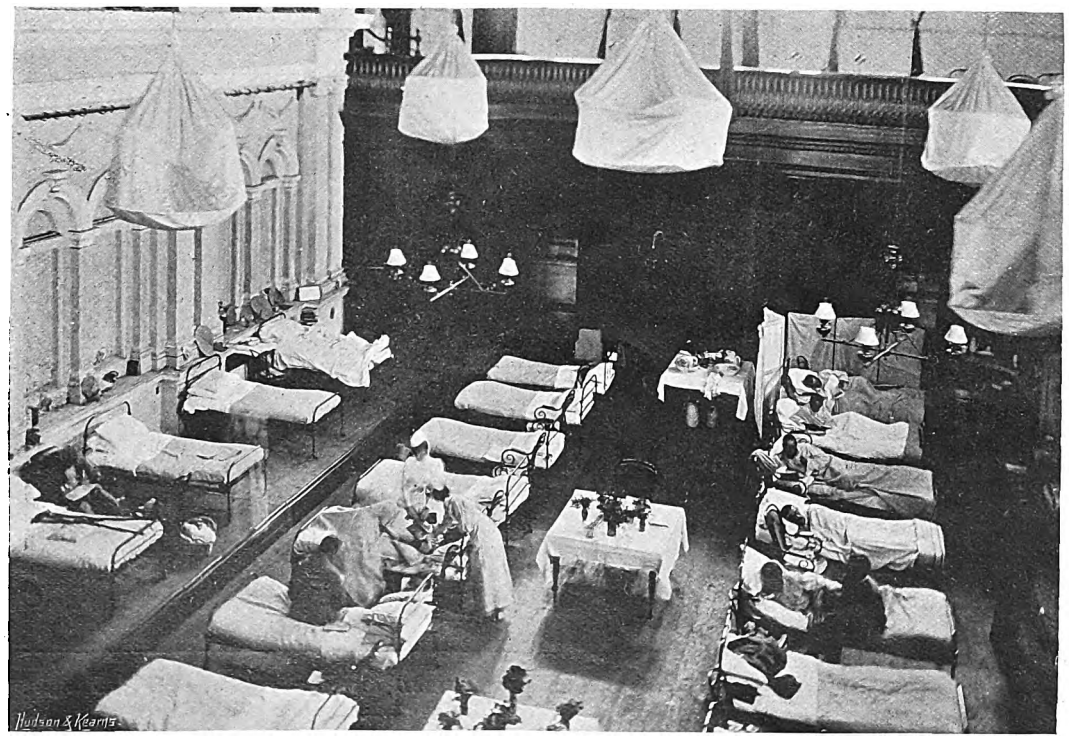
Maritzburg and Bombay.

MARITZBURG COLLEGE.
Used as a Military Hospital during the War.



MARITZBURG CAMP HOSPITAL.
To which the Wounded from Buller's Force have been Sent.



Photos. Copyright. *A CHANGED INTERIOR.* *Ferguson & Harrison.*
The New Use for the Parliament House, Maritzburg.

JUST as necessity makes strange bedfellows, so war not infrequently brings about strange juxtapositions. It is often instructive, as well as deeply interesting, to note how the clash of arms sets up a curiously close connection between localities ordinarily separated by every conceivable cleavage of topographical difference, of racial dissimilarity, and even of commercial distinctiveness. What has Maritzburg, usually, to do with Bombay, or Bombay with Maritzburg? Practically speaking, nothing, if we except the strong bond of Imperial brotherhood which *va sans dire*. But give a few taps to the war-drums, and, hey presto! the state of affairs changes in a moment. In Bombay the docks are crowded with men pouring into transports bound for Natal; in Maritzburg one of the prevailing topics is the question when the reinforcements from India will arrive. Truly war, especially if it takes place in the British Empire, is quaintly destructive of geographical distinctions.

For us Britons there are, of course, other considerations bound up in this reflection. Time after time we have urged in these pages the splendid importance of India as a great outlying stronghold, capable of lending the best of aid in the prosecution of military operations within a very large radius outside its own borders. In the present war this feature has been illustrated with almost startling distinctness. If it had not been for the first Indian contingent our position in South Africa would have been precarious indeed. But India has not been content with the despatch of 10,000 picked British troops, magnificently equipped, and sent off with a business-like promptitude and absence of fuss and fury, which might, perhaps, have been a little more closely imitated at home. She has almost entreated the Imperial Government to let her have another finger in the Imperial pie, and it is not too much to say that, if such a course were possible, the Indian Army would, with assistance from the great colonies, cheerfully undertake to see this thing through, even if the whole of the First Army Corps were withdrawn from Africa to-morrow—always assuming that "Bobs" were left in supreme command.

Indeed, the attitude of India, especially at a time when the aspect of affairs in South Africa was by no means favourable, has been more than gratifying. Not only has the European population busied itself in raising a grand corps of Volunteer mounted infantry, and in establishing a war fund on a most generous basis, but the native princes, too, have "risen to the occasion" in that characteristically open and complete fashion which commonly stamps the ruling chiefs of India as some of the finest samples of gallant and loyal gentlemen to be found anywhere on the face of the earth. The speech of the Maharajah of Darbhanga at the Calcutta Town Hall, on January 28, as telegraphed to the *Times*, is a superb indication of the

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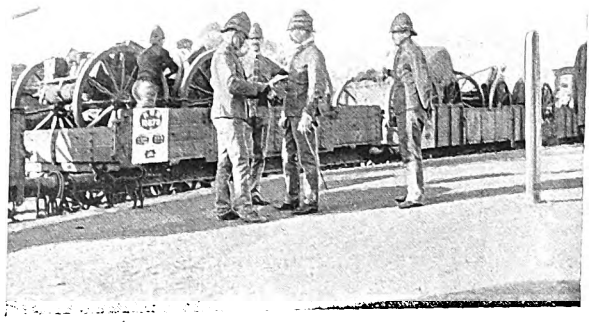
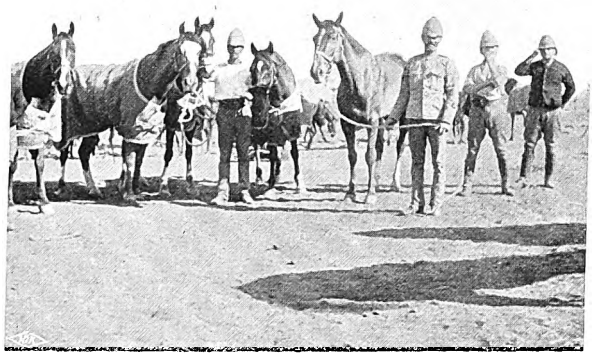
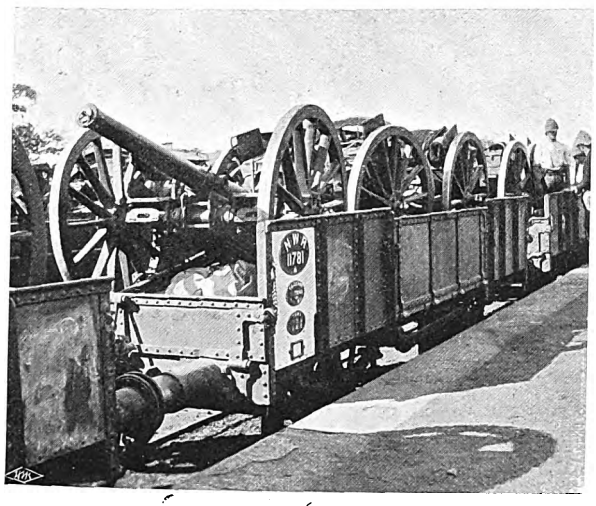


ARRIVED AT AN INDIAN REST CAMP.
"A" Battery, R.H.A., Coming into Deolali.

PACKING KITS.
Horse Gunners Getting Ready for Embarkation.



HORSES OF "A" BATTERY, R.H.A.
Just Despatched from India to South Africa.



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BADLY WANTED STILL.
Horse Artillery Guns Entrained for Bombay.

fact that in India "every reverse in South Africa has only served to confirm the loyalty of the chiefs and people, and to increase the desire of the military classes to take part in the war."

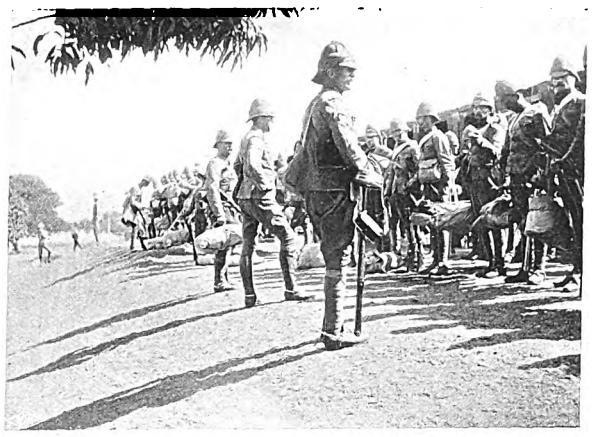
The majority of the accompanying pictures illustrate a very recent Indian contribution to the war in South Africa, namely, the 16th Lancers and the A Battery, Royal Horse Artillery. Both are shown *en route*, chiefly either arriving at or sojourning in the great Indian rest camp at Deolali, to which most troops leaving India are consigned for, at any rate, some few hours before they embark. There are manifest objections to letting troops hang about Bombay, and it is found much more convenient to let them pull themselves together, after a railway journey lasting, perhaps, two or three days, at Deolali, and then run them down by train to the Bombay docks and march them straight on board.

In its way Deolali is a very remarkable institution, and there are humours connected with it, as may be realised by a perusal of a pleasing little yarn of Kipling's, entitled, if the writer's memory serves him, "The Big Drunk Draft."

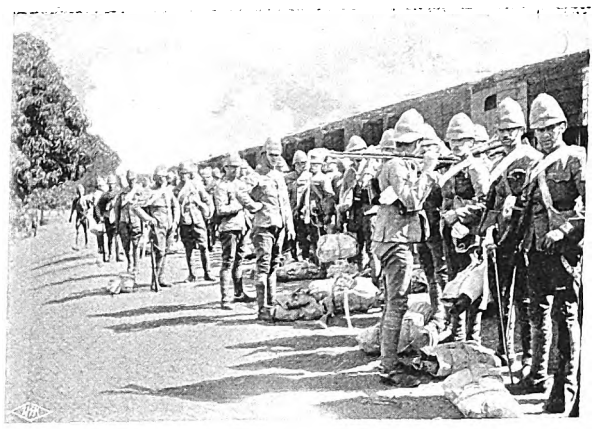
The 16th Lancers must, indeed, have been delighted to be included in this contingent, as they undoubtedly had a genuine grievance in being passed over when the first 10,000 British troops were despatched from India. The 16th Lancers have not been on the war-path since Sobraon, and, as they had been in India a long time on their present tour, were naturally aggrieved at being left behind when circumstances rendered it necessary for British cavalry corps to be drawn from India for service in South Africa. Everything, however, comes to those who wait, and Colonel Aylmer's fine regiment will, no doubt, soon have its opportunity to quote its motto, "Aut cursu, aut cominus armis."

The pictures of Maritzburg are self-explanatory, and rather gloomily so. The seamy side of war is here illustrated, as it must be illustrated, if war is to *teach* us anything. The conversion of the Parliament House into a hospital is a fairly striking proof of the proverb that *inter arma silent leges*, and the picture is full of pathetic suggestiveness.

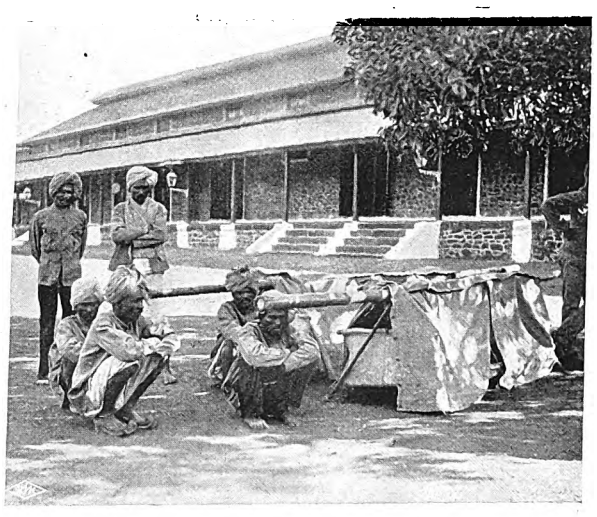
From Photos. by a Military Officer.



THE SCARLET LANCERS.
The 16th Lancers Arriving at Deolali.



THE LAST NIGHT ON SHORE.
New Arrivals about to March to the Rest Camp.



ABOUT TO CROSS THE BLACK WATER.
Doolie Bearers Accompanying the Troops from India.

"Navy & Army."

A HURRIED MEAL.
Officers of the 16th Lancers in Camp at Deolali.

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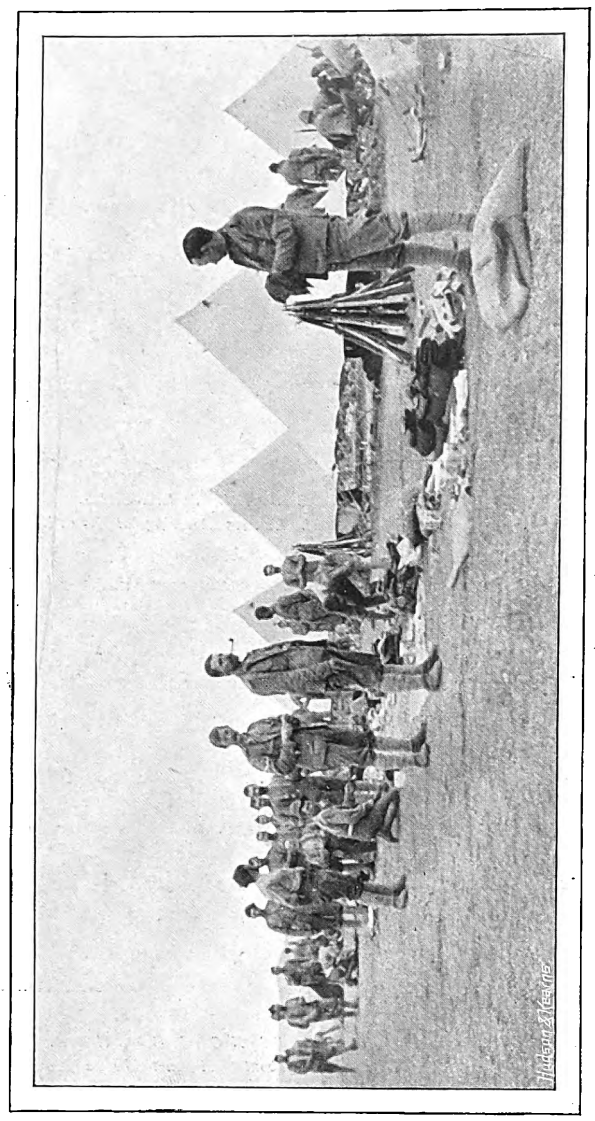
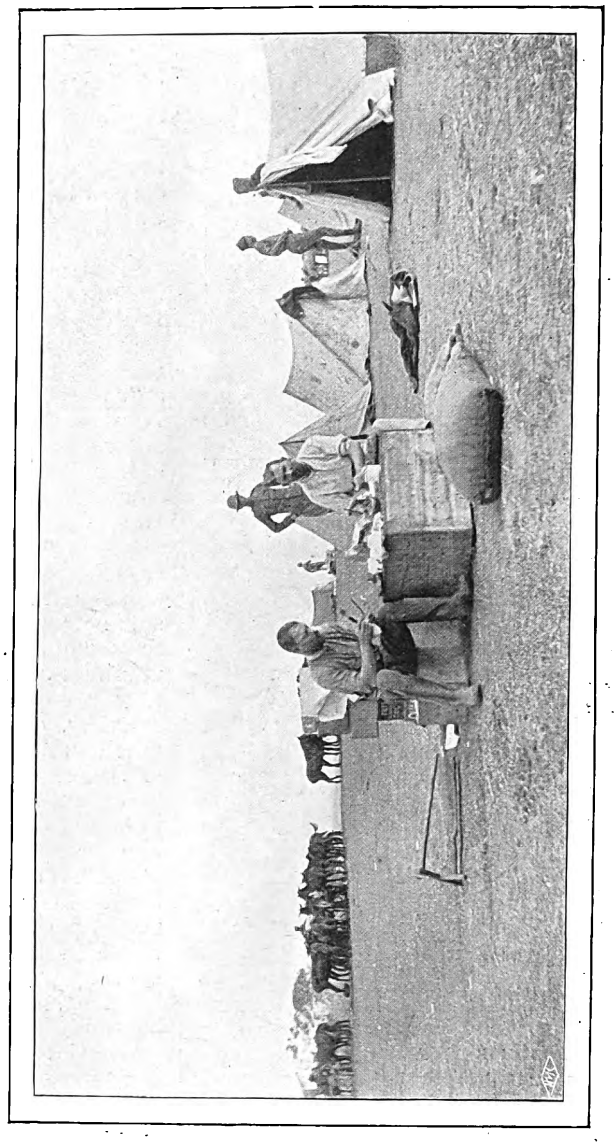
With Sir Redvers Buller in Natal.

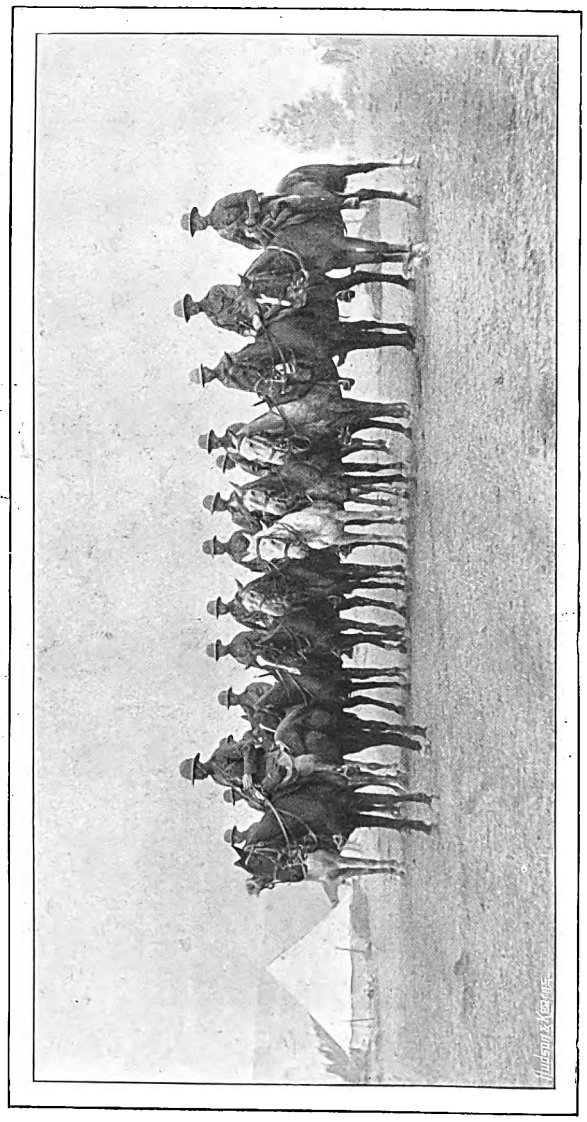


WAR WEAR AND TEAR.
The 2nd Scots Fusiliers Preparing for Kit Inspection in Camp.

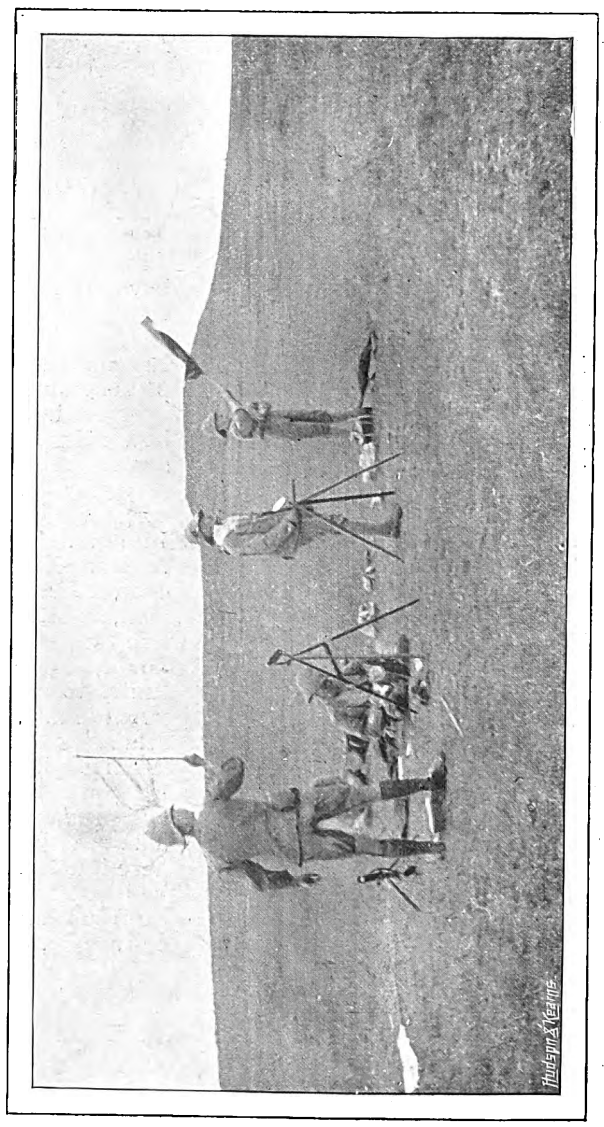


MOUNTED POLICE RESTING.
Tents of the Body-guard near the Headquarters House.

"Navy & Army."



BULLER'S BODY-GUARD.
Selected Men of the Natal Mounted Police Under Inspector Fairchild.



SIGNALLERS AT WORK.
Passing on a Message from Frere to Chieveley.

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Scenes and Incidents in Frere Camp.

From Photos. by Our Special War Correspondent in Natal.

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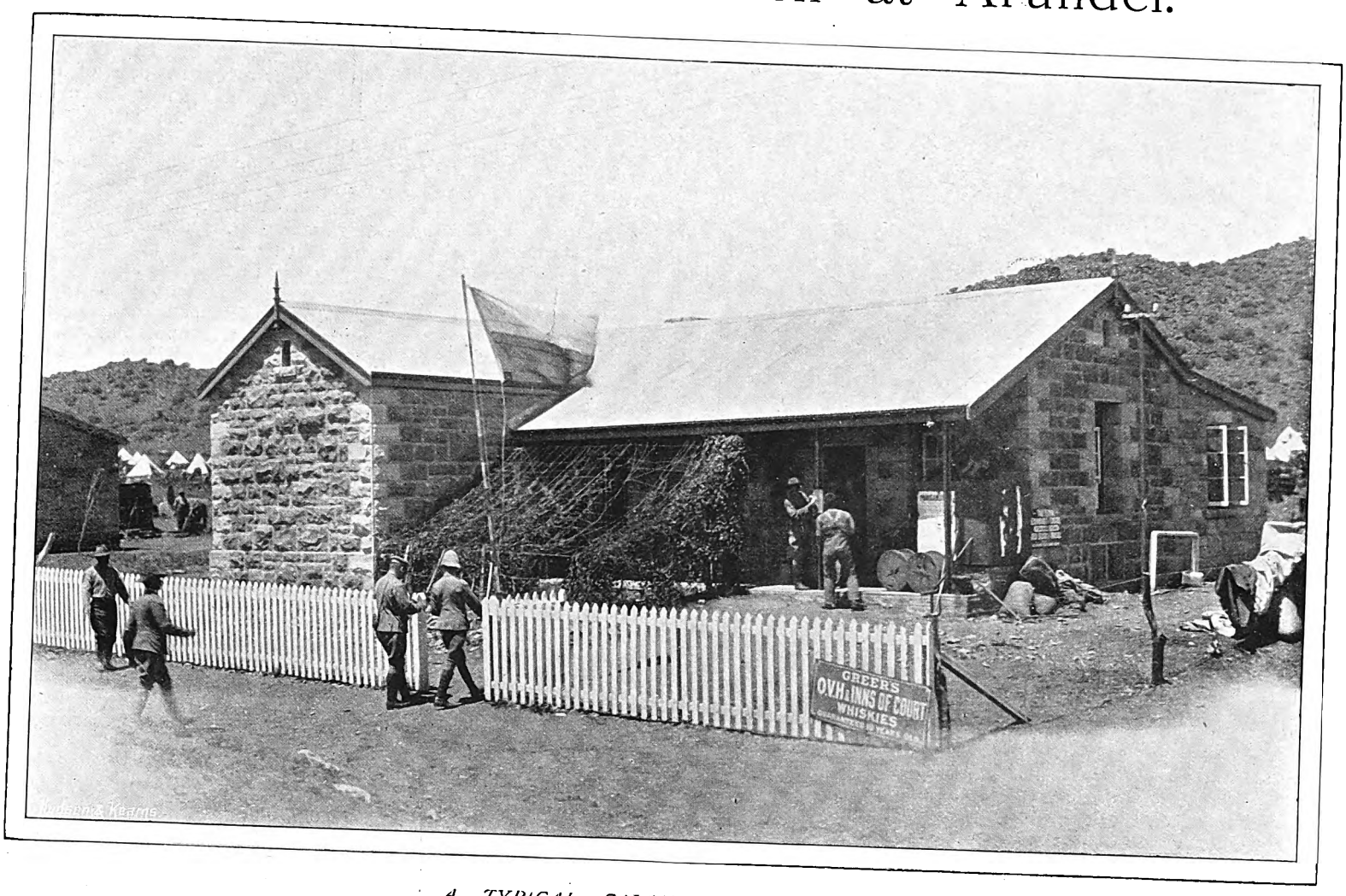
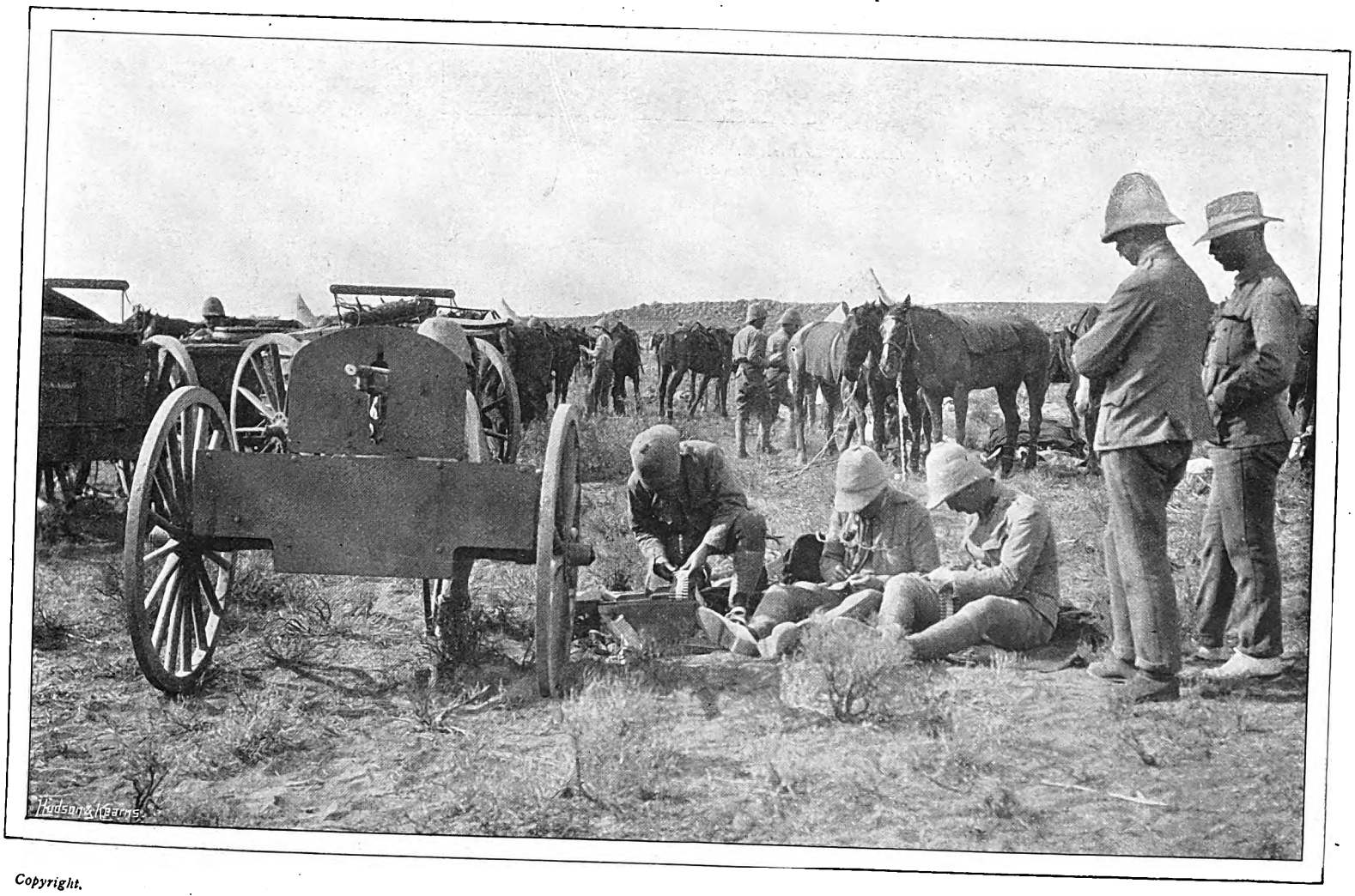
With General French at Arundel.



A TYPICAL COLONIAL FARMHOUSE.

Headquarters of the Officer Commanding Arundel Camp.



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THE 6th DRAGOON GUARDS AT ARUNDEL.

Loading Belts for Machine Gun before the Reconnaissance.

From Photos. by an Officer at the Front.

"Navy & Army."

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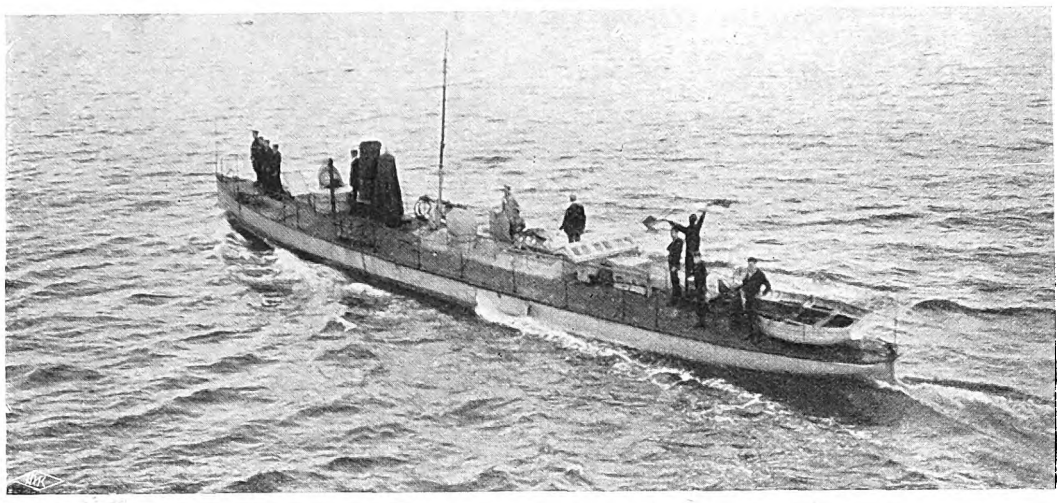
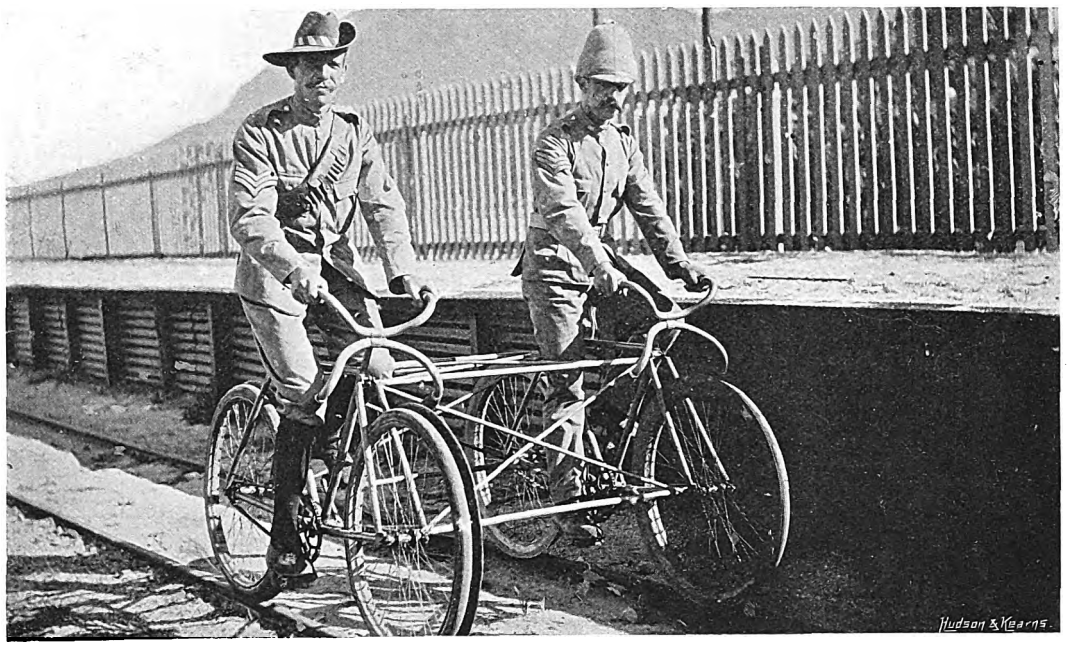
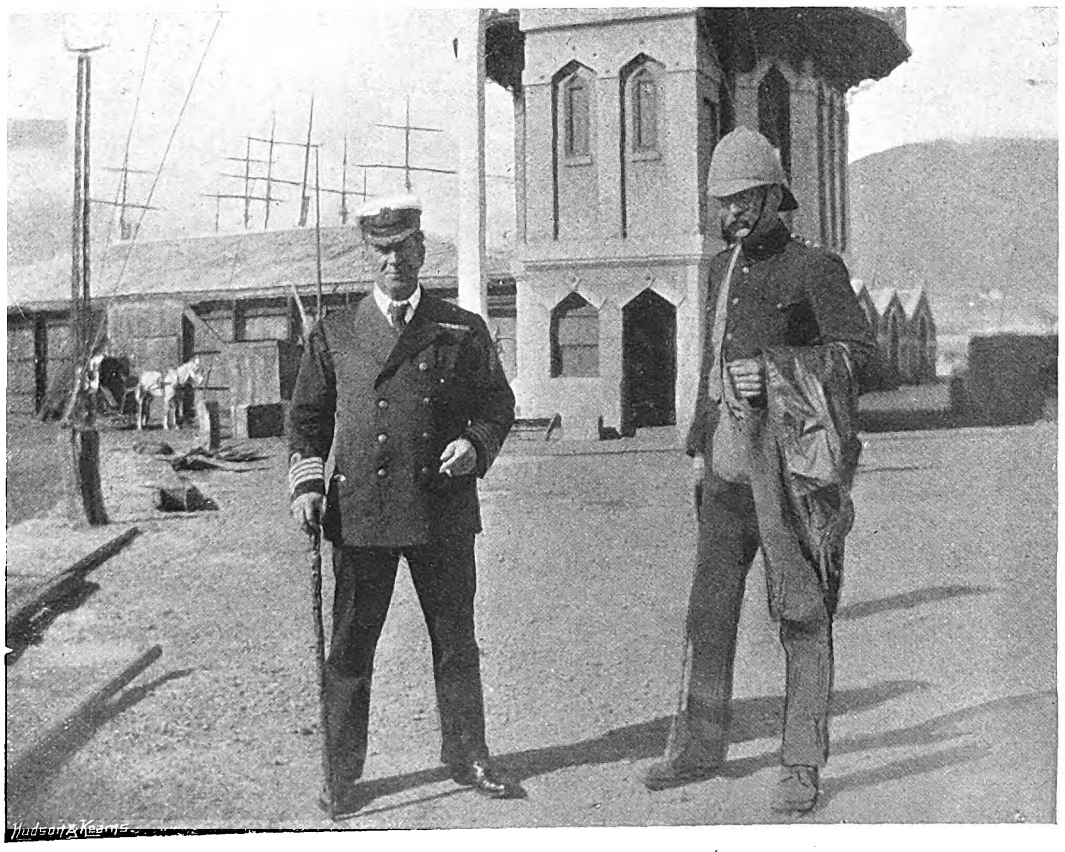
Cape Town and Modder River.



THE COASTGUARD AT SIMON'S BAY.
Torpedo-boat No. 6 Leaving to Prevent Arms being Landed in Gordon's Bay.



A QUEER MILITARY MACHINE.
A Special Cycle for Scouting on the Railroad.



NAVAL AND MILITARY TRANSPORT.
Captain Sir Edward Chichester, R.N., and Captain A. E. Lascelles, Norfolk Regiment, on the Quay.

Copyright. "Navy & Army."

From Photos. by Our Special Correspondents.

THE running of cargoes of arms to be used against ourselves in one of our colonies is a new kind of incident for us, but it is one of the unpleasant novelties with which we are being made acquainted by the war in South Africa. The torpedo-boat No. 6, as seen in our illustration, is after a consignment of this kind. Her objective, as they say in treatises on war, was a bold smuggler, who was understood to be about to land arms and ammunition in Gordon's Bay, which is just opposite Simon's Bay. Lieutenant Donaldson and the twelve men who formed the crew, all well armed, and provided with forty-eight hours' provisions, were sent on the preventive work, which was at one time familiar enough to the Navy at home. On the coasts of England, more especially in the Channel, it was mostly tea, brandy, lace, silks, and so forth which had to be stopped. But when there were Jacobites in the Western Highlands the running of arms was a sufficiently familiar incident. Many a cargo of long Spanish musket barrels, and swords forged at the royal factory at Toledo, has been put ashore in the Hebrides, or on the mainland. Lieutenant Donaldson and his crew did not catch that cargo. It had reached the beach before they were on the spot, which also was not an unusual experience. The wily smuggler had, in fact, an artful habit of supplying information of his own movements, but curiously enough it was always wrong. Therefore, when rumour said that he was going to land in such a place at such a time, it was commonly safe to conclude that he had a scheme on hand, but for some other day at another place. For the preventive officer the triumph of ingenuity lay in guessing correctly from wilfully incorrect information, and it was no easy thing to do. This time Lieutenant Donaldson and his men only found traces of the gun runners, and were able to supply the civil police with one of those clues which are to be followed up with results more or less good. One is not very hopeful as to what will come of their researches. The disloyal Boers are probably quite up to the old device of taking weapons to pieces and putting them together again. The Irish rapparee used to take his barrel off the stock, plug it up at both ends, and hide it in a nice "clane" bog where nobody but himself could find it. Dutch farmers at the Cape who contemplate rebellion have probably got similar tricks, and so the weapons will be distributed. Whether they will be used is another matter, and depends on events elsewhere.

Another novelty is the railway double bicycle. It can rival a train going at from twenty-five to thirty miles—for a time, of course. With the best will in the world human energy cannot equal the iron horse in endurance, but for a space this curious-looking machine has run neck to neck with a train going at what on the Continent would be considered very respectable speed. It carried a third man between the two workers, and they could exchange

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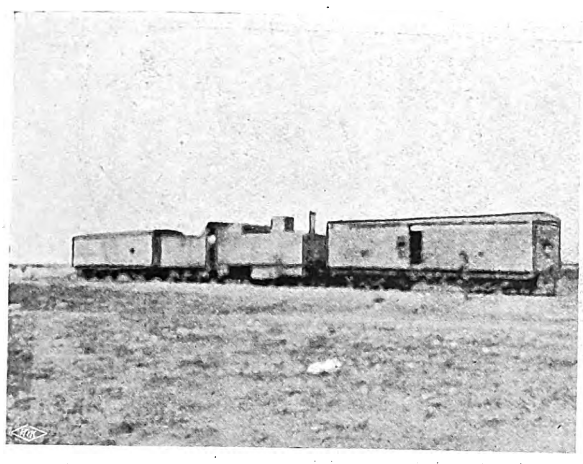
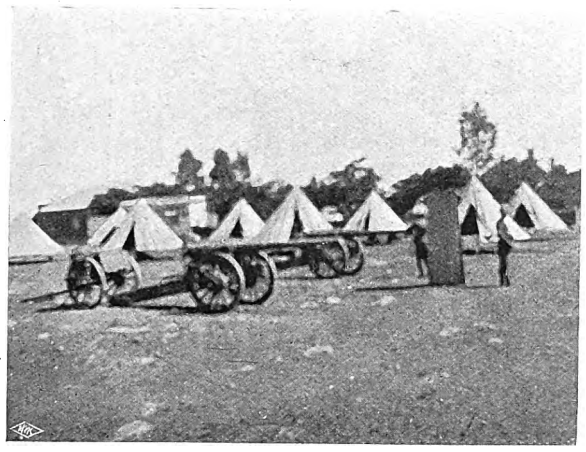
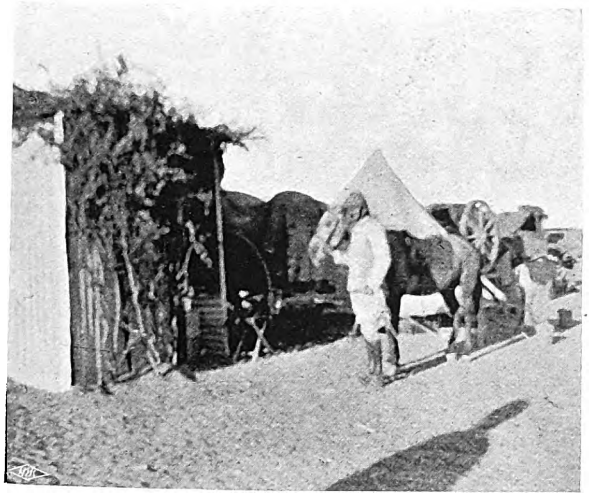


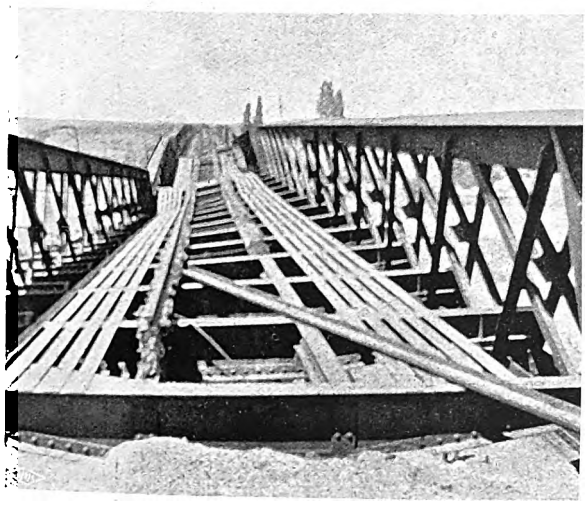
AN ARMOURED TRAIN AT MODDER RIVER.



A NAVAL CAMP AND GUN PARK.



THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS, 62nd BATTERY, R.F.A.



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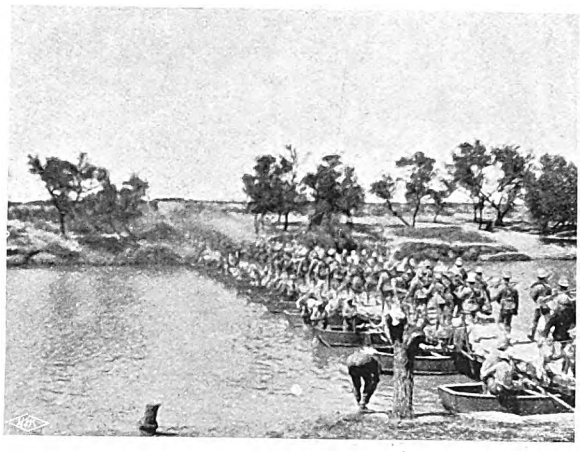
THE DAMAGED RAILWAY BRIDGE.

places in order to relieve the strain. What its exact purpose is we are not told, but no doubt it would be ready for immediate use for the carrying of messages. Yet it has a certain air of delicacy which does not inspire unlimited confidence.

Sir Edward Chichester, who is directing the transport work at the Cape, is well known to all readers by name. It was he who had to represent the benevolent neutrality of England at Manila during recent events in those waters. His profound saying that the Germans had no sea manners was much quoted. The Germans, though a people of many substantial merits, are not famous for having many manners. Their own great poet Goethe even remarked of them that, when a German is polite, it is because he is lying. To judge by their newspaper criticism and official tone, they are remarkably honest with us just now. A French caricaturist drew a picture the other day showing the British lion with his tail caught in a spring trap named Transvaal and the Russian bear taking advantage of the opportunity. It was not magnanimous in him, but it is human, and a good few others seem disposed to follow his example. We must grin and bear it, which is not so very difficult to do, seeing that our rivals on the Continent seem disposed to keep to words—at least, so far. Meanwhile, Sir Edward Chichester and his military colleague, Captain Lascelles, together with all other British officers on the spot, must get the lion's tail out of the trap as speedily as may be. There is a rueful truth in the image which is borne painfully in upon us when we look at the condition of things on the Modder, to which some of our illustrations take us. It is a case of being held by a trap, and no mistake—a dreadfully unexpected trap, which sprang upon us suddenly and holds tight. But there is no machine of that kind which cannot be loosened with good management—only it cannot always be done quickly. There are lessons in the experience which, properly used, may be made to give some compensation for the unpleasantness, notably this, that, when you are settling to a piece of work, it is always advisable to have a sound knowledge of what it is you are going about.

HORSE LINES, 62nd BATTERY, R.F.A.



SCOTS GUARDS CROSSING A PONTOON BRIDGE.

LORD METHUEN'S HEADQUARTERS.

"Navy & Army."

BOER PRISONERS LEAVING FOR CAPE TOWN.

From Photos. by an Officer with the Kimberley Relief Force.

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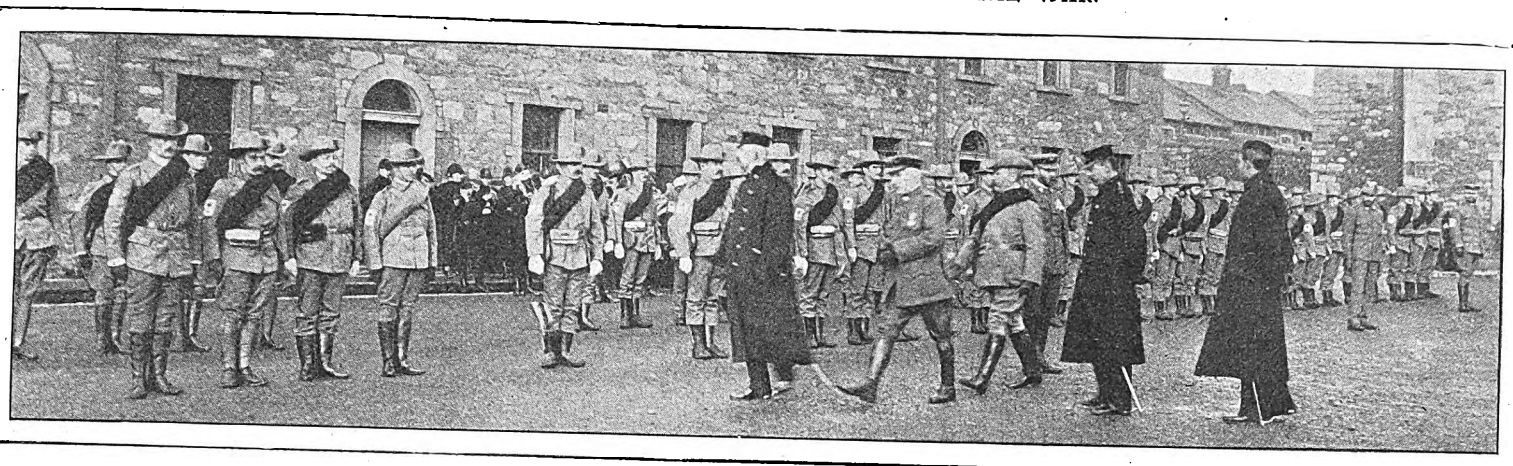
London and Cape Town.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE WAR.



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LORD IVEAGH'S FIELD HOSPITAL CORPS.

Major-General Gossett, Commanding the Dublin District, Inspecting the Corps Prior to Embarkation Last Saturday.

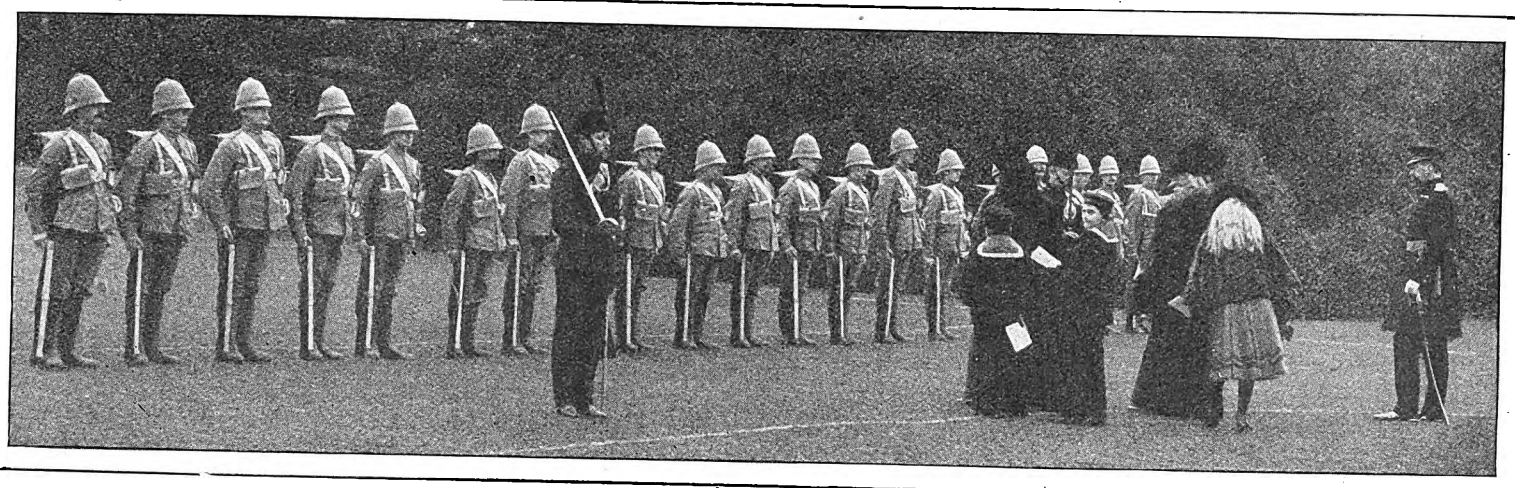

Photo. Copyright. Hughes & Mullins.

"PRINCESS BEATRICE'S OWN"—VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FRONT.

Royal Inspection at Osborne of the Isle of Wight Section of the Hampshire Volunteers before Leaving for South Africa.

Photo. Copyright. Battison.

LORD ROBERTS LANDING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The Officer Walking Down the Gangway on Lord Roberts's Left is the Present Duke of Westminster.

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Hints to Yeomanry.

By A Colonial Officer.

So much attention is being devoted to the popular and attractive scheme of our Yeomanry going to fight the Boers in South Africa that a few general details in the way of hints—by one who has been through several campaigns there—may not be unacceptable to those going, and possibly of interest to those who are not; and, as I have before suggested in this paper, one of the great points is to have as much effective force in your firing line as, with due safeguarding of horses, can be obtained, for it is quite certain that Yeomanry firing will be as a dismounted body, as the horses are not sufficiently trained or men practically accustomed to fire-action in the saddle. Therefore the utility of learning before arrival at the Cape how to knee-halter your horses in such a manner as not to injure them, but to enable the animals to be kept under proper control by a small body of men mounted, instead of the No. 3 of each section of four being practically non-efficient as regards the fighting line, there are many returned officers and non-commissioned officers at military depôts who, under Government instructions, would show our Yeomanry how to do and how not to do.

Another particular point as regards shooting is, that a good marksman here very often fails in South Africa, for the reason that, at unknown distances, owing to the rarity and clearness of the atmosphere, what appears to a man fresh from England 500-yds. is really about 1,000-yds. to 1,200-yds. distance; therefore it is wise to pace off certain distances on arrival and note the appearance of say 500-yds. and 1,000-yds. as it appears then to the eye, as that organ, aided by common-sense, can soon enable the proper judgment of range and windage to be obtained.

Another detail. In various parts of the scene of operations wood is almost unobtainable, and, to those in charge as cooks, etc., I would suggest a sack always kept ready, so as to be able at an outspan to secure a bag of dried cow dung; it is a most excellent fuel in the open, gives an intense heat, and in many parts of Africa is the only combustible used. Many have regretted not knowing this in time.

Now, as regards fighting Boers themselves, a Boer can nearly always be tricked by leaving a hat or coat exposed by a stone or cover, whilst you are in position near by, where you can see his movements *re* firing and taking your opportunity.

Always fire low rather than high, as you have the chance of doing damage then by the possible ricochet. It is also a good idea to be provided with a pair of good porpoise-hide laces, as, though a reim is useful for saddle-mending and casual work, the laces come in occasionally very handy for other details.

The feet also require a certain amount of care, and I would suggest at the least feeling of soreness to take off the socks and well rub the feet and inside of socks with dry soap. It is found to act like a charm. A small piece of alum, the size of a berry, is also very useful. It should be tied up in a small piece of muslin, and however dirty the water is you may have in your pannikin if you stir the alum round a few times in the water you will see in the course of three minutes the solid and dirty matter will be precipitated to the bottom, leaving a fairly clear water for you to drink. It has no injurious effects on the water, as it only acts on the solid parts and matter in solution. This experiment can be tried at home with muddy water in a tumbler.

A field-glass with sling should be in the personal possession of every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man, and should be considered of vital importance to complete the equipment of the regiment. For night shooting, I have found in former expeditions it is a wonderful assistance to have the aid of a little phosphorus or the end of a phosphorus match, wetted and rubbed on the fore-sight of your rifle. This enables you to get a fair aim, and to draw a bead on your foe, the darkness then being in your favour instead of against you.

I would also suggest that every time you off-saddle you should pass your finger and thumb down your horse's back, and carefully note if there is any sign of tenderness or soreness; if so, at once report same, as it will either be due to the saddle stuffing shifting—when the saddler-sergeant will put it right—or else to the presence of that pest, the South African tick, which punctures the skin when the size of a pin's head, and hangs on, when gorged with blood, the size of a blackberry, impoverishing the animal and causing nasty sores.

Also in many cases when forage is not obtainable, mealies—otherwise maize or Indian corn—will be served out to the horses as rations; see that a horse has water before, or not for three hours after, as this food swelling causes congestion, frequently resulting in death in a very short space of time.

With these few hints, which I trust may be of service, I wish all *bon voyage*, and, if God wills, a safe and prosperous return.

Gillespie's Gallop.

By W. H. Glenny.

Scene, the maidan of Ranipett, the cavalry station of Arcot; time, the grey dawn of July 10, 1806. Before Colonel Robert Rollo Gillespie, of Comber, the King's 19th Light Dragoons are forming up; on their right flank is their "gun-troop," with its pair of "gallopers," and on their left a troop of their bhais (brothers), "The Black Nineteenth" (7th Carnatic Cavalry). From the jungly river margin rushes to the colonel's stirrup a tiny tattered figure; a mess-boy it is, who has won his lonely way over seventeen rough miles, through the terrors of night, with a dreadful errand from Vellore. Shortly after midnight the two Madras battalions cantoned there had risen upon the wing of the 69th Foot, the garrison of the fort, overpowered the main guard, fired upon their white comrades as they started from sleep; the mutineers were in the first fury of massacre when the gallant little boy escaped through an embrasure.

Before the last note of "Attention" had ceased to ring through the morning mist, Gillespie and his Arab-mounted squadron and the troop of the 7th were in motion, and his brief order had been given. Major Kennedy was to bring on the galloper guns, escorted by the rest of the regiment.

The advanced guard reached Vellore at about half-past eight. The unique feat there performed by the dour Dragoon from County Down was rendered possible by the omission of the mutineers to shut the *outer* Main Gate. Light as the galloper guns were, the so-called road was so rough and heavy that it was about ten o'clock when they arrived. In twenty minutes from the blowing-in of the inner Main Gate all was over. Then did the jemadar of the 7th call upon the Colonel Saheb Bahadar to note that the talwars of his troop were as deeply stained as the sabres of their white brothers of Assaye with the blood of the badmashes who had been false to their salt. The traitorous Sepoys, the avenging Sawars, the loyal little messenger—all were of the faith of Islam.

In 1812, Gillespie drove the Dutch and French from Java and Sumatra; in 1814, a Ghoorka bullet cleft his dauntless heart as he stood waving on his men to the assault of the mountain fortress of Kalunga.

The King's 19th Light Dragoons, of Assaye, Argaum, Malavalli, Vellore, and many another famous day, are now represented by the 19th (Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars.

GILLESPIE'S GALLOP: A LILT OF THE LIGHT DRAGOONS.
July 10, 1806.

They had vied in red labour of talwar and sabre—Carnatic Sawar and King George's Dragoon
At Assaye, and had raced as Ragoji they chased when he sped from Argaum by the light o' the moon;
So linked by the glory of fields famed in story, now sabre and talwar for blood are athirst—
Blood of traitors who smite in the dead o' the night and on slumbering bhais with massacre burst.
"To Jehanam we'll follow Gillespie Rob Rollo," sings Trooper in scarlet and blue-grey Sawar,
And like blast of typhoon sweep Sawar and Dragoon o'er the maidan to plunge in the swirling Palar;
Half fording, half swimming, the flood brown and brimming, 'mid foam-flake and flotsam from forests afar
They dash, and then scramble through mangrove and bramble, ascending the slope of the Water Gate ramp;
Through the Pettah they thunder, and terror of plunder Pindari they strike by their clattering tramp
(For, times without number, had Cheetoo from slumber awaked the bazar with his loud musquetoon);
Then "Forward left shoulders"—o'er dwarf-date and boulders they meet the moist breath of the sou'-west monsoon.

Vellore they are nearing; Kailasa uprearing his pinnacle lonely they sight as they sweep
Round the Bairaghi's Crag, and a cheer greets the Flag that defiantly flaunts on the turreted Keep;
Far ahead—like a swallow Gillespie Rob Rollo glides smoothly alike over rough and o'er plain
(He carries no lumber, Gillespie of Comber, and light as the zephyr his touch on the rein),
"Halt," he signals, "Front form;" 'mid a wild leaden storm he rides on to the Tower o'er the inner Main Gate
(Still held by a handful determined and manful), and orders a rope to be thrown to him straight;
Twisting belts as the strands, they obey his commands; grimly smiling, he grasps the rude cable they lower;
Helmed and booted and spurred, up he soars like a bird from his saddle and stands in the friendly old Tower!

Hark! a bugle—a drum; lo, the "gallopers" come—o'er the causeway they rattle—anon a dull crash!
At pistol-range battered the Main Gate is shattered—Dragoon and Sawar through the narrow gap dash;
Deep the bayonets drank in a charge on the flank of the mob backward-streaming and turning at bay,
And the gore of the slain of that base brood of Cain reddened steel that erst flashed in the sun of Assaye.

———

Familiar words of Indian camp language used in "Gillespie's Gallop": *Talwar*, sword; *Sawar*, Native trooper; *Bhai*, brother, comrade; *Jehanam*, Gehenna; *Maidan*, plain: *Pindari*, mounted robber (adjectival here); *Cheetoo*, notorious Pindari chief; *Pettah*, open town; *badmash*, scoundrel.

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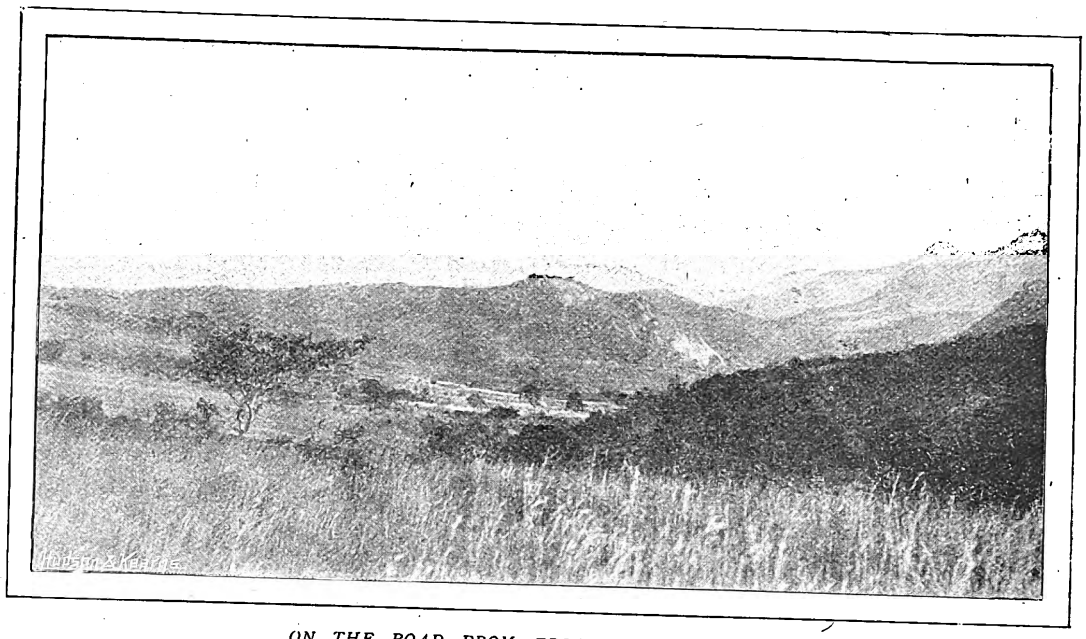
Battlefields and Scenes of the War.

PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

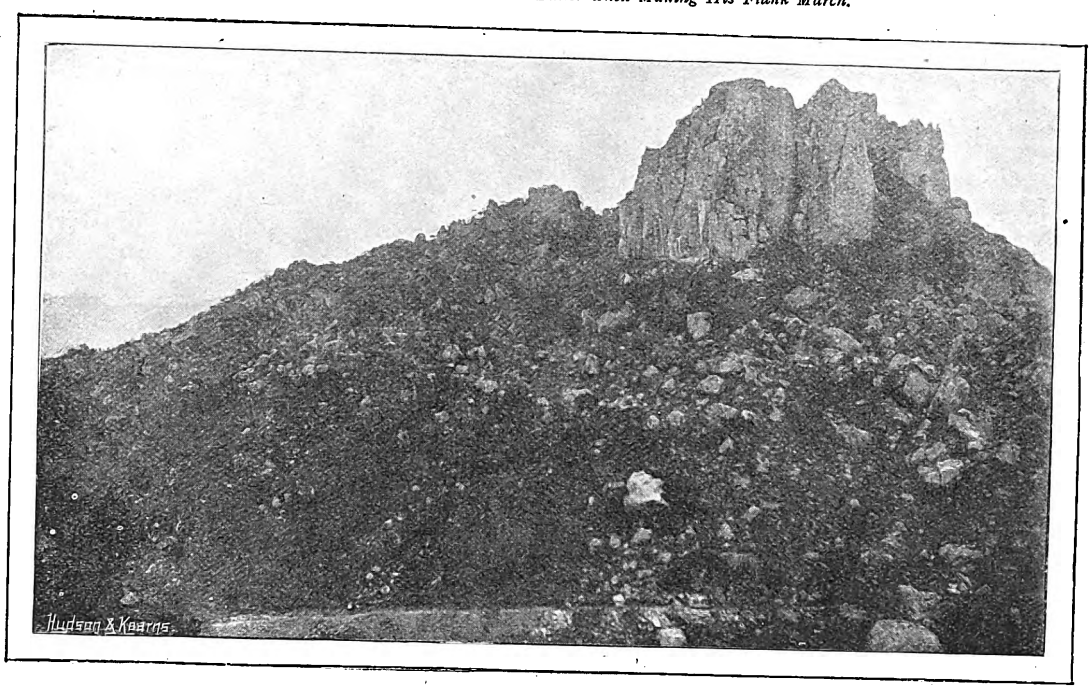
THESE pictures will appeal to our readers by their great and tragic interest, because they illustrate the very scenes in which our gallant troops have lately been fighting so valiantly in the cause of Queen and Empire, and in which too many of them have laid down their lives. From these illustrations we learn the character of that most difficult country, and understand very much better what are the obstacles our generals have had to encounter. Sir Redvers Buller's force left Frere for Springfield, under command of Generals Warren, Dundonald, Hildyard, Clery, and Hart, on January 11. The force was accompanied by 400 waggons and 5,000 transport animals, the whole extending some nineteen miles in length, and the way was long and arduous. The picture admirably illustrates the many folds in the ground, and the succeeding ridges, which give such advantage to the Boers and are so deceptive to ourselves, and it enables us to realise the laborious character of the great flank march, through a country deluged by the recent rains and with the drifts flooded in the streams.

The next picture is of the stony kopje overlooking the drift by which Sir Charles Warren crossed the Tugela. Potgieter's Drift, by which General Lyttelton passed the river, and Trichardt's Drift are named after two of the old Voortrekkers. Below this rugged kopje the Engineers built the great pontoon bridge—85-yds. long—by which the troops crossed, while some waded through the flooded drift, and others were carried over in the pontoons. This picture shows admirably the character of that country. From the lofty heights of the Drakensberg Range, rugged spurs run out and break up Northern Natal into a very hilly region, and almost everywhere stony kopjes rise and afford admirable points of vantage for the defence.

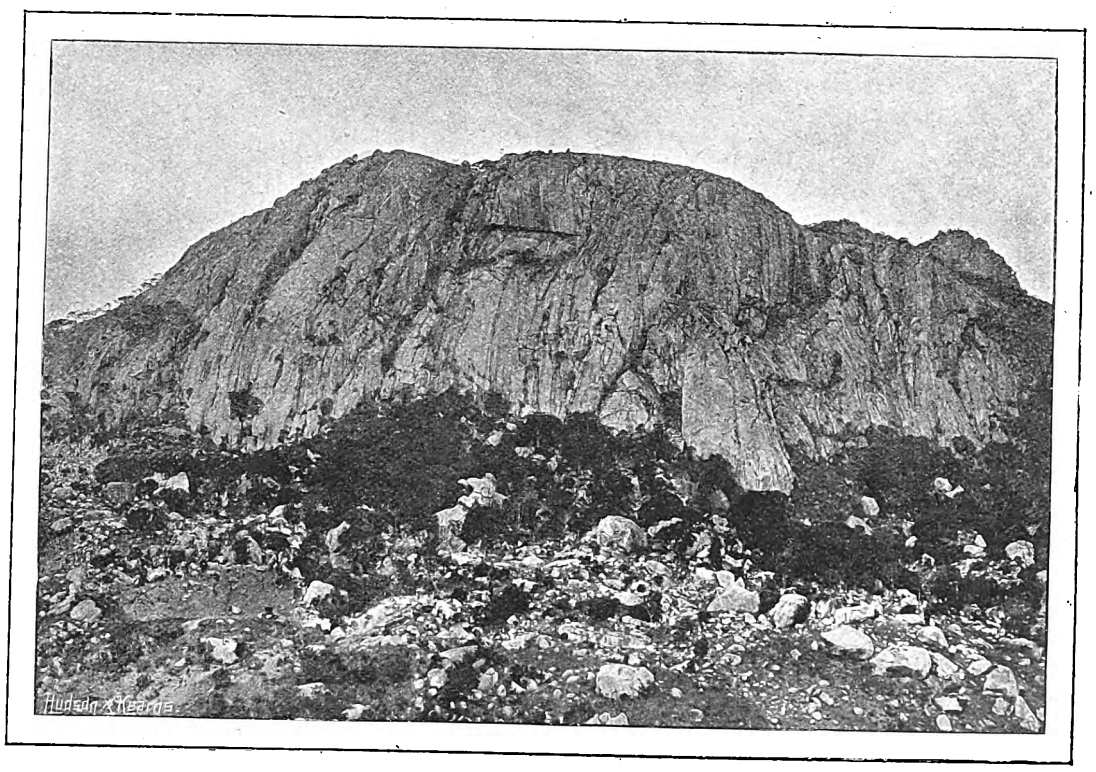
Spion Kop—the last of our pictures—is seen in all its ruggedness. The illustration speaks of the difficulties which our troops so valiantly surmounted. Up that steep acclivity they made their way, often in single file, and in the darkness of night, to gain the broken crest, where throughout that long day of January 24, without guns, and without water, perhaps also without sufficient ammunition, they waged that unequal fight. Under such shell fire the place was absolutely untenable, and the slaughter was terrific. Steep as the place looks in our picture, it has more the character of a rugged sloping tableland on the other side, and, being altogether commanded by the Boer Artillery, it would have been impossible for our troops, with all their courage, finally to stem the overwhelming tide, and Colonel Thorneycroft wisely ordered the inevitable retirement. The troops sadly filed down the hill, and the whole force was successfully withdrawn across the Tugela. The loss had been appalling, but the disaster would have been more terrible if the Boers had had a Seydlitz or a Sherman.



ON THE ROAD FROM FRERE TO SPRINGFIELD.
The Route Taken by Sir Redvers Buller when Making His Flank March.



A SCENE UPON THE UPPER TUGELA.
This Remarkable Kopje, so Characteristic of Natal, Overlooks Trichardt's Drift.



SPION KOP, OR THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.
Here the Bitter Bloody Battle of January 24 was Fought.

From Photos by Our Own Correspondent.

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The Story of the War.

SINCE the publication of the last number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED a number of details have been received concerning the fighting at Spion Kop on the 24th ult. It may be remembered that in alluding to the first list of casualties it was pointed out that these belonged entirely to Lyttelton's Brigade, which was distinct from Warren's force, and had crossed the Tugela at Potgieter's Drift. The assumption was that this brigade had been separately engaged, and this is now shown to have been the case. The telegrams are still a little obscure, but what seems to have happened is this. Spion Kop was captured by Warren's troops under Woodgate on the night of the 23rd, held during the 24th, and evacuated on the night of the last-named day. Meanwhile, on the 24th, Lyttelton's Brigade of Rifles at Potgieter's Drift made a demonstration, in the hope of diverting the enemy's attention from Spion Kop, and an organised attack was arranged to take place at daybreak on the 25th, with a view, presumably, to joining hands with Woodgate on the Kop.

On the evening of the 24th Lyttelton's Brigade bivouacked on Three Tree Hill, east of Spion Kop, and attacked at dawn, the advance of the King's Royal Rifles and Scottish Rifles being described as a truly magnificent performance. The two half battalions of the K.R.R.C. are stated by the *Times* correspondent to have attacked separately, climbing up an almost precipitous face towards Spion Kop, and remaining for two hours and a-half under fire. When they reached the summit they were fired at by Boers hiding in the rocks on all sides, Colonel Buchanan-Riddell being shot almost at the top of the hill just at the moment that a heliograph message from the general ordering him to retire was being handed to him. The order in question, it is almost needless to say, had been given on the receipt of news from Warren's Division to the effect that his troops who had captured Spion Kop had evacuated it, not being aware that assistance was so near at hand.

It is, of course, possible that if the first occupiers of Spion Kop could have held their ground they might, in combination with Lyttelton's Brigade, have been able to maintain a continued resistance. But, looking at the scarcity of cover on the Kop and the difficulties of the water supply, it is doubtful whether, even with this reinforcement, the position would have been tenable.

One thing is certain, and that is that, in the circumstances, the evacuation of Spion Kop on the 24th and 25th was fully justified. Early on the 24th General Woodgate, commanding the attacking force, had been dangerously wounded, and the command had devolved upon Colonel Thorneycroft. A very trying responsibility it must have been. The Boers had gathered in force on the surrounding hills and were pouring in a terrible fire upon our position, to which our men, very inadequately sheltered, were unable to reply effectively. From time to time furious attacks were delivered by the Boers, and at one period our men were nearly forced off the hill. This danger was averted by the arrival of reinforcements, who, however, crowded an already cramped position, and rendered the loss of life from the enemy's artillery fire still greater. It is said that the casualties amounted to at least 40 per cent., and that Colonel Thorneycroft's personal gallantry saved a most difficult situation. In the evening Colonel Thorneycroft, being unaware both of Lyttelton's approach and of a reinforcement of guns and Engineers from Warren's force, who were being sent up with a view to securing the parts of the hill as yet unoccupied, decided that the position was untenable, and ordered a general retirement.

After the evacuation of Spion Kop there was a period of marked anxiety, during which Warren's Division, accompanied by Dundonald's Mounted Brigade, safely recrossed the Tugela, the operation being completed, without the loss of a man or a gun, by the 27th ult. The fact that the force could withdraw from actual touch—in cases the lines were less than 1,000-yds. apart—with the enemy in this perfect manner was, as Sir Redvers Buller observed, sufficient evidence of the *moral* of the troops, and that we were permitted to withdraw our cumbrous ox and mule transport across a river 85-yds. broad, with 20-ft. banks and a very swift stream, was proof that the enemy had been taught to respect our soldiers' fighting powers.

When the troops had been again massed on the south side of the Tugela—with the exception of Lyttelton's Brigade, which remained at Potgieter's Drift—Sir Redvers Buller, in addressing them, stated incidentally that he still hoped to be in Ladysmith within a week. Needless to say this sanguine expectation gave rise to great discussion as to Buller's future plans, but up to the time of writing nothing had transpired as to the nature of the latter.

Meanwhile Ladysmith, although still buoyed up with hopes of speedy relief, was evidently looking anxiously for the opening up of communications with the outside world. On the afternoon of February 3 "All well" was signalled, the twelfth week of the siege having been entered. The Boer commandos investing the town were said to be decreasing in strength, but the fear was expressed that this might be merely a trick to delude the beleaguered garrison into making an unwise sortie.

About this time a diversion was created by the movements of the British Flying Column which had been sent up some weeks back into Zululand. Although the column was too small to attempt any operations on a large scale, its presence seems to have greatly disturbed the Boers, who proceeded to withdraw a considerable body of men from Natal in order to prevent a British move on Vryheid.

On the Modder River there has been a continued state of inaction, which has been partially relieved, so far as the troops are concerned, by a series of inter-regimental boxing competitions. In these Lord Methuen appears to have taken keen personal interest. There is something distinctly quaint in the idea of such recreations taking place in an organised manner in close proximity to the enemy, and no doubt the relaxation was of distinct benefit to men condemned to a protracted and very irksome halt in the middle of an important advance. But we shall all look for something a little more to the point than boxing matches in this quarter in the ensuing week or two, especially in view of the suggestion that several of the Boer guns hitherto directed against the Modder River have been withdrawn for the better bombardment of Kimberley. The latter cannot hold out indefinitely, and the small garrison must have begun to be seriously disheartened by the failure of Lord Methuen's large force to do more than occupy an entrenched position at the Modder River and fight boxing matches for challenge cups.

At midnight on the 2nd inst., in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour read a telegram from the Mayor of Mafeking to the Queen, dated January 27. The message was as follows: "Mafeking, upon the hundredth day of the siege, sends loyal devotions to your Majesty, and an assurance of the continued resolve to maintain your Majesty's supremacy in this town." Cheers naturally greeted the reading of this spirited despatch, which was dated ten days later than the latest military news from the garrison. The latter was to the effect that trenches had been pushed out by Colonel Baden-Powell towards the enemy's big gun battery, causing it to be evacuated. Siege rations were being served out to the garrison, who were put on short commons of bread and meat. The bombardment, too, was being maintained with unabated vigour, great damage resulting to the town buildings, and casualties occurring daily.

On January 20 Colonel Plumer was still at Mochudi, and three days later a brisk little reconnaissance was carried out by four squadrons of the Rhodesian Regiment, who moved from Crocodile Pools with a view to scrutinising the Boer laager in the vicinity. Colonel Plumer is evidently holding his own in this quarter, but would seem to be prevented from making any movement by the presence of Boers in considerable numbers. The story of his relief of Mafeking on January 23 is evidently a myth.

At the time of writing neither General French nor General Gatacre was particularly active. On February 2 the British artillery shelled the kopjes to the west of Colesberg, and a few rifle shots were exchanged by our outpost near Slingersfontein and a Boer patrol; but otherwise French has evidently found it necessary to pause in his attempts to hem in the Boer position at Colesberg, while Gatacre has apparently plenty to do to keep the neighbourhood of Sterkstroom quiet, and to prevent sudden attacks upon small isolated posts. Great interest has been manifested in the organisation at Queenstown of the division of colonial troops under Brigadier-General Brabant, who, it is announced, will be under Sir William Gatacre's orders. It is confidently anticipated that the working of this force, under a thoroughly skilled and experienced leader, will result in marked developments in this quarter.

A somewhat unexpected development took place last week in the region lying between Colesberg and Sterkstroom. This was the apparition of General Kelly-Kenny, commanding the Sixth Division, with a column at Thebus, near Steynsburg, coupled with the intimation that an early junction between this force and that of Gatacre was probable. If this idea be carried out it may lead to great results, and be, in fact, the beginning of a very big concerted movement into the Free State. If French can seize Norval's Pont with the aid of one of Kelly-Kenny's brigades, and Kelly-Kenny and Gatacre can capture Stormberg by attacking it on two sides at once, the road to Bloemfontein will be opened, and incidentally the advance of the force now at Modder River would be much facilitated. Next week, probably, the situation in this direction will be much clearer.

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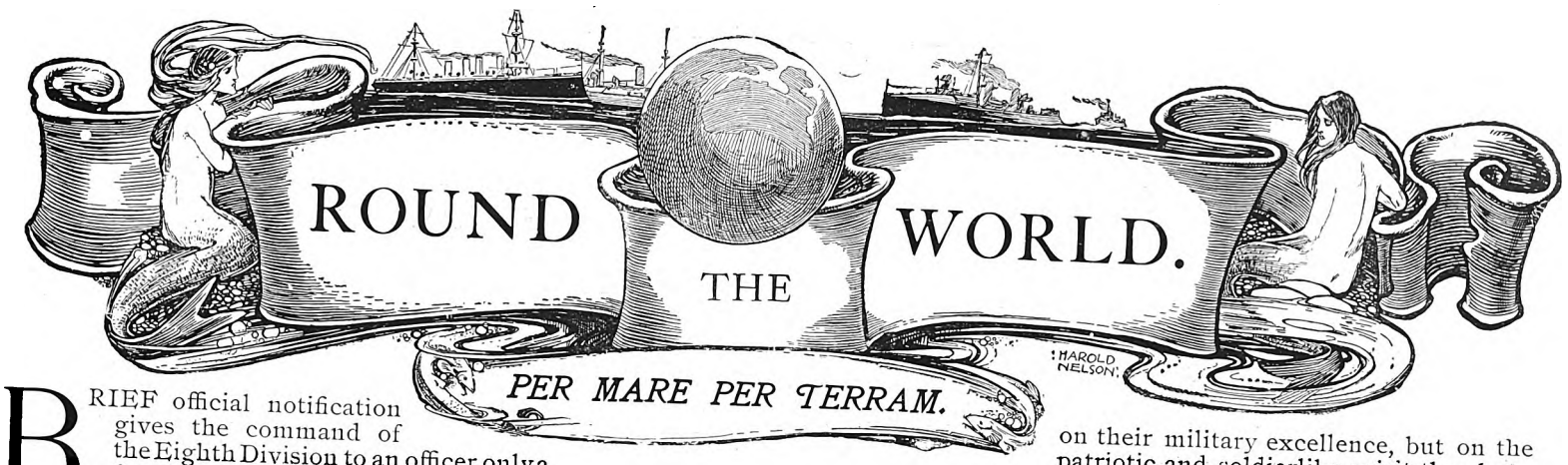

BRIEF official notification gives the command of the Eighth Division to an officer only a few days over forty-four years of age, and who less than fifteeen years ago was a subaltern of Artillery. Curiously enough, Rundle saw his earliest war service in South Africa, first against the Zulus and then against the Boers. He was one of that gallant band who held Potchefstroom, and only surrendered a fortnight after peace had been declared, a fact the Boer commandant, Cronje, had treacherously kept back from the garrison, though he knew of it two full days before. Eight campaigns has General Rundle been through, eight times been mentioned in despatches, and once has he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. Lord Kitchener will be glad to have beside him the man who was the chief of his staff in all the tough work that commenced with the expedition to Dongola in 1896, and finished with the capture of Khartoum in 1898.

Photo. *Lambert, Weston, & Son.*
OUR YOUNGEST LIEUT.-GENERAL.
Sir H. M. L. Rundle, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

THE 4th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders is one of the finest of many fine Militia battalions affiliated to the Scottish regiments. The battalion, over 800 strong, left Queenstown in what was once a crack Atlantic liner, the "City of Rome." Before leaving Dublin, where it had been quartered on embodiment, the men were inspected by the new Commander-in-Chief, who congratulated them not only on their military excellence, but on the patriotic and soldierlike spirit they have shown in volunteering *en masse* for active service. The 1st Battalion is already with Methuen at the Modder River.

BRIEF as the war has been, the casualties amongst those most useful servants of the public, the war correspondents, have been abnormally high. The *Daily Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, and now the *Daily Mail* have each lost a representative. Poor Mr. Knight has been so severely wounded, and that under a treacherous use of the white flag, that he is on his way home; and three confederates have been captured, though two succeeded in escaping. Steevens, though barely thirty, had not only made his mark as a brilliant journalist, but had shown promise of the very highest literary talent. He is best known to the general public by that charming book, "With Kitchener to Khartoum," though several works from his pen had preceded it. He had seen service with the Turks in their war with Greece, and also in Egypt, and had travelled for his paper in many parts of the globe.

Photo. Copyright. *Rocne.*
MILITIA FOR THE FRONT—DEPARTURE OF THE 4th BATTALION ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

Photo. *Elliott & Fry.*
A CELEBRATED WAR CORRESPONDENT
Mr. G. W. Steevens, of the "Daily Mail."

DR. WIGRAM, who is senior chaplain of the colonial forces, was appointed just twenty-five years ago, and received the Imperial Long Service Decoration (Volunteer) in 1896. He is a Western Province man, being rector of St. Mary's,

Photo. *Gillard*
THE SENIOR COLONIAL CHAPLAIN.
The Rev. Canon Wigram, D.D., of Port Elizabeth.

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Photo. Copyright. *HEROES OF LUCKNOW—NATIVE VETERANS WHO SHARED IN THE DEFENCE.* Lawrie.

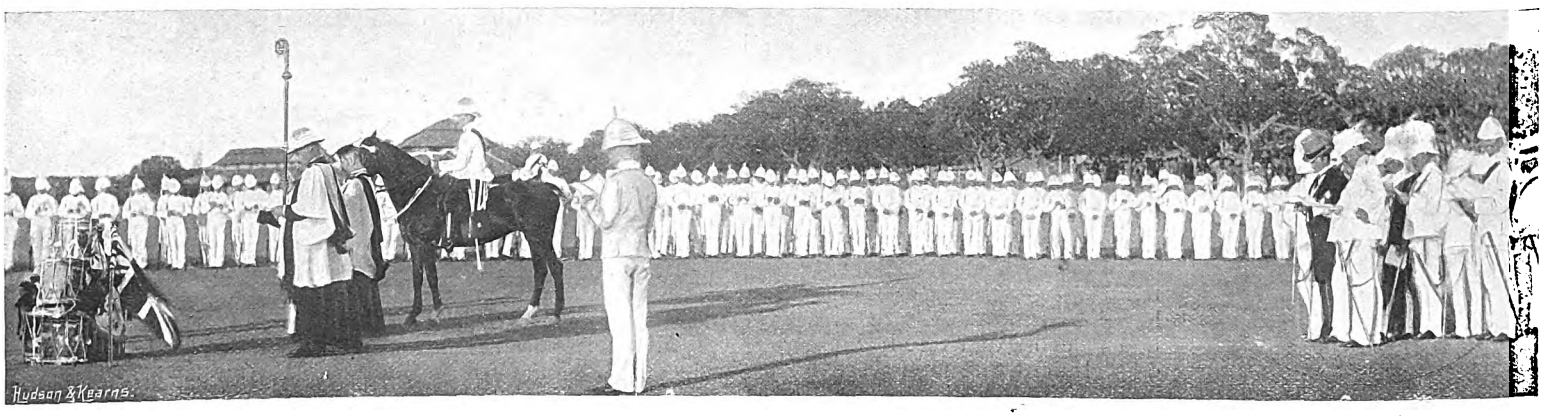
Port Elizabeth, but now, with three assistant chaplains working under him, he has spiritual charge of all colonial troops on the line between Port Elizabeth and Naauwpoort. He has also made his mark in literature, for not only is he the author of several theological works, but of an excellent history of South Africa. The photograph of which our illustration is a reproduction was taken since the reverend canon was called out for active service.

"Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us faithful and few
Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew."

IN his glorious lines our dead Laureate has voiced what was in the heart of every Briton during the trying days of the Mutiny. The gallant group here shown are veterans of Lucknow, who at a recent durbar were presented to the Viceroy. Note the group of five to the left from the centre so heavily bemedalled. Three have the Order of Merit, and one has seen service comparatively recently, for he wears the Afghan medal and the bronze star for Roberts's march. Many of the veterans were so blind and palsied by age that they had to be led to the Vice-regal daïs before they could present to the representative of the Queen their sword hilts, in token of their fealty to the Gracious Lady for whom they have done such loyal service. Most of these veterans must have belonged to the 16th Bengal Infantry, "The Regiment of Lucknow," a gallant Rajput corps, which shared with the 32nd in the defence, and with that regiment, now the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, has the honour to commemorate it by wearing as a badge "a Turreted Gateway" with the legend "Lucknow." Not often has a more interesting group figured in the pages of this journal.

THE BOER COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.
Commandant Joubert, now Opposing General Buller.

NO greater contrast could be offered than that presented by the two officers whose portraits face one another on these pages. One, the highest outcome of European military training, the other, the rough farmer-soldier, inured to the hard life of the veldt, and in his own way a tough and skilled warrior. Joubert was Commander-in-Chief of the Boer Army during the war of 1881, and showed then, as he has shown now, that remarkable shrewdness and facility in making the utmost of the resources at his disposal which have gained for him the sobriquet of "Slim Piet." He is, moreover, an honest man, which cannot be said for all Boers, for when the Boers were active in Bechuanaland, Joubert tendered his resignation to the Volksraad, declining to hold office under a Government "which had deliberately broken faith with England" by the annexation of Montsoia's territory. Joubert, like Kruger, is colonial born, for Kruger first saw the light at Colesberg, round which French is now fighting, and Joubert's birthplace is at Congo, also in the Old Colony. Joubert celebrated his sixty-ninth birthday on the 20th ult. by making a reconnaissance in force on the British left, and by accompanying President Steyn on a visit to the Free State laager south of Ladysmith.



Photos. Copyright. "Navy & Army."
NEW COLOURS FOR THE 2nd WELCH—THE CONSECRATION CEREMONY AT AHMEDNUGGER.

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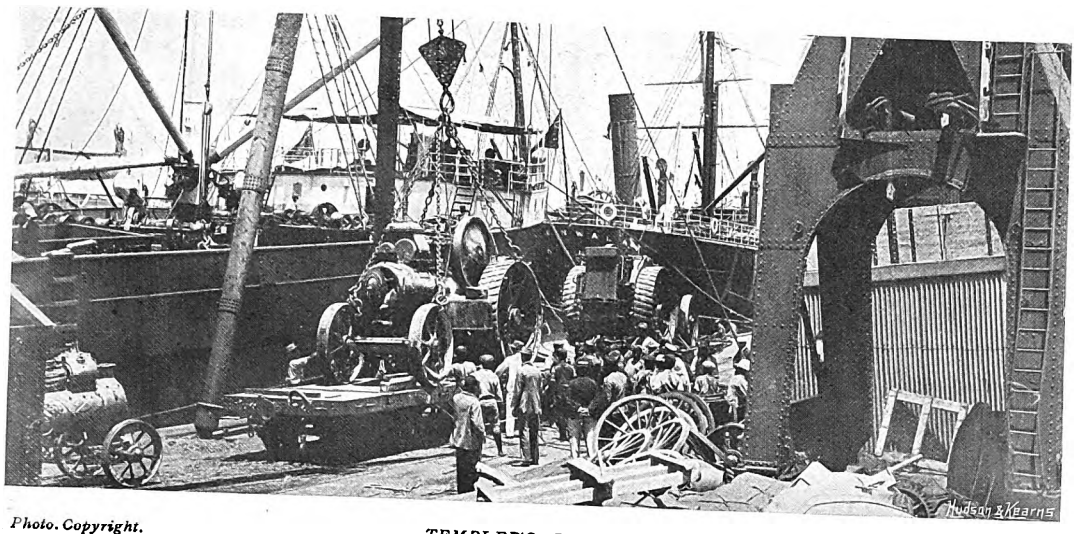

Photo. Copyright. TEMPLER'S BABIES. *The Steam Transport Disembarking at Durban.* Harvey.

WHILE the 1st Welch is in South Africa, the 2nd is "in India's sunny clime, a-serving of Her Majesty the Queen." Recently at Ahmednugger new colours were presented to the corps by His Excellency the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, and our picture shows the Bishop of Bombay consecrating them, the regiment having previously sung that grand old battle hymn, "Brightly gleams our banner." And the regiment has a glorious roll of honour upon its new colours, for the sixteen battle honours emblazoned thereon run from "St. Vincent" to "Sebastopol," and commemorate fighting in nearly every part of the world, though, curiously enough, the regiment is now seeing service in South Africa for the first time. The Welch, and the Rifle Brigade (which displays "Copenhagen") are the only two British regiments that are entitled to bear Naval battle honours.

Photo. Copyright. THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN NATAL. *Sir Redvers Buller and the Man who Saved the Guns.* Cumming.

COLONEL TEMPLER, who has won renown as first among our military aëronauts, is also the originator and organiser of the use of steam transport with troops in the field. And he is almost more proud of his traction engines than of his balloons. The use they are rendering at the front it would be hard to over-estimate. They will toddle down steep inclines, through spruits, and up heavy gradients with a Naval four-point-seven behind them in a way that vastly astonishes the meek-eyed trek oxen, who wonder mutely what new kind of beast this is that breathes fire, eats coal, never gets tired, and is only like other animals in that it has an extraordinary thirst for water. Our illustration shows the landing of the first instalment from the "Buluwayo" at Durban on December 27, whence it has gone up to General Buller.

SIR REDVERS BULLER'S military career has been so often touched upon in the columns of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED that it is unnecessary to here recapitulate it. His reputation was so great that he was at once the man chosen to command in South Africa when the Boer trouble commenced. With General Buller is a young officer who has already made a brilliant reputation for himself, and will in all probability wear on his breast the soldier's most coveted decoration—the Victoria Cross. Captain Schofield led in the gallant attempt to save the guns in which the young son of Lord Roberts was killed, and he, in fact, succeeded in bringing in two of the field-pieces, although the bulk were lost.

OUR citizen soldiers from the moment they set foot in the transport settle down to their new life like Tommy Atkins, for, as will be seen from our illustration, they mess and berth in a transport just as do the regular "Tommies" of Her Majesty's Army.

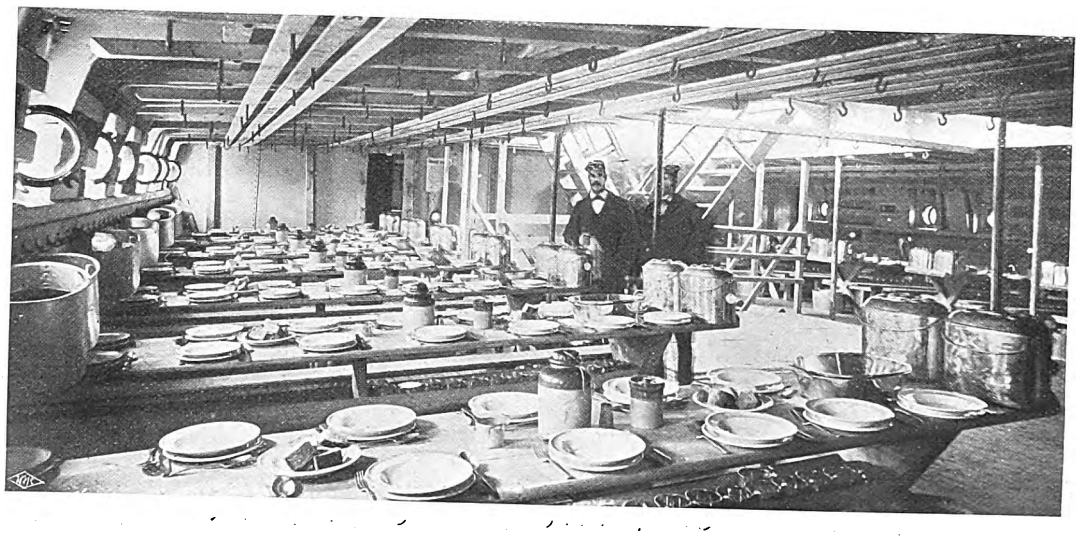

Photo. Copyright. THE SEA HOME OF THE "CIVS." *Troop Deck of the "Garth," which has Taken Out a Contingent of the C.L.I.V.* Miell & Ridley.

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Increasing the Japanese Navy.

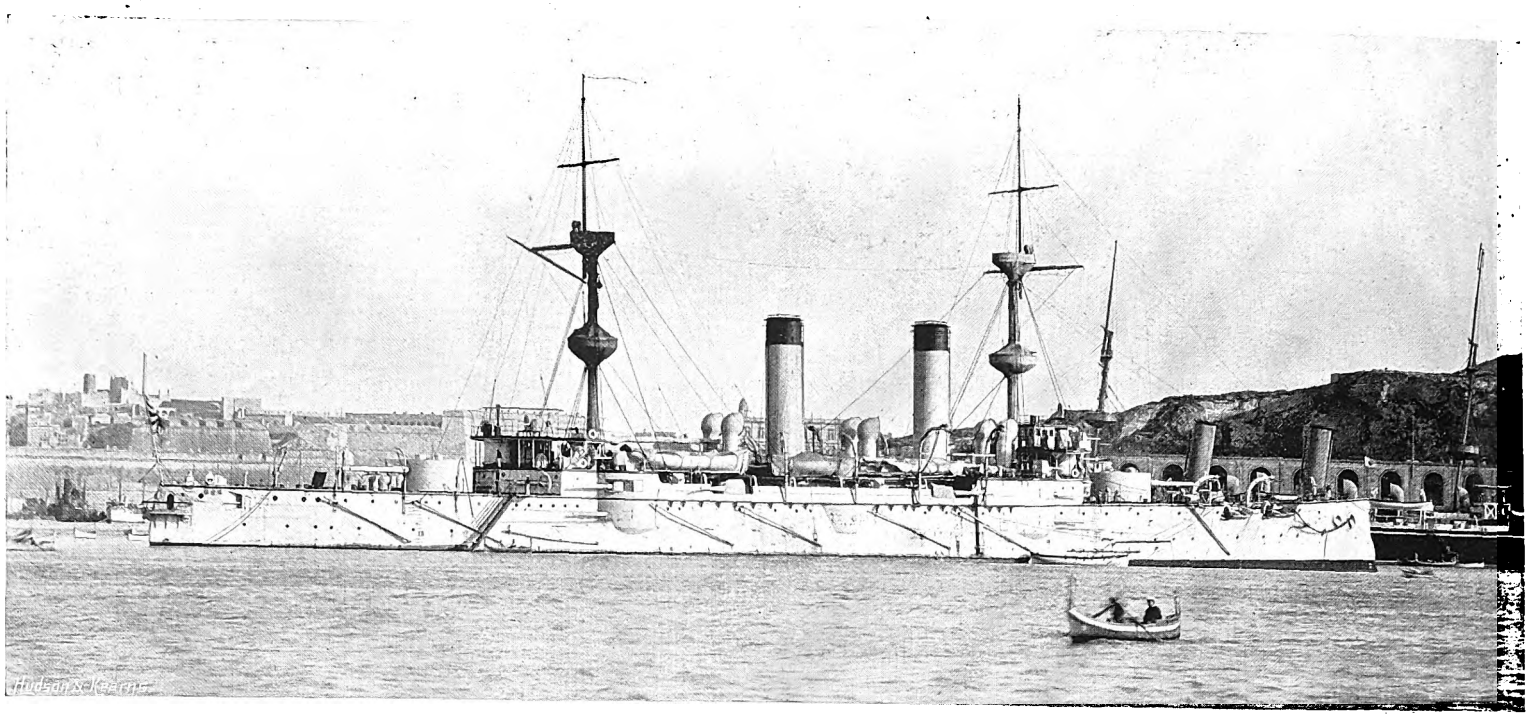

Photo. Copyright. *Ellis.*

IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMOURED CRUISER "TOKIWA."

This superb ship of the Japanese Navy is an Elswick-built cruiser, very heavily armoured and powerfully armed, with a displacement of 9,750 tons. She is also an exceptionally speedy vessel, having at her trials done about 22 knots.

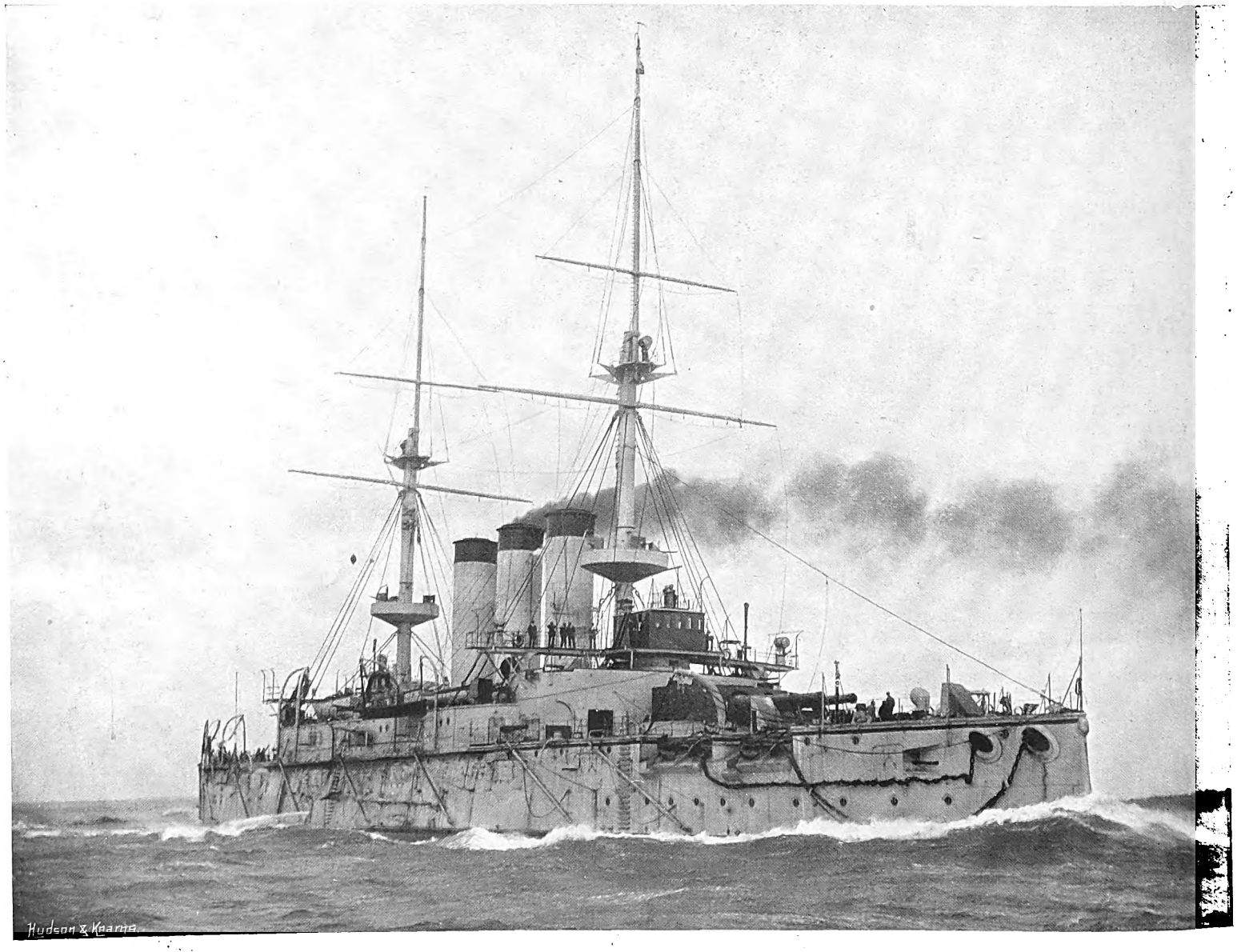

Photo. Copyright. *West & Son.*

IMPERIAL JAPANESE BATTLE-SHIP "SHIKISHIMA."

This fine vessel is one of the latest additions to the Japanese Navy, which she is now going out to join. She is one of three sister ships built in England, and was turned out, armed, and equipped at the Thames Ironworks. The displacement of ships of this class is 14,850 tons, and they are the largest in the Japanese Navy.

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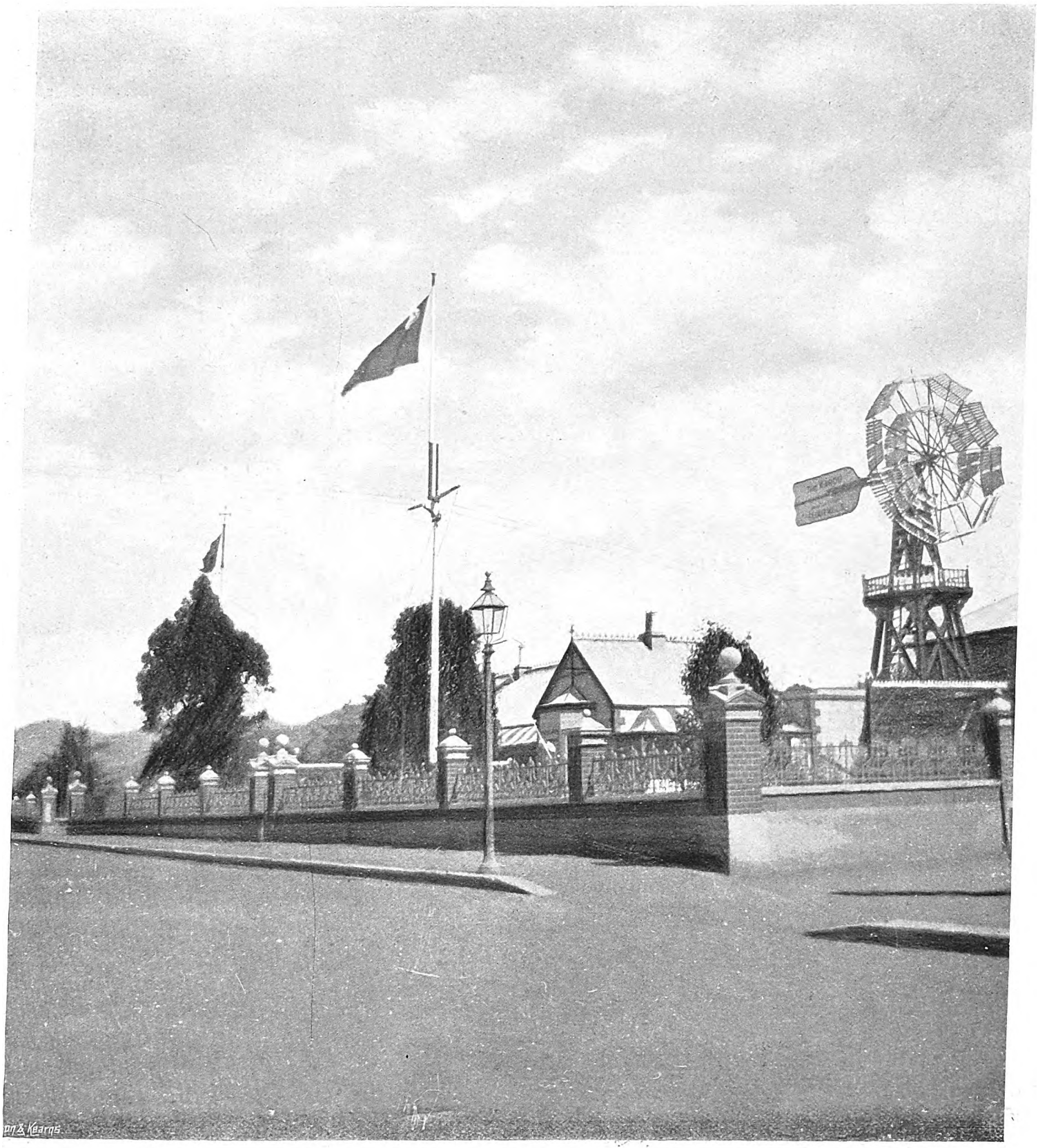
THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 159.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, 1900.



WHERE THE LATE GENERAL WAUCHOPE LIES BURIED.

"Last Wednesday General Wauchope was buried at Matjesfontein, a pretty little village about 150 miles from Cape Town, belonging to Mr. Logan, a gentleman highly esteemed in this district, who carried out the sad task at his own expense. He came up and obtained Lord Methuen's permission to remove the body, and an impressive ceremony, witnessed by hundreds of people, took place in the churchyard at Matjesfontein."—*War Correspondent of the "Globe."*

From a Photo. by Earl De la Warr, Special War Correspondent of the "Globe."

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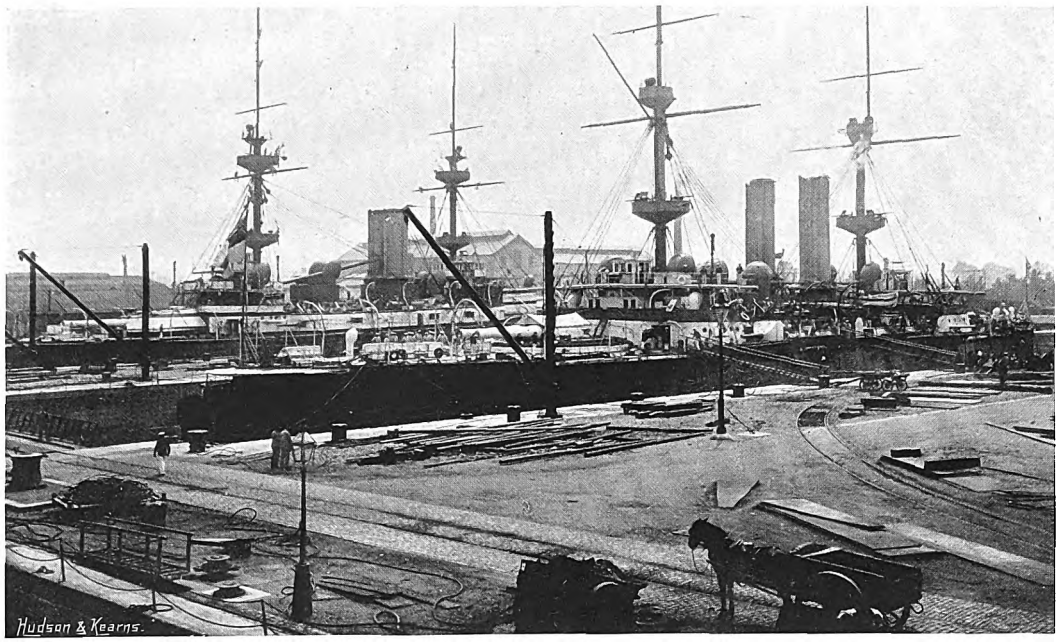
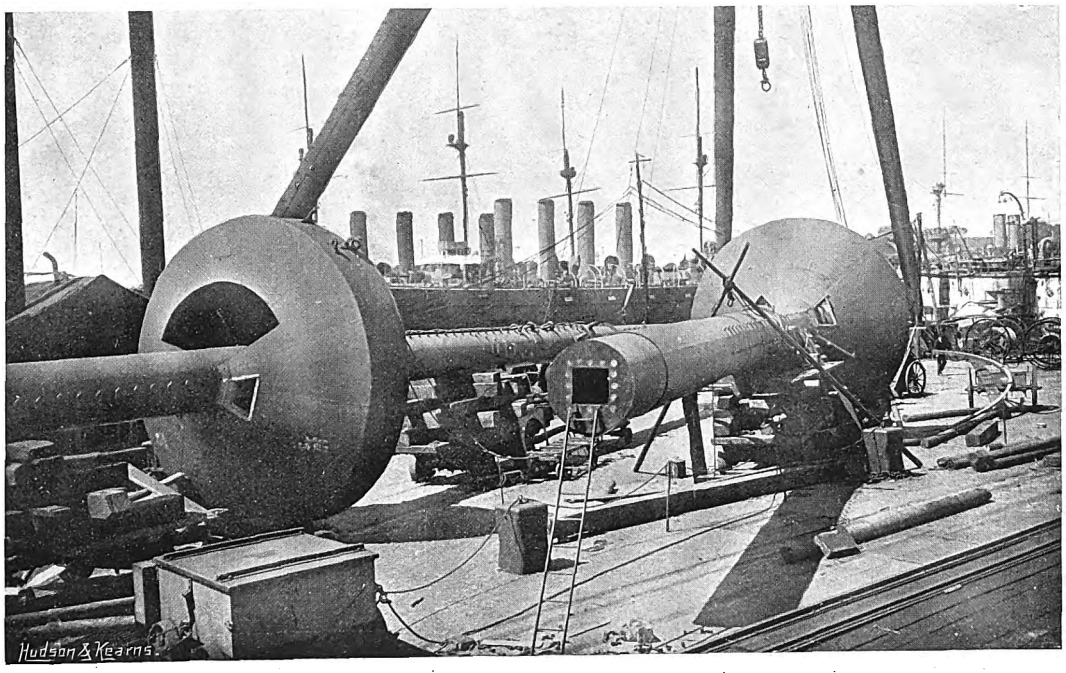
Sea Power and the Situation.

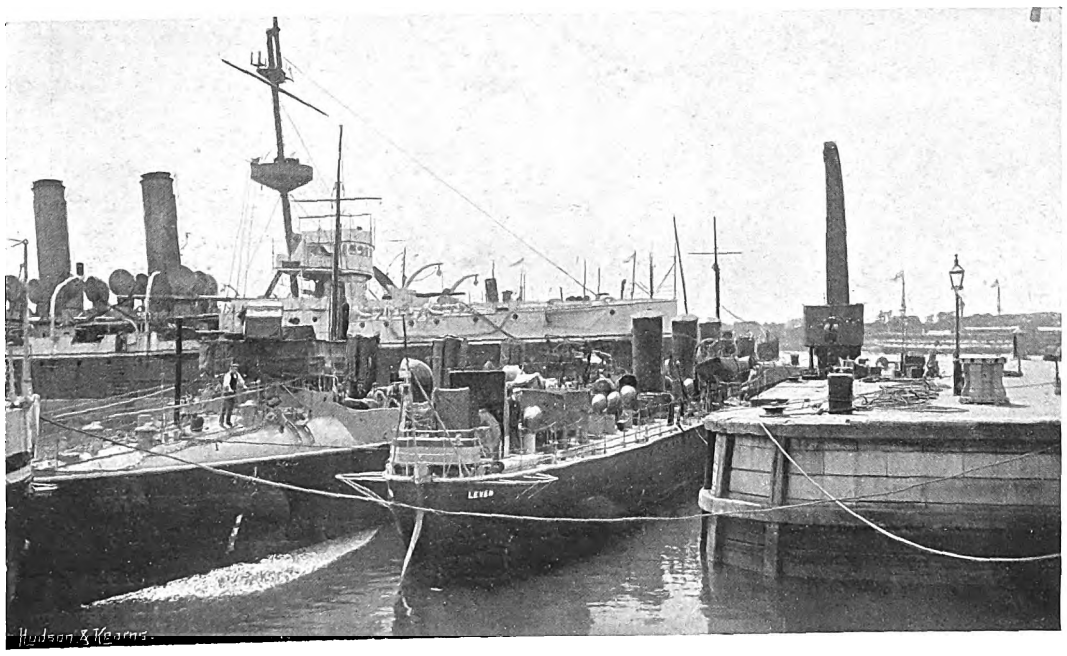
Illustrated by Photographs Taken by Special Permission for "Navy & Army."



PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.
The Channel Squadron Under Refit.



CHATHAM DOCKYARD.
The Masts and Tops of a Battle-ship.



Copyright. *DEVONPORT DOCKYARD.* *Navy & Army."*
A Nest of Torpedo-boat Destroyers.

ALTHOUGH the eyes of the British public are turned at the present time greatly towards South Africa, we do not forget the "silent" sea power which is our mainstay. Readers of this paper are not unaware of the things that are going on in the dockyards, the energy of the work there, the stir of preparation; and the pictures which accompany this article will be a welcome addition to the long series we have published. They bring vividly before us the character and occupations of our great sea arsenals, and depict the ships at Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, Pembroke, and Sheerness, showing them in various stages of readiness for sea, some also in the Reserve, and some belonging to the Channel Squadron. At a time like this, when our Continental friends are feeling the pulse of delight—something more than the simple *Schadenfreude* of the good German—it is pleasant to know that the Government is alive to the great importance of our sea forces, the real bond of our security now as in former times.

It was a blunt seaman who once said that our Fleet would prevent "foreigners from fooling us," but his saying is wholesome to remember to-day. Never before has such an operation taken place as that we have conducted, and are still conducting, in transporting a great army across thousands of miles of sea, with all its horses, guns, ammunition, stores, and hospitals. And when we remember how our American cousins were afraid to put a man afloat for conveyance across the narrow sea to Cuba until they had locked up at Santiago four Spanish cruisers and a few destroyers, we begin to realise what the Navy has done for us, quite apart from the gallantry of the "handy man," or the services of the guns that "saved the situation" at Ladysmith. So long as we have the Navy behind us in a state of readiness there need be no fear of foreign intervention in South Africa. And there was an excellent note in the Queen's Speech, in which it was indicated that larger provision would be made for the efficiency "of the Navy and of our coast defences." There is no better coast defence than the Navy itself—none other, indeed—for we must still agree with Raleigh "that it is better to occupy our enemies at a distance than to give them the chance of feeding on Kentish capons."

At Portsmouth the ships of the Channel Squadron have been fitting out for their cruise, and every Englishman feels more secure when he knows this great element of our power is at sea. In the yard the 15,000-ton battle-ships "Formidable" and "London" are completing, the former well advanced, and the latter in an earlier stage.

These magnificent vessels—the most powerful in the world—of which we have seven approaching completion, are not the last word of our ship-building, for the four smaller ships of the "supplemental" programme—the "Duncan" class of

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14,000 tons, all building in private yards—are later. They will be fine vessels, even if not quite equal in all respects to our "Formidables." The third-class cruiser "Pandora" has lately been floated out at Portsmouth, and the great armoured cruiser "Cressy" (12,000 tons) is about to be put in hand.

Portsmouth is also busy with destroyers, of which five new ones arrived from Clydebank early in January. Lately there were not less than thirty-five pennants flying in the port, with complements in the ships of 12,000—a fact which gives some indication of what the British fleet at large really is.

Devonport can give a very good account of work done there. The western yard has never sent so many vessels into the Fleet Reserve as in the present financial year. The battle-ship "Ocean" (12,950 tons) has been completed and is ready for sea, with the cruisers "Hermes" and "Highflyer," the gun-boats "Dwarf" and "Thistle," and four destroyers, while two other destroyers, the cruiser "Hyacinth," and a couple of gun-boats are on the point of completion. The utmost activity is being shown in pushing forward the "Implacable"—a sister of the "Formidable"—for completion in April, and overtime is going on.

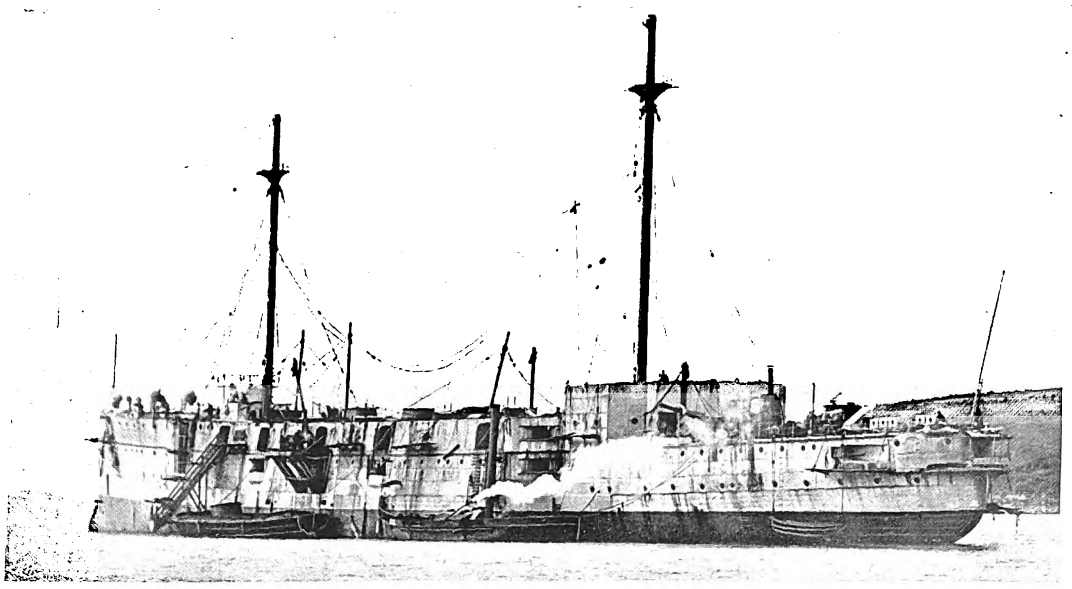
The "Bulwark," another of the same class, was launched in October, and still another battle-ship—the "Montagu"—has been put in hand on the slip she vacated.

At Chatham, the "Goliath"—a sister of the "Ocean"—is fast approaching completion in the fitting-out basin, and will be transferred to the Fleet Reserve in the course of a few weeks. The "Irresistible"—a sister of the "Formidable"—launched in April, 1898, is also well advanced, and the "Venerable," of the same class, is completing afloat, while the "Albemarle," a battle-ship of the latest programme, has been begun.

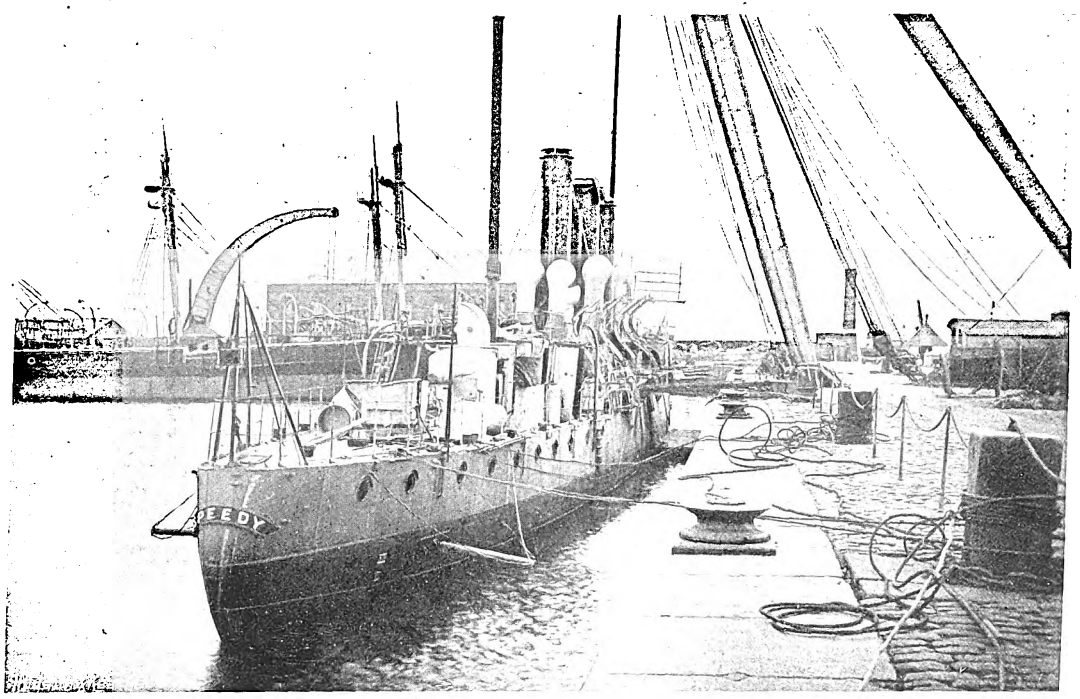
Sheerness is equally busy with the smaller craft which we are accustomed to see there. The sloops "Rosario" and "Condor" have been under trial, and the "Shearwater," "Vestal," "Espiègle," and "Fantome" are in hand, and the new third-class cruisers "Perseus" and "Prometheus" are at the port awaiting transfer to the Fleet Reserve.

At Pembroke the work is all upon cruisers, now that the Royal yacht has left for Portsmouth. The splendid first-class cruiser "Spartiate" (11,000 tons) is in the busy hands of 750 men, and will follow the yacht to Portsmouth very soon. The huge armoured cruiser "Drake" is almost framed for her whole length to the height of the lower protective deck, and the "Essex" is progressing well, so that Pembroke, like the other yards, is well occupied.

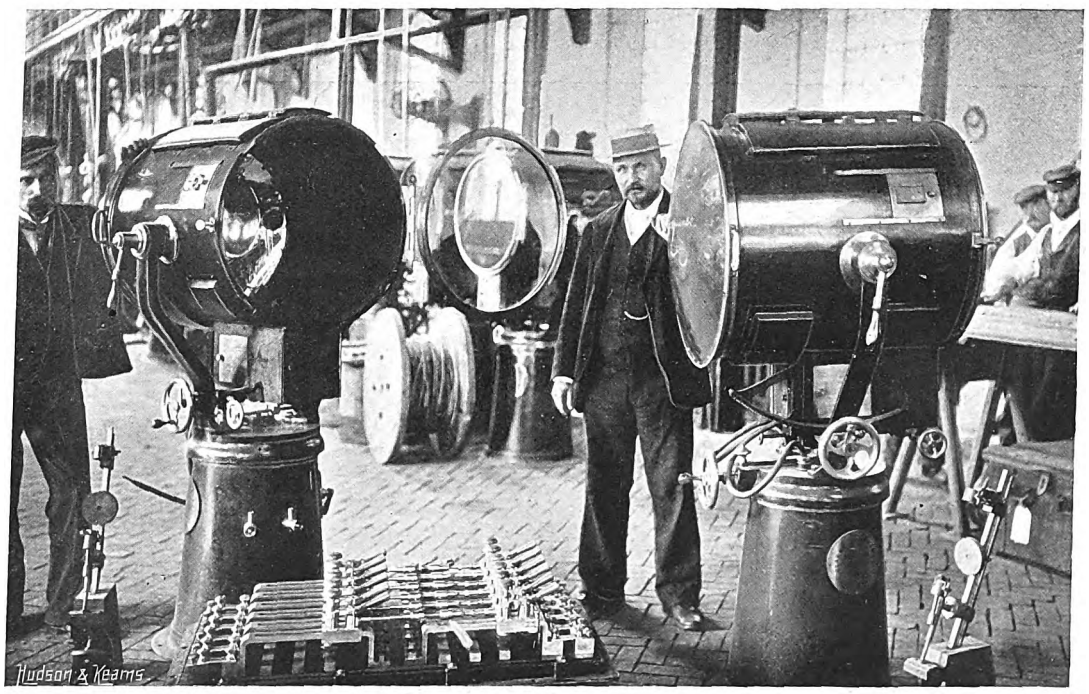
There is need for all our exertions, both in the Government and private yards, and now that the Germans and French are busy with ship-building programmes—programmes of vast extent they are providing for the building of whole squadrons of battle-ships, with many cruisers and torpedo craft—it is to be hoped that the new Navy estimates will promise an even greater burst of activity.



PEMBROKE DOCKYARD.
A Commerce Protector under Construction.



SHEERNESS DOCKYARD.
Built for Speed and Scouting.



Copyright, *ELECTRIC SEARCH-LIGHT PROJECTORS.* *"Navy & Army."*
To Replace those Sent to the Front in South Africa.

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Attending to the Wounded.

THE GOOD WORK AT WYNBERG HOSPITAL.

THE accompanying illustrations will give some idea of the arrangements being carried out at the Cape Town base for the accommodation and care of the sick and wounded soldiers from the Transvaal. The military hospital at Wynberg was not found to possess sufficient room for the treatment of all the wounded who have from time to time been sent down from the front, the great majority of the cases resulting, of course, from the actions that have been fought by the Kimberley Relief Force, under Lord Methuen. It has, therefore, been necessary to increase the accommodation by the provision of marquees and tents, each of which, with its necessary staff of nurses, and non-commissioned officers and men of the Army Medical Corps, has become a miniature hospital in itself, capable of accommodating comfortably six or eight wounded men. Possibly no more suitable situation could have been selected for a military hospital than Wynberg, for the place is in direct railway communication with Cape Town, and also with the forces now operating in Cape Colony on the western and southern frontiers of the Transvaal and Orange Free State respectively. Special ambulance trains are provided for the conveyance of patients from the front, and special ambulance waggons are also kept at the hospital for the purpose of transporting the wounded from the railway station to the hospital. The ambulance trains are fitted with every appliance tending to increase the comfort of the wounded during their painful railway journeys. In addition to the Wynberg hospital, a smaller hospital exists at Rondebosch, which is a small suburb of Cape Town, situated between Wynberg and Table Bay. The inhabitants of Wynberg and Rondebosch, and of the whole district surrounding Cape Town, have been most liberal in subscribing to funds for providing comforts for our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors, and have also shown their practical sympathy in providing carriages and other conveyances to supplement the ambulance waggons in taking wounded men from the railway trains to the sick quarters. Naturally the large amount of work that has fallen upon the staff of the Army Medical Corps at Wynberg and Rondebosch has necessitated an increase in the numbers originally provided. Prominent amongst the auxiliaries at these two hospitals may be found the members of the St. John's Ambulance Association, some of whom will be found in our illustrations. No less than fifty-five members of this association left London under the charge of Staff-Sergeant E. G. Davies, having volunteered for service in South Africa, and they embarked at Southampton in the transport "Simla." On their voyage out to the Cape they were attached to No. 15 Bearer Company of the R.A.M.C., and on arrival at Cape Town on December 18 last were divided into two parties, one of which, consisting of three non-commissioned officers and thirty men, was sent to No. 2 General Hospital at Wynberg, while the remainder, consisting of two non-commissioned officers and twenty men, proceeded to No. 3 General Hospital at Rondebosch.

At the time of their arrival at the Cape there were no less than 500 cases of sick and wounded in No. 2 General Hospital at Wynberg alone, so that the addition of a further body of workers was warmly welcomed by the Army Medical Staff, whose abilities had been fairly well taxed with the duty of attending to such a large number of patients. It will be gratifying to the many friends at home of the St. John's Ambulance Association to hear that their co-operation in the work of the Army hospitals in South Africa is very much valued and appreciated by the members of the permanent staff, as well as by the patients.

The climate in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope is pronounced by the most eminent of the Army medical authorities to be extremely favourable for their work, wounds healing very rapidly indeed. Several of those who were struck down in the earlier period of the war are now again fit for duty, and able to rejoin their comrades in the ranks.

CONVALESCENTS.
Wounded "Tommies" at Wynberg Hospital.

IN CAMP.
Quarters of the St. John's Ambulance Corps.

Photos. Copyright. *THE RED CROSS.* *H. Sharpe.*
Sergeants of the R.A.M.C. and St. John's Ambulance Corps.

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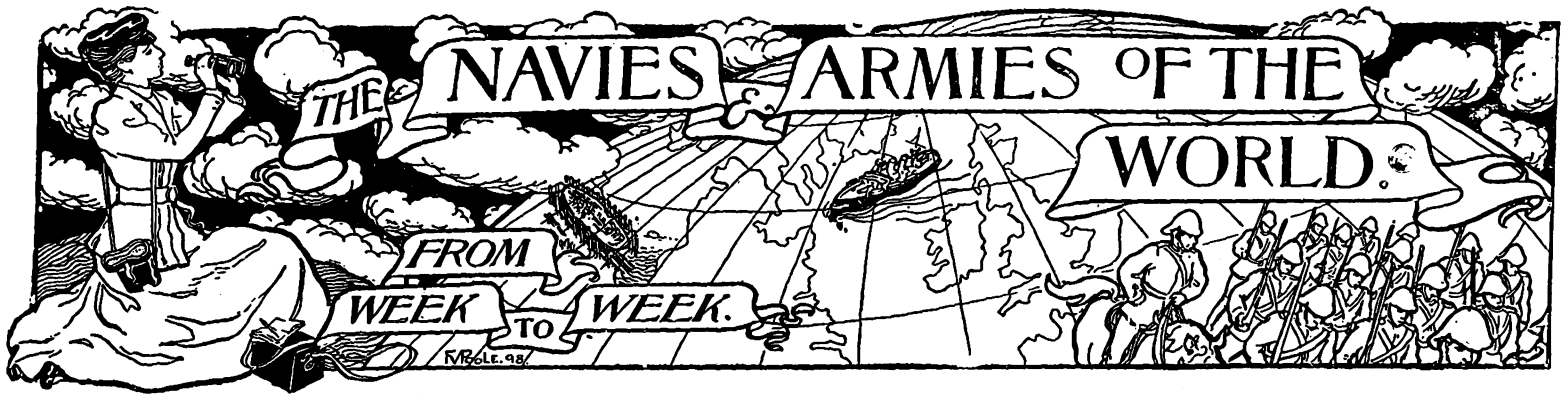

NOTHING is more difficult than to get at the truth of the best established facts, unless it be to settle the most elementary principles. A French writer who signs himself "Commandant B.," and who seems to reason well, and with a wide knowledge of the facts, has contributed two papers on what he calls the Bankruptcy of Volley Firing to the *Revue du Cercle Militaire*. On the technical question I say nothing. The point is that Commandant B. runs a tilt at some well thought of common-places of military history, and shows cause for abolishing them. Nothing is more frequently or confidently asserted than the wonderful rapidity and excellence of the volley firing of Frederick's soldiers. Commandant B. denies it altogether, and quotes Guibert, a contemporary writer on tactics. The authority would have been better if it had been that of Guichard, who figured on the King of Prussia's Army List as Major Quintus Icilius and saw service in the Seven Years' War. Still Guibert is a writer of weight who had been about Frederick. Now he says roundly that after two volleys given and taken no discipline could prevent the fire from becoming independent. The men got excited, did not ram their cartridges well home, and pointed very badly. They put the butts of their muskets to their shoulders, but did not raise the barrels, so that the bullets were buried in the dust at a quarter of the distance from their mark. If this was so, the question suggests itself how the Prussian fire was so effective, as the lists of killed and wounded in Frederick's battles clearly prove that it was. Yet Guibert is a witness who cannot be neglected, and his statement goes to show how difficult it is to get at the truth.

* * * *

One passage of the Commandant's paper interests us. He quotes Lord Wolseley's opinion that the result of the battle of Omdurman shows the value of volley firing. Then, with many compliments to our Commander-in-Chief, he proceeds to prove that the example is of no value. There is, he says, a simple fact which disposes of it completely, and that is the absolute security in which the British soldiers were during the action, "a favourable circumstance," as he justly adds. Moreover, he notes that the Dervishes had no artillery. This seems very strong, and beyond all doubt there is a vast difference between smashing the stem of the wine-glass which has no pistol in its hand, and aiming straight at an antagonist in a duel, as the experienced Irish gentleman said to Charles O'Malley. But then if the Dervishes had opened a good fire, and had possessed artillery, would not those conditions have had a disturbing effect on our men, however they had fired? On general principles it would seem that even a control which is not perfect must have some steadying effect on men. If they get excited even with it, what will they do without any? The calculation suggested to one by the vision of excited men blazing away at discretion with magazine rifles is that the expenditure of ammunition must be enormous, but not that the execution done will be in proportion. Yet there is unquestionably a profound truth latent in this criticism of Commandant B. on the speech of Lord Wolseley, and it is that the amount of damage you do your enemy depends not wholly on the course you take yourself, but on a combination of that and of his vigour in hitting back. Perhaps, too, he ought to take local knowledge into account. At the Modder, for instance, it is said that there was a mirage which confused the aim of our men. Given the mirage and two adversaries, one of whom has been accustomed to it, and the other not, and it follows that the first has a distinct advantage. This, no doubt, is a most exceptional case, but it is none the less an example of the variety of circumstances which must be taken into account in measuring one adversary with another.

* * * *

There is some amusement to be obtained from noting the change of tone which is coming over some of our foreign critics, M. de Cassagnac for instance, who never misses a chance of boasting that he hates us, wherein he does us a great honour. It is a favourite theme of his that the enmity of France and Germany is accidental, and could be removed if the question of Alsace and Lorraine were once out of the way—which, to be sure, is a pretty "if"—but that the hatred of England to France and her habitual treachery are eternal. Yet he has been scared into coming, to some extent, round to our side by the use which a good many writers in France are making of the Boer successes. They are preaching the virtues of a Citizen Army at a great rate, and are advocating the instant abolition of the professional corps of officers in France. M. de Cassagnac and a good many others with him are getting a little frightened at this, and find themselves driven to make apologies for our failures in consequence. They are pointing out that the Boers have never yet proved themselves formidable in attack, which is absolutely true. Then they are beginning to allow for the many advantages which the Boers possess, in the habits of life which have hardened them in a way impossible for a European people, in local knowledge, and in the nature of the country where the fighting has gone on so far. North of the Tugela the Boers have the enormous advantage of being on the steps of a kind of giant's staircase in a frightfully broken and confused condition. The Drakensberg goes down to the sea in a succession of broken precipices. We have to mount them with the Boers waiting for us on the top. The French have nothing like that between Paris and the frontier which was drawn by the war of 1870. Till they have they had better not try to do without a regular army. This little family quarrel may help to show that a good deal of the abuse poured on us is only another form of the feuds of our neighbours. They beat one another on our back, as the French proverb has it—and happily the blows do us no harm.

* * * *

The Germans are a very thorough people, and they go habitually to the root of the matter. There was a good example of their thorough way of looking at things in Admiral Tirpitz's speech on the German Navy Bill. The admiral is not apparently a brilliant speaker, and the Reichstag seems even to have found him a little trying. Yet he put the case very forcibly when he told the deputies that if Germany had a strong fighting fleet "the enemy will have to beat us at sea before he can establish a blockade. Our enemy would in such circumstances have to reflect, before he began a war with Germany, whether the game was worth the candle." There is indeed a vast difference between being so weak that you must accept blockade, and being only so far inferior that you may have to endure it after defeat. The task of the enemy is incomparably greater in the second case, even putting aside the possibility that a victory may be so dearly won that the victor cannot establish a blockade. We did not blockade the coast of Holland after Hyde Parker's action on the Dogger Bank, and were in no condition to do so. It is sometimes the case that we talk of blockade as if it followed as a matter of course from numerical superiority. But that would only be the case when the superiority, moral or material, is colossal. In the majority of cases blockade has followed hard-fought battles, and has been the consequence not of one victory but of several. If the German Navy is brought to the level aimed at by the Emperor, we might well be unable to blockade it at all, even after a victory, supposing that the Empire were in alliance with any other Naval Power which drew a considerable part of our Fleet elsewhere.

* * * *

Meanwhile the Emperor is sure of a considerable measure of success, and that is a serious fact for our consideration. Captain Mahan and our exposition of him have done much to persuade the world that strong fleets give the power to dominate your neighbour. As it is the firm conviction of all men on the continent of Europe that the dearest wish of every Englishman is to domineer, there is a growing wish on all hands to acquire the means of defence at sea against England. We see it in Germany, in France, and in Russia, and all these States have it in their power to increase their Navies largely if they so please. The task of keeping ours at the level of safety which we have hitherto thought necessary will become far more serious than ever, and it must be taken in hand just when there will be a great permanent increase in the cost of the Army.

DAVID HANNAY.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

FEBRUARY 18, 1794.—Sourier carried—Martinique. Bellegarde's Camp, on the heights of Sourier, was successfully assaulted and captured by Lieutenant-Colonels Buckeridge, Coote, and Blundell, but with considerable loss on our side. 1897.—Capture of Benin. The punitive expedition against the King of Benin arrived at that city and captured it with slight losses. The king escaped, but submitted later. 1898.—Defeat of Sudanese mutineers. Colonel Macdonald attacked and defeated the mutineers near Lake Kioga, Uganda.

February 19, 1792.—Redoubt at Seringapatam taken by General Abercromby. 1803.—Galle Gederah and Girio Gamma, Ceylon, taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Logan. 1810.—Surrender of Amboyna, Molucca Islands, by the Dutch. 1891.—Tokar recaptured by the Egyptians, under Colonel Kitchener.

February 20, 1794.—Engagement in St. Domingo. Lieutenant-Colonel Whitelock, while marching towards L'Acul, defeated a force of mulattoes, and drove them from their entrenchments. 1818.—Defeat of the Mahrattas. Brigadier-General Smith defeated a large body of Mahratta horse, under Sirdah Bapoo Golka, near Ashta, Poonah. 1841.—Fort Wapanee taken. This fort, in the south Mahratta country, which was held by some refractory Arabs, was taken by storm by Major Vivian, and surrendered next day.

February 21, 1826.—Sir Archibald Alison born. 1849.—Battle of Gujerat. Lord Gough, with about 25,000 British, reinforced by the Bombay column, defeated the Sikhs under Shere Sing, who numbered about 60,000. The enemy fled in disorder, leaving baggage, stores, and fifty guns. Our loss was five officers and ninety-two rank and file killed, and twenty-three officers and 682 rank and file wounded.

February 22, 1760.—Action near Patria. Colonel Caillaud, with a force of 300 Europeans, together with 1,000 Sepoys, having joined the army of Meer Jaffier, Subahdar of Bengal, 15,000 strong, attacked the army of Shah Zada, an Indian ally of the Dutch, and defeated them. 1818.—Surrender of Chacun. This hill fort, near Poonah, was surrendered by the Mahrattas to Colonel Deacon.

February 23, 1814.—Crossing of the Adour. Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope, with 28,000 men crossed the Adour with very slight losses. This was largely owing to a mistake on General Thouveret's part, only two battalions being detached to check the British.

February 24, 1797.—"Invasion of Wales." A body of 1,200 French convicts were landed at Fishguard, South Wales, with the object of ravaging the coast. The spirited action of the peasantry, who, uniting with the Militia and Volunteers, appeared upon the scene, and compelled the curious invaders to surrender at discretion. 1841.—Defeat of refractory tribesmen in the Nazian Valley, by Shah Soojah's troops, under Captain Ferris, assisted by the 44th Regiment and the 27th Native Infantry.

FEBRUARY 18, 1653.—First day of Blake's battle with Tromp off Portland. 1800.—The "Foudroyant" and consorts captured the French "Généreux" and convoy. 1873.—Stanhope Gold Medal founded.

February 19, 1653.—Blake's battle with Tromp off Portland—second day of fighting. 1694.—Loss of the "Sussex," 80, off Gibraltar. 1801.—The "Phœbe," 40, Captain Sir Robert Barlow, captured the "Africaine," 40, off the coast of Morocco. Naval medal action. 1807.—Duckworth's squadron forced the passage of the Dardanelles. 1870.—The "Abyssinia" launched. 1841.—Rear-Admiral Hilary G. Andoe, C.B. born.

February 20, 1653.—Blake's battle with Tromp off Portland—decisive defeat of the Dutch. 1797.—Nelson made Rear-Admiral of the "Blue." 1835.—Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., G.C.B. born. 1894.—The "Harrier" launched. 1897.—The "Niobe" launched.

February 21, 1759.—The "Vestal," 32, Captain Samuel Hood, captured the "Bellone," 32, in the Atlantic, on the way to North America. The prize became the "Repulse," from which directly our present battleship takes the name. 1810.—The "Horatio," 38, captured the "Nécessité," 26, in the Atlantic. 1896.—Bombardment of Crete by the Powers.

February 22, 1642.—An Act of Council resumed the use of flag with Cross of St. George. 1799.—The "Espoir," 14, captured the "Africa," 18 (Spanish), near Malaga, by boarding after an hour and a-half's action. 1812.—The "Victorious," 74, Captain John Talbot, captured the "Rivoli," 74, off Venice. Naval medal action. 1898.—The "Mermaid" launched.

February 23, 1632.—Samuel Pepys born. 1674.—The "Tiger," 30, Captain Harman, captured the Dutch "Shaerlaes," 30, off Cadiz, a ship duel, the result of a challenge from the Dutch captain. 1805.—The "Leander," 50, Captain John Talbot, captured the "Ville de Milan," 40, recapturing the "Cleopatra," 32, at the same time. 1887.—Admiral Sir Michael Seymour died.

February 24, 1744.—The "Solebay," 20, captured the Spanish register ship "Concordia," from Vera Cruz, to Cadiz, with treasure. 1809.—Destruction of three French 40-gun frigates in the Bay of Biscay, by Rear-Admiral Stopford's squadron. Reduction of Martinique. 1813.—The "Peacock" sank after capture by the "Hornet" (American). 1815.—Robert Fulton died. 1840.—Vice-Admiral Ernest Rice born. 1891.—The "Tribune" launched.

Died for the Flag.

"Qui procul hinc," the legend's writ—
The frontier-grave is far away—
"Qui ante diem periit:
Sed miles sed pro patriâ."—HENRY NEWBOLT.

OF those who died for the flag and whose portraits are given in this week's issue, the earliest to fall were those who perished on the sad morning of December 11, when the grey dawn found Wauchope and his Scots Brigade within only a few hundred yards of the Boer trenches, and still marching in quarter-column and in close formation. Out from the hillside burst a veritable hell of fire, from which the Black Watch lost no less than six officers killed and eleven wounded, amongst the former being Captain the Hon. J. F. T. Cumming-Bruce, at first reported missing, but afterwards found to have been killed. He was only thirty-two. This is the second soldier son Lord Thurlow has lost, for his youngest son, who was a Seaforth Highlander and attached to the British Central African Rifles, died of fever at Mauritius on November 11. How heavily the Highland Brigade suffered is shown by the fact that the Gordons, whose casualties were the smallest in the brigade, lost three officers killed and two wounded. Of the former we give portraits of two—Colonel G. T. F. Downman and Captain A. S. Wingate. Colonel Downman had seen many a hard-fought field, for he wore the Egyptian medal with clasps for "Tel-el-Kebir," "El-Teb," "Tamai," and "Nile, 1884-85," and the last Indian General Service medal with clasps for "Relief of Chitral," "Punjab Frontier, 1897-98," and "Tirah, 1897-98." The last clasp covers "Dargai," where he was second in command to Matthias and gained his lieutenant-colonel's brevet. Wingate, who was just thirty, obtained his company last May, and had seen the same Indian service as Colonel Downman.

During the first week of the New Year French's force was active around Colesberg, and in that fighting a most promising young soldier lost his life—Lieutenant A. V. West, the only son of Lieutenant-Colonel West, who, after a service of four years in the ranks, had won for himself a commission. Almost, if not quite, the youngest officer killed at Ladysmith on January 6 was Second-Lieutenant G. B. B. Denniss, R.E., a son of Mr. E. R. B. Denniss, of Harrow, and barrister of the Middle Temple. After a brilliant career at Harrow and Woolwich, this gallant young sapper went out in September to join the 23rd Field Company R.E. with White at Ladysmith. In the sortie on the night of December 11, when the Boer guns on Surprise Hill were stormed, it was this young officer who, with Lieutenant Jones, of the same company, destroyed them with gun-cotton. In the fighting on the 6th, when the Imperial Light Horse lost eight out of ten of their officers, it was Lieutenant Jones who took command, and he was joined by Lieutenant Denniss. Poor Denniss was the first to be killed, Lieutenant Jones perishing later in the day. Both behaved with conspicuous gallantry. Another of those we mourn is Captain H. C. Sandford, who lost his life in the attempt to storm an impregnable position outside Mafeking on December 24. Sandford was an Indian Staff Corps man, who belonged to the 1st Punjab Infantry, and had seen service in Burma in 1892. He was home on a year's leave, which expired early in August last, but, like the keen soldier he was, he smelt fighting in the air, obtained two months' extension, and went out to South Africa to meet a soldier's death.

In Buller's fighting north of the Tugela, one of the earliest officers killed was Captain A. D. Raitt, of the 2nd West Surrey, who died of wounds received in Warren's attack on the Boer right on January 21. Raitt was only thirty-one and had been but little over a year a captain. The remaining four of our portraits are of officers who perished in, perhaps, as tough fighting as the British Army has ever seen—the attack on Spion Kop on January 24. In this great fight the corps that most highly distinguished themselves and suffered most heavily were the 2nd Cameronians, the 3rd King's Royal Rifles, and Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry. To the first-named, the gallant old 90th, "Perthshire Greybacks," belonged Captains Murray and Walter. The former was only thirty-two and the latter four years younger. Neither had seen any previous war service. Of the King's Royal Rifles, the youngest officer to perish was Second-Lieutenant French-Brewster, who only joined the regiment on October 18 from the 3rd (Militia) Battalion West Surrey. The Hon. H. Petre, who belonged to Thorneycroft's, was a brother of the present Lord Petre and a captain in the Suffolk Yeomanry, and only went out to South Africa a little time back in order to see that active service in which he was to perish. It will be remembered that the Cameronians and King's Royal Rifles were with Lyttelton's Brigade on Warren's right, and to their share fell the storming of the steepest side of the Kop.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

Commander-in-Chief: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of De Aar, under Methuen.

Brigade Commanders: Major-Generals Sir H. E. Colvile, Hector Macdonald, and R. Pole-Carew. Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Babington.

CAVALRY
2nd Dragoons.
9th Lancers.
12th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—G and P Batteries.
Field—18th, 37th (Howitzer), 62nd, 75th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division (latter in Kimberley).

ENGINEERS
7th (Field) Co.
8th (Railway) Co.
11th (Field) Co.
29th (Fortress) Co.
31st (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY
3rd Grenadiers.
1st Coldstreams.
2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.
1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Highland L.I.
1st Northumberlands.
2nd Northamptons.
1st Gordons.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.
1st N. Lancashire (half battalion in Kimberley).
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.
2nd Shropshire L.I.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
Canadian Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).

II.—Cape Colony. All Troops in and South of De Aar, on line Cape Town to De Aar.

Lieutenant-General commanding line of communications: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

ARTILLERY
Horse—U, Q, T Batteries.
Field—4th, 38th, 65th, 76th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 2nd, 8th, 39th, 44th, 66th, 88th Batteries.
Garrison—15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division (Siege Train).

ENGINEERS
6th (Fortress) Co.
9th (Field) Co.
20th (Field) Co.
38th (Field) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY
2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.
2nd Cheshire.
6th Warwick (Militia).
4th Derbyshire (Militia).
3rd Durham L.I. (Militia).
4th Royal Lancaster (Militia)
9th King's Royal Rifles (Militia)
2nd South Wales Borderers.
2nd North Staffs.
1st East Lancashire.
C.I. Volunteers.
4th Argyll and Sutherland (Militia).
3rd East Lancashire (Militia).

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
New South Wales Artillery.
Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles (Cape).
Cape Town Highlanders.
Victorian Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.

III.—Southern Border, operating from Naauwpoort under French.

Commanding Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Irabazon.

CAVALRY
Household Regiment.
6th Dragoon Guards.
6th Dragoons.
10th Hussars.
16th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—O, and R Batteries.
Field—20th Battery.
Heavy—2 5-in. Howitzers

ENGINEERS
10th (Railway) Co.
26th (Field) Co.
37th (Field) Co.
42nd (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Div. Telegraph Batn.

INFANTRY
1st Suffolk.
1st Essex.
1st Yorkshire.
1st Welsh.
2nd Bedford.*
1st Royal Irish.*
2nd Wiltshire.*
2nd Worcestershire.*

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Prince Alfred's Volunteer Guards (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
New South Wales Lancers.
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.
Rimington's Scouts.
Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artlry.
Australian Horse (Troop).

IV.—Southern Border, operating from Queenstown under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY
Field—74th, 77th, 79th Batteries.

ENGINEERS
12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY
2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.
1st Derbyshire.
2nd East Kent.*
1st Oxford L.I.*
1st West Riding.*
2nd Gloucester.*

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Cape Mounted Rifles.
Det. Cape Mounted Police.
Frontier Mounted Rifles.
Kaffrarian Rifles.
Brabant's Horse.

* These troops form Major-General Kelly-Kenny's Division now operating in conjunction with French and Gatacre.

V.—Natal, beleaguered in Ladysmith under White.

Brigade Commanders: Major-General F. Howard. Cavalry Brigade: Major-General Brocklehurst.

CAVALRY
5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th Hussars.
19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS
23rd (Field) Company, Balloon Section, Headquarters and Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
1st Liverpool.
1st Devon.
1st Leicester.
1st Gloucester.†
1st King's Royal Rifles.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Manchester.
2nd Gordons.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†
2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Imperial Light Horse.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

VI.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

Divisional and Brigade Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals Sir F Clery and Sir C. Warren: Major-Generals Hildyard, Lyttelton, Hart, and Barton. Cavalry Brigade: Lord Dundonald.

CAVALRY
1st Dragoons.
13th Hussars.
14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—J Battery
Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS
17th (Field) Co.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
1st Border.
2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.
1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.
2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.
2nd Somerset L.I.
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
2nd Middlesex.
1st York and Lancaster.
2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Royal Warwick.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Natal Naval Volunteers.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Durban Light Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Imperial Light Infantry.
Natal Mounted Police (Det.).
S. African Light Horse (part).

VII.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

CAVALRY
7th Dragoon Guards.
17th Lancers.
8th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A and M Batteries.
Field—43rd (Howitzer), 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 5th, 9th, 17th, 88th, 90th, 91st Batteries.
Garrison—5th Co. E. Division; 15th Co. W. Division (Siege Train); 2nd Co. S. Division.

ENGINEERS
"C" Pontoon Troop.
47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY
1st Sussex (from Malta).
1st Leinster (from Halifax).
1st Cameron H'gh's (from Egypt).
Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
Imperial Yeomanry.
Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.
Lumsden's Horse (from India).
Roberts's Horse (raising).
Kitchener's Horse (raising).

* Militia Regiments.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 38 (Supply), 40, 41, and 42.

Naval Brigades are serving with White in Ladysmith, with Buller in Northern Natal, with Methuen at Modder River, and with the troops under General Gatacre.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (detachment), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles. In Kimberley, under Colonel Kekewich, there are the Diamond Fields Artillery, Diamond Fields Horse, Kimberley Rifles, and Cape Mounted Police (detachment).

NOTE.—The strength of the various units on a war footing is approximately as follows: A regiment of Cavalry 610; a battery of Artillery, Horse 180, Field 170 (companies of Garrison Artillery vary considerably, but may be taken to average 150; the Siege Train batteries are, however, very largely augmented); a company of Royal Engineers 210; a battalion of Infantry 1,010; and a company Army Service Corps 140.

The Eighth Division ordered to mobilise for service in South Africa is as follows: Sixteenth Brigade: 2nd Grenadiers, 2nd Scots Guards, 2nd East York, 1st Leinster, No. 2 Co. Army Service Corps (supply column). Seventeenth Brigade: 1st Worcestershire, 2nd Manchester, 1st South Staffordshire (from Gibraltar), 2nd West Kent (from Malta). Divisional Troops: 89th, 90th, and 91st Batteries, Royal Field Artillery, No. 5 (Field) Co. R.E., No. 39 Co. A.S.C.

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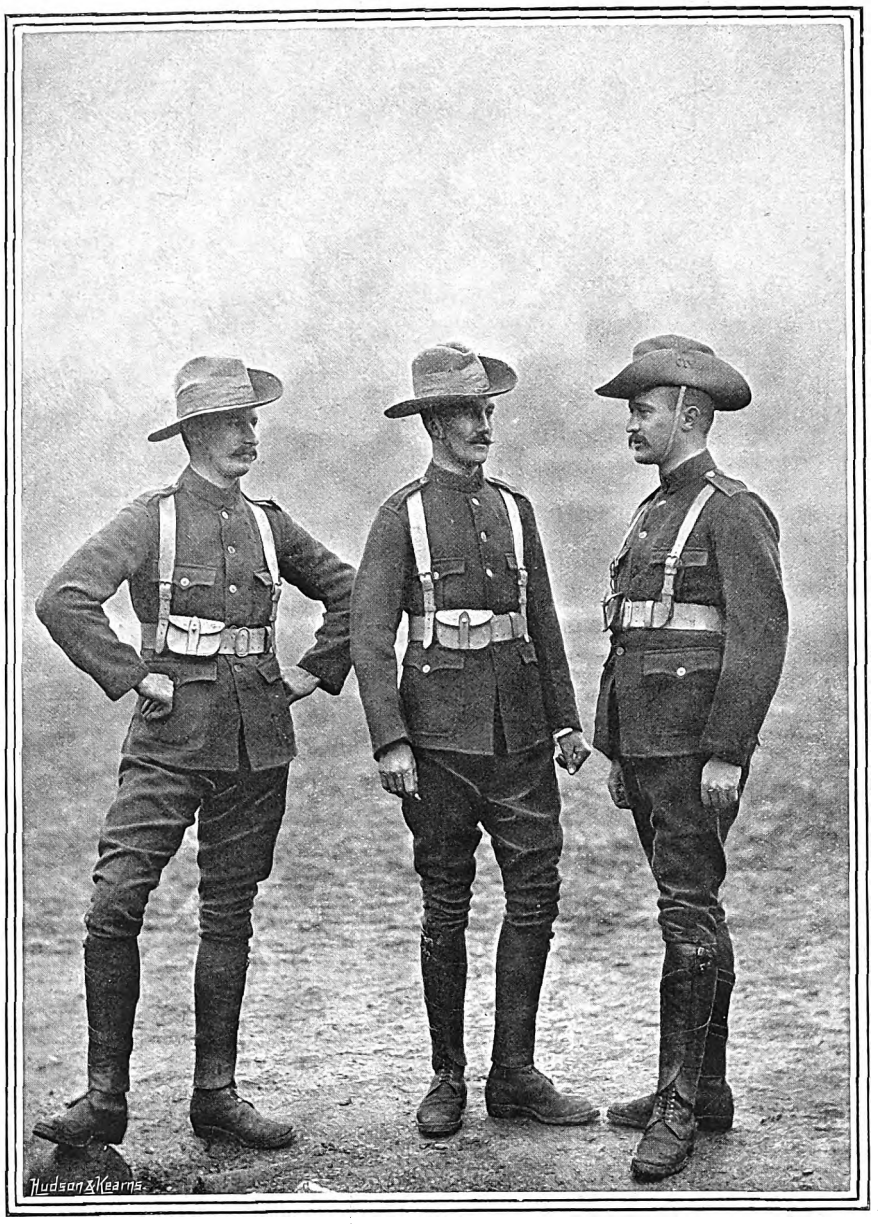
DURING the past week embarkations of singular interest have taken place at the Royal Albert Docks, at Southampton, and at Liverpool, no fewer than four ships having left with contingents of the Imperial Yeomanry and with details of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital Staff. The organisation of the Imperial Yeomanry was dealt with in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of the 3rd inst., but in view of these recent departures a short additional sketch of its aims and objects, with special reference to the accompanying pictures, among which have been included two of the Honourable Artillery Company's contingent of the City Imperial Volunteers, may be acceptable.

The pictures represent, it will be noted, the Imperial Yeomanry in, practically speaking, "every shape and form." Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, mounted and dismounted, in full dress and fatigue dress, all types are portrayed, and, moreover, a very wide area is included. It will be remembered that these local contingents, although raised in connection with local Yeomanry corps, contain many members who have come from a considerable distance, in some cases actually from far-off Canada, in order to serve the Queen in a corps of such promise and with such a lively career of usefulness before it.

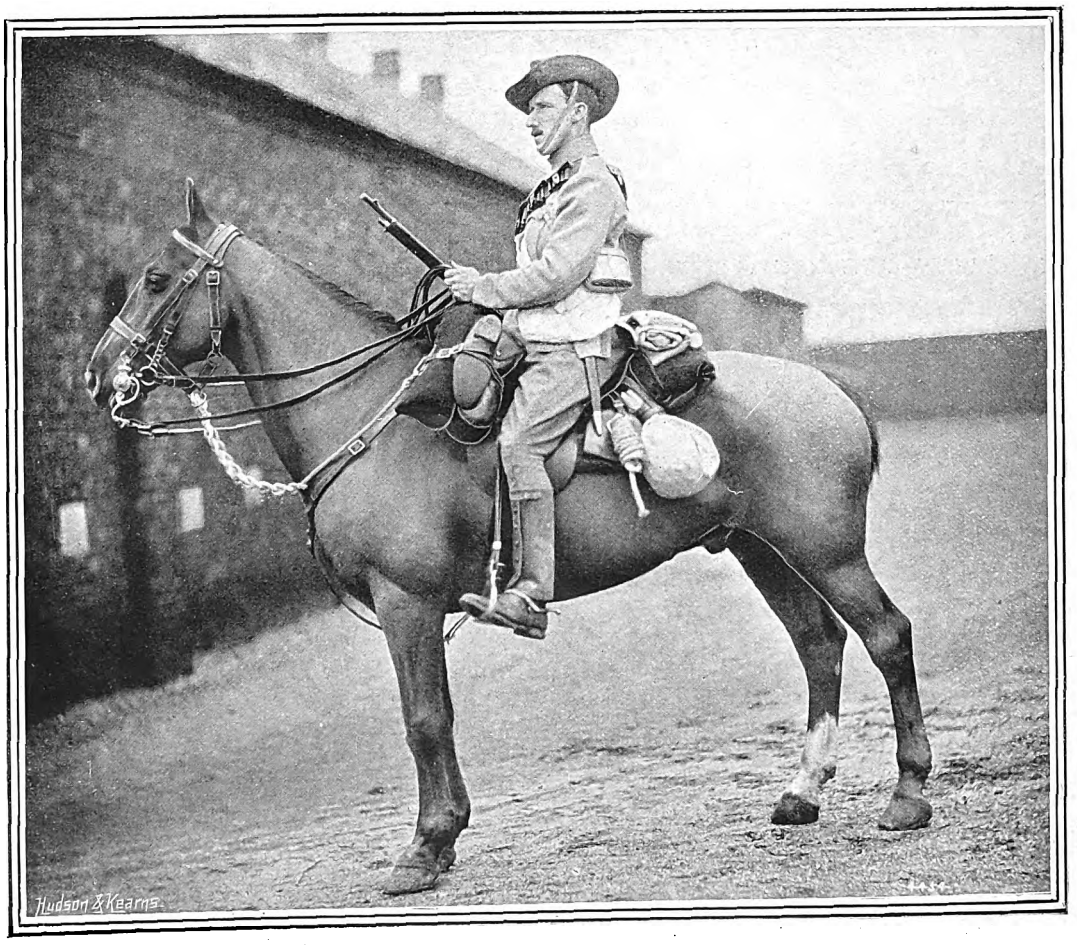
It may be that here and there readers of the softer sex will think, as they look at the Imperial Yeoman in his field service kit, that in appearance he does not come up to the gallant Yeomanry cavalryman with whom they have been hitherto familiar, that brave figure in the green and gold jacket, may be, and busby, and other trappings, at times suggestive of a spirited attempt to combine the spectacular attributes of half-a-dozen regular corps in one superbly variegated whole. But such artistic longings are, we fancy, growing much less pronounced and frequent. When war becomes a stern reality even the feminine mind begins to appreciate the fact that the gilt and ginger-bread side of it must be turned to the wall, and that, from the patriotically practical standpoint, a "gentleman in khaki" makes a better picture than the most magnificently dressed ornament of a dazzlingly uniformed corps.

What will strike the male observer is the obvious fact that the Imperial Yeomanry field service kit is a thoroughly sound one for the purpose for which it has been devised. In this connection it is well to emphasise the circumstance that these Imperial Yeomanry are intended to act, not as yeomanry cavalry, but as mounted infantry, and that it is to the latter end that every detail of their uniform and equipment has been thought out. Naturally some margin has been allowed, but the central idea has been to produce a man and a horse capable, if necessary, of important individual action, a still further independence being secured by subordinating the mounted to the dismounted equipment.

Of the contingent furnished to the City Imperial Volunteers by the Honourable Artillery Company our two pictures afford typical illustration. That in which the officers of the contingent are shown includes also Major-General Trotter, commanding the Home District, Earl Denbigh, commanding the Honourable Artillery Company, and Lady Denbigh, and Major G. McMicking, commanding the Horse Artillery of the corps. The contingent is armed with a special battery of Vickers-Maxim quick-firing guns.



CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEER GUNNERS.
Types of the Contingent Furnished by the Honourable Artillery Company.



Photos. Copyright. *AN IMPERIAL YEOMAN.* *Gregory.*
A Sergeant in Full South African Field Kit.

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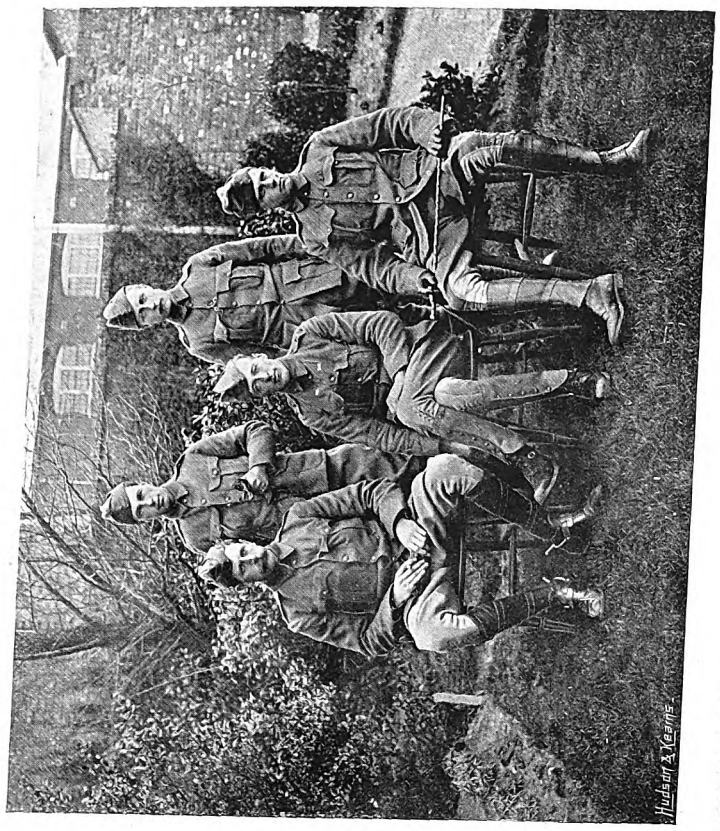
Some Officers

OF THE

Imperial Yeomanry

AND

Artillery, C.I.V.



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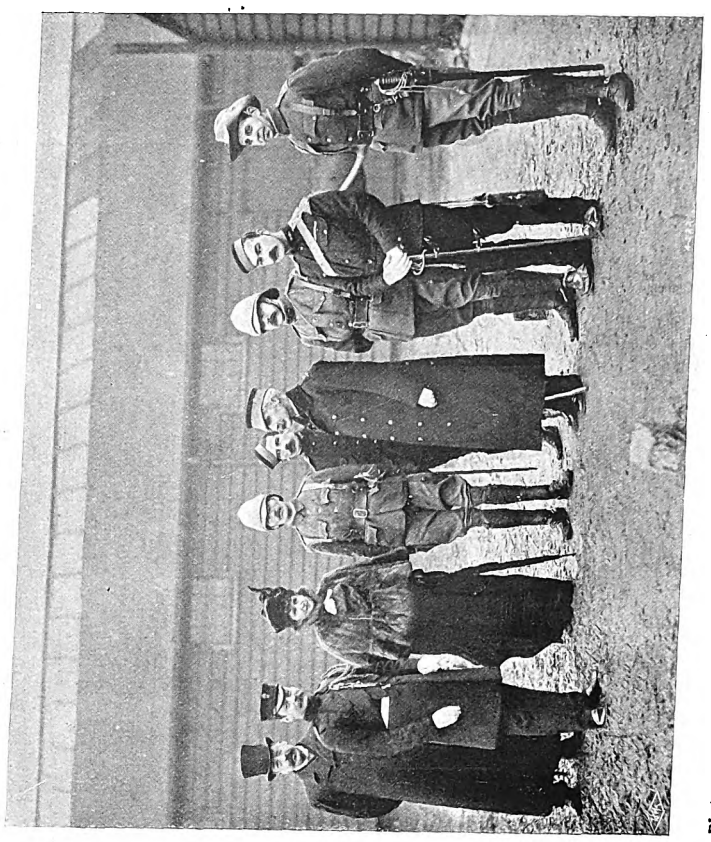

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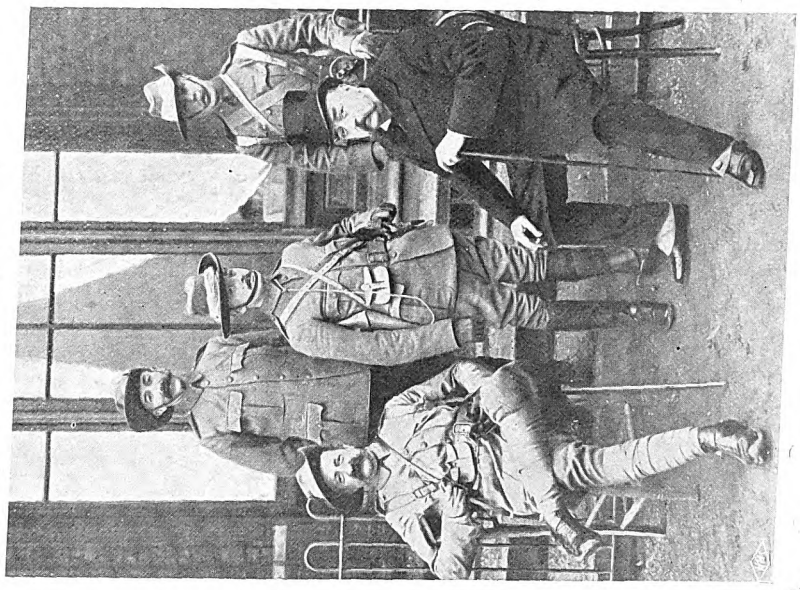

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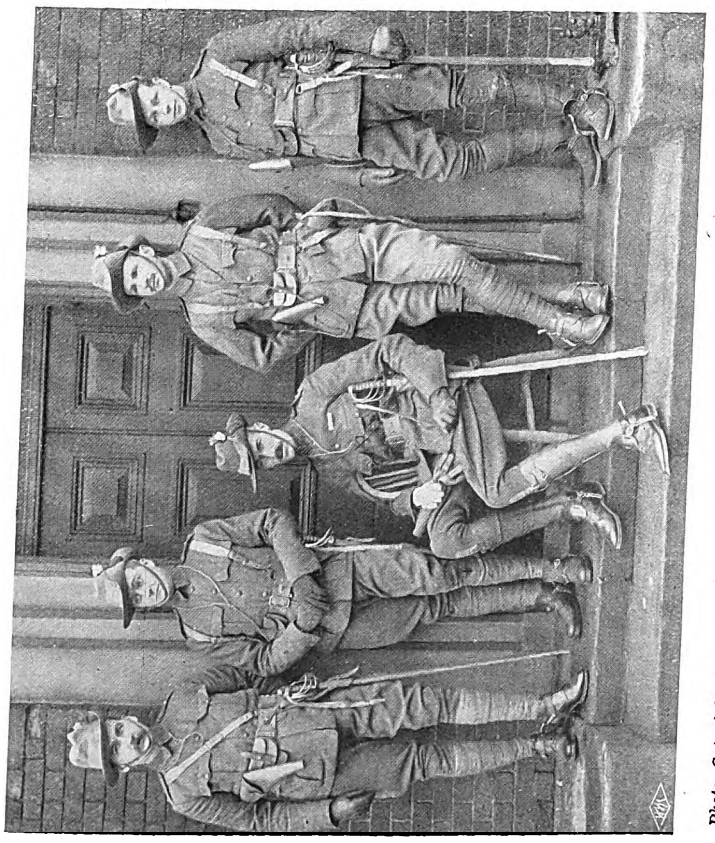

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With the Mafeking Relief Force.

"Navy & Army."

Colonel Plumer's Camp at Gaberones.

From a Photo. from a Correspondent.

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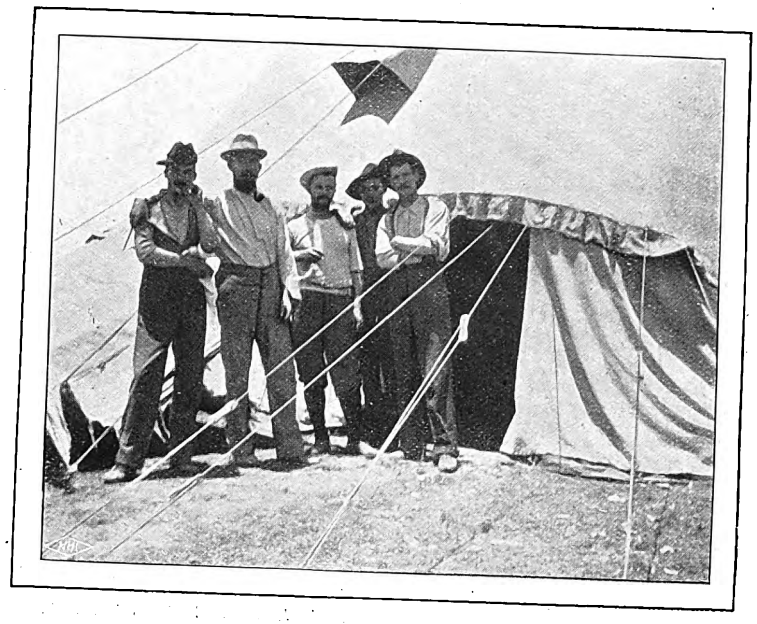
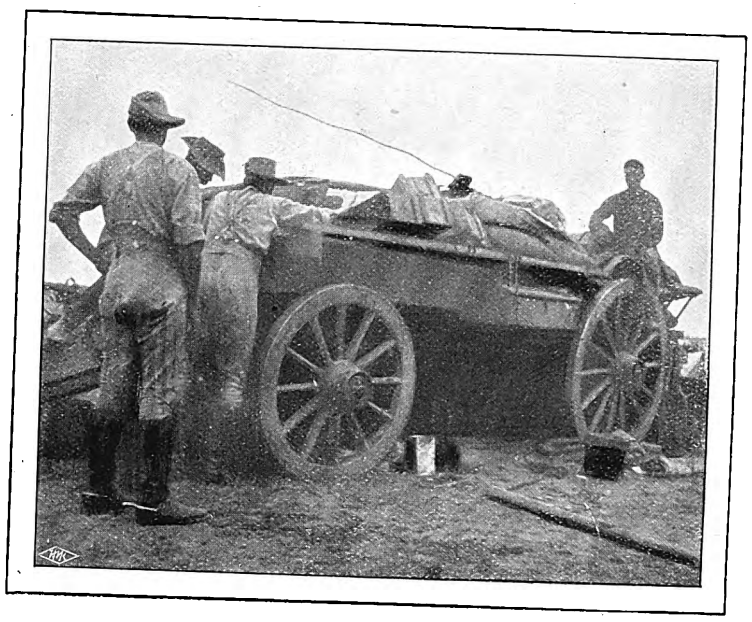
With Our Soldiers in Natal.

LETTERS FROM HOME.
News of the Loved Ones Oversea.



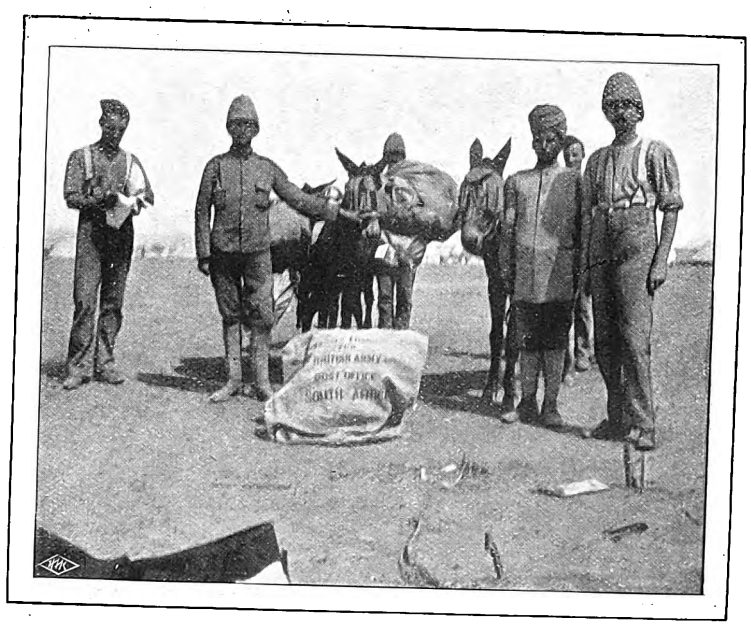
POST AND TELEGRAPHS.
A Hard-worked and Willing Staff.

A MUCH APPRECIATED BOON.
A Quiet Spot for Writing Letters.



FOOD FOR THE MIND.
The Record of the World's News.

A WELCOME VISITOR.
The Mail Train Arrives from Durban.



FOR WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.
"Full of Hairbreadth 'Scapes and Dangers Run.

From Photos. by Mr. W. D. N. Cotts.

Comforts in Camp at Chieveley.

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With Clery and Warren on the Tugela.

MORNING SERVICE IN CAMP.
Oliver Cromwell's Advice is not Forgotten.

AN AL FRESCO BARBER.
Shaving or Hair-cutting at the Shortest Notice.

DAINTIES FOR THE DEVONS.
From Lady Buller's Committee at Aldershot.

WAR is not only a teacher to those who fight, but to those who read of the fighting. Six months ago there were few to whom the Tugela was even a name in this country. It would have puzzled all but the roaming globe-trotter, or the returned colonist, to tell where it was. To-day our much-quoted friend the man in the street has Tugela, Potgieter's Drift, Trichardt's Drift, Wagon Drift, Colenso, Spion Kop, Chieveley, Acton Homes, and half-a-dozen others familiar in his mouth as household words. And not only that, but he knows where they are, and can put his finger on them on the map. It is a heavy price we have paid for our increase of knowledge. The week of the three defeats was the most painful seven days we have any of us passed through, and one of those three checks to our pride and blows to our patriotism will be associated for ever with the name of the bishop who compiled the school book on arithmetic and was the advocate of the Zulus. Colenso has another meaning for us than it once had. But the pain to our sentiments was the least part of the price we have paid. The banks of the Tugela will be studded for ever with the graves of those who have fallen in battle in this war, which was expected to be little, and has turned out to be the greatest by far we have fought since the Crimea already, while no one can tell what it still has in store. Let us, by the way, hope that we shall not again disgrace ourselves by neglecting the tombs of our soldiers as we did the cemetery near Sebastopol. It was a very unpleasant practice of ours to be indecently neglectful of the last resting-places of our soldiers who fell in battle. In many cases, no doubt, it was not possible to keep a record. Thousands of British officers and men have fallen, or have died of disease, in the far-ranging campaigns of German, Spanish, Indian, and American wars. They were consigned to a soldier's grave, coffinless and unrecorded, at the foot of some stony sierra or in the primeval forest, and there could be no more record kept of them than of the gentlemen whose graves are in the bottomless sea.

"The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's grace,
And the rest in God's own time."

But where this has not been the case we have at times displayed a brutal indifference to the burial-places of those whom we were ready to call heroes in rhetorical speeches. The island of Chusan was once the scene of a quite hideous example of our occasional want of right feeling. A number of soldiers—officers and men—of a regiment landed there died of fever. They were buried about 2-ft. below the surface, and then a short time afterwards a military road was run through the place. The remains of the dead were thrown over on the roadside. This spectacle was so disgusting to the Chinese, who themselves are superstitiously reverent of burial-places, that a wealthy native merchant bought a field and re-

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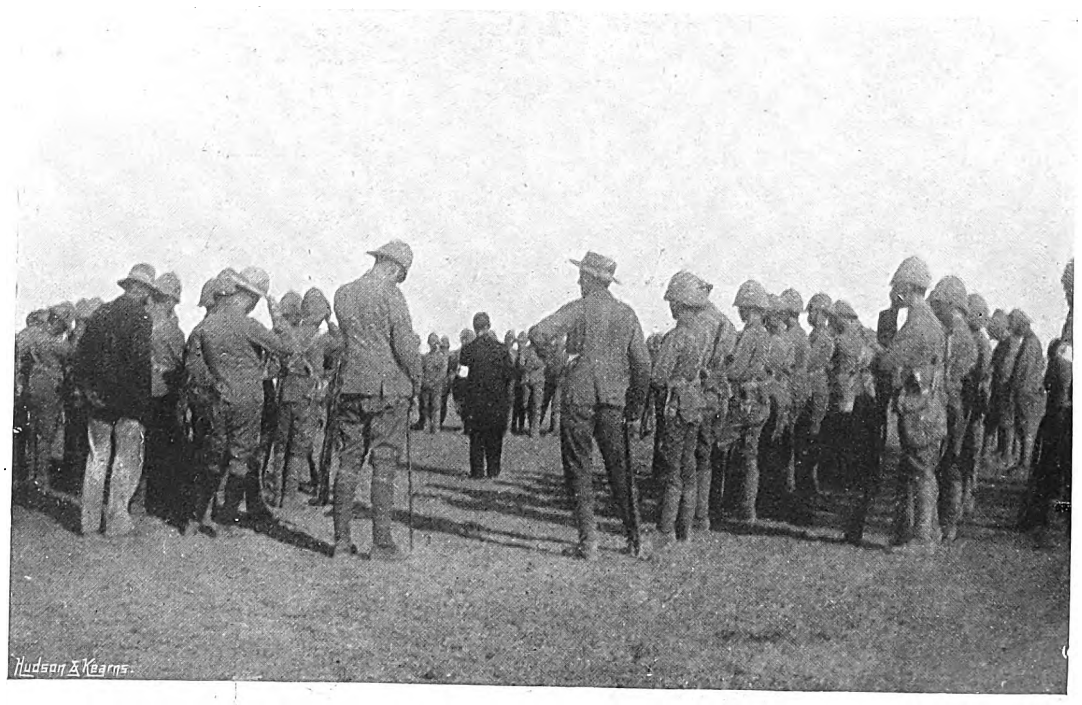
buried the bodies decently as an act of human piety. Our callousness in this matter is said to have done more to persuade the Chinese that we were only "ugly red-haired savages" than all our bombardments. There must be no more of that sort of thing.

Any comparison with the Crimea at once brings back the memory of the terrible first winter, and of the sufferings which want of experience, want of judgment, and a superfluity of red tape brought on our Army. Happily we do seem to have amended that, and whatever may be wanting, or may be wrong in South Africa, there is no danger that our soldiers will be sacrificed to pure want of food. Now and then on a day of fighting, or among marches, our men may be thrown on emergency rations, and when these have been eaten on the first emergency there is an unpleasant interval of compulsory fasting. To be without his food was always grievous to the British soldier, and especially to the Englishman, though characteristically enough he was always the most wasteful of men with his rations. Frenchmen, Germans, Portuguese, or Spaniards in the Peninsula could be trusted to carry rations for several days, and to make them last. The British soldier either ate all his on the first day, or parted with them to the country people for drink, or even threw them away to escape having to carry the weight. Then he starved, and went to fill the hospital. Nowadays the British soldier is a much better educated man than he was when Wellington calmly remarked that it was impossible to get habitually sober men, though, as the old-fashioned general said in the after-dinner speech, in spite of that, he fights very well. Perhaps he has learnt the meaning of the old saw "Waste not, want not." At least care has been taken to provide him with enough. Although the old cry against the War Office is tolerably shrill, it cannot be said that it has forgotten to provide stores, or medicine, or that, having provided them, it has not supplied the means of taking them where they are wanted. Of all these things there seems to have been even superfluity on the Tugela. We do not say that this is a very wonderful feat; after all the camps are connected by railway with Durban, which is accessible from the sea. We are not so far altogether in a roadless country, nor are we perched on a hill amid snow and separated from our port by miles of mud feet deep. Yet we have commonly begun by managing all the supply part of our wars so badly that it is encouraging to hear of our success so far. The hardest part of the task has yet to be performed. When the general advance is made the commissariat will be taxed to the utmost to keep pace with the army. We have been blamed for sticking too closely to the railway, but hasty critics do not realise the difficulties that attend road transport, when a mule will itself consume in a few days all the forage it can carry. But our road transport ought to be soon in perfect order, and well practised in every necessary respect, and we may fairly rely that we shall not have to learn that hunger is the effective ally of the Boers.

THE SHOEING FORGE.
The Farrier Plies His Useful Trade.

NOT HAM AND EGGS.
But a Substantial Breakfast for Tommy.



HEADS BOWED IN PRAYER.
Church Service in the Field.

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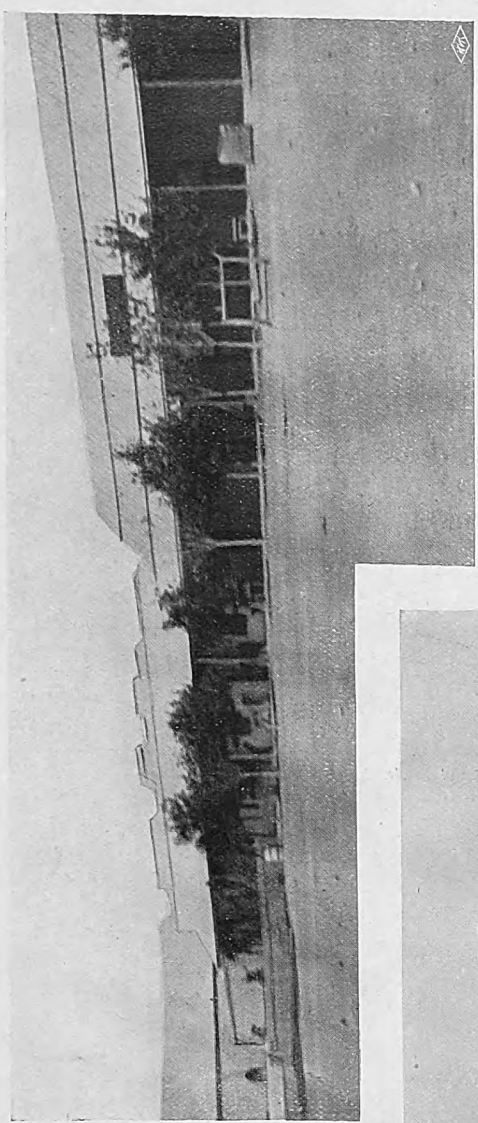
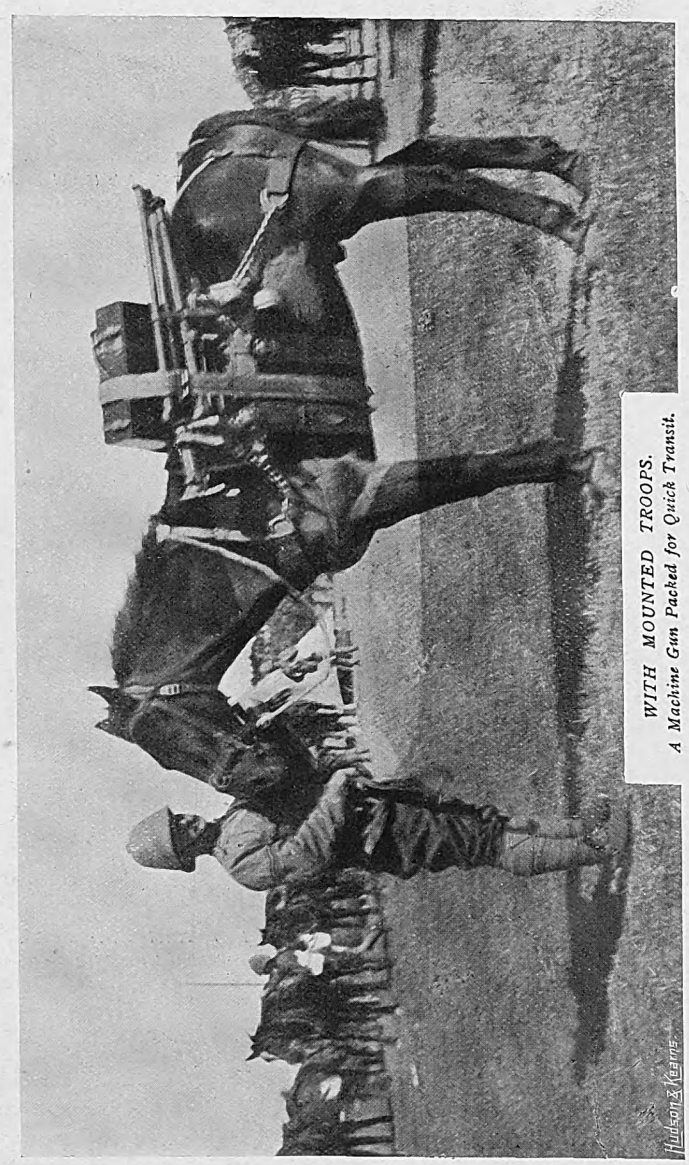
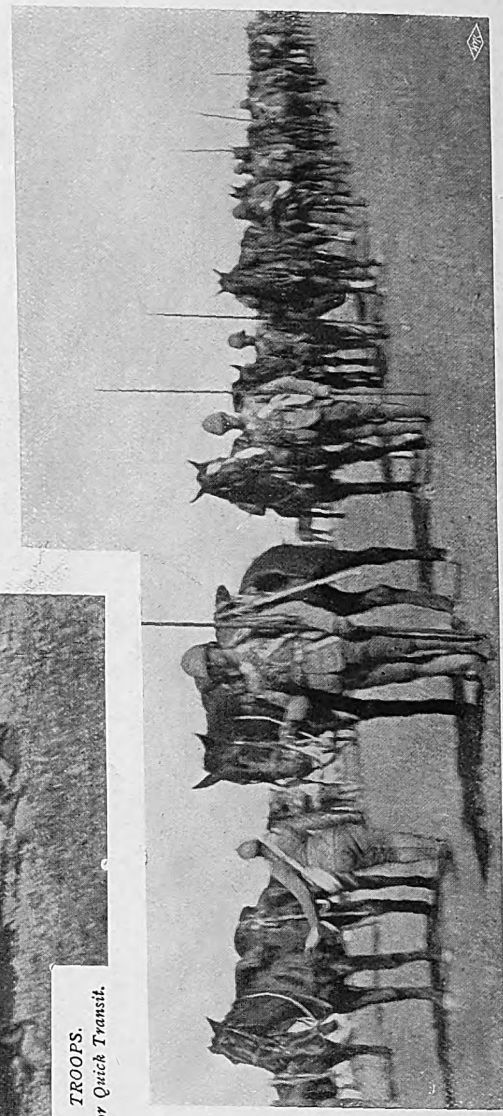


A WAYSIDE HOSTELRY.
Resting-place of the Troops on Their Way to the Battle-field.

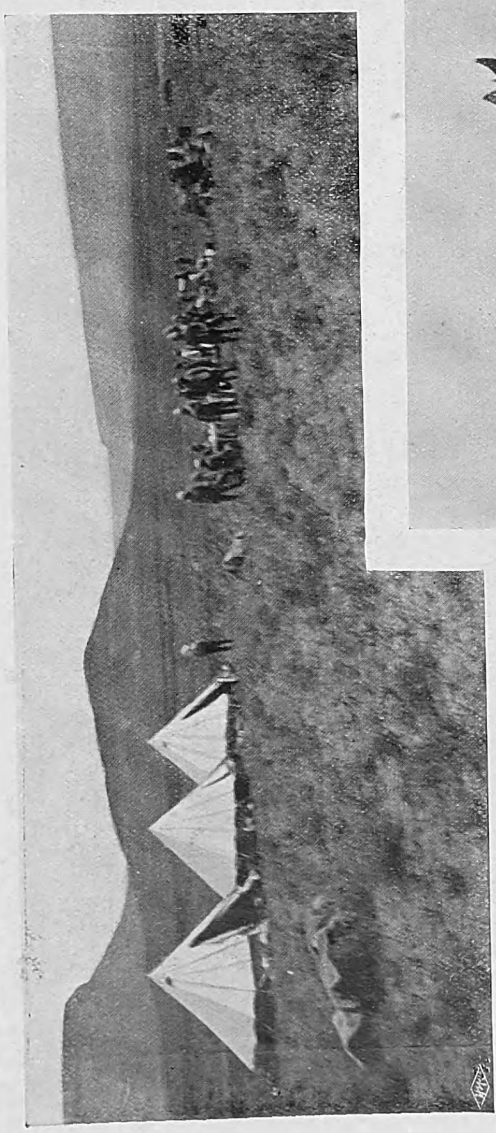
On the Orange Free State Frontier.



WITH MOUNTED TROOPS.
A Machine Gun Packed for Quick Transit.

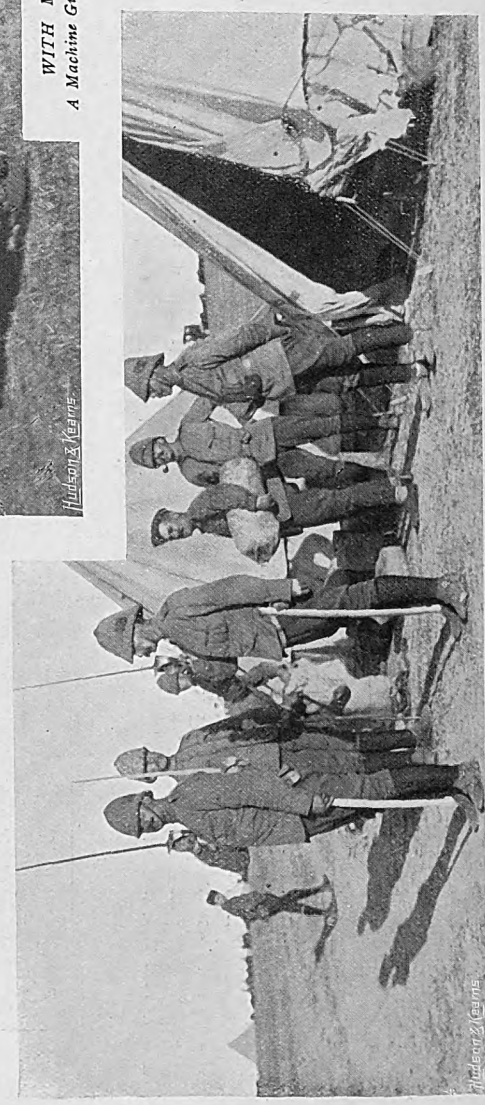


"PREPARE TO MOUNT."
A Detachment of Cavalry about to Leave Camp on Outpost Duty.



LUNCH IN THE OPEN.
Cavalry Officers Taking a Hasty Meal on the Veldt.

With General French AT Colesberg.



RELIEVING GUARD.
Sentries of the Royal Horse Artillery being Relieved by Their Comrades.

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From Photos. by Our Own Correspondent.

Navy & Army.

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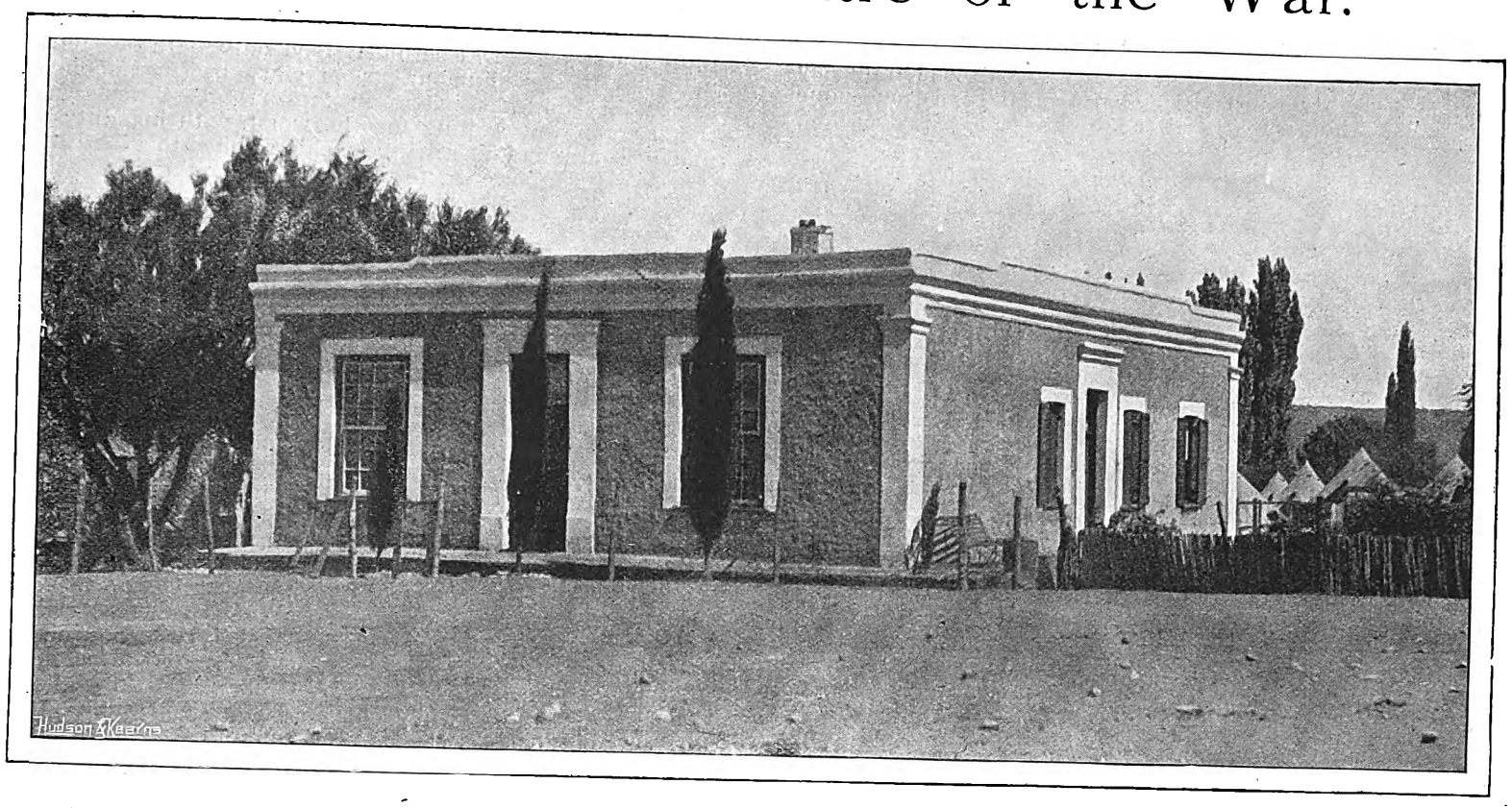
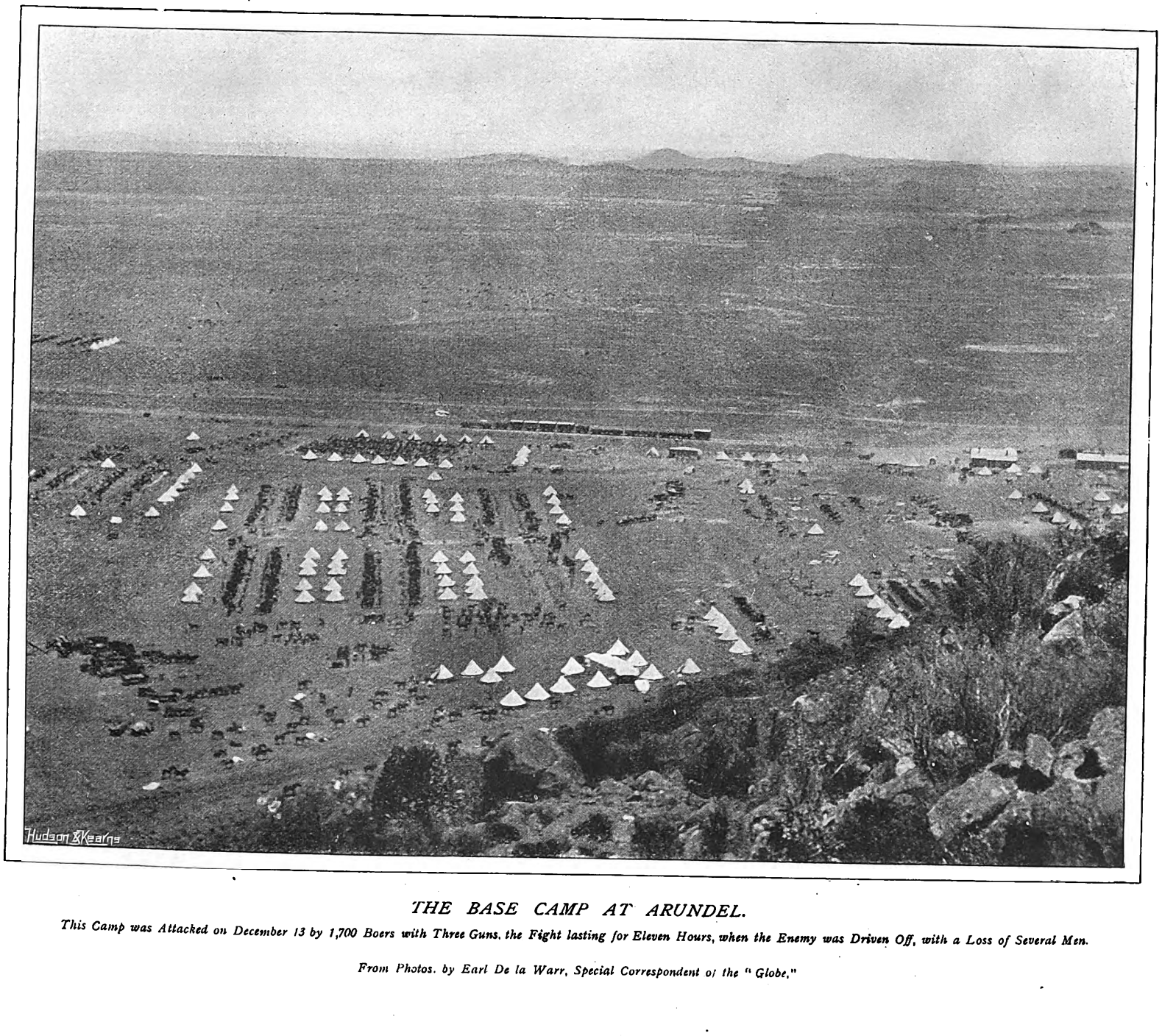
In the Central Theatre of the War.



THE ADVANCE FROM NAAUWPOORT.

The Building Occupied by General French during the Operations against Colesberg.



THE BASE CAMP AT ARUNDEL.

This Camp was Attacked on December 13 by 1,700 Boers with Three Guns, the Fight lasting for Eleven Hours, when the Enemy was Driven Off, with a Loss of Several Men.

From Photos. by Earl De la Warr, Special Correspondent of the "Globe."

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Thrift in the Royal Navy.

By L. S. Dee.

THE days when sailors fried their watches and lit their pipes with bank notes have given place to the day of savings banks and provident funds, and none who desire the sailor's welfare—and who does not?—will regret the change.

The old careless, open-handed nature, however, will never die while the sea has her sons, for it is fed from the broad breasts of mother ocean herself. Sailors' characters are as their lives, free and unconfined; and a stingy sailor is as much an anomaly as a narrow ocean.

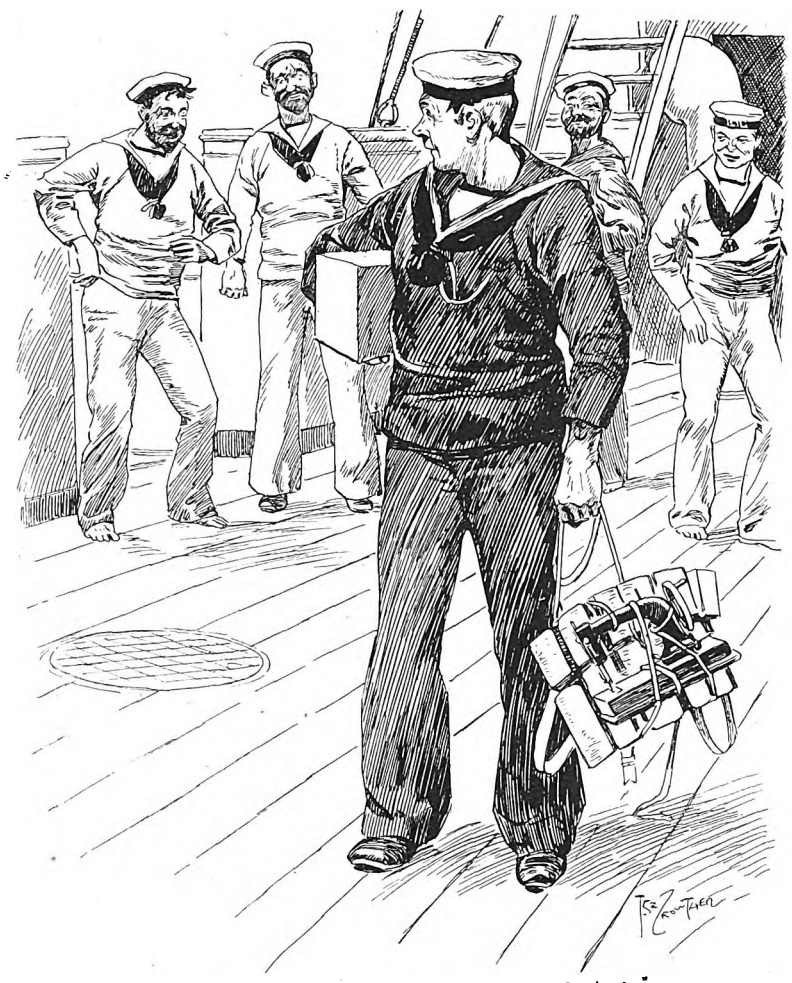
The foolish recklessness of the old days has disappeared, no doubt, but the spirit still lingers, if in a chastened form. The man whose chum dies leaving a widowed mother, and who remits to her all his own savings, pretending they belonged to the deceased chum, is not unknown afloat. The writer was shipmates with a man who, on the occasions of his somewhat rare visits to the shore, always changed a sovereign into threepenny bits for distribution among the children he met. A more familiar, if less expensive, example of the good feeling that animates the seafarer is exhibited by the man who throws his "tot" of grog into the water tank so that all hands may drink his health.

There is no doubt, however, that the modern Bluejacket, although generous as of yore when occasion needs, has developed a thriftiness and a capability of spending his money prudently that was beyond the power of his sea-fathers.

Many causes have helped to bring this about.

He has felt, like other people, the stress of competition in a teeming world. He has got married, and assumed responsibilities that his sailor forefathers declined. He has felt the effect of persistent work by benevolent societies and individuals; and last, but not least, the Naval Savings Bank Act of 1866 has brought forcibly home to him the solid advantages of thrift.

If a man does not save his money in the Navy it is not the fault of the Admiralty, for they offer him every facility. Among the many curious duties laid upon Naval lieutenants is that of pointing out to the men under their immediate command the beauty and the blessedness of a balance in the savings bank. We cannot say that we have ever heard the virtuous counsel being proffered by any of these well known experts; but the intention of the Admiralty is none the less praiseworthy, as is also their offer of the very respectable rate of interest—as interest goes nowadays—of £3 15s. per cent. The banking rules also are framed so as to offer the minimum of trouble to a would-be depositor. When the monthly pay-day approaches a man has simply to go to the pay office with a slip of paper stating how much of his pay he wishes to draw, how much to remit to his friends, and how much to bank; the rest is done by the office staff. He is furnished with a bank-book, which becomes the most treasured possession in his ditty-box. The scoffers say that he worships it, as a heathen does his gods; and numerous stock tales, more or less true, are current afloat concerning the solicitude of men for their bank-books in the hour of sudden danger. Every ship that has gone down has taken with her men who would have been saved but that they "ran below at the last moment for their ditty-boxes." A ship in which the writer served once lodged on the edge of a sand bank at the mouth of the Shanghai River, heeled over to a rather alarming extent for a few seconds, and then slipped off again. There was no damage done, except that one of the Nordenfelt guns on the topgallant forecastle slid across to the lee side and dived into the wash-deck locker. But the number of comical yarns that the incident gave birth to, as to what happened in various parts of the ship during those few seconds, will be understood only by those familiar with lower deck humour. One story bearing upon the subject in hand was that a well-known "saver" was seen in the lee gangway waiting for the worst, with his ditty-box under his arm and his sewing-machine lashed to a life-belt.



"His sewing machine lashed to a life belt"

To return, however, to the facilities for thrift offered on board ship. The money a man saves during a commission may, on paying off, be transferred to a dockyard bank or to a post office savings bank, so that opportunities for adding to it are provided continuously during the whole time he serves.

The dockyard bank is an institution that is not so well known as it deserves to be. Deposits and withdrawals of not less than 1s. may be made in them by any Bluejacket. He may withdraw money if on leave, at a distance, by sending a request. He may transfer his account from one dockyard to another, or to a sea-going ship; and he may remit money to the bank, if afloat, through his paymaster.

There is, however, an invincible repugnance among Bluejackets to deal with any Service institution if their wants can be served in any other way; and there is no doubt that, when at home, the Post Office Savings Bank is preferred to the dockyard office. At Chatham, a branch post office has been established in the depôt, and no less than 3,000 accounts have been opened there in three years. This is rather surprising, as it is hardly to be expected that Jack will save much when at home. The Admiralty recognise this, and Naval Savings Banks are not provided in the home ships.

There is no doubt that all these facilities for saving are being increasingly taken advantage of. One ship alone that the writer knows of paid off with £3,000 in the bank, to the credit of 250 depositors, and the Registrar-General's returns for last year show total deposits of £227,720.

It must not be forgotten that this represents only part of the money saved, or, at any rate, not spent on themselves by sailors. The amount sent home to their friends, no small item, should be added to this. A man may make out an allotment, or half-pay as it is called, in favour of his wife or friends, payable monthly at any post office in the United Kingdom; or he may make remittances from time to time through his paymaster and the Admiralty, entirely without cost to himself. Many tales of quiet unselfishness could be told of men who have denied themselves comforts to be able to provide them for a wife or aged mother at home.

But in addition to passively saving, there are many other ways in which men add to their banking accounts. The man who is willing to work can always earn money in a ship. He can make and wash the clothes of his less energetic shipmates, cut their hair and shave them, take their photographs, and make mats, fretwork, boots, etc., for them.

A man who can make smart-looking and well-fitting caps—and this is not so easy as might be supposed—can command his own prices. Another artist who is sure of good remuneration is the tattooist. Most Bluejackets consider it a debt due to their profession to ornament their skins in this way; and if a ship should possess a tattooing genius who can do a snake round the arm or an eagle on the chest, hardly a man of the ship's company will escape him. A favourite design is a bleeding heart, pierced by a harpoon. In the flush of youthful love the initials of a fair one are sometimes added, but the slightly older hands are chary of thus committing themselves. Circumstances sometimes render changes in the initials necessary, and it looks suspicious when six or eight sets of initials are inscribed beneath one bleeding heart.

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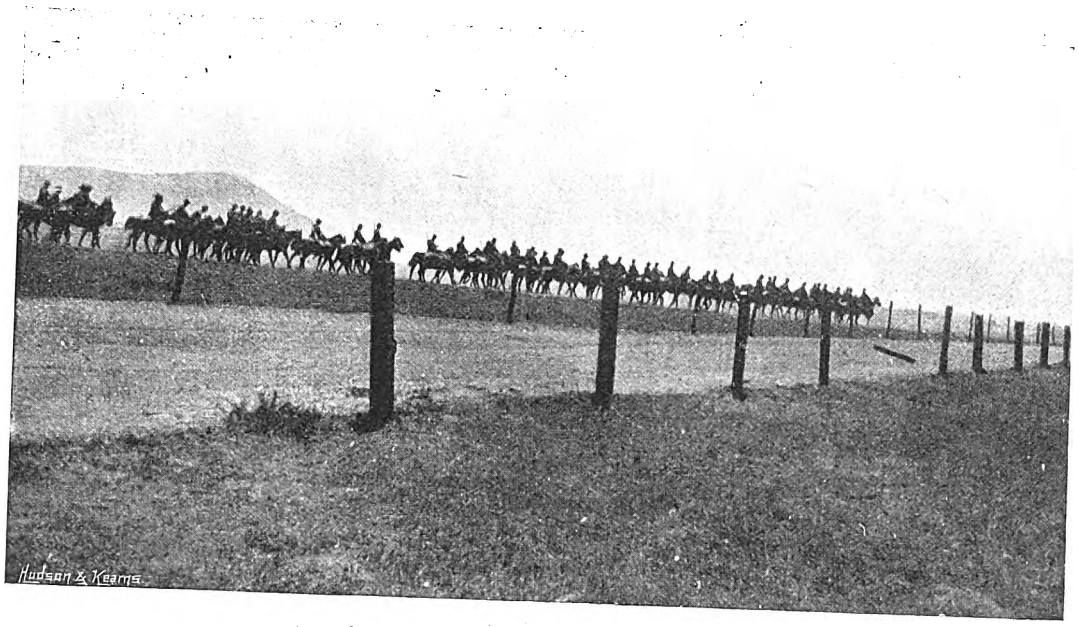
Battlefields and Scenes of the War.

PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

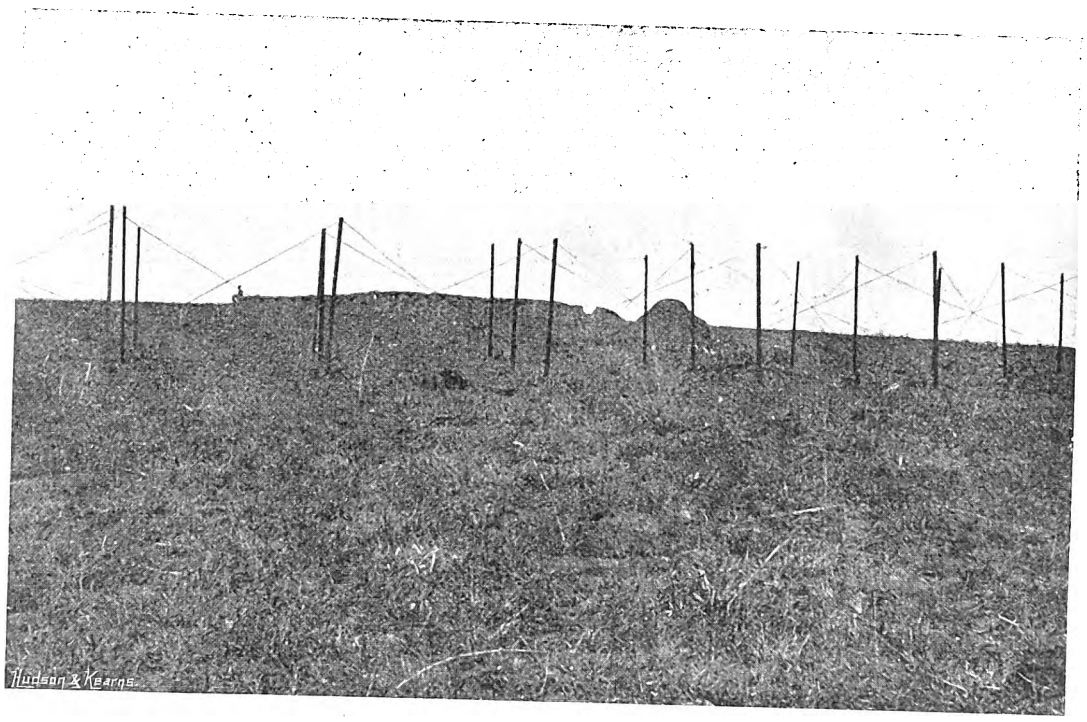
THREE very interesting additions are made on this page to our long series of South African battle pictures. The operations directed by Lord Roberts on the Orange River border of the Free State have promised to be exceedingly interesting, and General French about Colesberg has been playing his part in a complicated game, intended to checkmate the right flank of the Boers by crushing resistance there and seizing the passages across the river. Deserting Africanders have reported to him that the Boers fear the rapid moves of our cavalry on their flanks, and that their men are worn out with constant alarms. The general has certainly kept them on the alert, and our illustration is of the New Zealanders and other mounted forces marching out from Rensburg for one of those reconnaissances which have so upset the Boer commandant. Colesberg is distant about twelve miles from the nearest point on the Orange River, which is crossed by the old waggon route into the Free State by a fine bridge 1,340-ft. long, the second in size in the colony, erected at a cost of £100,000, and by the railway bridge at Norval's Pont, which is 1,690-ft. long, and crosses in thirteen spans to connect with the Free State trunk line to Bloemfontein.

More interesting still is the picture of barbed wire entanglements raised on the Tugela. The country is arduous enough for our troops, but these entanglements have added greatly to the difficulties. A correspondent, describing an attack we made in another quarter, pictured the terrible effect of such impediments, in which our gallant fellows were caught, to be shot at as they struggled to get through, and sometimes were "hung up like crows." It is known that the Boers have torn down miles of fencing in the region they have overrun in order to raise entanglements on our lines of approach, and even in the drifts of the rivers. The system of using wire for this purpose has been closely enquired into on the continent, and the Spaniards made use of this means of defence on a large scale in order to bar the American approach to Santiago. The entanglements we illustrate were evidently intended to check both horse and foot.

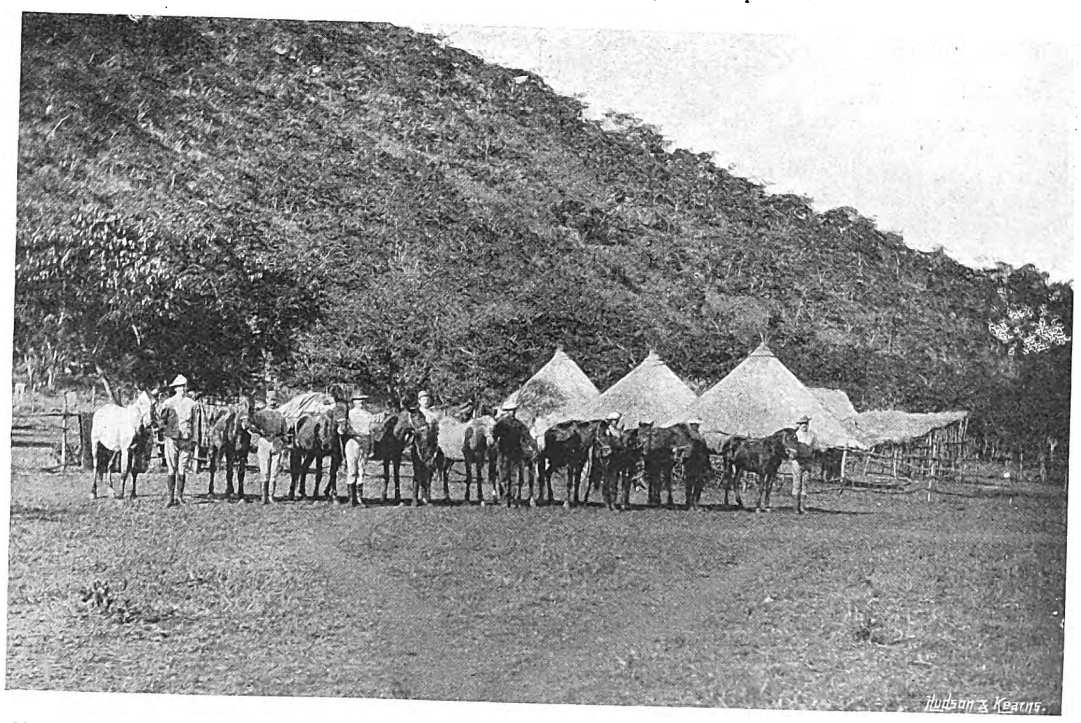
The last picture is of the Rhodesian Mounted Regiment at Mochudi, Colonel Plumer's advanced base for his march to relieve gallant "B.P." at Mafeking. Our Rhodesians are excellent troops, and in every respect a match for the best of the Boers, and they have been doing splendid work at Crocodile Pools and Gaberones. Armoured trains appear to form movable bases for Colonel Plumer's advance, and he is operating also in a fine cavalry country, the region north of Mafeking being generally open, keeping an elevated level, and very healthy. Colonel Plumer and Colonel Baden-Powell have already communicated with each other, according to telegrams received, and the meeting of these famous fighting men is sure to take place very shortly.



THE OPERATIONS AT COLESBERG.
A Reconnaissance in Force.



WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS ON THE TUGELA.
Some of the Obstacles Encountered by Our Troops



Photos. Copyright. *THE MAFEKING RELIEF FORCE.* *"Navy & Army"*
With Colonel Plumer at Mochudi.

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The Story of the War.

THE British public awaited with great anxiety the developments of Sir Redvers Buller's activity on the Tugela. They had witnessed with surprise his failure to penetrate the enemy's line at Colenso on December 15, and his inability to break down their resistance at Spion Kop on January 24, and they heard with satisfaction, though not with perfect confidence, that the third attempt to relieve Ladysmith was being made. The failure at Vaal Krantz on February 7 caused little surprise, though the intelligence carried with it the utmost disappointment.

To have been told by the general in command that there was to be no turning back, that the dominant position had been secured at Spion Kop, that the key of the road to Ladysmith was in our hands, and that our troops would reach the beleaguered garrison within a few days, and to find, at the same time, that our gallant soldiers were being compelled—through sheer inability to proceed—to return to their camps, raised alternate hopes and fears, and it is admirable testimony to the fortitude of the country and the Empire that our three reverses on the Tugela have in no way shaken our determination to "see the thing through."

We were able last week to describe the concluding events of the advance and retirement by way of Trichardt's Drift, and have now to record the failure at Vaal Kloof. The road from Springfield to Dewdrop and Ladysmith crosses the Tugela by Potgieter's Drift, which is at the south-western corner of the long tongue of land running southward, and enclosed between the two great curves made by the river to the west of Colenso. Spearman's Camp is south of Potgieter's, with Zwarts Kop on its right and Mount Alice on its left, both these being positions upon which Sir Redvers Buller had heavy guns.

The attack was intended to partake of the nature of a surprise, and was covered by a feint, and prepared for by a tremendous fire from our artillery. Early on the morning of February 5, the feint was made on the side of Potgieter's Drift, and was attended by some success. Several field batteries and howitzers advanced into the open, and General Wynne's Brigade deployed as if to attack the Brakfontein Hills, a balloon meanwhile ascending to observe the movement.

A storm of shrapnel and rifle fire greeted the troops, and there was heavy firing on both sides, two powerful guns opening from Spion Kop on the left. When the enemy's attention had been sufficiently occupied the troops withdrew in excellent order, and almost with the smartness of a field day. Meanwhile the Engineers were busy throwing a pontoon bridge over the river to the east, and General Lyttelton's Brigade began to cross at 2 p.m., the Durham Light Infantry leading, followed by the Rifle Brigade. To the north lay the heights of Vaal Krantz, of which the first ridges were gained with little opposition. The Durhams captured the kopje at the point of the bayonet, while the Rifle Brigade cleared the second position, a long ridge, upon which the troops bivouacked. The conduct of our Artillery was magnificent, and the position was well maintained.

On the next day, February 6, the difficulty of the operation became apparent. The position was enfiladed by Spion Kop on the left, and by Doorn Kloof on the right, on both of which the Boers had heavy guns, and the shell and Maxim fire was most galling. At four o'clock in the afternoon they attempted to recover the positions, but were driven off. They had now been able to reinforce their guns on Doorn Kloof, a high and commanding hill, and our position became extremely difficult to hold. The number of guns the Boers were able to bring up was a surprise, and the very telling fire to which we were subjected, combined with a revelation, through the operations of the balloon, of the veritable trap that lay before us, enforced the wisdom of a retirement. The movement began on the night of February 7, and by the morning of the 9th the whole of the troops were once more to the south of the Tugela, the casualties not being at all excessive. The movement we had made seemed to have been attended by the greatest possible disadvantages, and even if Sir Redvers Buller had forced his way through the bottle-neck at the head of the tongue of land, the position would not have been improved, for he would not have defeated the Boers, and his communications would have been cut.

In these circumstances some surprise has not unnaturally been expressed that General Buller should have made an attempt which could scarcely have succeeded. Fortunately, though the resistance of Ladysmith cannot be indefinitely prolonged, there seems to be no immediate cause for apprehension, and even the last reverse has not tamed the spirits of the gallant garrison, much as they must have suffered during recent weeks. There is too much reason to fear that Sir Redvers Buller was equally ill-informed in regard to the topography of the country and the preparations made by the Boers. He has attacked positions which, in the words of an officer wounded at Colenso, were "horrid to attack," and impossible to take and hold. It may well be that the whole line of the Tugela is equally strong. Meanwhile the Boers are elated at their successes, and there is some fear at Durban that an attempt will be made to outflank our forces. The enemy is certainly aggressive in Zululand. A commando, under Joachim Ferreira, numbering 500, compelled Major Hignett with thirty police to surrender at Nqutu, while the Helpmakaar commando, 500 strong, moved on to Buffalo. Mr. Knight, the magistrate at Inkandhla, was obliged to abandon the place, after blowing up the magazine, and there is some fear for Eshowe. There is reason to believe, however, that we are not unprepared in Zululand.

Although failure has marked the three attempts of Sir Redvers Buller, it is possible to take a more cheerful view of the situation. In association with Sir George White his activity continues to keep employed the main army of the Boers in a theatre of war where developments cannot be decisive, and it has been suggested that this, rather than the direct relief of Ladysmith, may be his object. Such appears to be somewhat the view adopted by Dr. Leyds, who, after returning to Brussels from Berlin at the end of last week, informed an interviewer that General Buller's movement on Vaal Krantz was a diversion intended to cover the greater effort of Lord Roberts against the Free State, which, he said, would be defended foot by foot.

Concerning the plans of the Commander-in-Chief, however, very little intelligence, as we write, has been allowed to transpire. All that we can say is that the distinct operations do at last bear the impress of a co-ordinating mind. Last week we referred to the appearance of General Kelly-Kenny at Thebus, on the east and west line between Naauwpoort and Stormberg, a position in which he has General French on his left flank and General Gatacre on his right. General French, as we write, has not been able to encompass the enemy at Colesberg, as was hoped would be the case, though he has received some accession of strength, and doubtless will soon be in a position to develop greater activity. He is holding the Boers in check by a series of works round the south of Colesberg from east to west, and their communications are not yet effectively threatened. Their patrols are very aggressive, and on February 9 the New Zealanders, with some Australians and Inniskillings, encountered them in force, and made a difficult retirement across an open plain. General Gatacre has also been engaged with the enemy, who made a half-hearted attack on his outposts from Penhoek to Bird's River on February 7, but were driven off when reinforcements arrived. If they are to overrun the country below the Stormberg range, they must show more determination and force. General Gatacre is now in greater strength, and General Brabant has gathered his Colonials to take part in the operations.

On the Modder River the inactivity has been ended by General Hector MacDonald's diversion to Koodoosberg, an operation of which the full significance has not yet been disclosed. On February 3 the Highland Brigade, with the 9th Lancers and a force of Artillery, left the camp and marched westward on the north bank of the river to Koodoosberg, where they entrenched themselves on the 5th. There was fighting on the two following days, that on the 7th being severe, for the enemy made a great effort to drive the Highlanders off the position occupied. General Babington was despatched from Modder River with more cavalry and Horse Artillery, and the fighting continued until evening. The guns did excellent work, and at night the enemy quitted the drift; the arrival of the cavalry had completely disconcerted them. General Babington thoroughly searched the north and west of Koodoosberg on the next morning, and could not find a Boer. Our total casualties were about fifty killed and wounded—those of the Boers probably more—and the operation had removed all apprehension of an advance on the railway from that side. The position, however, seemed difficult to secure, and the whole force, after a most brilliant operation, returned to camp on February 9.

Further developments can scarcely be delayed on the Modder River, and the movements thence must be closely related to those south of the Orange. Kimberley is still being shelled without much damage, and the gun known as "Long Cecil" is making excellent practice against the Boer positions. News from Mafeking is scanty, but the enemy reports that Colonel Baden-Powell is still aggressive, and he had already compelled them to draw off to a greater distance. Colonel Plumer's advance to his aid is not rapid, but it has served to relieve the pressure on Mafeking, and there is little to fear for the safety of the garrison.

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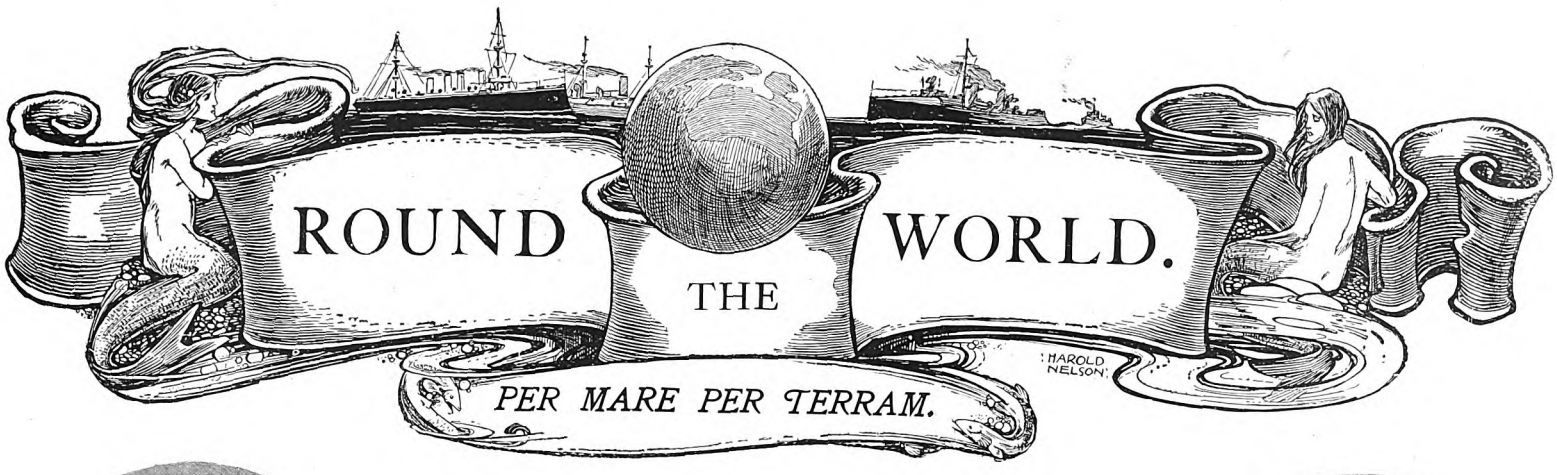

Photo. *Bourne & Shepherd.*
LUMSDEN, OF LUMSDEN'S HORSE,
Who has Raised the Planters' Corps for South Africa.

BY the time these lines are in print, Lumsden's Horse will be in South Africa. Lieutenant-Colonel Lumsden's name betrays his nationality, and this patriotic Scotchman has not only raised in Bengal a corps of horse 250 strong, but has also made the princely donation of fifty thousand rupees towards its equipment. Colonel Lumsden is a retired tea planter, and was formerly in that exceptionally smart Volunteer corps, the Assam Valley Light Horse, many of whose men have now thrown up their billets to join their old officer in fighting for Queen and country in another continent.

THE officer whose portrait faces that of Colonel Lumsden has just been appointed to the command of the Chatham Division of Royal Marines.

Colonel Schomberg, who is just fifty-five, saw much service in Egypt during the operations against Arabi, and subsequently in the Soudan. He was present as a captain at the bombardment of Alexandria, and received for his services his brevet as major. In the Soudan, two years later, Col. Schomberg was ashore with the Royal Marine Battalion, and fought both at El Teb and Tamai, adding two more clasps to the "Alexandria" one on his Egyptian medal, and receiving the order of the Osmanieh. He obtained a well-earned C.B. at the Diamond Jubilee. Colonel Schomberg comes of a military stock, for he is a descendant of William III.'s general and friend.

POSSIBLY there are not two more important posts to-day in South Africa than those filled by the officers whose portraits are given in our centre illustration. More than once has Admiral Harris saved the situation by reinforcing the troops at the front with Naval brigades from his squadron, and, above all, by supplying the only guns that could outclass and outrange the Boer heavy artillery. It is not over-estimating the situation to say that it is the Navy that has enabled Ladysmith to hold out. When the war started, Sir F. W. Forestier-Walker was the lieutenant-general in command of the troops in South Africa, having succeeded Sir William Butler, and on his shoulders devolved the guarding of the lines of communication and the pushing forward of the troops at that very critical period. The great distances of the actual theatres of war from their sea bases is a marked characteristic of this campaign, and one can therefore realise the heavy responsibilities that General Walker's command entails.

The officers standing behind are Flag-Lieutenant Kennard and Captain Hughes, A.D.C.

Photo. *Heath.*
COLONEL H. ST. G. SCHOMBERG, C.B.,
Colonel-Commandant of Royal Marines at Chatham.

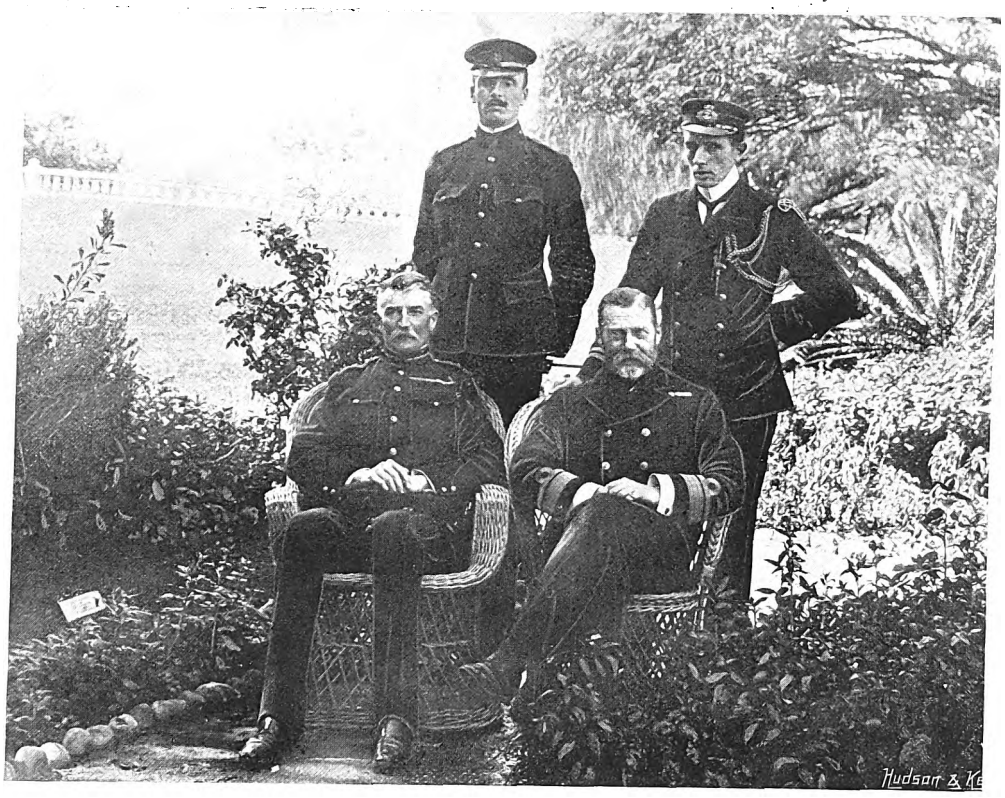

Photo. Copyright. *THE SISTER SERVICES.* *V. Harris.*
Admiral Sir R. H. Harris, K.C.M.G., Commanding Cape Station, and General Sir F. W. Forestier-Walker, K.C.B., Commanding Lines of Communications.

Photo. Copyright. *A GALLANT GUNNER.* *Bayly.*
Injured at Colenso through His Horse Falling on Him.

GUNNER GARRINGTON belongs to the 14th Battery of the Royal Field Artillery, which, with the 66th, had such a terrible experience at the battle of Colenso. In spite of all that human heroism could do, the batteries had to lose ten of their guns, and suffered heavily in casualties. Gunner Garrington

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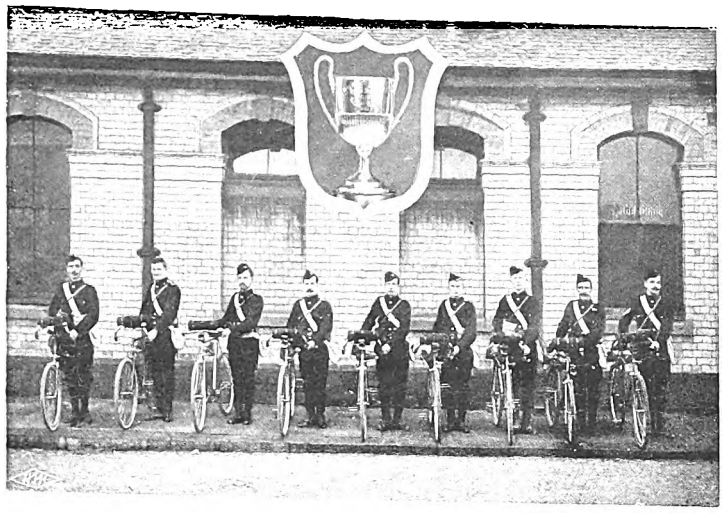

Photo. Copyright. Ashley.

CYCLISTS OF THE 4th V.B. SHERWOOD FORESTERS.
Winners of the North Midland Volunteer Brigade Cyclist Cup.

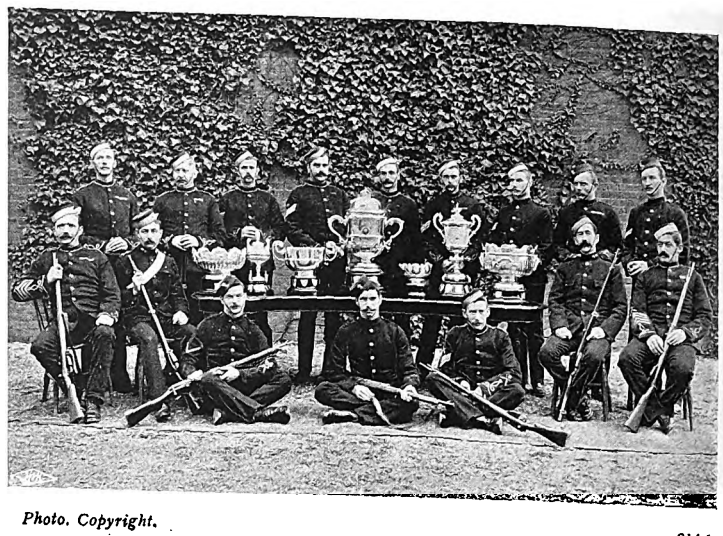

Photo. Copyright. Shiels.

A BRAVE ARRAY.
Cups Won by the R.M.A. during 1899.

was badly injured, not by wounds, but by his horse, which was shot, falling on him, and such injuries are often more serious than bullet wounds. We heartily wish him a speedy recovery.

THE top group in this column are the cyclist team of the 4th (Notts) Volunteer Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), who have succeeded in winning the Challenge Cup given for competition by Volunteer cyclist teams belonging to the North Midland Volunteer Brigade. The conditions were a thirty-four-mile ride to the Trent Rifle Range, ten section volleys at 600-yds., and five section volleys and five rounds independent at 500-yds. The course and weather were both bad, for fifteen miles was uphill against a stiff head-wind, and the firing took place in torrents of rain, and with half a gale blowing. The names of the winning team, enumerated from Sergeant Turvey on the right of the picture, are J. H. Williamson, J. Stephenson, J. Kitchen, J. Worthington, W. Ostick, H. Holoran, G. Burton, and Job Williamson.

THE group represented below belong to one of the three Volunteer Artillery corps that the county of Sussex affiliates to the Eastern Division of the Royal Garrison Artillery, and have their headquarters at Eastbourne, His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the largest land-owner in those parts, being their honorary colonel. The corps, though small, numbering only 400, is a very smart one, and no small measure of this is due to their excellent drill-instructor, Sergeant-Major Leach, R.A., who, to the great regret of the corps, is now about to retire from the post he has held since 1887 on account of failing health. Sergeant-Major Leach has two sons in the Royal Artillery, and two other sons are in his own regiment. Continuity of service seems to run in "gunner" families.

Photo. Copyright. "Navy & Army."

JESSELS-SHIELD WINNERS OF THE QUEEN'S EDINBURGH R.B.
Sergt. Cumming. Q.-M.-Sgt. Cassie Sgt. Collart. Sgt. Glasgow. Sgt. Jessels. Sgt. McCall.

THE Royal Marine Artillery may look back on the year just past with considerable satisfaction, for the splendid array of cups here illustrated shows that in shooting their efficiency is of the very highest character. The superb trophy in the centre of the table is the cup presented by H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is honorary colonel of the regiment. On the left of it (as the reader looks at the picture) is the Diamond Jubilee trophy, next to which is the Challenge Cup of the Southern District League, and last on the extreme left the Challenge Cup of the "Excellent," the Gunnery School at Whale Island. On the right of the Duke of Coburg's cup comes first the Army and Navy Challenge Cup, then the cup presented by officers of Royal Marines past and present, and finally the All-comers' Challenge Cup. A brave array, and one the corps may well be proud of.

IN our issue of April 8, 1899, we illustrated and described the very handsome shield presented, for inter-company competition by sergeants of the Queen's Edinburgh, by Sergeant Jessels, President of the Sergeants' Shooting Club. This very handsome trophy is this year held by the team here represented, which is composed of the sergeants of the 5th or Highland Company of that splendid regiment, the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade, which forms the first three Volunteer battalions of the Royal Scots, and is the senior Volunteer corps

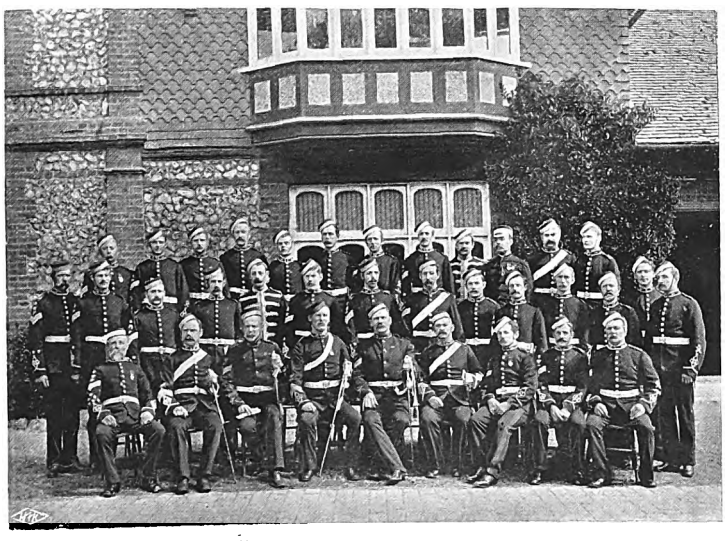

Photo. Copyright. Stobie.

THE 2nd SUSSEX ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.
Eastern Division Royal Garrison Artillery.

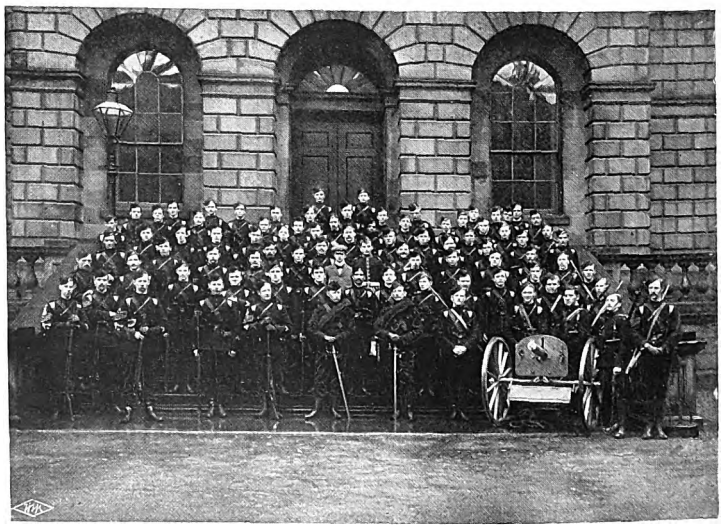

Photo. Copyright. Watson

THE OLDEST VOLUNTEER COMPANY IN SCOTLAND.
No. 4 (University) Company of the Queen's Edinburgh R.V.B.

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Our Colonial Forces: New Zealand.—XI.

WHATEVER may be said by hostile critics as to the actual utility of cadet corps, it is certain that year after year they send a good supply of recruits to the adult corps. For that reason, among others, they are encouraged by our fellow-subjects in the colonies, who, recognising that the child is father to the man, seek to train as many as possible of their youth in the use of the rifle and in the various duties of a soldier.

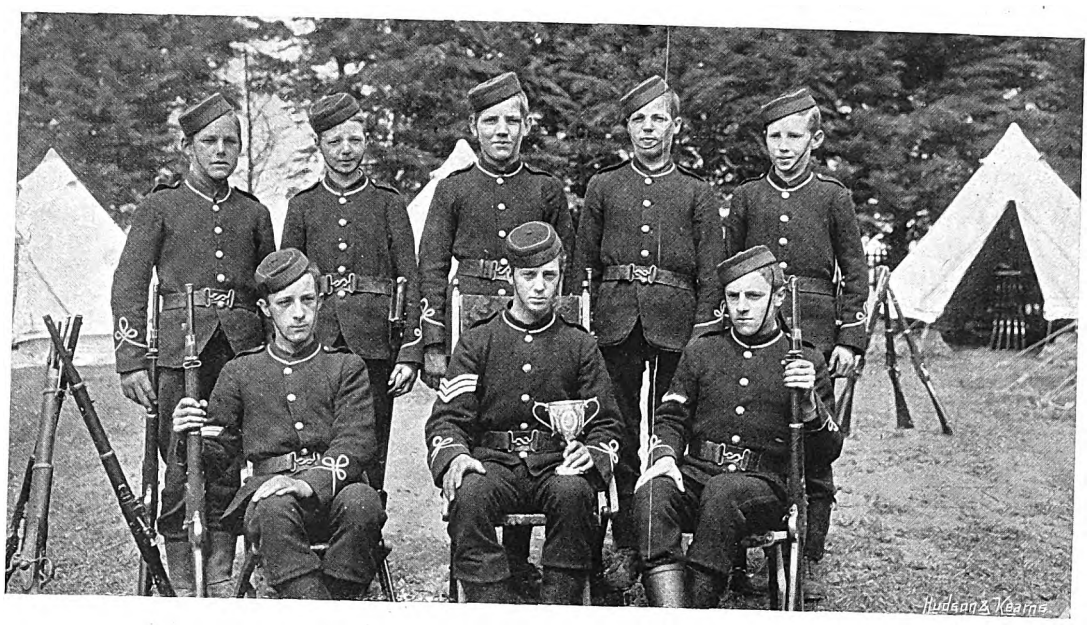
As for the youths themselves, they show an eagerness to learn which is not surpassed by older Volunteers, and, being continually under the strict discipline which exists in every British school, they readily realise that obedience is the first duty of a soldier.

This golden rule thoroughly understood it matters but little what the age of the soldier may be. Though, therefore, the rank and file of cadet corps may not have reached physical maturity, and may not be fit to endure the rigours of a campaign, they can with greater aptitude learn the rudiments of drill and manœuvres than can a grown-up Volunteer, however willing he may be.

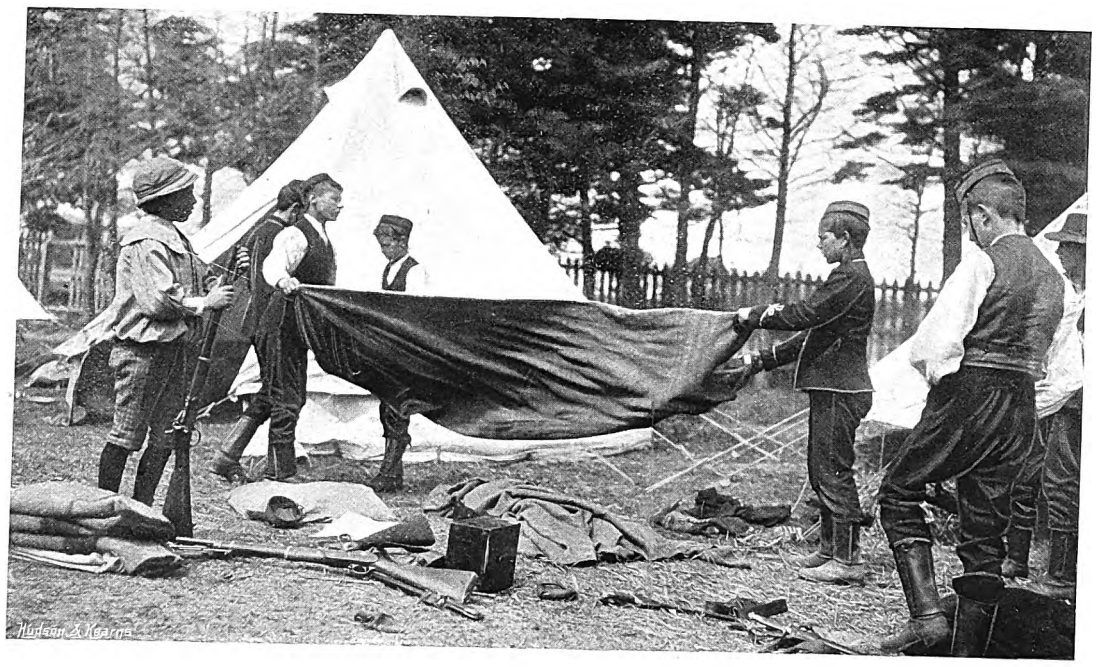
The Queen's Cadets were formed in 1887, at the suggestion of the people of Christchurch, who sought in that year of Jubilee to record their feelings of patriotism and attachment to the Queen and the Mother Country by inciting the colonial youth to acquire some knowledge of the use of arms. The corps, as it now exists, numbers forty of all ranks, under Captain Lane and Lieutenant Bates. Of these no fewer than thirty-eight were present at the recent camp held at New Brighton, a favourite watering-place near Christchurch. It must not be imagined that these budding volunteers have lighter duties to perform than have their elders. The routine of camp is the same for them as for adult corps, and well do they enter into the spirit of soldiering.

After reveillé every morning they turn out with military precision and indulge in their ablutions with the amount of luxury which is possible in camp. That this is not great may be gathered from an accompanying illustration, where the lads are seen awaiting their turn near the bucket which one of their comrades is using to some purpose.

The morning toilet over, "all hands" must set to work in order that their "lines" may be spick and span before the arrival of the orderly officer. Blankets must be neatly folded and rifles cleaned and placed in the tents. It may be easy to fold a blanket to one's own satisfaction, but the recruit, for the first time in camp, finds it a difficult task to fold it in the approved official style. He is, however, always sure of assistance from one of the "old hands," as may be gathered from another illustration. But the cadet's work does not consist in cleaning his rifle and accoutrements; he must know how to use the former, and in this the Queen's are given every



SOME EXTRA-EFFICIENT CADETS.
The Winners of Lieutenant Bate's Cup.



PREPARING THE LINES FOR INSPECTION.
The Queen's Cadets.

Photos. Copyright. *MORNING IN CAMP.* *J. N. Taylor.*
The Queen's Cadets (Christchurch).

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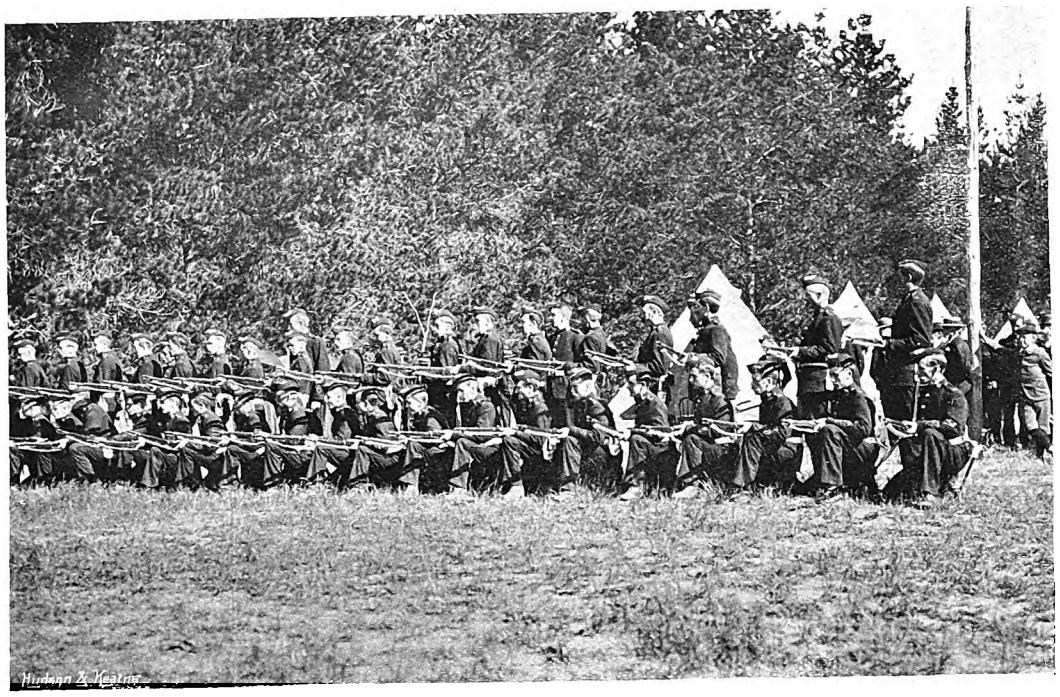
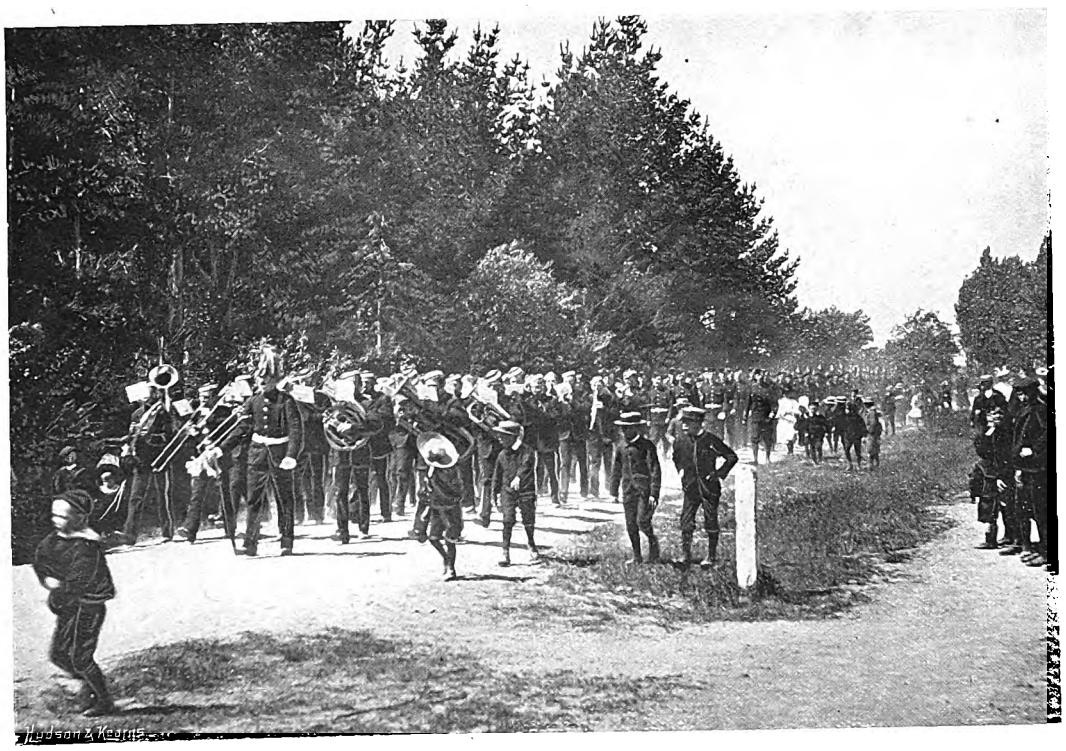
Photo. Copyright. A MUSTER PARADE. The Kaiapoi Rifles (Canterbury). J. N. Taylor.



FIRING EXERCISE. The Kaiapoi Rifles at Drill.



Photos. Copyright. KEEPING IN FIGHTING CONDITION. The Kaiapoi Rifles on the March. F. W. Sandford.

encouragement by their officers. Lieutenant Bates recently gave a silver cup for the best squad in an all-round competition, which included the manual and firing exercises, bayonet exercise, and physical drill. The cup was won by a squad under Sergeant Gee, who, with the team, appears in an accompanying illustration. The work done would not have disgraced an adult squad, and the officers have every reason to be proud of the general efficiency of those under them. In physical drill especially the winning team won the admiration of the judges. Any notice of the Queen's Cadets would be incomplete without some mention of Captain and Quartermaster Linn, who is known as the "father" of the corps, and it is largely owing to his efforts that it is to-day in a flourishing condition.

The Kaiapoi Rifles (Canterbury) were formed in 1885, as a result of the Russian War scare, and have ever since been one of the strongest and most popular corps in the Canterbury district. Kaiapoi is specially favoured in respect to volunteering. Situated as it is away from the large centres, where so many other means of passing the time detract from the interest taken in volunteering, the corps has always been able to keep up a high standard, physically, in its recruits.

In shooting, too, it is always well to the fore, more especially as regards collective firing. For several years it has headed the volley-firing list in the district, and has very nearly recorded the highest score in the colony. In team shooting, also, the corps has always taken a high place. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that it numbers in its ranks some of the best shots in the district.

When a New Zealand team was being selected to compete at Bisley in the Jubilee year, Sergeant Simpson, of the Kaiapoi Rifles, although but a young man, had the almost unique experience of being chosen without competition for a place in the team. The corps numbers very nearly the maximum, and in matters of drill is quite up to the average form of the district.

The commanding officers of the corps have been Captains Whitefoord, J. L. Wilson, T. Miller, and Papprill. Captain Miller has only recently severed his active connection with the corps, and he has been elected a life member in recognition of his services.

Some idea of the type of men who fill the ranks of the Kaiapoi Rifles may be gathered from an illustration which represents the corps drawn up in quarter column without arms. Like many more of the colonial corps, the regiment can boast of a well-equipped cyclist section and a band of some merit. Another illustration depicts a portion of the corps going through the firing exercise, and in a third the men are seen on the line of march headed by the band. Marching is undoubtedly as important a feature of a soldier's training as is drill, for unless he can march without fatigue he is of little value in the field. During the annual camp, therefore, as well as during the year, route marching forms an important part of the work of the corps.

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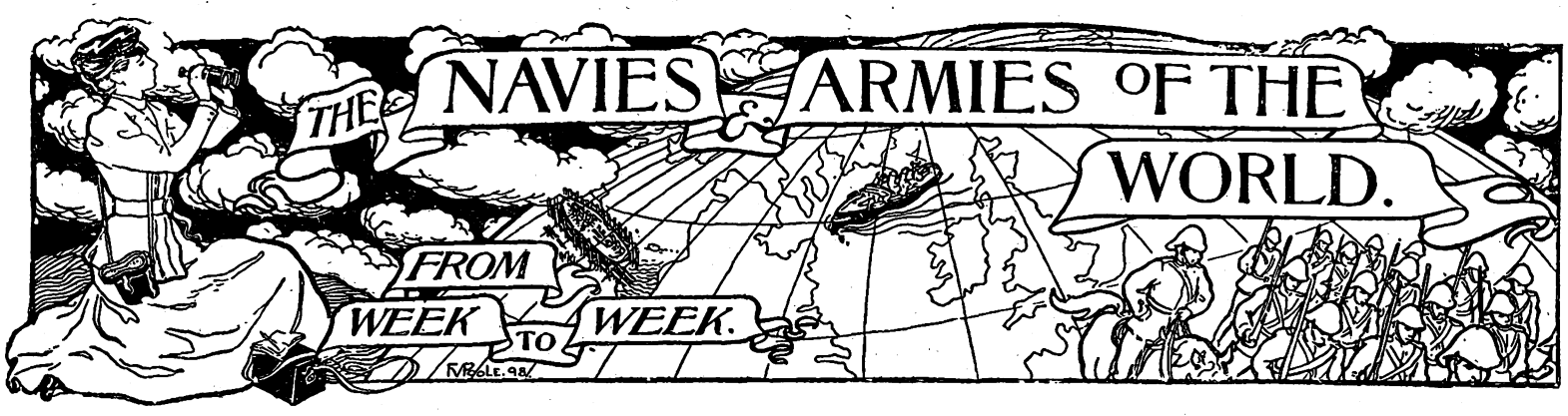

IF one were asked what has been most clearly proved by this South African War and all its consequences so far, what would be the answer? Some would reply, without hesitation, the incompetence of the War Office. That department is our favourite Turk's Head nowadays, a good solid, and generally dumb, block at which the trenchant critic can slash away, much to his own satisfaction. It is capital fun hammering at an enemy who cannot, or will not, reply. Now and then the War Office does, it is true, answer by the mouth of one of its members, and then the critic does not by any means always come off best. But he has the unfailing resource of saying that the apology of the War Office is all official optimism; and it must be allowed that this sounds very well—a department is crushed at once when it is accused of being officially optimistic. Unfortunately, when one comes to look into the facts, these severe judges are, as often as not, about as much in the right as the commentator whom Mr. Wyndham heard in the train, and who knew that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was sure the whole Transvaal War would only cost £10,000,000. They are full of certainties of the oddest kind. For instance, they are positive that our artillery is most inferior, and that this proves the imbecility of the War Office. But then they are like a certain young woman of whom Dr. Johnson said, "When I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her; she was wiggle-waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical." When you talk to them tightly and closely, they are found to know nothing about artillery, and are utterly surprised to learn that the German War Office, which passes for a model department, sent its Army into the field in 1870 with a rifle which was quite inferior to the French.

* * * *

If I may venture to pick out the moral of the whole story, it is that there is no need for conscription among us. Lord Lansdowne stated the case very well when he said: "At this moment, when men are coming forward spontaneously in great numbers, and when there is an amount of enthusiasm, a general and widespread desire, throughout the Empire to bear a part in its defence, I do not think that this is a moment for talking about compulsion in any form." Surely this must appear convincingly true to everybody. Moreover, it is a very new thing. In past times there has generally been some form of compulsion needed to fill our ranks. There is no need to speak of the press for the Navy, which ceased only with the end of the Napoleonic wars. But far into the last century men were pressed into the Army by exactly the process used to secure sailors for the Fleet. During the Great War there was indirect compulsion. Men were forced into the Militia which was embodied, and were then tempted to volunteer for the armies in the field. As we never employed very great armies, nor indeed more than a small part of the total force we had under arms, this source of supply proved sufficient. Napier says that the recruits sent out to Wellington in Spain were largely drawn from the Militia. In most cases they had been first obtained by the ballot. When bound to a military life, they thought they might as well see the real thing. Besides, Militia officers were encouraged to persuade men to volunteer by promises of commissions for themselves. Whole companies sometimes offered to enter line regiments. All this has perhaps been said in these columns before, but it is germane to the present matter, and may therefore be repeated.

* * * *

To-day the difficulty we have to deal with is certainly not that of securing men. We have put an army of some 200,000 men into the field, and nobody supposes that there will be the least difficulty in getting more. We have not failed (in so far as we have failed at all) for want of men. The evil has been of quite another kind. Whether this would prove to be the case in a very prolonged war is another thing. Perhaps not. On the other hand, though we may perhaps underrate the length of possible great wars, it is hardly likely that any of those of the future will last from ten to twenty years. The Germans have a proverb that care is taken to prevent the trees from growing into the sky. There is always some counterbalance created to every increase of power. The vast size of modern armies, and the frightful cost, direct and indirect, of all wars, make nations first unwilling to begin fighting and then unable to go on, as they once could, for half a generation. Nobody supposes that we should think of contributing more than 200,000 men to any European coalition in which we happened to be engaged. But we can get that number of men now without conscription. Why, then, should we have recourse to this method of raising an army?

* * * *

Lord Lansdowne found something "ironical" in the fact that our trouble arises out of a war with two little powers which have not a boat's crew between them, and therefore beyond the reach of our Navy, except in so far as it acts on them in the form of Naval Brigades. He describes us as in the position of a man who has to fight with his right arm behind him. We are rather in the position of one who has to fight through a hole which is only large enough to let one arm pass. Our right arm is in nowise tied. It is, on the contrary, very free to hit out at anybody coming up from behind. And that is a fact which Ministers and others might insist on at greater length with some advantage. Lord Salisbury spoke the other day of the gloomy collection of lugubrious vaticinations laid before the House of Lords one day last week. There is a good deal of talk deserving that description going about just now. It mostly takes the form of depressed enquiries why something is not being done to defend us by camps on the South Downs, forts, and what not. The only line to take with the sad spirits who interrogate in this fashion is to answer them in the Scotch way, which is by asking another question, namely, "Supposing an European Power were to seize this apparent chance for the purpose of invading us, how should we be less able to defend ourselves because we have 200,000 men in South Africa, and the land force at home represents rather the raw material of an army than an army?"

* * * *

That the question should ever have to be put shows how skin deep is our trust in the Fleet, in spite of all the books of Captain Mahan, of all our talk about the sea power, and of all the labours of the Navy League. Yet if there is one thing which is more clearly taught by the experience of the nearly 700 years dating from the defeat of Eustace the Monk by the Cinque Port ships, it is that no considerable invasion of this country is possible till our Fleet is fairly driven off the sea. I do not say that raids, such, for instance, as that at Fishguard, or Humbert's incursion into Ireland, have become impossible. The probability is that steam has on the whole rendered them rather more possible than they were in the days of the sailing fleet. But invasions of that kind do not constitute a serious danger, unless there is absolutely no force of any kind in the country. But that is a state of things impossible to conceive of. At this moment, when in the imaginations of some among us we are so defenceless, we could stamp out such raids as these in twenty-four hours after they had landed. Therefore we may be tolerably certain that they would not be attempted. People do not do these things unless they have a visible chance of getting some good by them. As for real invasion by a great army, that will only happen when we have been as badly beaten at sea as we were by De Ruyter in the Four Days' Battle; then beyond all question it would have been possible to land an army here before our fleet was again ready for service, if there had been one available for the purpose. Supposing the same circumstances to recur, namely, that we have been heavily beaten in a great sea fight; that we have no other fleet ready; that the enemy repairs his damages much sooner than we do; that he establishes himself at the mouth of the Thames weeks before we are in a state to go out and meet him; and that the further circumstance is added that he has an army with its transports at hand ready to act at once, then no doubt we may be invaded, but not till then.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

FEBRUARY 25, 1781.—The "Cerberus," 32, captured the "Graña," 28 (Spanish), off Finisterre. 1814.—The "Eurotas," 40, Captain John Phillimore, captured the "Clorinde," 40, in the Bay of Biscay. Naval medal action. 1891.—The "Spartan" launched.

February 26, 1813.—Reduction of the Island of Ponza, coast of Naples, by the "Thames," 32, and the "Furieuse," 36. 1841.—Capture of the Bogue Forts, China, by Sir G. Bremer's squadron. 1891.—The "Royal Sovereign" launched. The "Royal Arthur" launched. 1895.—The "Wizard," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

February 27, 1806.—Capture of the French corvette "Furet," off Cadiz, by the "Hydra," 38, when escaping with the French frigates that had taken shelter in the port after Trafalgar. 1841.—Defeat of the Chinese war junk fleet in the Whampoa Reach. 1861.—The "Black Prince" launched. 1869.—The "Audacious" launched. The "Volage" launched. 1881.—The "Boadicea" Naval Brigade landed at Durban to assist Sir G. P. Colley. 1883.—The "Phaeton" launched.

February 28, 1758.—The "Revenge," 74, captured the "Orphée," 64, off Cape de Gata. The "Monmouth," 64, captured the "Foudroyant," 80. 1760.—Elliot defeated Thurot's squadron off the coast of Ireland.

March 1, 1797.—Action between the "Terpsichore," 32, and the Spanish "Santisima Trinidada," 131.

March 2, 1709.—The "Assurance," 70, the "Hampshire," 60, and the "Assistance," 50, with a convoy, beat off Duguay-Trouin's squadron in the Channel. 1801.—The "Coburg," 14, took the "Bienvenue," 14, in the North Sea. 1807.—The "Blenheim," 74, with Sir Thomas Trowbridge, and the "Java," 24, lost. Sir J. Duckworth repassed the Dardanelles with heavy loss. 1808.—The "Sappho," 18, captured the Danish 28-gun brig "Admiral Yawl." Naval medal. 1870.—The "Magdala" launched.

March 3, 1747.—The "Enterprise," 40, in the West Indies captured the Spanish register ship "Vestal," with £150,000 on board. 1800.—The "Nér ide," 36, captured the "Vengeance," 18, one of a squadron of four French ships. 1888.—Admiral Sir A. Cooper Key died. 1896.—The "Doris" launched.

FEBRUARY 25, 1809.—Surrender of the Island of Martinique to Lieutenant-General Beckwith and Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Cochrane. 1898.—The Emir Mahmoud began his advance towards the Atbara with 18,000 men.

February 26, 1813.—The Island of Ponza, on the coast of Naples, taken by a combined Naval and Military force. 1841.—Capture of Wangtong.

February 27, 1814.—Battle of Orthez. Against a strong position held by Soult, Wellington advanced with an Anglo-Portuguese force, consisting of 37,000 men, and after a hard fight, the issue of which was for a time doubtful, succeeded in dislodging the enemy from the heights, and a complete rout ensued. The total loss of the French was about 4,000. The 7th Hussars were especially mentioned in despatches.

February 28, 1752.—Surrender of Conjevaram by the French and their Indian allies to Clive. 1794.—Bellegarde, the popular leader of the mulattoes and negroes in Martinique, surrendered with 300 of his followers. 1816.—Action near Muckwampore. Major-General Ochterlony utterly routed the army of the Rajah of Nepaul.

February 29, 1752.—Action at Coveripauk. Chunda Saib, the ally of the French, reinforced by 400 French and 2,000 Sepoys, after abandoning Conjevaram, attacked Clive, who was searching for them. The French were routed, and abandoned their guns. 1760.—Trincomalee surrendered by the French to Colonel Coote.

March 1, 1664.—The 1st or "Royal" Dragoons, then forming a portion of the garrison of Tangier, made a gallant sally upon the Moors before the fortress, routed a large body of the enemy, and captured a standard. 1816.—Action on the height of Hurriarpore. A force under Lieutenant-Colonel O'Halloran having dislodged the Ghoorkas from an advantageous position, the enemy made a desperate attempt to recover it, and were repulsed with severe loss.

March 2, 1805.—Meer Khan, pursued since February 8 by Major-General Smith with a body of horse, was at length overtaken near Afzulghur. A charge was made by the 8th Light Dragoons, and the enemy were routed. 1814.—Combat of Aire. While the main body of the British army remained on the right bank of the Adour until the bridges were repaired, General Hill on the left moved towards Aire to capture the enemy's magazines. There he found General Clauzel in order of battle, covering the town. In the combat which ensued, the Anglo-Portuguese force drove the French back from the town. The British lost 150 killed and wounded.

March 3, 1759.—Capture of Fort Concale by a force under Captain Macleane. 1779.—Action near Brier's Creek. Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost utterly defeated the Americans under Generals Lincoln and Ashe, who lost seven guns and all their baggage. 1895.—The British garrison driven back into Chitral, and the siege begun.

Died for the Flag.

"Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall."

—TENNYSON

ON that sad morning of December 12, when so many of the Highland Brigade marched to their death at Magersfontein, the Black Watch lost one of their most promising young officers. Captain Archibald Rice Cameron, who died of wounds then received, was only twenty-nine years of age, and had been scarce two months a captain. Four more of our portraits are of officers of the Suffolk Regiment, who perished on January 6 in the disaster near Colesberg. Of the four whose portraits are given, only the colonel, Arthur John Watson, had seen active service before the present war, and his career had been an eventful one. Passing out of the Staff College in 1884, he went at once to Bechuanaland as brigade-major to Warren's Expedition. On his return he was for some time employed with the Egyptian Army, and in 1888 we find him in India as brigade-major with the Hazara Expedition. From 1889 to 1896 he was on the staff in India, during which time he took part in the Chitral Relief Expedition. He succeeded to the command of the 1st Battalion of his regiment in September, 1898. Of the other three officers who perished with him, Lieutenants Carey, White, and Wilkins, the last-named was the senior. He had not yet completed eight years service, although he was the senior subaltern and adjutant of his battalion. Both Carey and White were only twenty-six years of age.

Captain C. A. Hensley, of the 2nd Dublin Fusiliers, was one of those gallant Canadians who have come to the service from the R.M.C. at Kingston, and so many of whom have distinguished themselves. He had over sixteen years' service to his credit, and had been a captain since July, 1895. He lost his life in the fighting that preceded the attack on Spion Kop, for he was mortally wounded on January 20. His battalion is one of those shut up in Ladysmith, but a detachment, to which he must have belonged, had been sent down to Colenso before the siege. The remainder of our portraits are all of officers who perished in the tough fighting on January 24, when the position at Spion Kop was captured. The senior of these was Colonel Robert George Buchanan-Riddell, by whose death the gallant "Sweeps" lose a second commanding officer during this campaign, for Colonel Gunning, who commanded the 1st Battalion of the regiment, was killed at Colenso. Colonel Buchanan-Riddell is the nephew of the late Sir Walter Buchanan-Riddell, of Riddell, in Roxburghshire, and a brother of the present baronet. Another Northern family that is thrown into mourning by Colonel Buchanan-Riddell's death is that of Sir William Houldsworth, Bart., to a daughter of whom this officer was married. Another brother in the same regiment, but of the 2nd Battalion, is shut up in Ladysmith, where he was severely wounded on October 30. Colonel Buchanan-Riddell's previous service was also in South Africa, for he served through the Boer War of 1881. He was not yet forty-six, of which twenty-five years had been passed in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He was, as a subaltern, instructor of musketry to his regiment for five years. In Kensington his death will be much mourned, for he was for five years—1890 to 1895—the very popular adjutant of the 4th Middlesex (the West London) Volunteers, now the 3rd Volunteer Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

Of the other officers who were killed at Spion Kop, and whose portraits are here given, three belonged to the 2nd Battalion of the Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regiment), Captain C. L. Muriel and Second Lieutenants W. G. H. Lawley and H. A. C. Wilson. Captain Muriel joined the Middlesex as a second lieutenant in February, 1887, when not yet twenty-one years of age, and obtained his company a little more than eight years later. On the same day he was appointed adjutant of the battalion, and only vacated his five years' tenure of that appointment some three months previous to his death. Young Lawley was under twenty-six, and the senior second lieutenant of his battalion. He had nearly completed three years service in his regiment. Wilson was still younger, as he was only a little over twenty-one years of age, and had only joined his battalion as recently as last June. No regiment or corps more distinguished itself on this day than did Thorneycroft's brave force of mounted infantry, who lost no less than six officers killed, four wounded, and one missing, and amongst the former was Lieutenant the Hon. N. W. Hill-Trevor. Lieutenant Hill-Trevor, who was born in 1869, was the fourth son of the first Lord Trevor, of Brynkinalt, County of Denbigh, and a brother of the present peer. His mother was a sister of the fourth Lord Scarsdale, the father of the present Viceroy of India, to whom, of course, he is first cousin. From 1893 to 1897 he was in the 2nd Life Guards, and at his death held a commission in the Shropshire Yeomanry.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

Commander-in-Chief: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of De Aar, under Lord Roberts.

Divisional Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals French, Methuen, Kelly-Kenny, Tucker, and Colvile.

CAVALRY (French)

Brabazon and Babington's Brigades.

6th Dragoon Guards.
2nd Dragoons.
9th Lancers.
10th Hussars.
12th Lancers.
16th Lancers.

ARTILLERY

Horse—G, P, U, Q, T Batteries.
Field—18th, 37th (Howitzer), 62nd, 75th, 38th, 65th (Howitzer), 76th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division (latter in Kimberley).

ENGINEERS

7th (Field) Co.
8th (Railway) Co.
11th (Field) Co.
29th (Fortress) Co.
31st (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY

Pole-Carew's Brigade.

3rd Grenadiers.
1st Coldstreams.
2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.

MacDonald's Brigade.

1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Highland L.I.

Douglas's Brigade.

1st Northumberland.
2nd Northampton.
1st N. Lancashire (half battalion in Kimberley).
2nd Yorkshire L.I.

Knox's Brigade.

2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucester.

Wavell's Brigade.

2nd North Stafford.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.

Chermside's Brigade.

2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.

Not Brigaded.

1st Gordons.
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.
2nd Shropshire L.I.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Queensland Mounted Infantry.
Canadian Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).
Roberts's Horse.

II.—Cape Colony. Troops on Western Line of Communications.

Lieutenant-General Commanding: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

ARTILLERY

Horse—A Battery.
Field—2nd, 8th, 39th, 44th, 66th, 88th Batteries.
Garrison—15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division (Siege Train).

ENGINEERS

6th (Fortress) Co.
9th (Field) Co.
20th (Field) Co.
38th (Field) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY

Militia Battalions.

6th Warwick.
4th Derbyshire.
3rd Durham L.I.
4th Royal Lancaster.
9th King's Royal Rifles.
4th Argyll and Sutherland.
3rd East Lancashire.
City Imperial Volunteers.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

New South Wales Artillery.
Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles.
Cape Town Highlanders.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.
Kitchener's Horse.

III.—Southern Border, operating from Naauwpoort.

CAVALRY

Household Regiment.
6th Dragoons.

ARTILLERY

Horse—O, J, R Batteries.
Field—4th, 20th Batteries.
Heavy—2 5-in. Howitzers

ENGINEERS

10th (Railway) Co.
26th (Field) Co.
37th (Field) Co.
42nd (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Div. Telegraph Batn.

INFANTRY

Clements's Brigade.

2nd Bedford.
1st Royal Irish.
2nd Wiltshire.
2nd Worcestershire.

Not Brigaded.

1st Suffolk.
1st Essex.
1st Yorkshire.
1st Welsh.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Prince Alfred's Volunteer Guards (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
New South Wales Lancers.
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.
Rimington's Scouts.
Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artll'y.
Australian Horse (Troop).
Victoria Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.

IV.—Southern Border, operating from Queenstown under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY

Field—74th, 77th, 79th Batteries.

ENGINEERS

12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY

2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.
1st Derbyshire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Cape Mounted Rifles.
Det. Cape Mounted Police.
Frontier Mounted Rifles.
Kaffrarian Rifles.
Brabant's Horse.

V.—Natal, beleaguered in Ladysmith under Sir G. White.

CAVALRY

Brocklehurst's Brigade.

5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th Hussars.
19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY

Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS

23rd (Field) Co.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Howard's Brigade.

2nd Gordons.
1st Manchester.
1st Gloucester.†
1st Devon.

Brigade Commander unknown.

2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
1st King's Royal Rifles.
1st Leicester.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†

Not Brigaded.

1st Liverpool.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Imperial Light Horse.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

VI.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

CAVALRY

Dundonald's Brigade.

1st Dragoons.
13th Hussars.
14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY

Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 65th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS

17th (Field) Co.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Hildyard's Brigade.

2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.

Barton's Brigade.

1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.

Lyttelton's Brigade.

2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.

Hart's Brigade.

1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Border.

Coke's Brigade.

2nd Warwick.
2nd Somerset L.I.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Middlesex.

Wynne's Brigade.

2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
1st York and Lancaster.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Natal Naval Volunteers.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Durban Light Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Imperial Light Infantry.
Natal Mounted Police (Det.).
S. African Light Horse (part).

VII.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

CAVALRY

7th Dragoon Guards.
17th Lancers.
8th Hussars.

ARTILLERY

Horse—M Battery.
Field—43rd (Howitzer), 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 5th, 9th, 17th, 89th, 90th, 91st Batteries.
Garrison—5th Co. E. Division: 15th Co. W. Division (Siege Train); 2nd Co. S. Division.

ENGINEERS

"C" Pontoon Troop.
5th (Field) Co.
47th (Fortress) Co

INFANTRY

Campbell's Brigade.

2nd Grenadiers.
2nd Scots Guards.
2nd East Yorkshire.
2nd Leicester.

Boyes's Brigade.

2nd West Kent.
2nd Manchester.
1st South Staffordshire.
1st Worcester.

1st Sussex (from Malta).
1st Leinster (from Halifax).
1st Cameron H'gh's (from Egypt)

Militia Battalions.

3rd Royal Lancaster.
6th Lancashire Fusiliers.
3rd South Wales Borderers
3rd East Lancashire.
4th South Staffordshire.
3rd Welsh.
5th Dublin Fusiliers.

Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
Imperial Yeomanry.
Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.
Lumsden's Horse (from India).

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 (Supply), 39, 40, 41, and 42.

Naval Brigades are serving with White in Ladysmith, with Buller in Northern Natal, with Methuen at Modder River, and with the troops under General Gatacre.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (detachment), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles. In Kimberley, under Colonel Kekewich, there are the Diamond Fields Artillery, Diamond Fields Horse, Kimberley Rifles, and Cape Mounted Police (detachment).

The following Militia Battalions are embodied for garrison duty at home and abroad to take the place of the regular battalions gone to South Africa: 3rd Royal Scots (Holywood), 3rd West Surrey (Portsmouth), 3rd East Kent (Enniskillen), 3rd Northumberland (Malta), 5th Royal Fusiliers (Dover), 3rd Devon (Fermoy), 3rd Suffolk (Guernsey), 4th Somerset Light Infantry (Portland), 3rd Bedford (Dublin), 4th West York (Aldershot), 3rd Royal Irish (Dublin), 3rd Yorkshire (Aldershot), 5th Lancashire Fusiliers (Bury), 3rd Scots Fusiliers (Aldershot), 3rd Welsh Fusiliers (Plymouth), 4th Scottish Rifles (Glasgow), 3rd Inniskilling Fusiliers (Mullingar), 4th Gloucestershire (Athlone), 4th East Surrey (Woking), 3rd Cornwall Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Border (Colchester), 3rd Sussex (Brighton), 3rd Dorset (Shorncliffe), 3rd Black Watch (Montrose), 3rd Oxford Light Infantry (Limerick), 3rd Essex (Warley), 3rd North Lancashire (Malta), 3rd Northampton (Aldershot), 3rd West Kent (Malta), 4th Shropshire Light Infantry (Gravesend), 4th Middlesex (Woolwich), 3rd Wiltshire (Fermoy), 3rd York and Lancaster (York), 3rd Highland Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Seaforths (Egypt), 3rd Gordons (Edinburgh), 3rd Camerons (Aldershot), 6th Irish Rifles (Sheffield), 4th Irish Fusiliers (Colchester), 5th Connaught Rangers (Woolwich), 3rd Leinster (Woolwich), 3rd Munster Fusiliers (Dover), 6th Rifle Brigade (Curragh), 5th Warwick (Colchester), 3rd Liverpool (Preston), 3rd Norfolk (Fermoy), 4th Lincoln (Parkhurst), 4th Suffolk (Dover), 4th Cheshire (Tipperary), 3rd K.O.S. Borderers (Belfast), 3rd Hampshire (Aldershot), 3rd Derbyshire (Manchester), 8th King's Royal Rifles (Templemore), 3rd North Staffordshire (Newry), 4th Durham Light Infantry (Aldershot), 3rd Argyll and Sutherland (Dublin).

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

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The Brave Defenders of the Diamond City.

Photo. Copyright. CAPE MOUNTED POLICE. "Navy & Army."
This Detachment of a Gallant Corps with a Long and Stirring Record has done Yeoman's Work.

Photo. Copyright. DIAMOND FIELDS HORSE. "Navy & Army."
Major T. Peakman, who was Wounded Early in the Siege, is Seated in the Centre of the Group of Officers.

Photo. Downey
COLONEL R. G. KEKEWICH.
Specially Promoted for Distinguished Service.

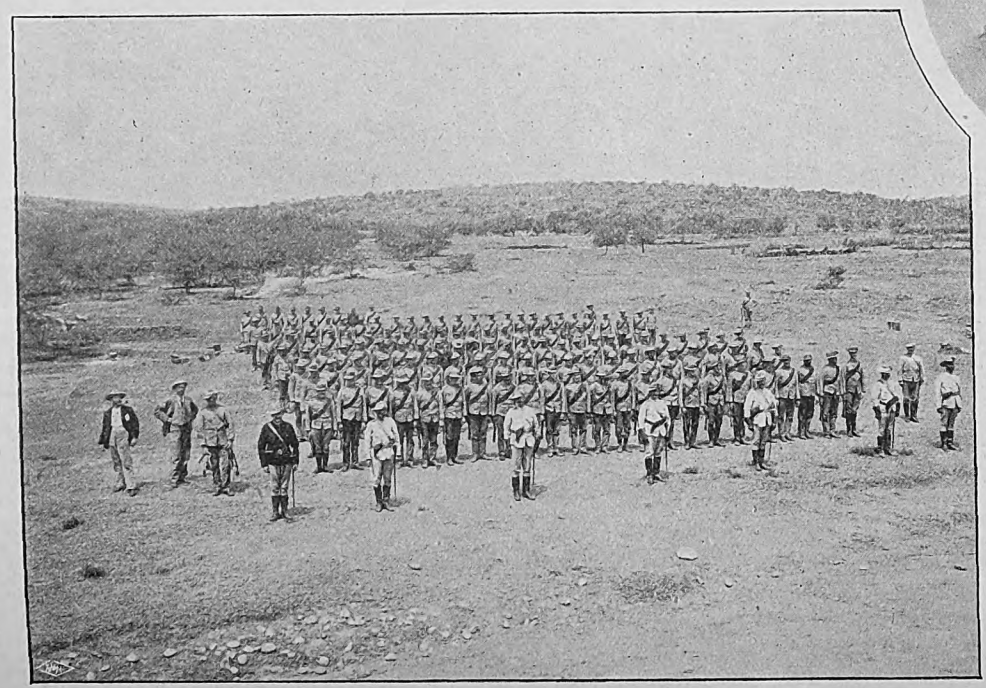

Photo. Copyright. PARADED FOR NIGHT SERVICE. "Navy & Army."
The Diamond Fields Horse and Diamond Fields Artillery have Taken Part in all the Principal Actions against the Investing Force of Boers.

Photo. Copyright. LOYAL NORTH LANCASHIRES. Fyne.
The Only Regulars in Kimberley during the Siege were Half the 1st Battalion of the above Regiment, of which the Officers are here Shown.

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PERHAPS the most conspicuous, as it certainly is the most gratifying, feature of the Yeomanry and Volunteer preparations in connection with the war in South Africa is the sustained character of the enthusiasm which has been aroused on every side and in every class of the community. Often have we seen movements of this sort start with tremendous effervescence, and then suddenly fizzle out before anything really satisfactory has been accomplished; and there were not wanting those who predicted that in this case a similar result would occur. But, on the contrary, the idea has steadily grown in strength, and at the present moment there are thousands of would-be recruits for the Imperial Yeomanry, and "waiting" Volunteers, who are grumbling because, for one reason or another, they cannot join their more fortunate comrades.

The accompanying pictures present selected contingents in several interesting aspects. Of the Imperial Yeomanry in general the illustrations of the Middlesex, Cheshire, and Shropshire contingents are pleasantly typical. The first county has already furnished two "lots," and probably without serious effort could raise another twenty if desired.

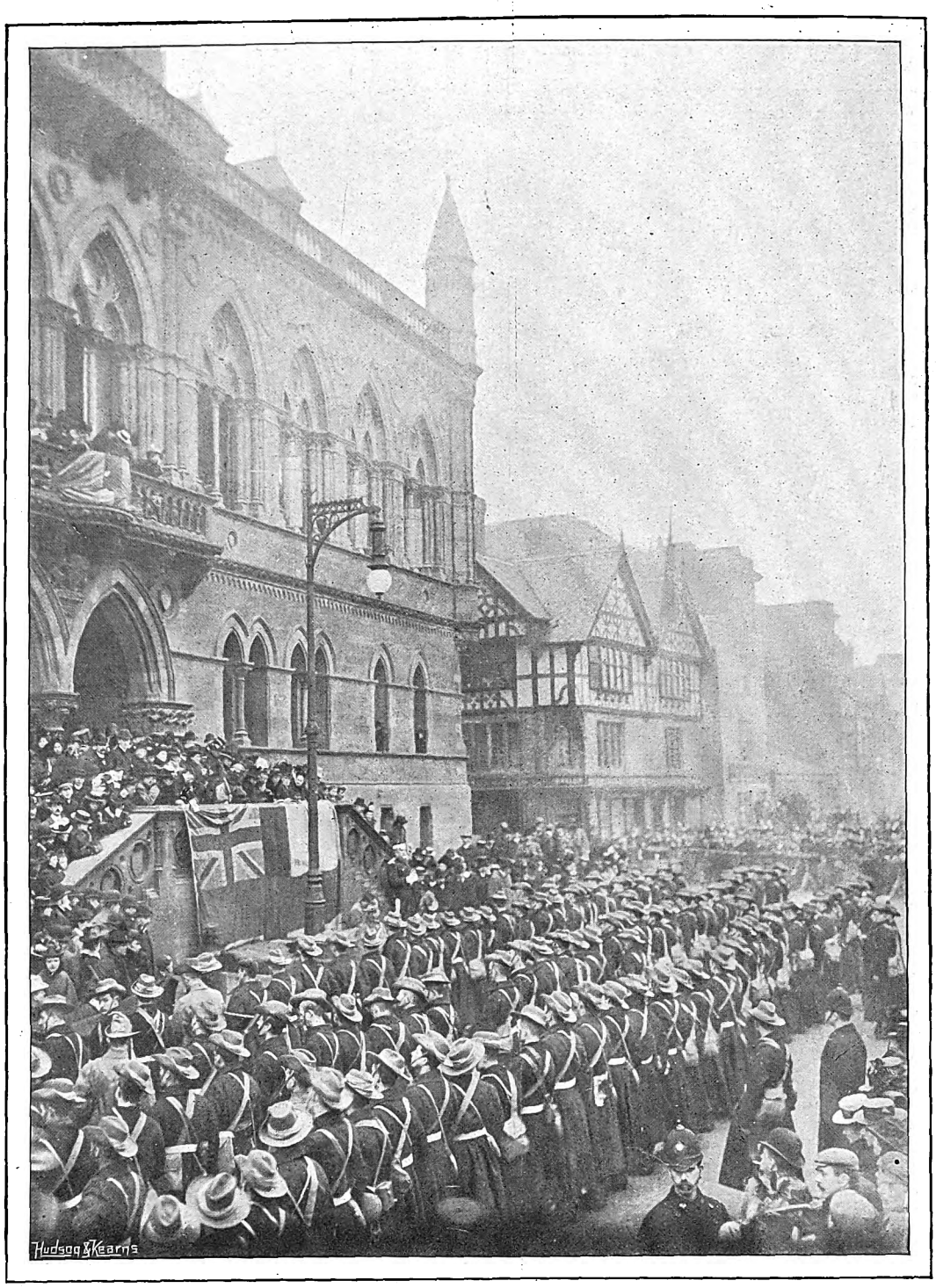

Photo. Copyright. GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK! Webster.
The Send-off of the Cheshire Contingent, Imperial Yeomanry.

Other pictures are of "Compton's Horse" and the Irish Yeomanry. The formation of the first-named is due to the vigour and promptitude of Lord Alwyne Compton, who set on on foot and carried out the scheme which has resulted in the formation of this most workmanlike contingent. In relation to the latter corps we have here depicted the inspection on the 7th inst. of the 1st Irish Company, commanded by Captain Lord Longford. The inspecting officer was H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, commanding the forces in Ireland, who was accompanied by General Gosset, commanding the Dublin District.

Of the Volunteer pictures it is sufficient to say that the Leeds Rifles is one of the strongest and most efficient of provincial Volunteer corps.

The small town of Ross—Pope's "Ode to the Man of Ross" will be familiar to many readers—provided twenty men out of the county's contribution of thirty-eight to the Volunteer company of the Shropshire Light Infantry, a record for a place containing only about 5,000 inhabitants of which the town may well be proud, and all should congratulate it.

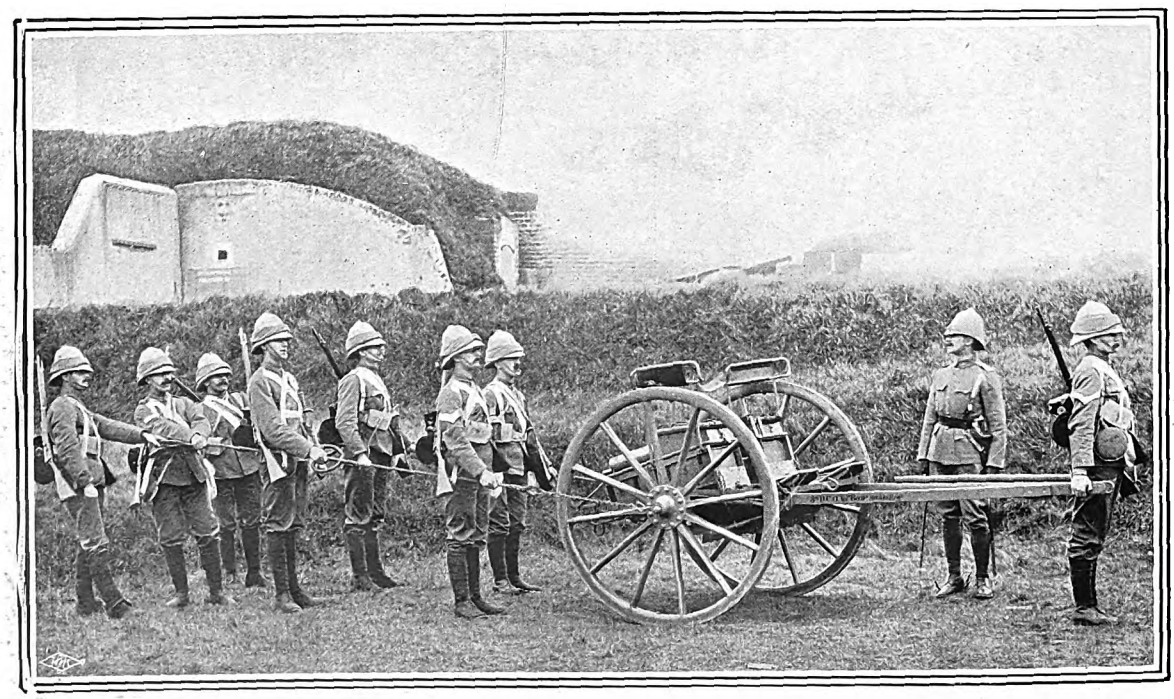

Photo. Copyright. A PRACTICAL PRESENT. West & Son.
The Maxim Gun of the 3rd V.B. Hampshire Regiment given by Captain Peters.

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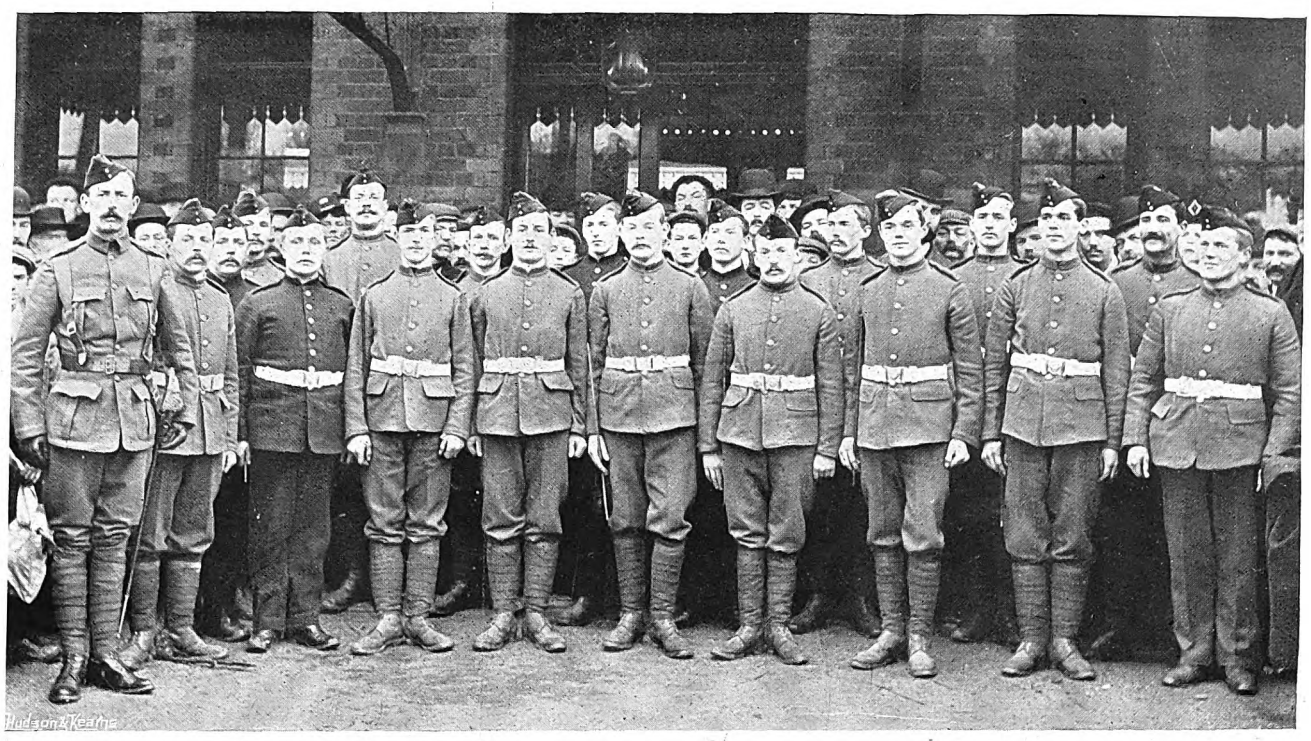
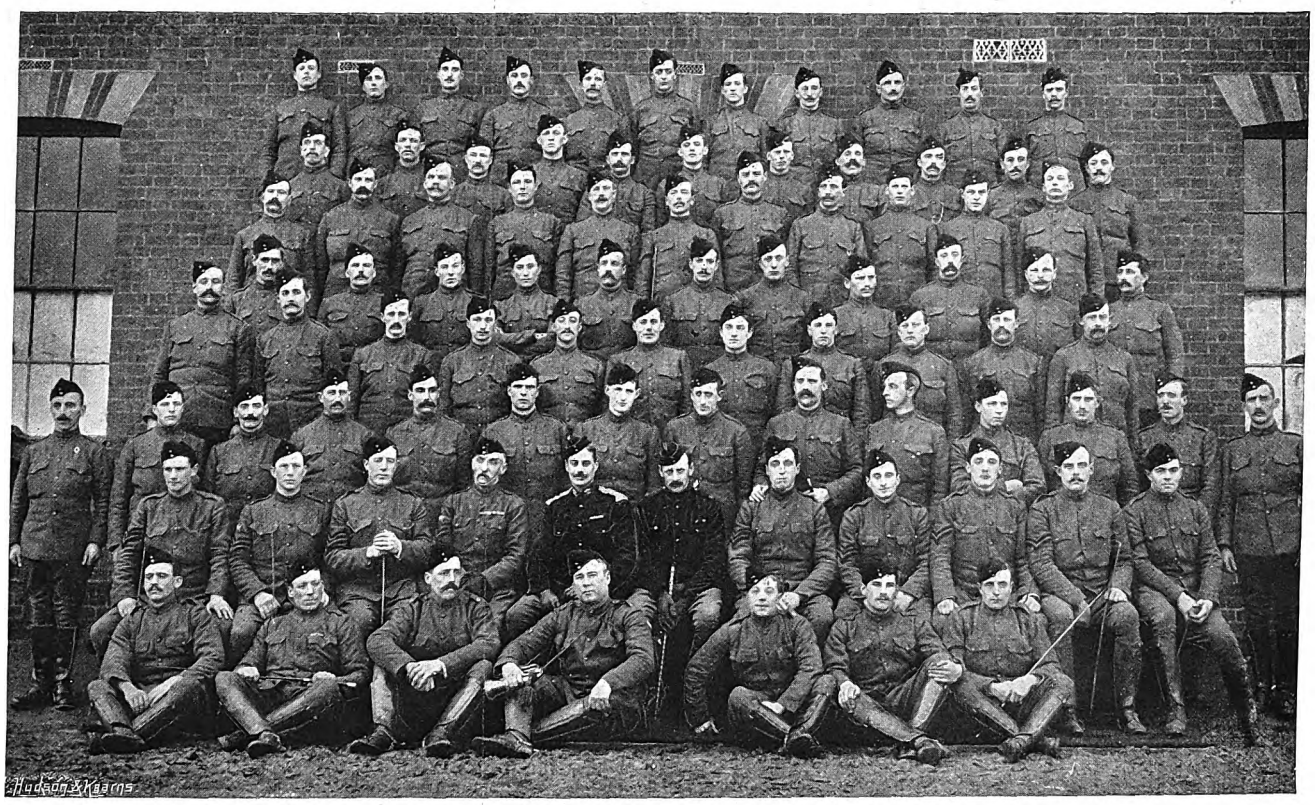


"MEN OF ROSS."

*

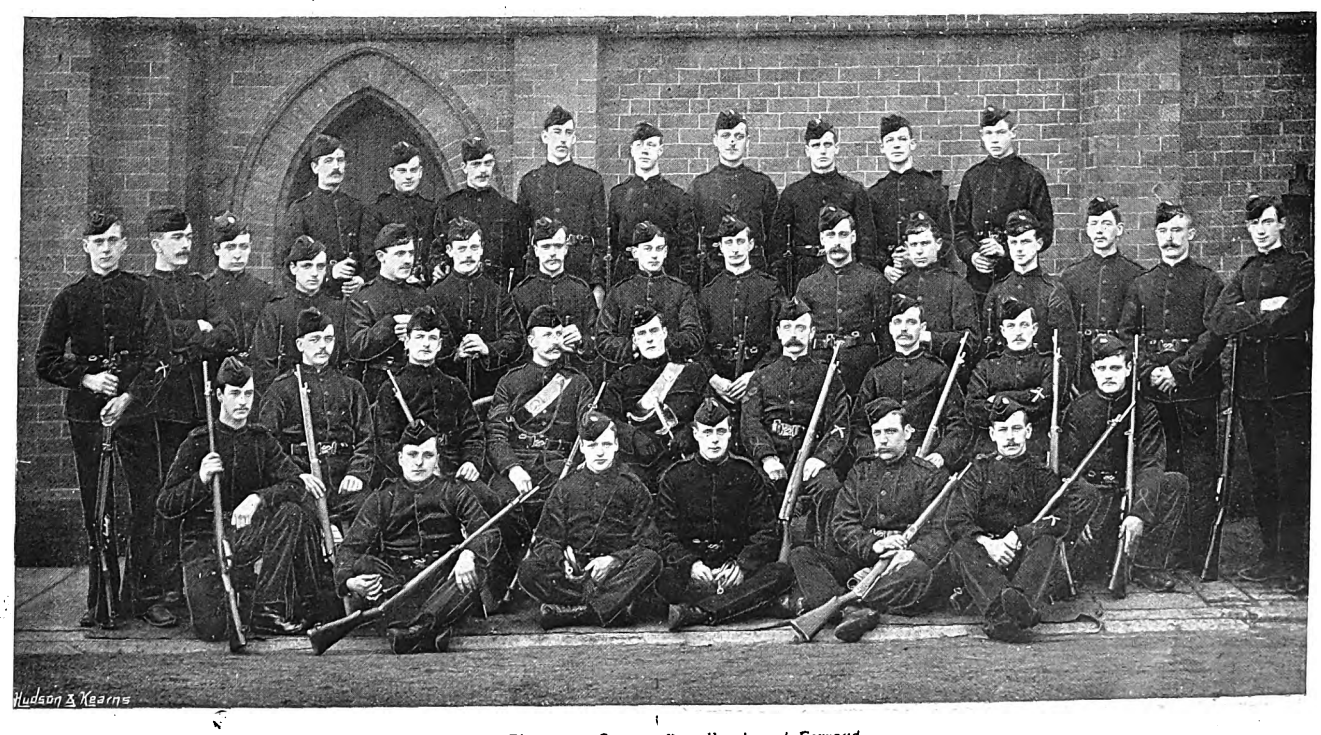
Record Contingent Furnished by a Small Town in Herefordshire.



COMPTON'S HORSE.

*

The Yeomanry Contingent Raised from Bedfordshire and Northampton by Lord Alwyne Compton.



YORKSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

*

The Leeds Rifles Contingent for South African Service.

From Photos. by Casson, Broadhead, and Ferraud

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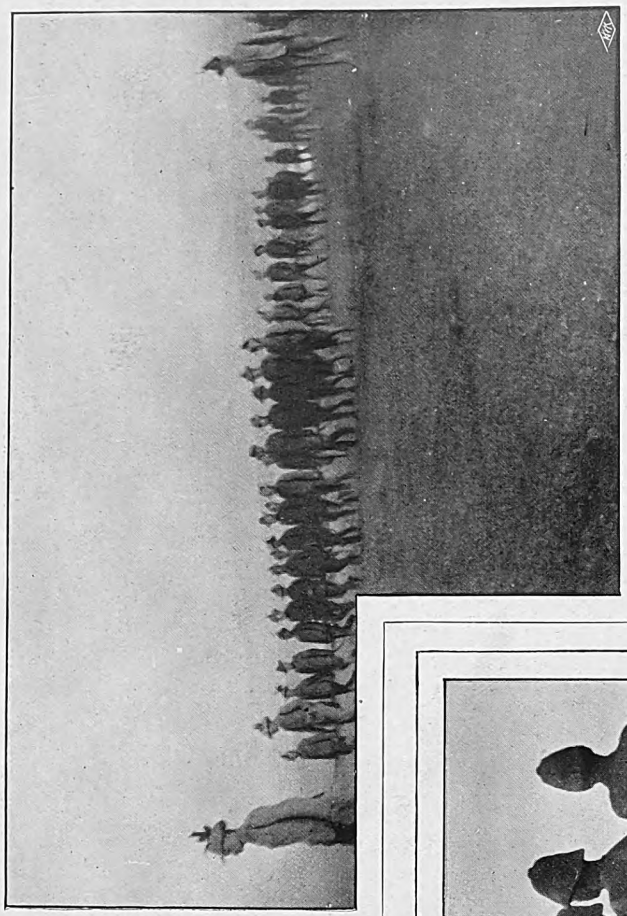
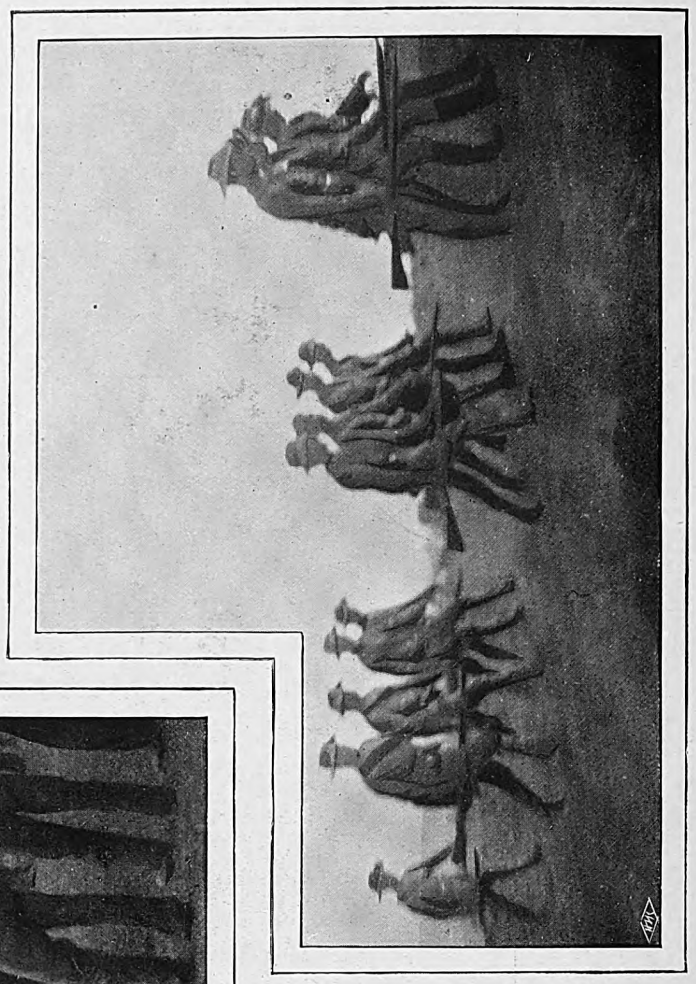
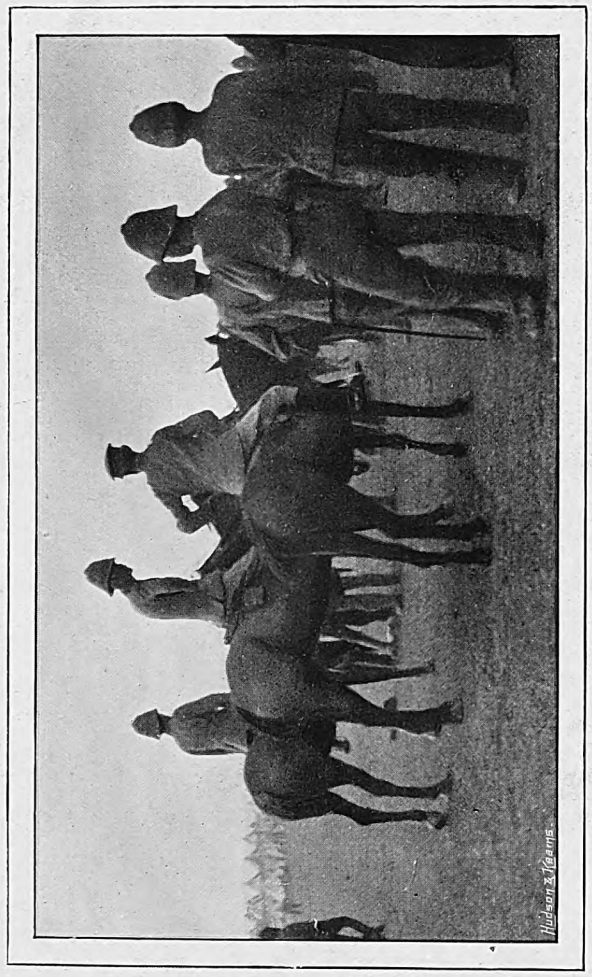
The Advance to Potgieter's Drift.



A CALL TO ARMS.
The South African Light Horse Summoned to Stables.

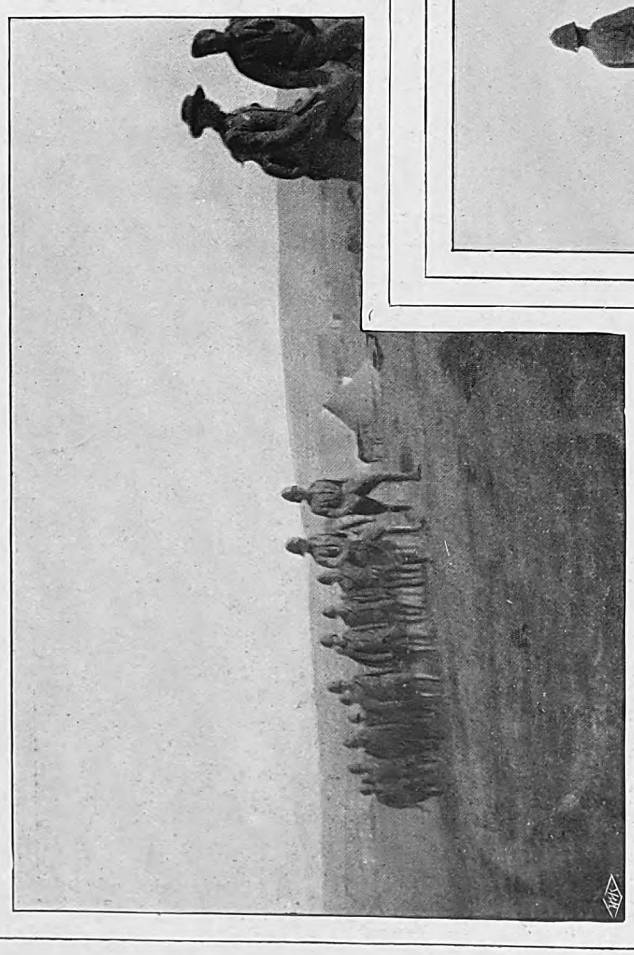


FIT AND FULL OF FIGHT.
The Imperial Light Horse Respond to the Bugle.

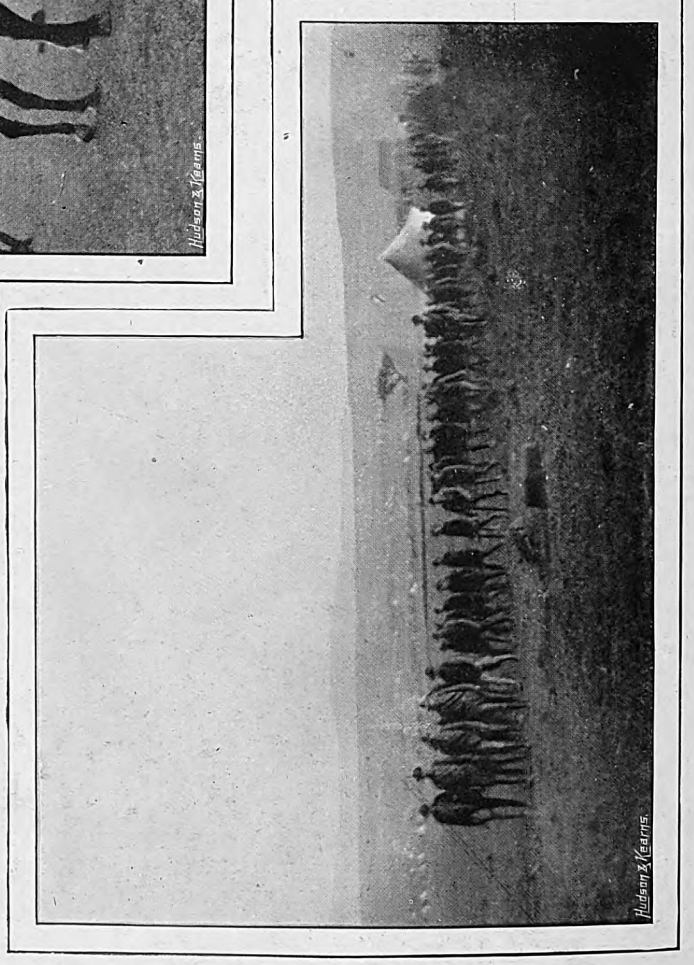


FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.
Generals Buller and Clery Directing the Operations.

With Dundonald's Division.



BOOT AND SADDLE.
Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry Preparing for Work.



SCOUTS WANTED AT ONCE.
The Natal Carbineers Turned Out for Duty.

From Photos. by Mr. W. D. M. Cotts.

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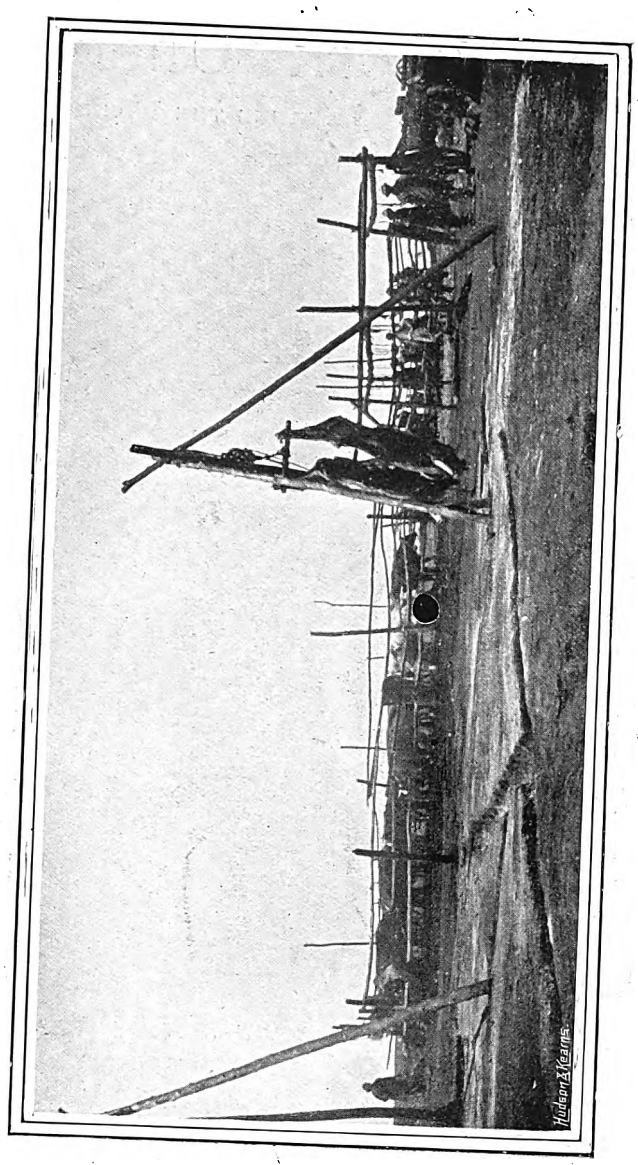
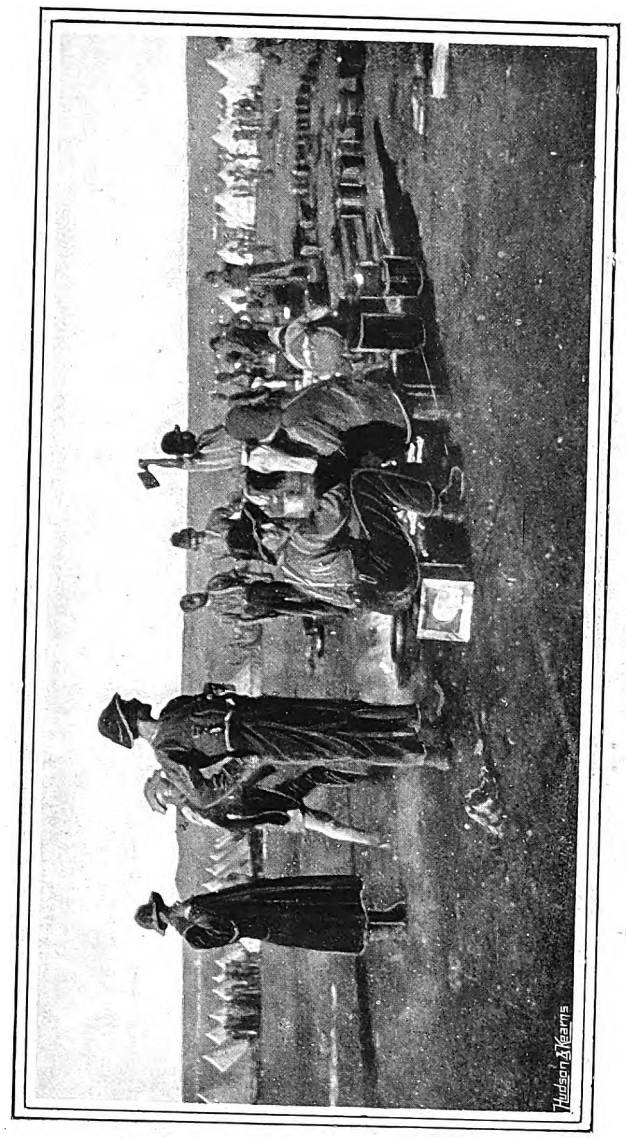
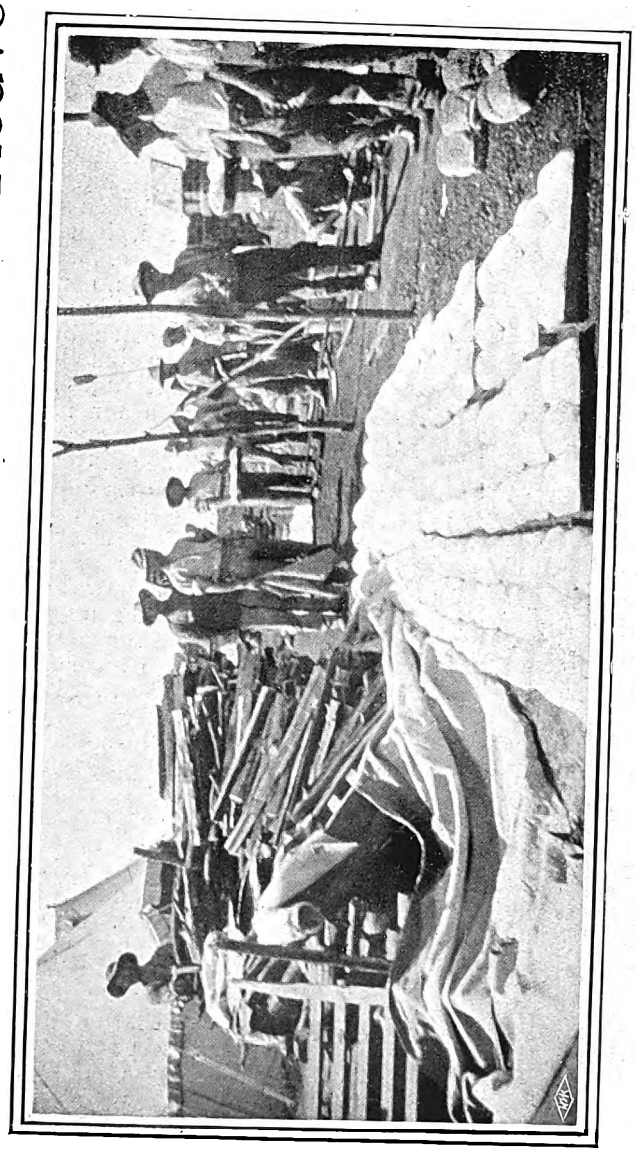
With Sir Redvers Buller in Natal.



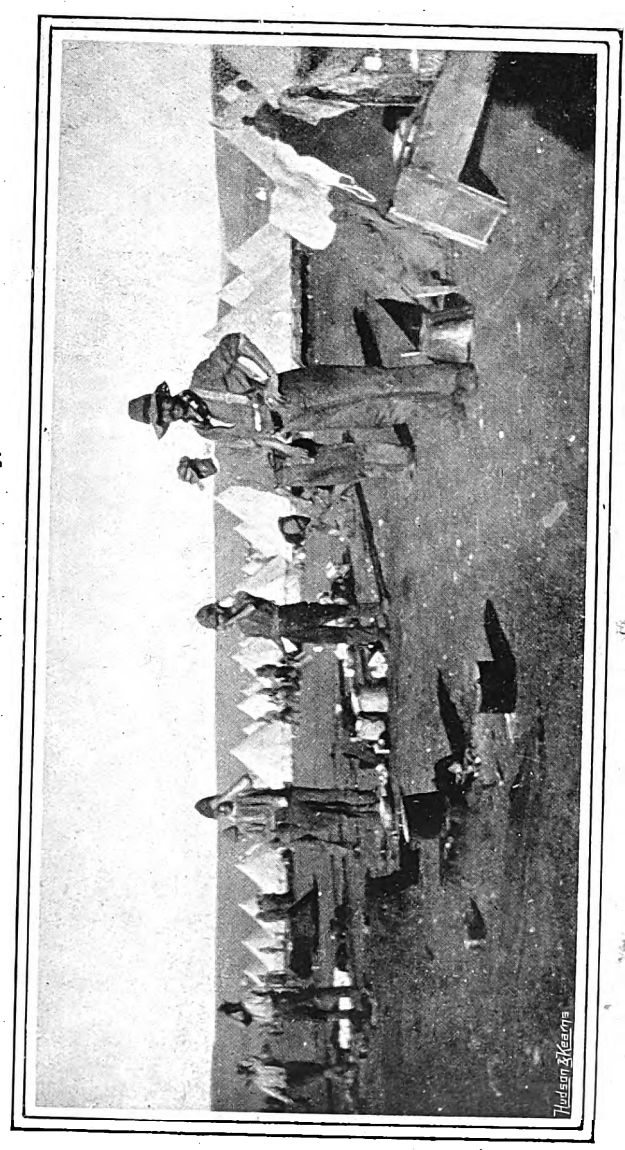
BEEF FOR "TOMMY."
Between the Slaughter-house and the Kitchen.



FOR THE OFFICERS' LUNCH.
Active Work in the Camp Kitchen.



THE STAFF OF LIFE.
Loaves Ready for the Bakery.



BREAKFAST IN CAMP.
With the Cooks of the Scottish Rifles.

Scenes in Springfield Camp.

From Photos. by Mr. W. D. M. Colts.

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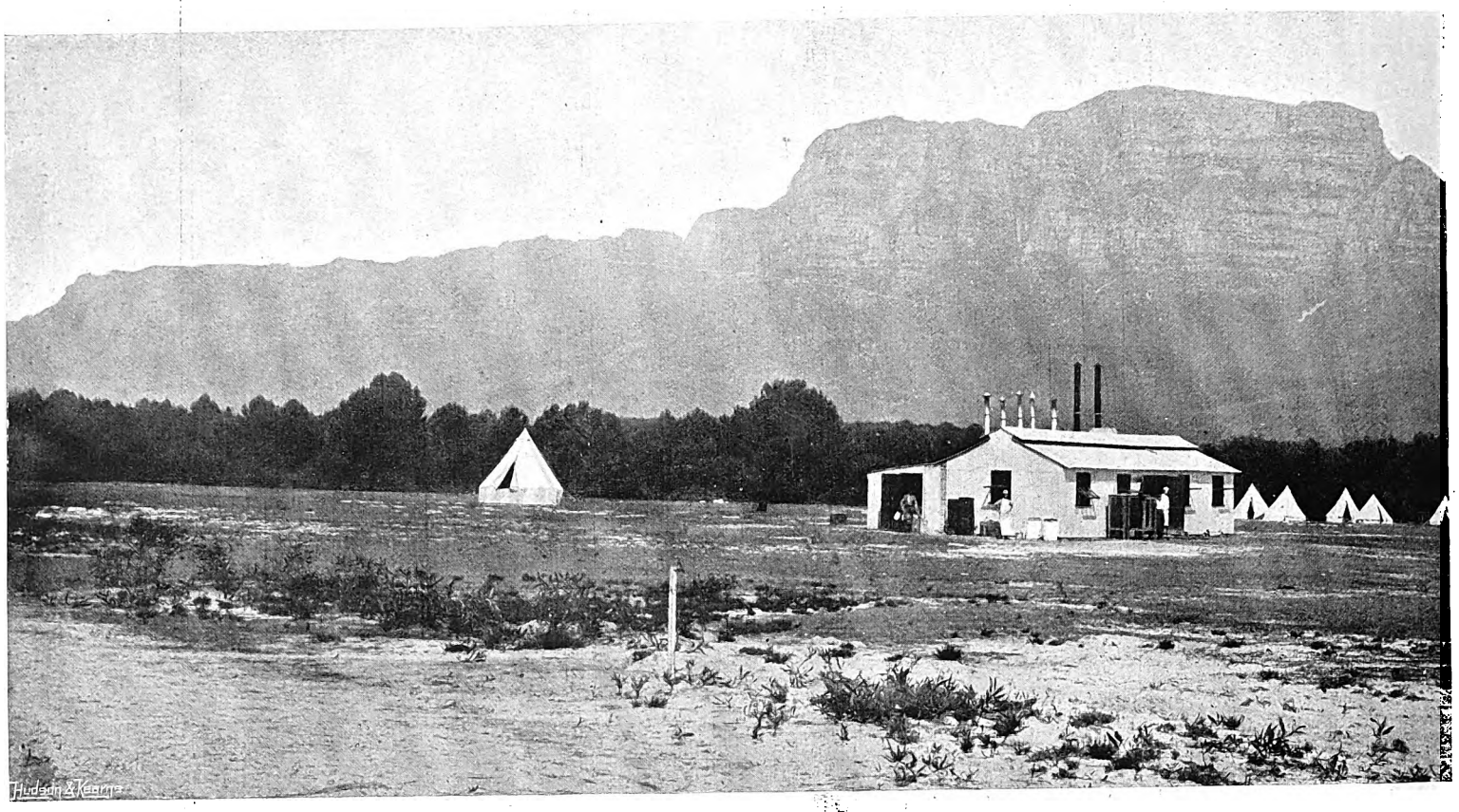
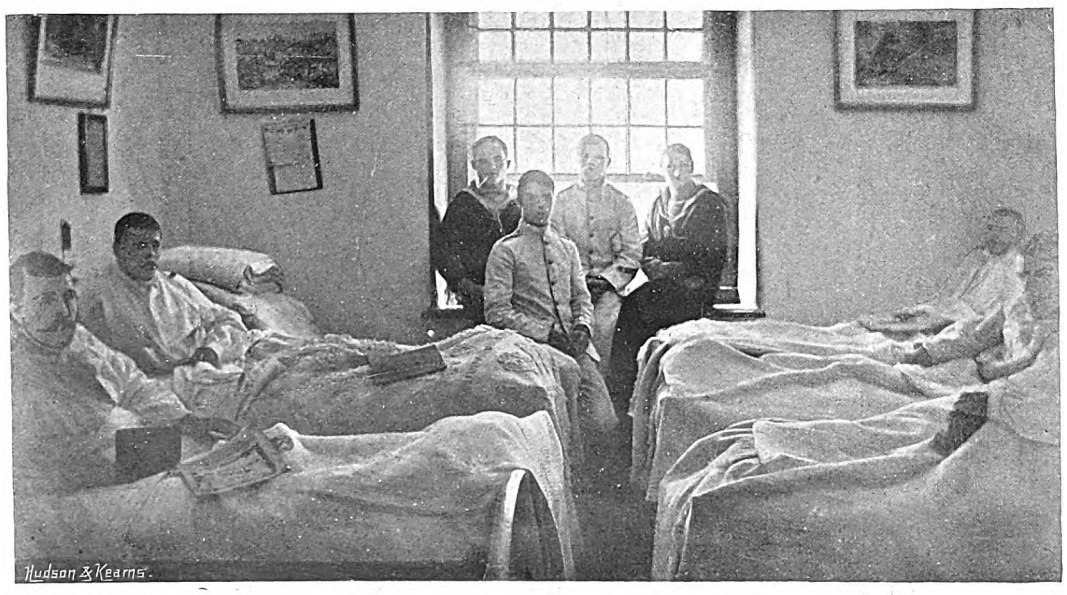
Good Work Under

Nursing the Wounded



THE MILITARY HOSPITAL AT RONDEBOSCH

Photos. Copyright. *THE OFFICERS OF THE R.A.M.C.*
With Patients from Colenso and Modder River.



Photos. Copyright. *THE WOUNDED AT WYNBERG.*
Men of the Naval Brigade in No. 6 Ward of the Royal Naval Hospital, Simon's Town—All Wounded at Enslin.

WE have taken notice already of the great care which has been shown for our wounded in this war in South Africa. The subject is a pleasant one, and all the more so by the contrast it presents with much else that is forced upon our attention. War is at all times a horrible business. When the victory is swift and complete for one side, then the other almost invariably suffers to an extreme degree. When success and defeat are balanced, then the suffering is divided. Care, foresight, and humanity can do no more than reduce it to a minimum. In the war of to-day, which has already lasted longer than some too hopeful people thought it would, and will assuredly drag on for months, we can at least feel sure that no precaution will be omitted, no effort be left untried, to save our soldiers from the miseries of undressed wounds, and from what is usually even worse in war, namely, disease. Our illustrations show the hospitals established under the impressive side of Table Mountain and elsewhere. It is an admirable feature of this part of our organisation that it is largely due to private enterprise, to the self-sacrifice of public-spirited fellow-subjects of our troops, to the charity of the rich who give money, and to the more admirable charity of those who work amid sights and sounds of the most painful order. It was a woman, and a queen, Isabel the Catholic, of Spain, who has the honour of having first established a camp hospital in a European army of comparatively modern times. Before her day it is doubtful whether any help was provided for the wounded common soldier, except what he got from the Knights of the Hospital of St. John, and

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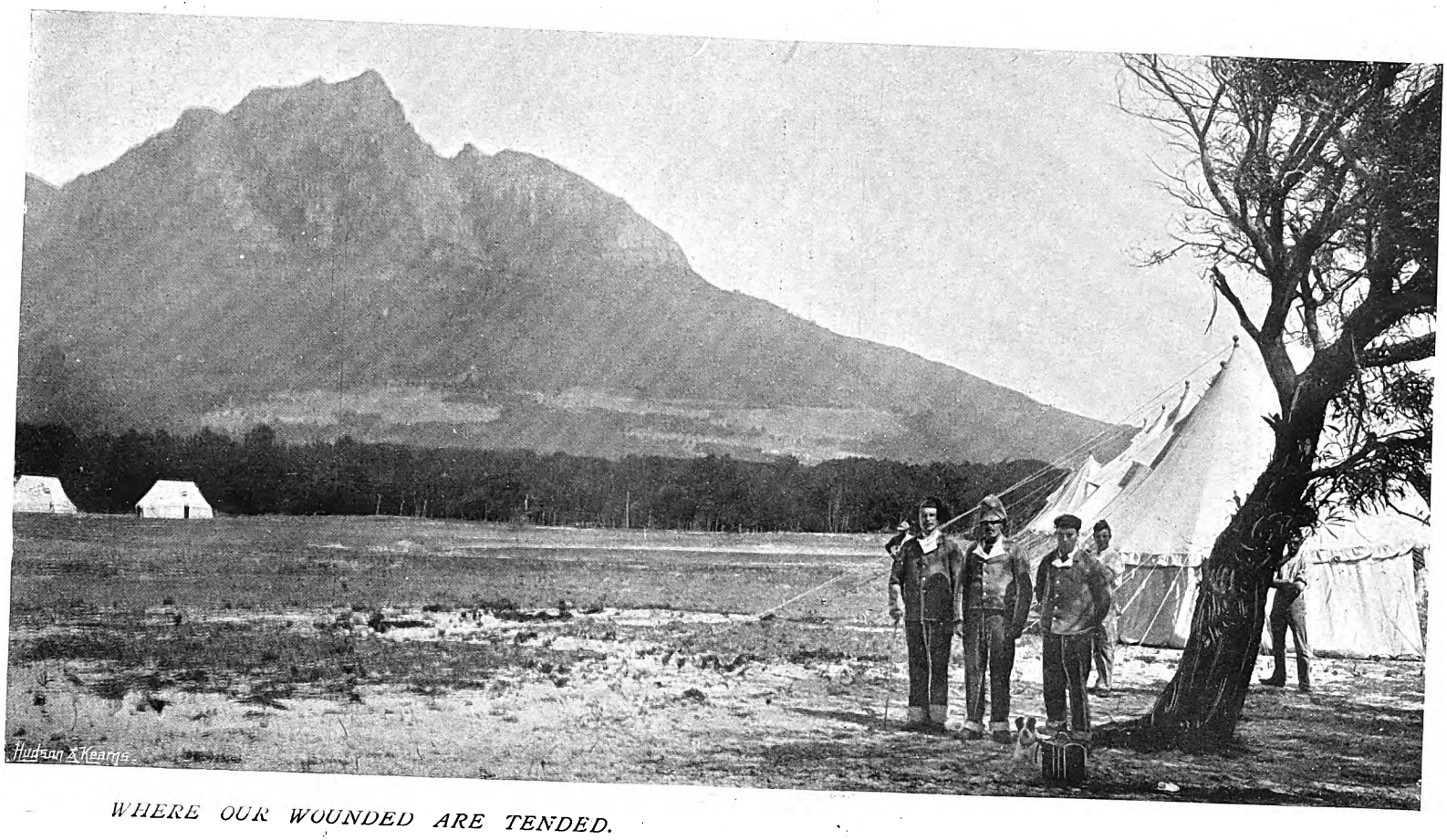
the Red Cross.

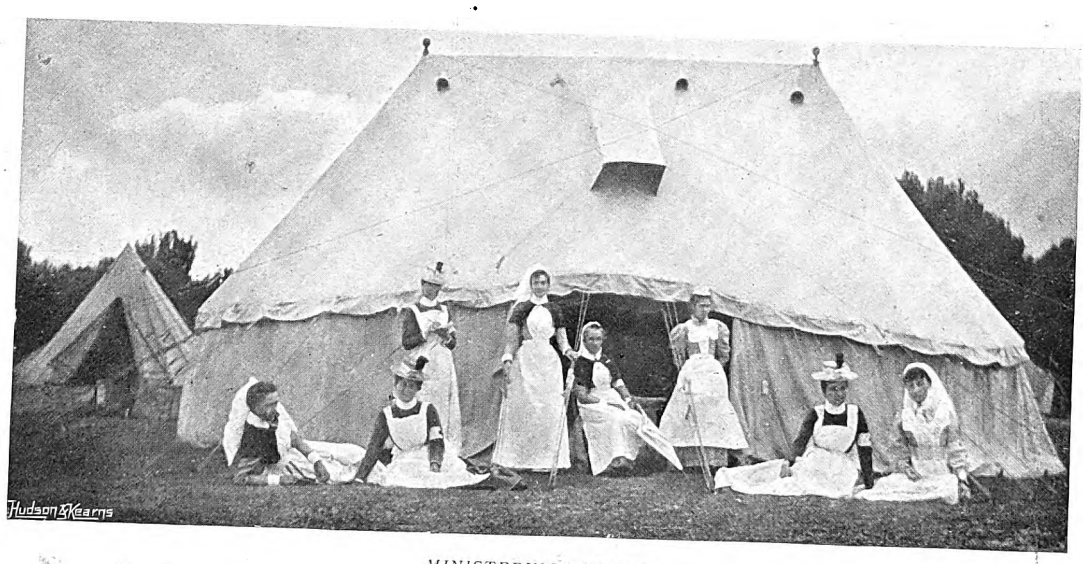
Invalids Back to Health.



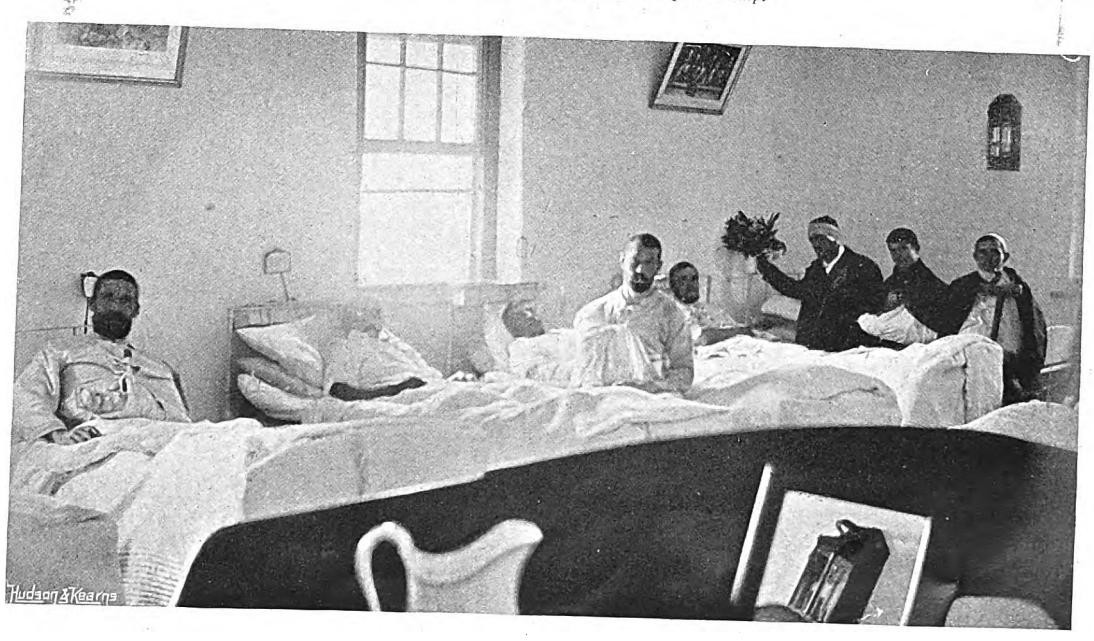
WHERE OUR WOUNDED ARE TENDED.

from the English Brothers of St. Thomas à Becket, who did attempt to do something during the Crusades. It was long before the example which the Queen gave during the siege of Granada, was followed, and we have been no better in that respect than our neighbours, perhaps not so good as some of them. There were Greenwich Hospital and Chelsea for worn-out and crippled men who had the good luck to be admitted; but many never reached that good fortune, and tens of thousands perished in the field who might well have been saved. Happily there is every prospect that this will not be the case now. Science, too, has done much to reduce the horrors of the field hospital. We have only to remember that as late as the Russian War there were no anæsthetics, and that the only relief a man could get under an operation was a dose of alcohol, strong enough to make him drunk, which must, one imagines, have had a tendency to produce inflammation in the wound. It used to be long before a hurt man recovered. Now the process is so rapid, that in two cases, at least, recorded in this war—Colonel Dick-Cunyngham's and Lieutenant Tait's, officers who had been disabled in action—the sufferers were able to return to their duties and fell in their next engagement.

Both Rondebosch and Wynberg Hospitals are situated in pleasant country, and the climate is practically all that could be wished for. Officers and men have been sent to these hospitals from every part of the theatre of war, and recovery in many cases has been very rapid. At the time the photographs we reproduce were taken there were fifty-two wounded seamen and Marines in Wynberg Hospital.



MINISTERING ANGELS.
Some of the Nurses at Rondebosch Hospital Camp. H. Bayly.



FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY.
Seamen and Marines in No. 3 Ward of the Royal Naval Hospital, Simon's Town. "Navy & Army."

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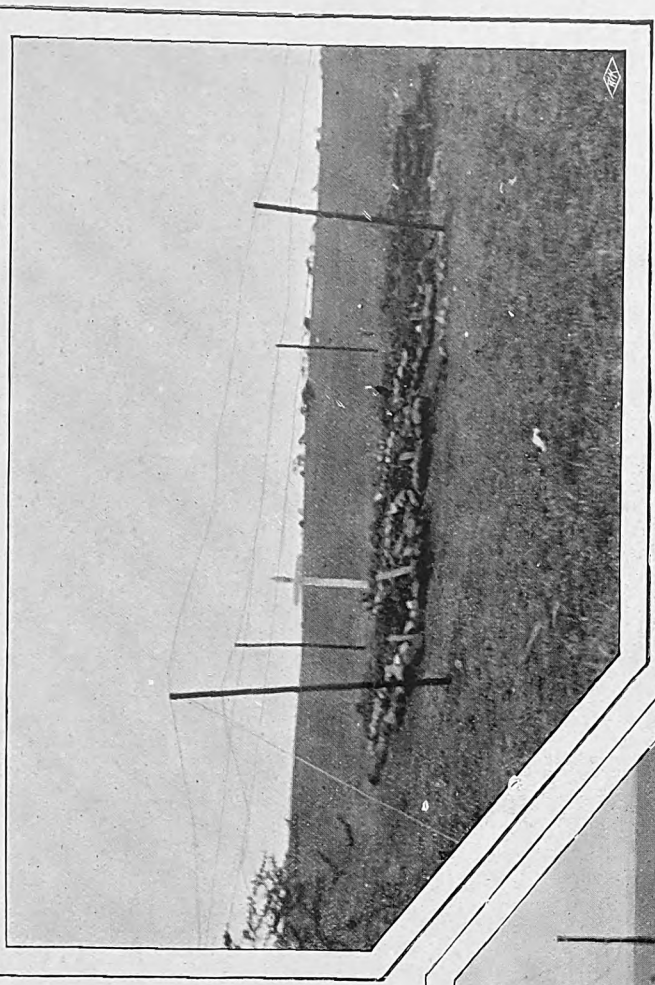
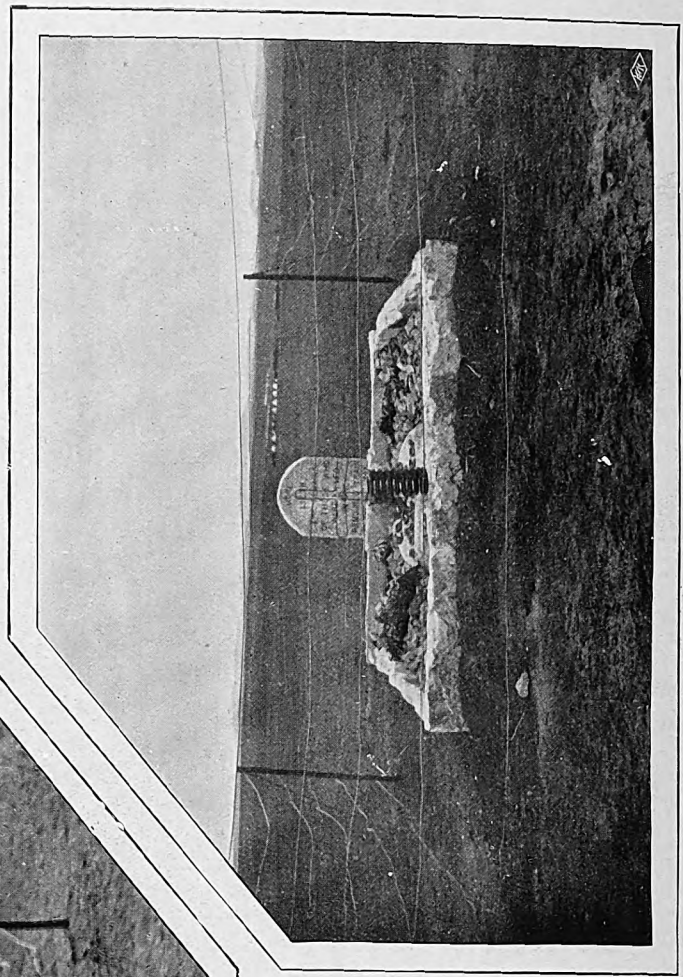
The Graves OF OUR Honoured Dead.

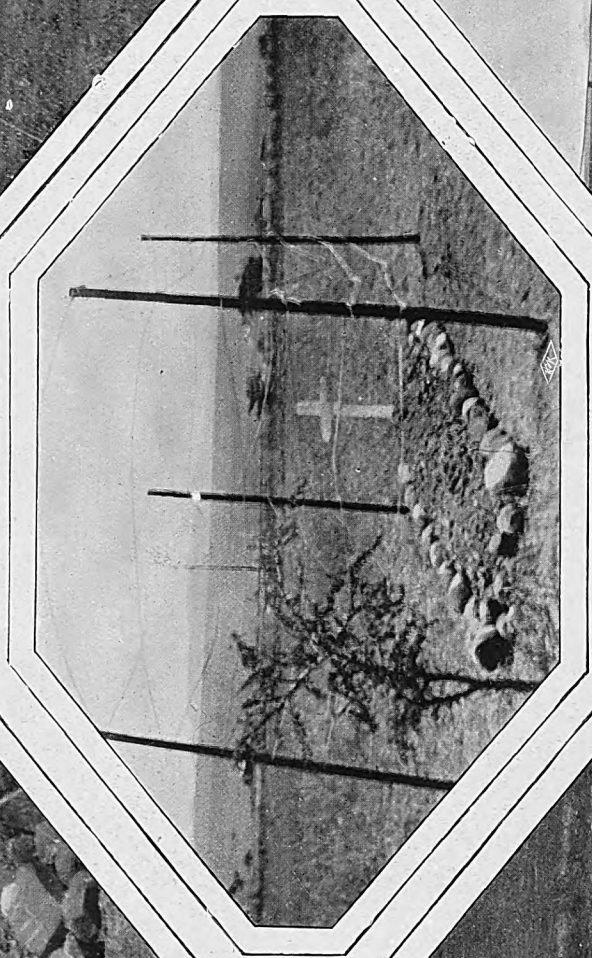


NEAR CHIEVELEY.
The Graves of the Devons and Yorkshires Killed at Colenso.

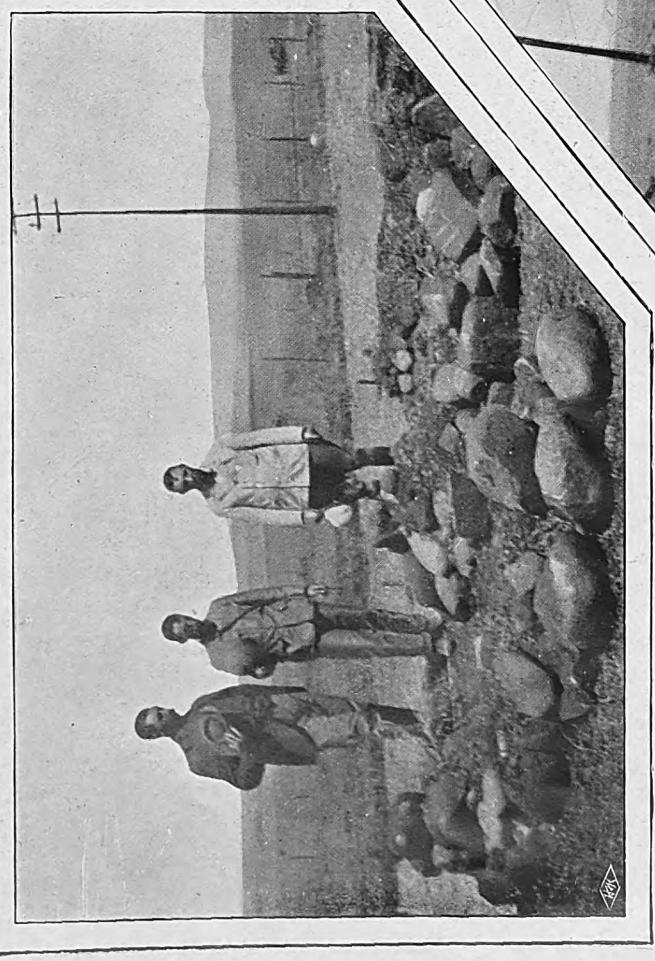


THE COST OF EMPIRE.
The Graves of the Men Killed in the Armoured Train Disaster.

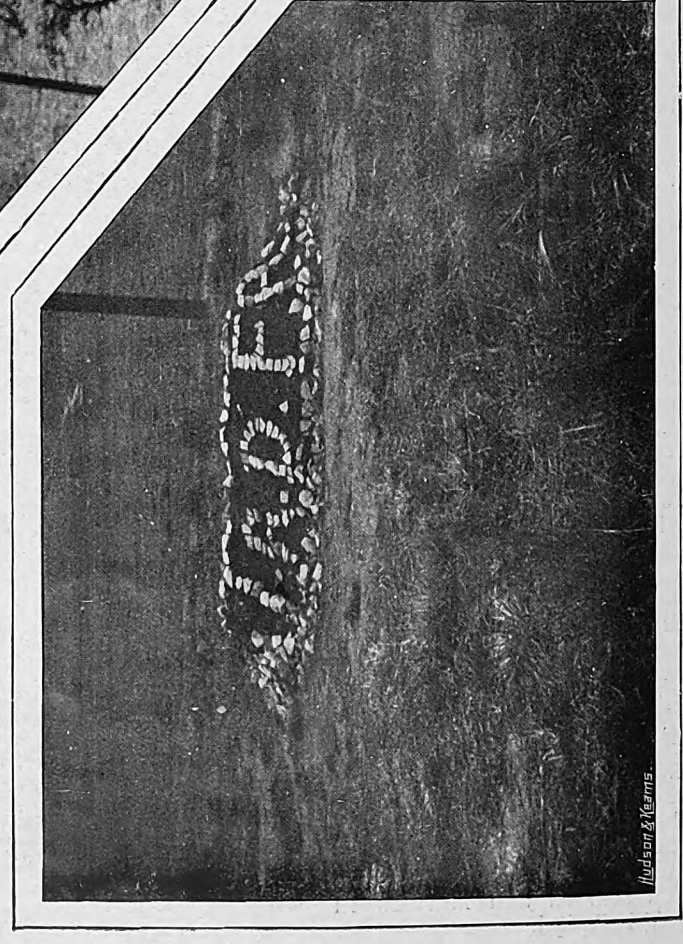
"Navy & Army."



A HERO'S LAST RESTING-PLACE.
Here Lieut. Roberts, V.C., Lies Buried, near Chieveley.



LOST COMRADES.
Here Some of the Heroes of Colenso are Buried.



A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.
A Memorial of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

May the Rest In Peace.

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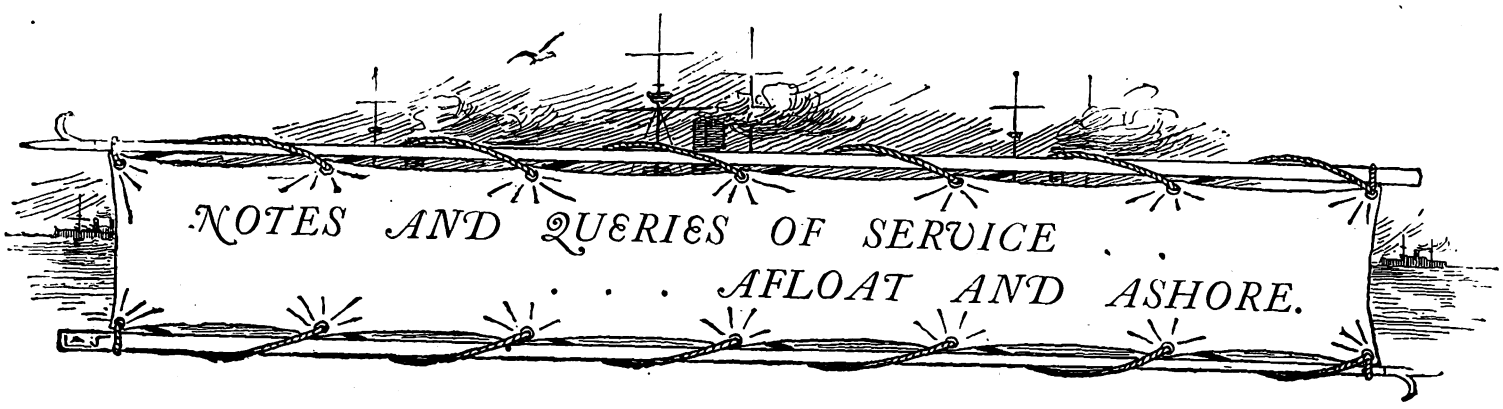

In the illustration on another page of No. 6 Ward at Wynberg Hospital the names of the men, reading from right to left, are P. E. Brenkhurst, R.M.L.I., shot through the right leg, W. F. Spencer, R.M.A., shot in the left leg, B. Thompson, seaman, shot in the left leg, and James Simons, R.M.L.I., wounded in the left leg. All the four men belonged to the "Monarch." In the illustration of No. 3 Ward the names of the men, reading from left to right, are H. Peacock, R.M.L.I., shot through the left arm and left hand, and John Denty, R.M.L.I., shot through both legs—both of the "Powerful"; Alfred Colis, R.M.L.I., shot through the left side, C. H. Callinson, R.M.L.I., shot through the left groin and right arm, C. Bruce, R.M.L.I., shot in the left temple and back, and J. Jilly, seaman, shot through the left hand and right side—all of the "Doris"; W. Morecambe, R.M.A., shot through the left arm, and H. Cotton, R.M.L.I., shot in the left arm above elbow, left side, right forearm, and chin—both of the "Monarch."

* * * *

"Christopher."—No, the "Soldier's New Testament" is quite distinct and separate from the "Knapsack" edition bound in khaki, and issued by the Oxford University Press. The former is published by the Scripture Gift Mission. It is 4 3-8-in. by 2¾-in.; 3-8-in. in thickness, and bound in red, white, and blue, displaying the Union Jack, and underneath it, "South Africa, 1900." Lord Wolseley supplies a note, in which he says: "In my opinion there could be nothing more suitable for the spiritual comfort of a soldier on active service than this Testament. The size permits him always to carry it in his khaki jacket pocket, and each soldier who possesses a copy will have something of far higher value to him than the proverbial marshal's bâton." Among other bodies who have presented pocket Testaments to the troops, the Sydney University Christian Union has given one, bearing an inscription and the arms of the university, to each man of the New South Wales contingent.

* * * *

"Polperrow."—You are right in saying that the Blue Ensign is the Consular flag afloat, but wrong in assuming that it is the flag used by the Diplomatic Service. The flag used by all Her Majesty's representatives abroad, whether Ministers Plenipotentiary, Chargé d'Affaires, etc., is the Union Flag, charged in the centre with the Royal Arms displayed on a white circular ground and surrounded by a green garland. This is the flag used by Her Majesty's Diplomatic servants either afloat or ashore. The Union Flag is used by Consular officers ashore to distinguish their official residence, but is not used by them afloat. When embarked, whether in boat or ship, they display the Blue Ensign, distinguished by having the Royal Arms in the centre of the fly, which is the technical term for that portion of the flag between the Union and the end.

* * * *

Rudolf R. Reichenheim.—I do not remember ever having seen a complete illustrated account of regimental colours. Illustrations in colour of various regiments have appeared from time to time, but a collection of them I do not think exists. The best illustrations of regimental colours that I can call to mind are to be found in "The Records and Badges of the British Army," by Henry Manners Chichester and Major George Burges-Short, published by William Clowes and Sons, Limited, Charing Cross. The book is admirable in every respect, and contains seven coloured illustrations of colours, and a description of the colours of every regiment. I do not know the price of the book. It was published in 1895, and as it contains illustrations, also in colour, of uniforms, it must be rather expensive. I should advise you to write to the publishers.

* * * *

"N. Z."—It was a noticeable feature of Peel's Naval Brigade in India that the men invariably were more elastic in mind, and body also, than their military brethren in arms, and displayed great ability in foraging. On many occasions the seamen gave freely of what they acquired in their peregrinations to their army comrades. General Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., recently stated at a banquet that when Peel, with his brigade, arrived at Lucknow "he put fresh life into the army." The same may in a certain sense be said of Lambton at Ladysmith. He arrived barely in time to save the situation, and must thereby have given a healthy turn to those already there. Unfortunately for all concerned, the fighting force in that place has been tried to the utmost, but there never was any falling off in the fine spirit of the garrison, and confidence in the result of the long defensive effort so gallantly made has always been maintained.

* * * *

"The Crescent and Star."—According to one account this device is derived from an incident that occurred when Philip of Macedon, *circa* 300 B.C., was besieging Byzantium. Under cover of a dark night the wily strategist was carrying out a grand scheme for undermining the walls, when an unexpected and miraculous crescent moon revealed the design to the besieged, who, in gratitude, built an altar to Diana, and adopted the crescent as their symbol. Others say that the Sultan Othman saw in a dream a crescent moon which gradually extended its horns until they reached from east to west, accepting which as an emblem of success, he adopted the crescent as his badge. The addition of the star was probably made by Constantine when, in A.D. 330, he dedicated the new city of Constantinopolis to the Virgin Mary. With the view of dissociating the crescent from its pagan origin, he added the star as an emblem of faith as described in St. Matthew II.

"Enquirer."—It is to be feared that the seaman, as such, was held in little esteem among the ancients, the reason being that he was concerned solely with the navigation and not with the fighting of the ship, and hence took inferior rank to the military class, who were, practically, soldiers afloat, and who, being absolutely ignorant of the art of navigation, naturally held it in supreme contempt. Then, too, the classical writers did not take kindly to the seaman; the philosophers looked upon him as a bad lot, turbulent and ultra-democratic. Juvenal, alluding to frequenters of the lowest slums, politely couples sailors with thieves and fugitives. Cicero says gravely that at his time of life a sea voyage would be beneath his dignity.

* * * *

"E. P. T."—The Natal Mounted Police was raised in the early seventies by Colonel J. G. Dartnell, at the request of the Colonial Government, for the protection of the colony. It is now some 700 strong. The regiment served in the Zulu Campaign, and lost heavily at Isandhlwana, and it protected the border of the colony from Boer raids during the war of 1881, but was not allowed to cross the frontier. The regiment is now with Sir George White in Ladysmith, and that general is so pleased with the men that he has selected his own body-guard from among them.

* * * *

"Navy League."—Salamis was the first great sea fight of antiquity, being chiefly remarkable for the seamanlike calculation of position made by the Greeks and the excellent fleet manœuvre by which a vastly inferior force, numerically, made itself superior to its opponents. The Persians were in a proportion of three to one to the Greeks, who consequently elected to fight in the Strait and not in the open sea. Their leader, Themistocles, appears to have greatly misled the enemy's intelligence department, and caused them to believe that the Greeks were meditating flight. Accordingly, every effort was made to prevent the anticipated escape, some of the galleys rowing all night to get into their appointed positions. Instead of retiring, however, the 300 Greek vessels raised a pæan of anticipatory victory and made a dash at their opponents, the brazen beaks of the galleys playing havoc with the oars, whole banks of which were smashed. Taking advantage of the confusion, the Greeks surrounded the enemy with a ring of ships, and battered them to their hearts' content. Rout soon became universal, and Æschylus in his description of the fight compares the slaughter that ensued to a shoal of tunny fish surrounded by fishermen and beaten to death in shallow water.

* * * *

In reply to "Mounted Infantry," who writes to me from Pembroke Camp, Malta, I may state that to obtain exact information in regard to the details he wishes to know about is not at all easy. If I can I will do so later. There is no greater admirer of his branch of the Service than I am. I sympathise heartily with him in that he is not in South Africa, and only hope that his chance may soon come.

* * * *

"R. M. L. I."—The Royal Marine forces cannot be sent in large numbers to the seat of war, for fear of denuding them in the event of a national emergency necessitating a general mobilisation of the Fleet. Several field, company, and subaltern officers have, however, been detailed for service in the field, and will, it is presumed, either fill the gaps caused by casualties, or take the places of line officers on Special Service who may be ordered to undertake regimental duties. The paucity of infantry officers, attributable to death and wounds, brings an unusual strain on those remaining with the troops, and instances have undoubtedly occurred in recent actions where sergeants have, as of old, assumed temporary leadership while under fire.

* * * *

R. Roberts.—I am glad you found the articles on "Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories" interesting. I fear that a man of twenty-six is too old to compete for an inspectorship of ordnance machinery. The age limit is twenty-five. Vacancies are few. At the last examination, held in April of last year, there were only two vacancies. Twenty candidates competed, of whom only five qualified, the first two, of course, securing the vacant appointments.

* * * *

I deeply regret that in the Navy and Army Illustrated of the 10th inst. a portrait of Captain the Hon. Robert Francis Carnegie, 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders, should have appeared under the heading "Our Gallant Slain," and that in the article entitled "Died for Their Country" it should have been implied that the wounds received by Captain Carnegie in the assault on Ladysmith on January 6 had proved fatal. We received, shortly before the number went to press, a portrait of this officer, from a well-known photographer, on which it was stated that Captain Carnegie was among the killed. On the assumption that this information was correct, the photograph was included with others of officers who have died in action or of their wounds. I now learn that Captain Carnegie has so far recovered as to be expecting to return to duty. Happily this good news arrived in time to neutralise any shock which our announcement might have caused the gallant officer's relatives and friends. It is, of course, most unfortunate that such an error should have been made, but at such a busy time as this mistakes will occur, and we can only be thankful that of this one such a satisfactory correction should be possible.

The Editor.

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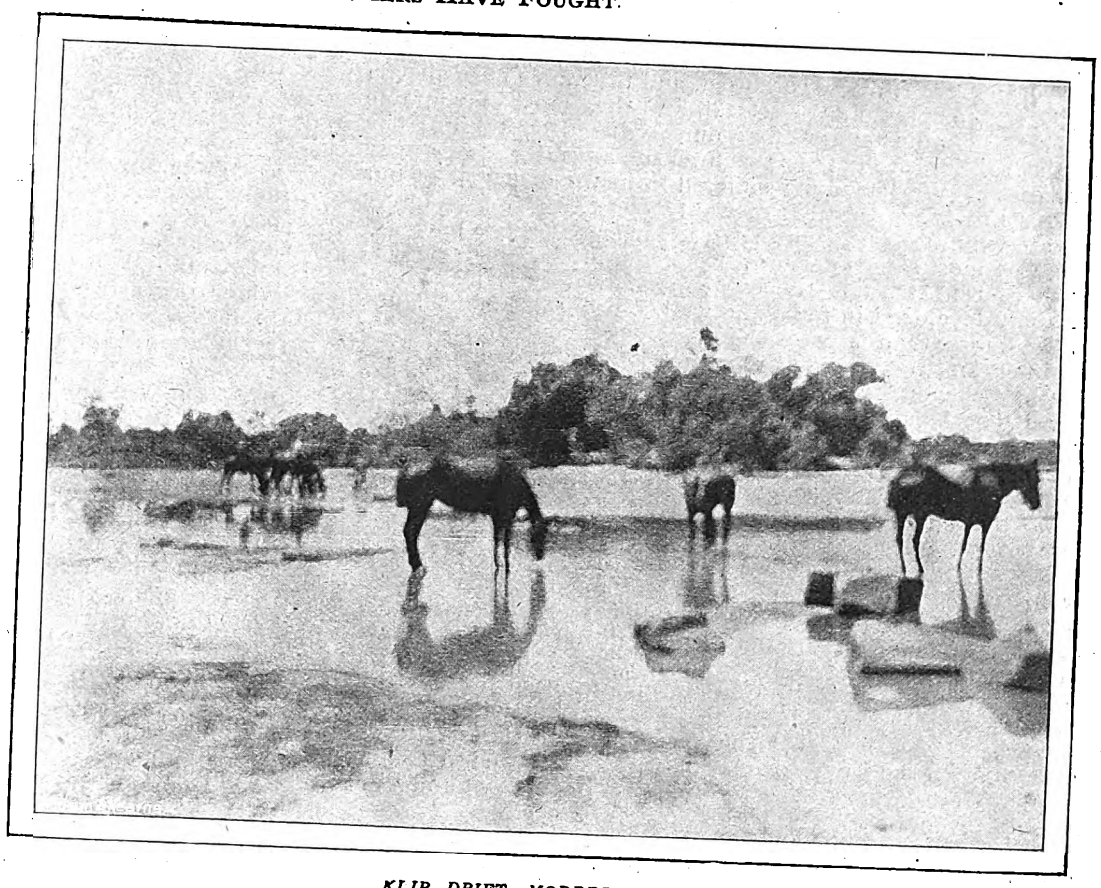
Battlefields and Scenes of the War.

PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

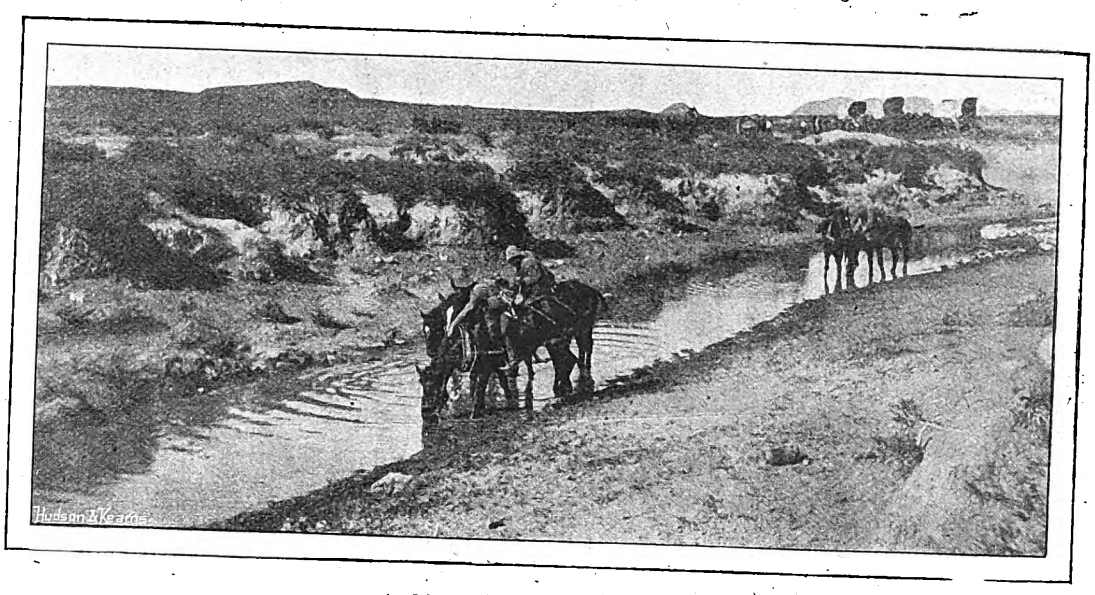
WHEN Lord Roberts arrived at the Modder River we began to see something of the strategy he would pursue, and one of the most encouraging points in the intelligence was its revelation of the co-ordination of our operations. Two of our battle scenes are appropriately illustrative of the immediate movements, for the Modder River was the starting point for General French's march to Kimberley, and Rensburg the place where we fought a good deal before the strategic retirement. At Modder River Camp our troops have had "a good time," with ample diversion, and were fit for anything. Gen. French's seizure of the drifts was the preliminary note of the great movement. Modder River has long been a holiday resort for the inhabitants of Kimberley, with riverside enjoyments, and two or three hotels. The confluence of the Riet and the Modder occurs just where the railway crosses on the line south from Kimberley to the Orange River, and the Modder is the more northerly stream. It rises in the hills east of Bloemfontein, sweeps round on the north side of that place, and at Modder River Station loses its identity in the Riet, which flows westward by Koodoosberg (where General MacDonald made his brilliant reconnaissance), receives the waters of the Vaal, and is presently lost in the broad stream of the Orange. Like all South African rivers, the Riet and the Modder are subject to sudden fluctuations, and Lord Methuen did not discover all the drifts he had expected.

It certainly was an aggravating thing to have to abandon our attempt upon Colesberg. The loyal colonists suffered, the colonial troops were disappointed, and the correspondents who, like the soldiers, had suffered from the exasperating effects of flies, heat, and dust, were cheated of a pleasant time in Colesberg. But a great deal more had been made of our movement there than had been intended. We never really menaced the communications of the Boers with the Orange River, as was supposed, but had positions from the Colesberg Bridge Road and Coles Kop, on the north-west and west, to Slingersfontein on the east, which sufficed to hold the Boers in check, while General French withdrew a large number of troops to the Orange River.

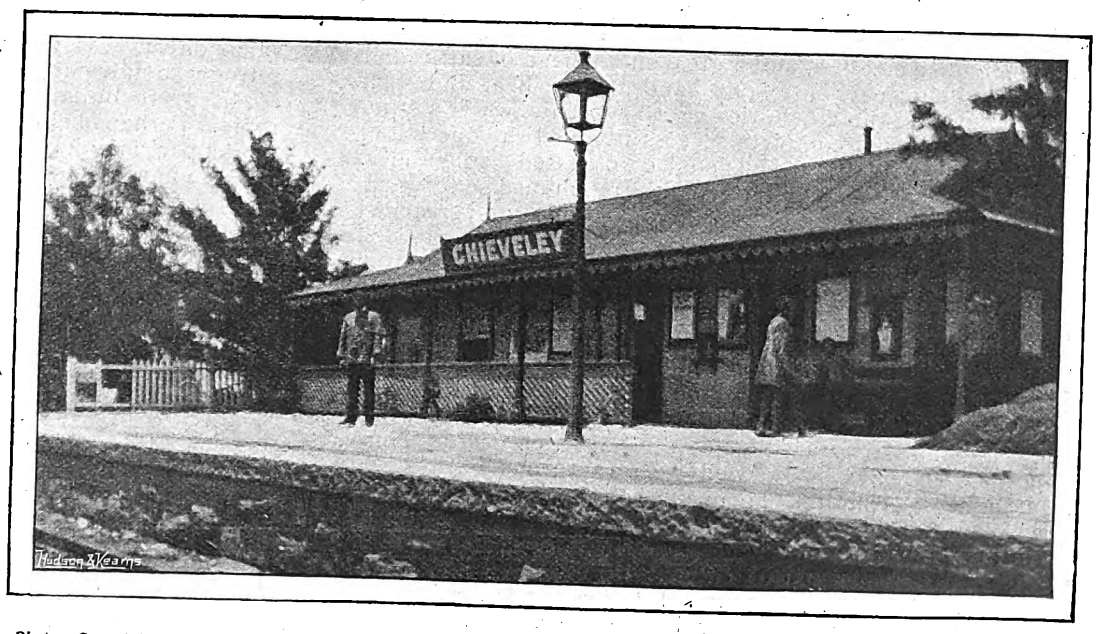
Our other illustration carries us round to Chieveley, which has played such a great part in Sir Redvers Buller's operations, and near which place Lord Dundonald was engaged with the enemy on February 13. Chieveley has been the railway-head of Sir Redvers Buller's operations, the scene of the armoured train disaster, the place where our troops have constantly been confronted by the enemy, and the spot where many gallant soldiers who fell at Colenso on December 15 are buried.



KLIP DRIFT, MODDER RIVER
Where Genera French Surprised the Boers, Capturing Three of Their Laagers



A STREAM NEAR RENSBURG
The Scene of a Skirmish between the New South Wales Contingent and Boer Outposts.



Photos. Copyright. *AT CHIEVELEY STATION.* *"Navy & Army."*
Several Engagements have Taken Place in this Vicinity.

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The Story of the War.

AT length the tide of war in South Africa has turned. The operations of the Boers against Kimberley have entirely collapsed, and they have been driven to precipitate retreat in the most favourable circumstances for ourselves. By taking the initiative, Lord Roberts has secured the advantage the enemy possessed. We have long suffered from the dispersal of our troops in various theatres of war; now with stronger forces we are winning fruit from the strategic errors of the Boers.

The most satisfactory feature of the intelligence received from South Africa is the evidence it bears of far-reaching strategy developed in rapid and well co-ordinated movements. Little more than a week ago we were contemplating an advance on the Orange River and Bloemfontein from the south. General Kelly-Kenny was at Thebus, between Naauwpoort and Stormberg, with General Gatacre on his right and General French on his left. The Boers were alarmed at the movement on that side, and large bodies of burghers were accordingly withdrawn from other places to resist the anticipated advance. Now we find General Kelly-Kenny operating on the rear of the column of Commandant Cronje, flying from the positions on the Modder that have menaced us, and General French promoted for his services in the relief of Kimberley. The transfer of forces from the southern sphere of operations to the western was masterful, and was based on the soundest principles. Napoleon himself has said that to change the line of operations where circumstances authorise it is one of the most skilful manœuvres in the art of war, and that the very spirit of the art lies in operating on the flanks or rear of an enemy, so as to compel him either to evacuate his position or to come out and fight at a disadvantage.

The operations were conducted most brilliantly. A concentration was arranged at Ramdam, about ten miles south-east of Honeynest Kloof Station, and the same distance from the drifts on the Riet River. Colonel Hannay, in command of mounted infantry, left the Orange River for that place, and, making a rapid march, diverted the attention of the Boers and encountered them, 500 strong with two guns, on Sunday, February 11. On that day General French left the Modder with the cavalry division for Ramdam, and the whole division was concentrated there on the 12th. Colonel Hannay had had long and hard fighting on the previous day in order to get the convoy through, for the Boers held a kopje which practically commanded a valley along which it was bound to pass, but the combined movement caused the enemy to retire. The cavalry meanwhile pushed on to the Riet River, where parties of Boers contested the passage at the Dekiel and Waterval Drifts, but they were shelled out of their positions and the further bank was won. The cavalry then crossed, and were followed by the 6th and 7th Infantry Divisions (Generals Kelly-Kenny and Tucker), which encamped by the river on February 13, taking ground in support of the advance.

General French did not waste an hour. He left Dekiel's Drift on the Riet at 11.30 a.m. on the 13th with three brigades of cavalry and horse artillery and mounted infantry to win the passages of the Modder, distant about twenty-five miles. At 5.35 p.m. on the same day he had seized Klip Drift after a sharp engagement, and had forced the passage, capturing three laagers with supplies, while Colonel J. R. P. Gordon, 15th Hussars, with his brigade, made a feint attack on Rondeval Drift, four miles to the westward, and seized it, as well as another drift nearer to Klip Drift, capturing two other laagers. By this extremely rapid movement the Boers were completely disconcerted, and a great many head of cattle and about 2,000 sheep fell into our hands. The heat and dust were stifling, and the difficulties of transport and water supply were prodigious, but complete success attended the operation, and the two infantry divisions co-operated splendidly. Having secured the passages, General French pushed forward, traversing Cronje's line of communications, and reached Kimberley on the evening of the 16th, Colonel Kekewich coming out to meet him. The enemy were dispersed from Alexandersfontein and Olifantsfontein, and their laager, store-depôt of supplies, and ammunition were captured. The cavalry scoured the country round Kimberley, and we were speedily in command of the whole region, for it was soon known that the enemy had abandoned the Magersfontein ridges.

The troops were welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm at Kimberley, and the intelligence of the relief of the long-beleaguered town was received with rapturous enthusiasm throughout the Empire. Meanwhile the development of the great plan was in progress, and before these lines appear the full magnitude of our success will be known.

A small cavalry patrol entered Jacobsdal on the 15th, finding the place full of wounded, including several of our own. There was some fighting before the place was taken, but the 15th Brigade (Major-General Wavell) drove the Boers out, and the City Imperial Volunteers were under fire for the first time, and behaved splendidly. On the next day Lord Roberts transferred his headquarters to the town. By this time Cronje, with a large part of the Boer forces, was flying towards Bloemfontein, with General Kelly-Kenny in hot pursuit, reinforced by the Highland Brigade, while General French with the cavalry left Kimberley to endeavour to turn the retreat into a rout. Kelly-Kenny greatly harassed Cronje's movements, and a large number of waggons, with stores, provisions, and ammunition fell into our hands. Owing to his oxen being fatigued, the Boer general was obliged to outspan, and to form a laager with his remaining waggons, which our artillery proceeded to shell. As these pages go to press it would appear that the retreating Boers were in great danger, and the development of events promises to be rapid. It was known in London on the 18th that already over 100 waggons and vast masses of stores had fallen into our hands. The Boer combinations were entirely broken up, and the Guards' Brigade encamped on their former position at Magersfontein, while men were working night and day to reopen railway communication with the Diamond City. The highest credit belongs to all concerned, and it was with the greatest satisfaction that the country heard that General French—substantively a colonel, but holding the local rank of lieutenant-general—had been promoted to be a major-general, and that gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Kekewich had been advanced to the rank of colonel for brilliant services in connection with the defence and relief of Kimberley.

These highly-important events cannot be without great influence upon the movements of the Boers in other spheres of the war. Mafeking, Ladysmith, Stormberg, and Arundel will all be affected by them, and it will be surprising if the pressure upon the garrisons yet beleaguered is not speedily reduced or removed. The necessity of opposing our triumphant march through the Orange Free State, and the capture of its capital, may well cause the Boer generals to concentrate while they have time. It has long been known that the Free Staters had little relish for the war, and the defection of large bodies of them may well change the situation entirely.

Lord Roberts has promised relief for the gallant garrison of Mafeking, and this may be accomplished automatically, unless some of the retreating Boers from Kimberley join the investing force. Latterly the bombardment has been severe, and has usually occurred at night, being very trying to the garrison. The enemy is utterly regardless of the lives of women, children, and the sick and wounded, and has shelled the convent, used as a convalescent hospital, and the women's laager. It is to be hoped the authors of these barbarous outrages will receive their reward. Up to January 25 the losses of the garrison had been as follows: Killed, 5 officers, 60 men, 12 non-combatants; wounded, 8 officers, 123 men, 23 non-combatants; missing, 34 men. Colonel Plumer has continued his march southward, and there was fighting near Gaberones between January 31 and February 2, and Boer reports say that a determined attack was made on their position at Ramoutsa on February 12 and repulsed.

After Sir Redvers Buller's retirement from his attack on Vaal Krantz there was a period of comparative inaction on the Tugela, though a good deal of skirmishing occurred. The garrison of the place so gallantly defended, maintaining an excellent spirit on a diet partly of horseflesh and mule, noticed on February 16—by which time the Boers were retreating from Magersfontein—that there was considerable movement among the Boers, and it was suspected that some events in the Free State were affecting the situation. On the same day it was reported to be confirmed at Frere that a retrograde movement was in progress among the enemy, and Sir Redvers Buller opened a heavy cannonade, eliciting no reply. Perhaps before these lines appear a forward movement on his part may have been made.

We have little space to record the events on the Southern Frontier, which, indeed, considering our new tactics there, and the advance from the Modder, are not of the first importance. We were completely outnumbered at Colesberg, and after severe fighting at Slingersfontein on February 12, in which the Worcesters suffered, Lieutenant-Colonel Coningham being mortally wounded, and other encounters on the left flank, General Clements retired on the 13th on Arundel, and the situation there became much as before our advance, though the Boers are in obvious danger.

General Brabant, who is with General Gatacre's command, promised his colonials a feast of fighting, and they had a foretaste of it on February 16, when he attacked the Boers and rebels near Dordrecht, and eventually forced them to clear out of the country between that place and Penhoek, thus helping to protect the lower country from being overrun by the enemy. The fighting lasted all day, and at night the forces bivouacked within 1,400-yds. of the enemy, and in a brilliant midnight attack carried their trenches at the point of the bayonet. It was a splendid achievement.

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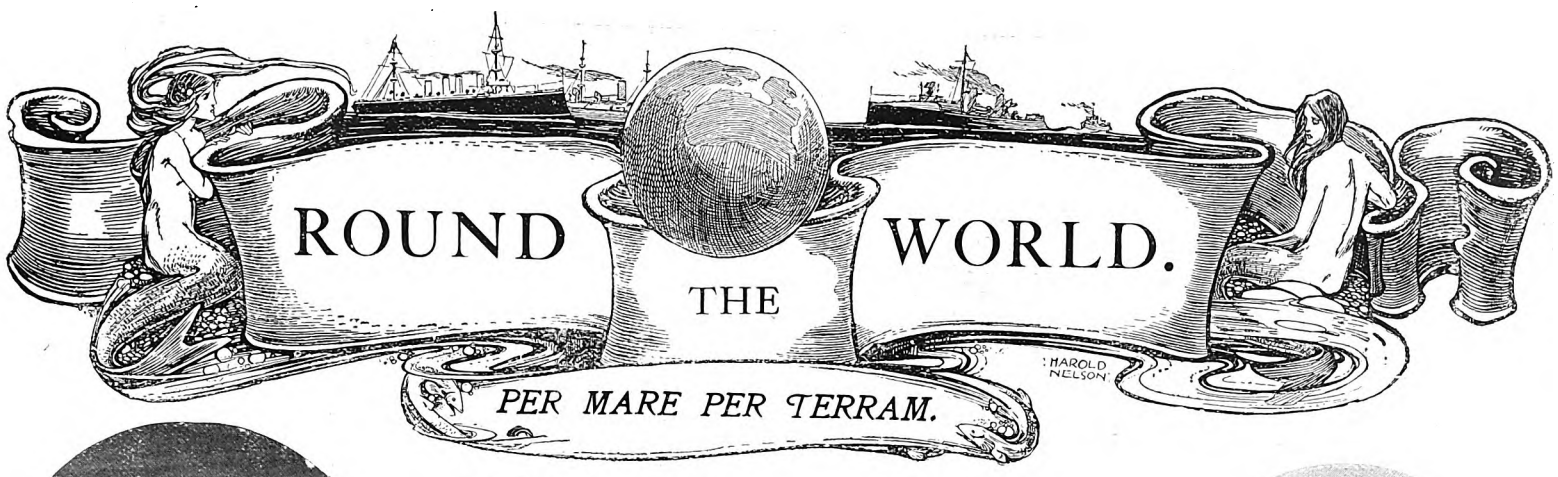

Photo. *Stiles.*
MAJOR-GENERAL J. TALBOT COKE,
Commanding the 11th Brigade, Sixth Division, in South Africa.

COLONEL J. T. COKE, who has vacated the appointment of senior officer at Mauritius, and is now in command of one of the brigades of Warren's Fifth Division in Natal, is an old Scottish Borderer, having passed thirty years of his service in the 2nd Battalion of that historic corps. He commanded the battalion with the Suakin Field Force, and was present at Gemaizah, and in the operations on the Nile in 1889, earning mention in despatches, and from the Khedive the Third Class of the Medjidieh. Since he vacated command of his regiment he has been A.A.G. at the Curragh, and successively A.A.G. and D.A.G. at Aldershot.

Mrs. Talbot Coke, his wife, is a well-known authoress and journalist, and an acknowledged authority on artistic household decoration.

FACING the above portrait is that of Major-General F. Howard, who commands the 7th Brigade of the Fourth Division. General Howard, who is a Rifle Brigade man, has seen much service, for he was in the Jowaki Campaign of 1877-78, the Afghan War of 1878-79, the Burmese Expedition, 1888-89, in which he gained mention in despatches and his brevet of lieutenant-colonel, and the Nile Expedition of 1898, for which he received further mention in despatches and the good service reward. He received his C.B. at the Diamond Jubilee, and was made a C.M.G. last June.

Photo. *Ellis.*
MAJOR-GENERAL F. HOWARD, C.B.,
Commanding One of the Ladysmith Brigades.

THE fine goat here shown being enticed with a saccharine bribe was presented to Captain Paget of the "Astræa" by the Royal Governor-General of Crete. It is in truth an ibex more properly than a goat. Though found in the Cretan highlands, the ibex are very difficult to capture, and the one here shown was only obtained by chance; he got his horns entangled in the branches of a tree, being thus unable to escape. The "Astræa's" pet is about two years old, and, though he has only been four months in captivity, has become quite tame. He is proving himself a thorough sailor-man, for he is full of fun, and, though he does not smoke, is much addicted to the vice of chewing. In fact he will chew up an empty pipe to get a taste of the flavour of the weed.

Photo. Copyright. *THE PET OF THE "ASTRÆA."* *"Navy & Army."*
The Cretan Goat Presented by H.R.H. Prince George of Greece.

OUR picture shows a group of Wexford Reservists for the 1st Royal Irish, which is now on the southern border of the Orange Free State. The lads here shown are, many of them, from the Wexford Militia, and we may be sure that they will do their duty as loyally and bravely as their compatriots have always done when serving Queen and country. Our illustration shows them being inspected by General

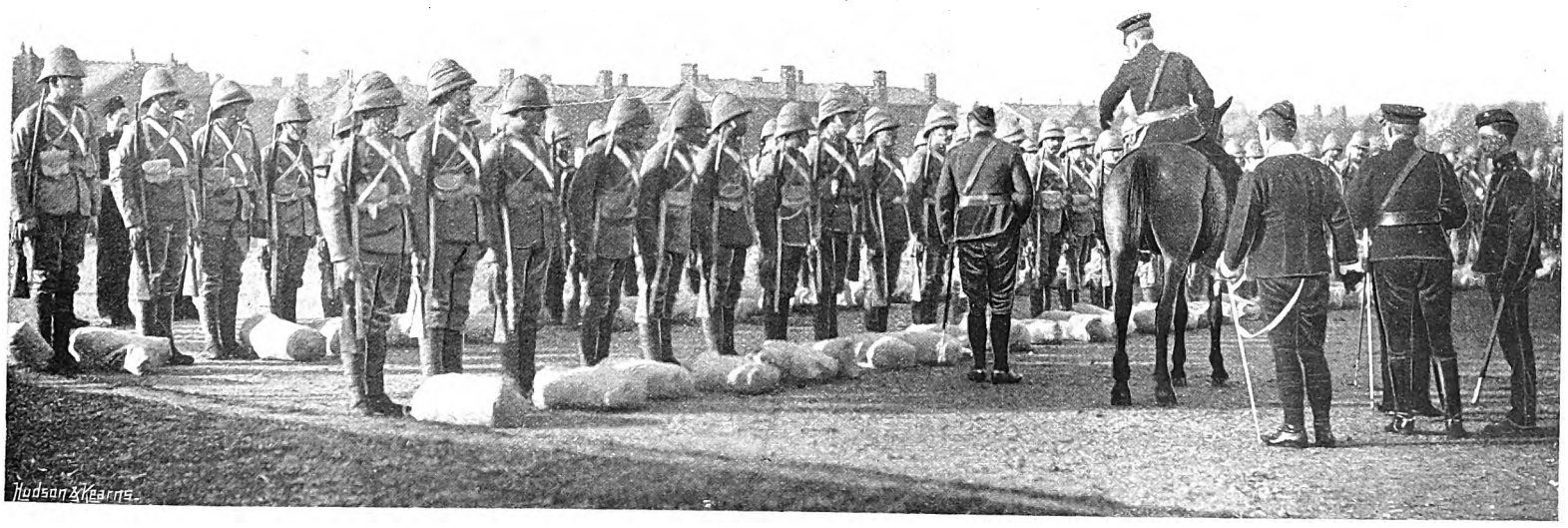

Photo. Copyright. *Knight.*
IRISHMEN FOR THE FRONT—WEXFORD RESERVISTS FOR THE 1st ROYAL IRISH.

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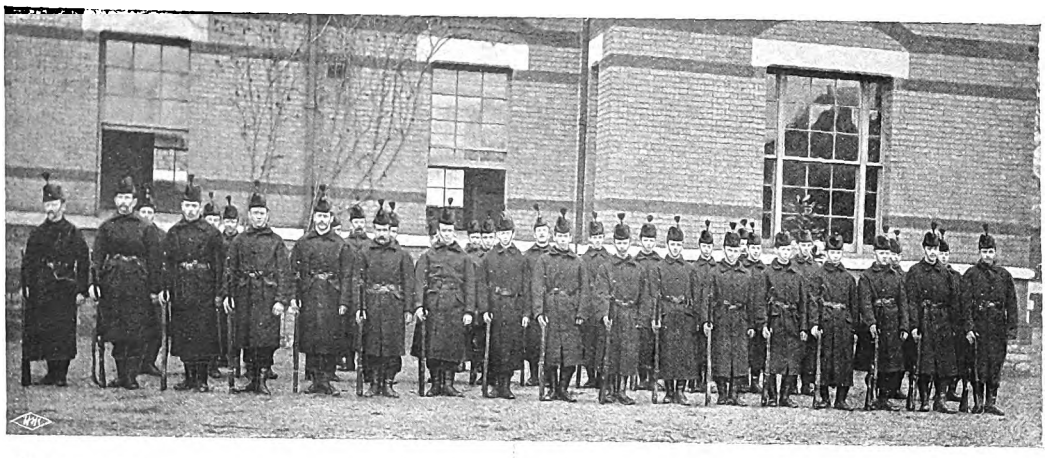

Photo. Copyright. *A SMART GUARD OF HONOUR.* Brown.
Princess Beatrice's Volunteers.

Photo. Copyright. *A NOVEL FORM OF MOTOR.* Juritz.
A Railway "Bike" now in Use in South Africa.

Montgomery Moore at Aldershot, prior to their departure for the Cape this month, in the transport "Dictator."

THIS smart guard of honour is that which received the Queen the other day at East Cowes Barracks,—no monarch could wish for a smarter. It does credit to that fine corps, the 5th V.B. (Isle of Wight, "Princess Beatrice's") Hampshire Regiment. The Princess Beatrice is, as our readers probably know, "Governor and Captain-General" of the Isle of Wight; but as we have not yet adopted the continental fashion of lady colonels *à la suite* in British battalions, the honorary colonel of the regiment is H.R.H. the Duke of York.

THE accompanying "bike" has been constructed by Messrs. Donald Menzies and Co., of Cape Town, and is proving very useful on the Cape railways during the present war. Not only can it be used for patrolling the line, but takes out and brings home reliefs for the men who are stationed at intervals to guard the permanent way.

As will be seen, it is simply an adaptation for pedal propulsion of the trolley used by engineers in railway construction work and for permanent way inspection, and with its eight drivers is capable of travelling at a very fair rate of speed, and can in a moment be removed from the line by a couple of men.

THE noble contribution that Lord Iveagh has made to our resources for the war was prior to its departure from Dublin inspected by Major-General Gosset, commanding the district, who expressed the highest admira-

Photo Copyright. *IRISH AID FOR THE WOUNDED.* D'Arcy.
The Staff of Lord Iveagh's Field Hospital, with the Medical Staff of the Whitworth Hospital, Dublin.

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tion for its completeness and for the spirit of those who were accompanying the hospital to South Africa.

The chief officer with the hospital is that well-known surgeon Sir William Thomson, who is such an authority on surgical anatomy. Besides being surgeon to His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, he is the direct representative for Ireland on the General Medical Council. He is also a member of the Senate of the Royal University, Examiner in Surgery to Queen's University and the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and was the late president of the latter body. This superb hospital will be a very welcome addition to those already gone or going out.

ROBBEN ISLAND is in Table Bay—Table Mountain can be seen in the background—and is the place where the leper hospital at the Cape is located. When the "Ismore," with Hussars and horses, was wrecked some seventy miles up the coast, another transport—the "Columbian," with three lighters in tow—was sent up to the scene of the disaster with a view to salvage. Heavy weather came on as the ships left Table Bay, and the two lighters seen in our picture broke adrift at midnight and came ashore at Robben Island.

The third one also broke adrift a few hours later and stranded on the mainland further north. An expensive piece of business, for the total loss is estimated at no less than £11,000.

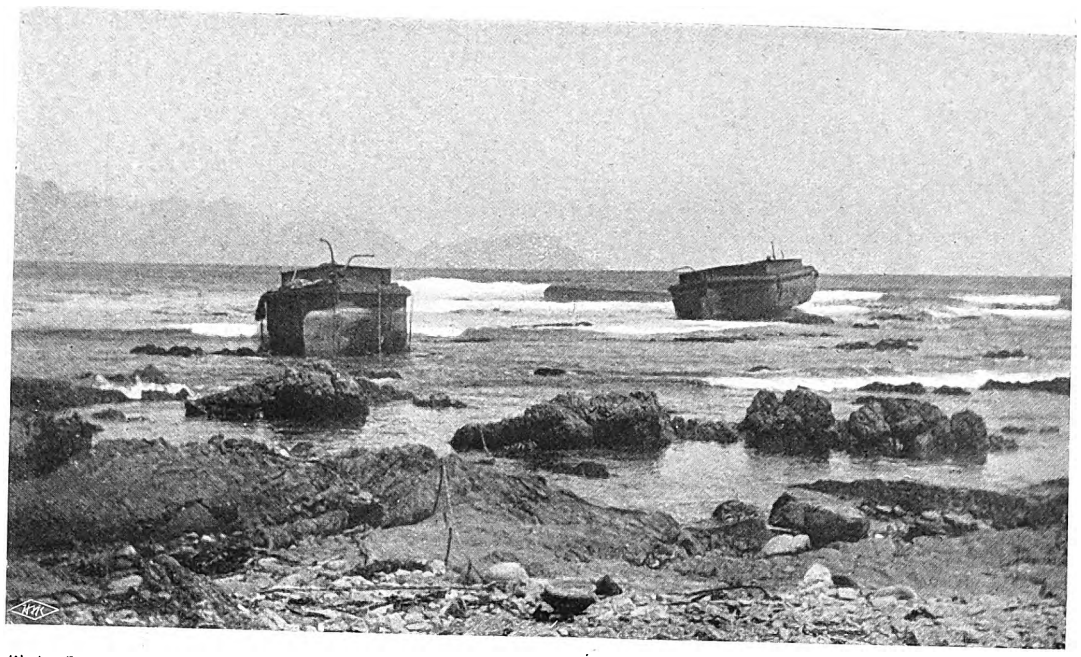

Photo. Copyright. SEA-WORN DERELICTS AT THE CAPE. *Juritz.*
Lighters Wrecked at Robben Island.

AS the great array of cups here shown proves, the crew that have now closed their commission in the "Ramillies" have proved themselves good sportsmen in every way, for a study of our illustration will show that trophies have been gained in every form of sport, both athletic and military. The huge trophy in the centre is evidently a football cup, another is a cup for rifle shooting, while a third has evidently been gained by excellence in handling a field gun ashore. The "Ramillies" now hoists the flag of Lord Charles Beresford on the Mediterranean station, and those in her will evidently have a big record to live up to, but that they will do their level best to prove equal to the task, we have not the slightest doubt. And they will have every encouragement from their admiral, for the Beresfords one and all possess in a marked degree the very distinctive characteristic of the Irishman, that of being a sportsman *au bout des ongles.*

Photo. Copyright. TROPHIES OF PEACE. *Ellis.*
Cups Won by the "Ramillies" during Her Last Commission.

IT is not, perhaps, generally known that Birmingham possesses a Volunteer organisation entirely composed of Bluejackets. A squad of this body is shown in our illustration, together with the band of the brigade, and the picture was taken after they had given a display at the Charity Sports on the Aston Lower Ground at Birmingham. The brigade was formed at the time of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty, and was a most fitting way of celebrating it, for the idea was to utilise the services of her sea servants who had taken their discharge as good conduct men from the Royal Navy. Many of these men could not on account of their occupations join the Reserve, but they are willing to give their services to their country when required, and by joining this brigade they are kept together and keep up their drills, as far, of course, as the circumstances of life in an inland town will permit. We believe that this is the first organisation of the kind formed for the purpose of keeping in hand a most serviceable body of seamen which in time of stress would be of the greatest use. We sincerely hope that other inland towns will follow the example of Birmingham.

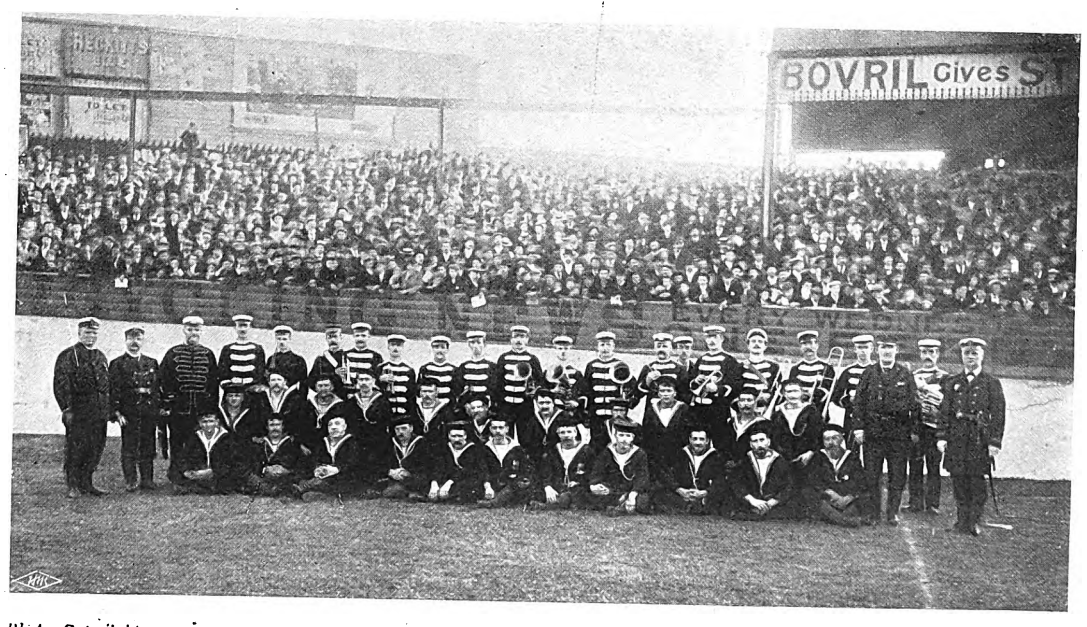

Photo. Copyright. BIRMINGHAM'S BLUEJACKETS. *"Navy & Army."*
The Birmingham Naval Volunteer Brigade.

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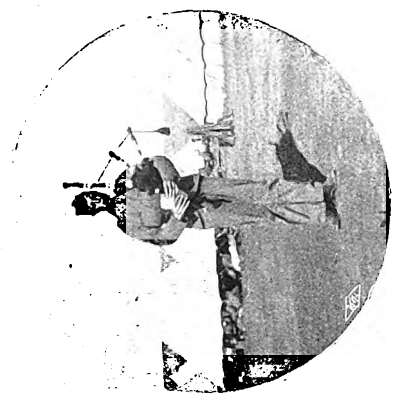
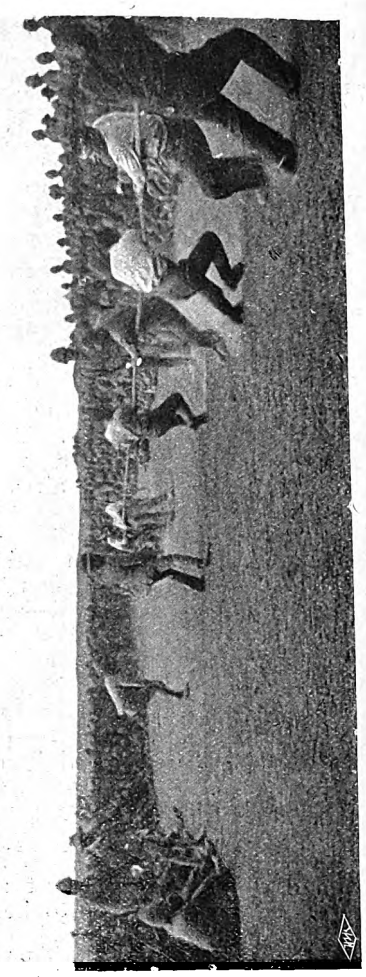
Between THE Shells.

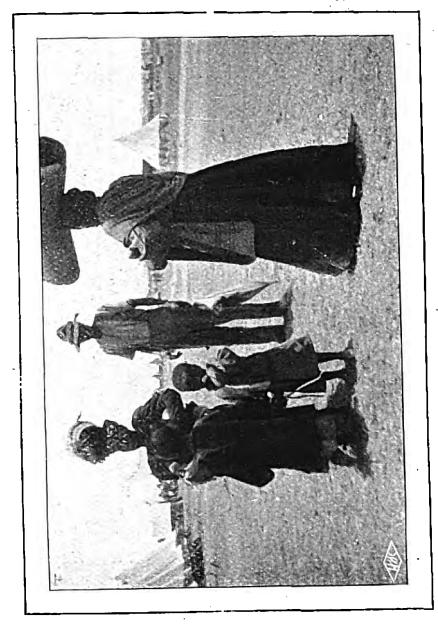
A HEARTY GAME AT "SOCKER."
The Navy in Practice.



SCOTS FUSILIER.
His Fine Selection on the Pipes.



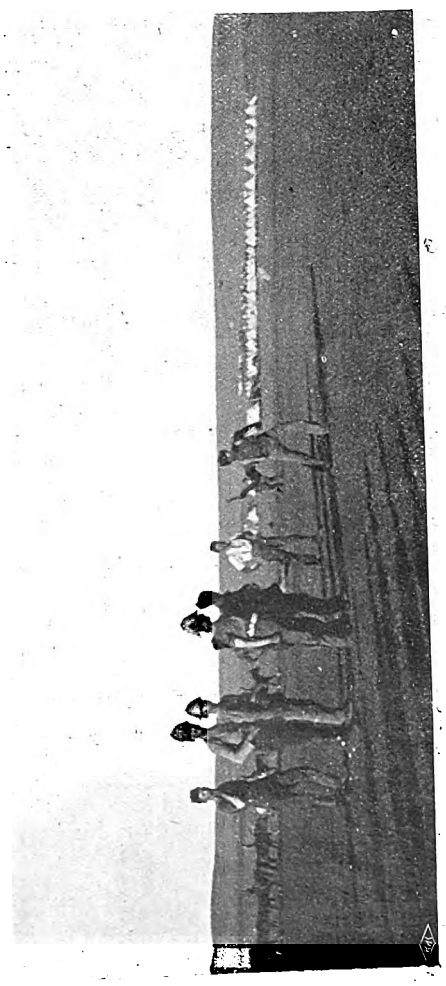
FRIENDLY FOES.
A Tug-of-War on a Former Battlefield.



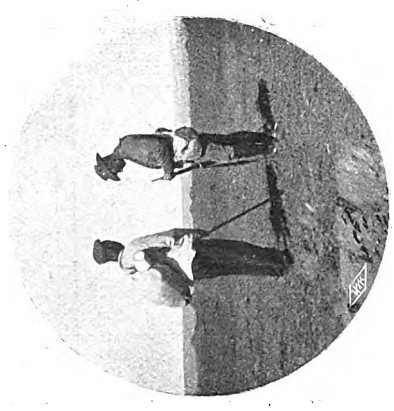
CAMP FOLLOWERS.
A Family of Native Sutlers.

AT Springfield AND Frere.

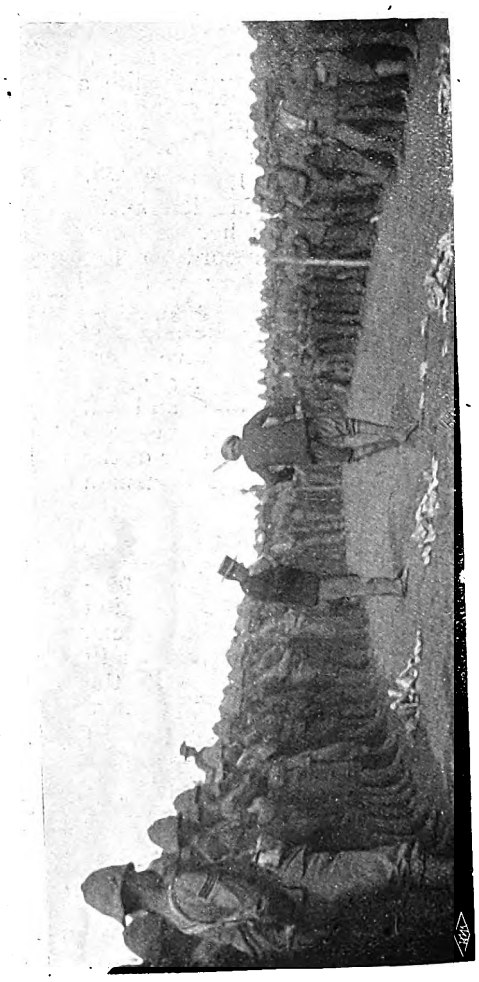
From Photos. by W. D. N. Cotts



THE ANCIENT GAME OF ROUNDERS
Regimental Rivalry Runs High.



PASS TO THE CAMP.
The Picquet Examining Papers.



MAKING TOMMY LAUGH.
The Finish of an Egg and Spoon Race.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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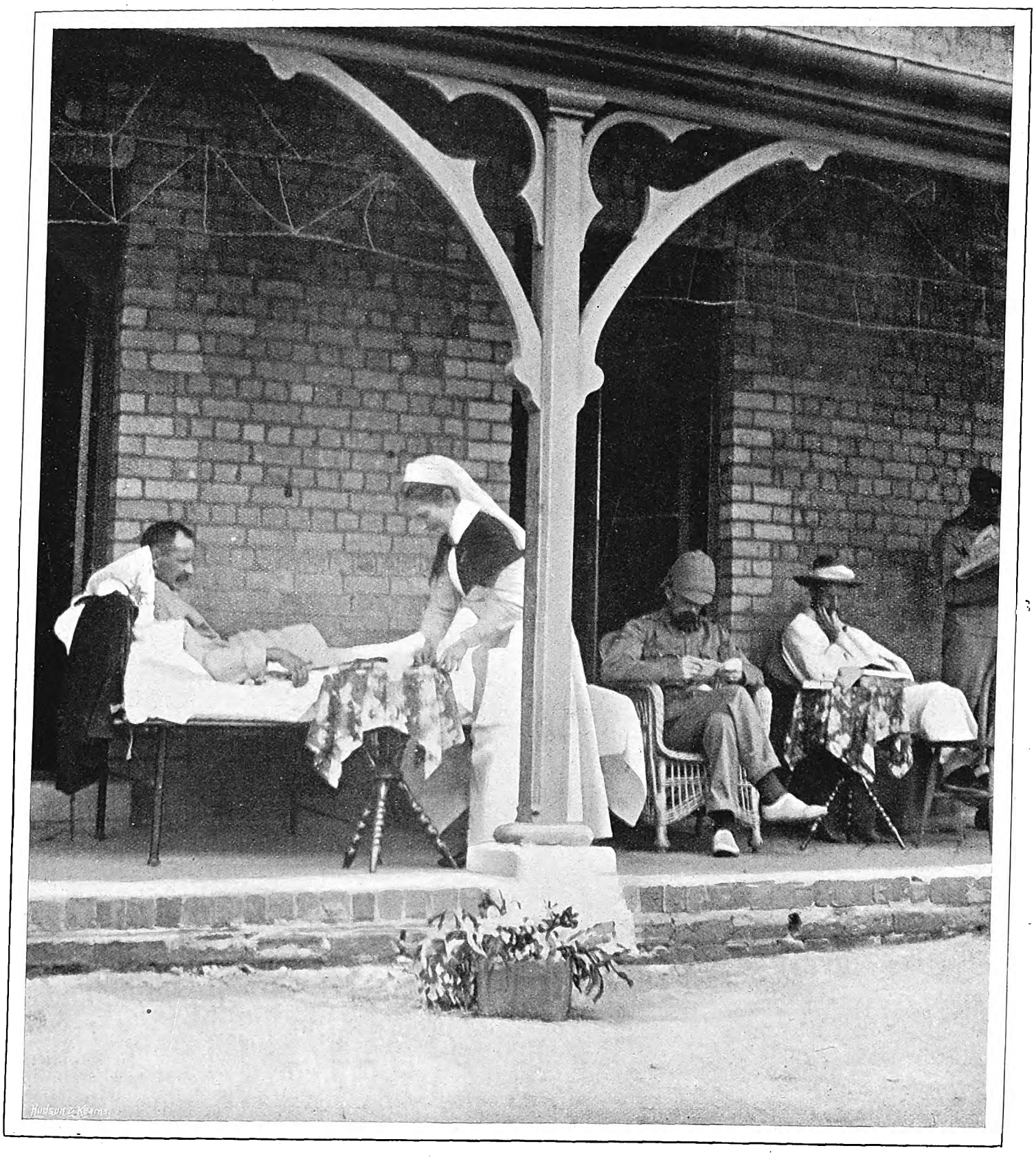

CONVALESCENTS ANXIOUS TO REJOIN THEIR REGIMENTS.

A scene at the Depot Hospital at Pieter Maritzburg, to which the wounded from the front in Natal have been sent, many of them prior to being passed on to Durban and thence by sea to Cape Town. The officers shown in this group were all wounded at the battle of Colenso. From left to right they are Captain Goodwyn, 2nd Devons; Colonel Brooke, Connaught Rangers; Captain Hon. St. L. Jervis, King's Royal Rifle Corps (A.D.C. to General Hunt); Captain Brush, Royal Irish Fusiliers.

From a Photo. by a Military Correspondent.

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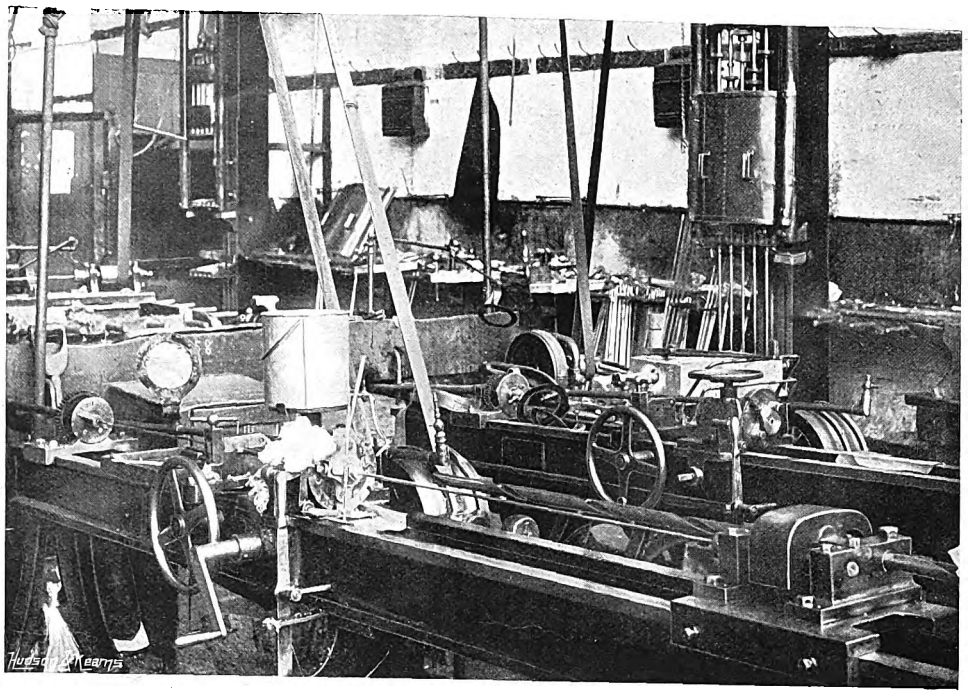
Her Majesty's Ordnance Factories.

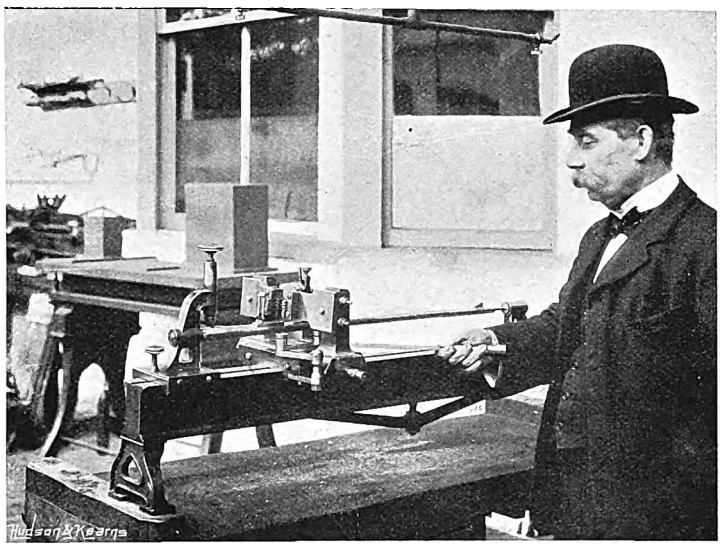
By Frederick G. Engelbach.

ENFIELD LOCK.—III.

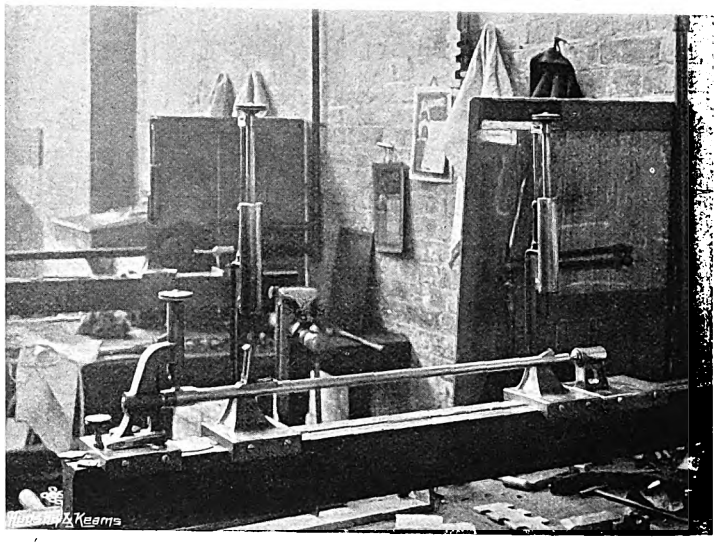
THE most interesting process in the growth of a rifle barrel is undoubtedly its "rifling." In the Lee-Enfield this consists of five grooves, making one complete turn in 10-in., which is found to give better results than the Lee-Metford seven grooves. The depth is allowed to vary between ·005 and ·0075, these being the limits of acceptance or rejection. In the picture of the rifling machine a spare cutter is shown propped up, and particular attention should be directed to the large model of the rifling, by which the cutting tool is guided. The barrel when rifled goes once more to the viewers, in whose shop it is most critically viewed and gauged before being passed. So far only the barrel has been watched, but the body-bolt, sights, etc., must not be forgotten. These portions come to the factory in rough forgings, and are stamped out and finished with marvellous accuracy. If reference be made to Part II. of this series, and the picture of castings examined, these details will be well seen. Every portion of the modern rifle has to be interchangeable, and, as a result, the workmanship has to be of a nicety unknown in former times. Every single item has its appointed gauges, and no rifle can be assembled until every portion of it has been subjected to the most rigorous examination by the Inspection Department. To ensure good shooting the sights must be absolutely true, and both the sight-cutting and testing machines merit a close examination. The human being, with his limitations, has little to do with these beautiful pieces of mechanism, which cut and check rifle after rifle with absolutely no chance of error.



A RIFLING MACHINE.
Showing the Large Guiding Model beside the Cutter, which, by means of the Sliding Block in the Right-hand Corner of the Illustration, it is Forced to Copy in the Interior of the Barrel.

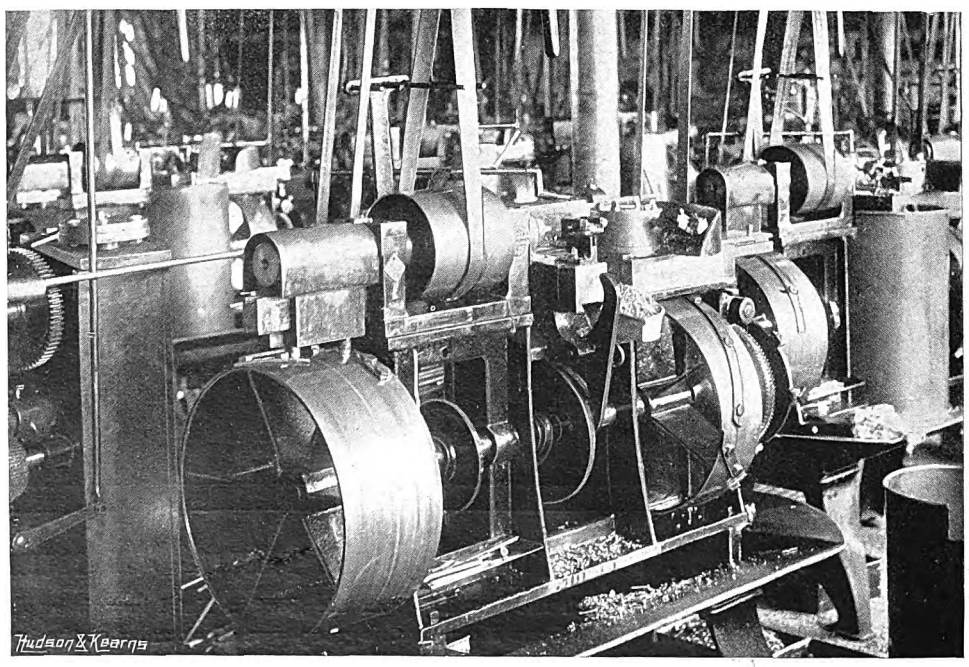


THE FUTURE PRIZE-WINNER.
Sights being Machine Cut, by which Extraordinary Accuracy and Speed in Manufacture are Attained.



SIGHT TESTING.
By this Ingenious Machine the Centre of the Fore Sight and that of the Back Sight can be Proved to be Exactly in a Line, the Least Inaccuracy being at Once Detected.

The wooden portion of the Lee-Enfield requires some description. The finest Italian walnut only is used, and this is bought every year in France, Switzerland, and Germany. As the use of improperly matured wood would be attended by continual mildew and rusting of the rifle, three years are allowed for the necessary seasoning. The walnut is first roughed into shape, and then, to the number of over 1,000,000, these blocks are stored to await their conversion into butts and fore-ends. These are in two portions, because it is found that the rifle, joined as it is by its steel body and screws, is stronger than it



Photos. Copyright. *AN UNCANNY MACHINE.* *'Navy & Army.'*
This Screw Cutter is almost Human in its Method of Working, Converting as it does Pieces of Steel Rod into Accurately Finished Steel Screws. "You put the Rod in at One End, and the Machine does the Rest."

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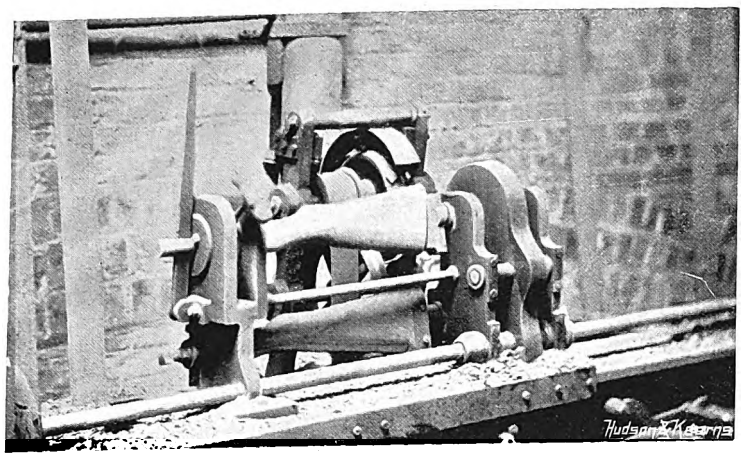
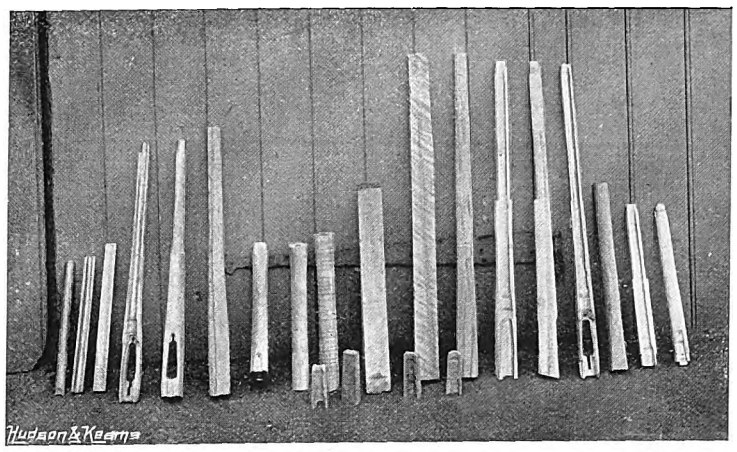
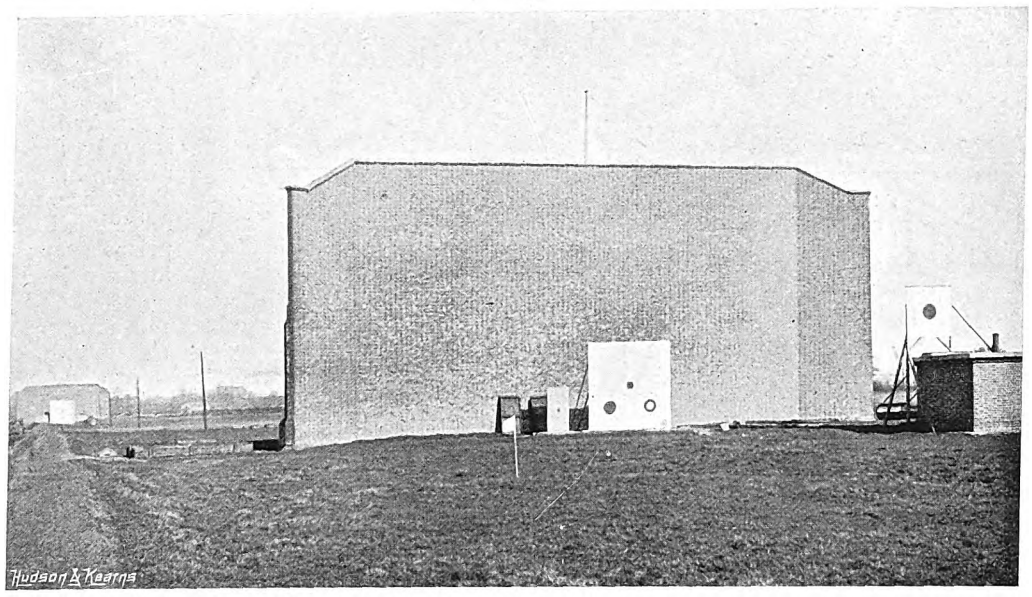


BUTT TURNING.
The Lower Butt is of Steel, and is a Model on which the Cutter Works which Turns Out the Wooden Copy above.

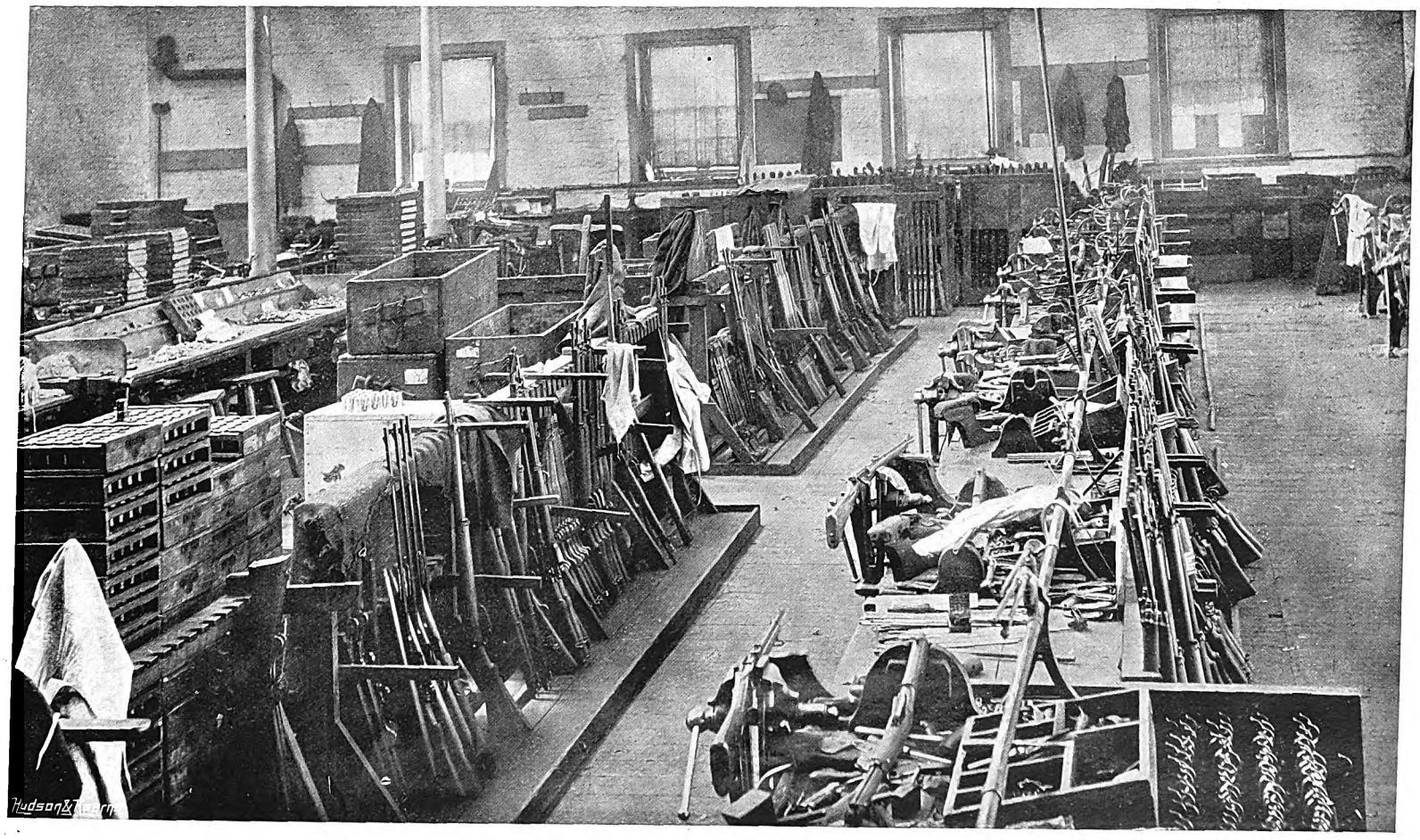


THE EVOLUTION OF THE BUTT AND STOCK.
Specimens Showing the Wooden Part of a Rifle and Carbine in all the Stages of Manufacture.

would be had the steel to be weakened to allow of a continuous wooden stock. As in the wheel factory at Woolwich the wood is turned by means of a metal guide, which is seen in the picture under the wooden block. The illustration dealing with the fore-end of the rifle shows better than any descriptive writing the various stages through which it goes before completion. The rifle is now ready for "assembling," and for this purpose a fixed number of parts, sufficient to make the same number of rifles, are issued to the foreman of the assembling shop. Bit by bit the weapon is built up, until it only requires its butt and fore-end to be complete. At this stage it undergoes its second proof in the test-house, in order to subject the mechanism to a severe trial. A heavier charge of cordite than the regulation 30-gr. is used, and this has been previously heated for three hours at 80-deg. Fahr. By this means a pressure of at least one-third more than the rifle will ever be called upon to bear is developed. Cleaned and oiled, it returns to the shop for its finishing touches. Men earning from £2 2s. to £2 12s. 6d. are employed here, and with the greatest nicety they fasten up every screw and bolt in the sorely tried weapon. When finished it is taken down to the butts and there finally tested for its accuracy at various ranges.



THE BUTTS, ENFIELD LOCK.
Showing the Marker's Hut on the Right, with Dummy Target on which Hits are Signalled.



Photos. Copyright *"Navy & Army."*

THE ASSEMBLING SHOP—DINNER HOUR.

In this Shop Skilled Mechanics put together or Assemble the Parts of a Rifle, which, being all Interchangeable, require only the Slightest Touch of a File to make them Fit exactly together

(Previous articles of this series appeared on July 15 and February 10).

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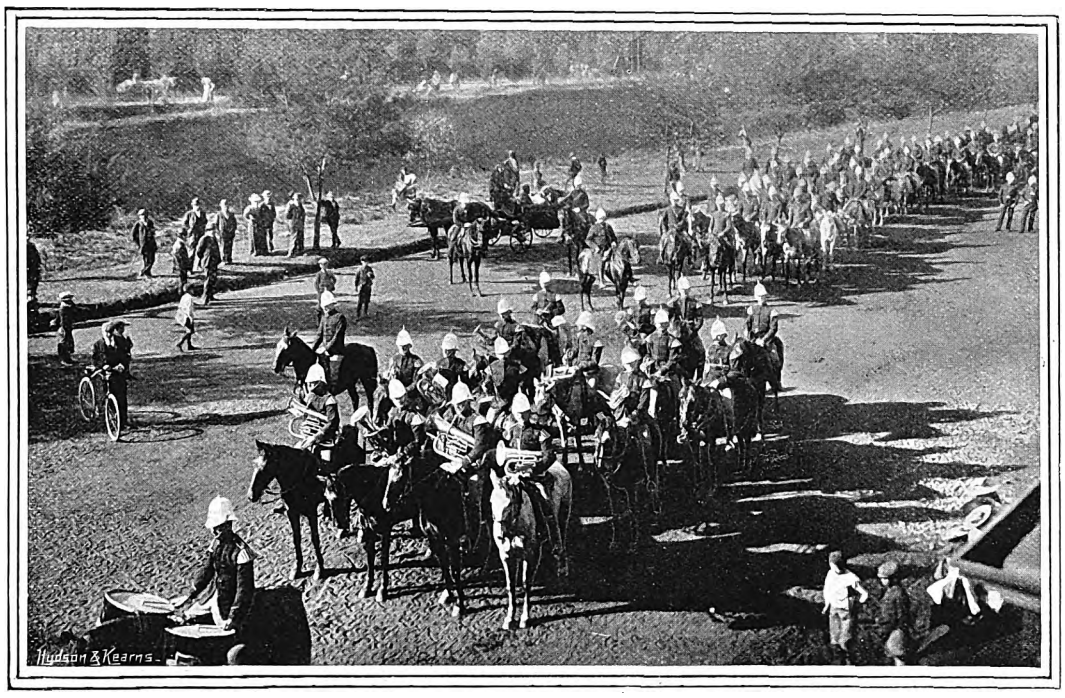
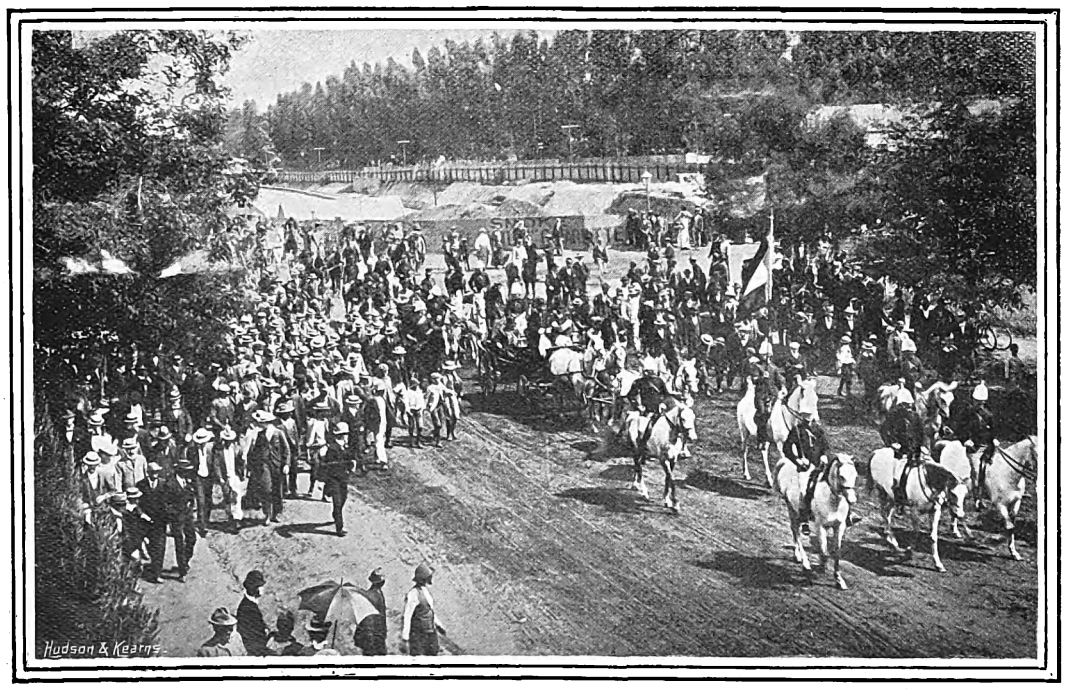
Scenes in Johannesburg.

VARIOUS NATIONALITIES.
The Johannesburg Volunteers.



A SMART TRANSVAAL CORPS.
The Johannesburg Mounted Police.



Photos. Copyright. *A STATE PROCESSION.* *N. P. Edward.*
Oom Paul Passing through Johannesburg.

THE accompanying illustrations were taken on one of those rare occasions when their farmer President deigns to visit the citizens of his rich city of Johannesburg. As will be seen from our illustration, the crafty "Oom Paul," despite all his burgher simplicity, does not quite disdain the pomp and display that appertain to his high position as President of the South African Republic, for it will be noticed that the landau which forms his triumphal chariot is horsed by four white steeds, whilst that containing his suite only rises to the dignity of two.

The body-guard which attends the *cortège* is composed of that very fine body of men known as the State Artillery. This corps always is ready for immediate service, and forms, in fact, the nucleus of the Boer armed forces. Though the force itself is but a small one, it comprises a very large number of officers, having had before the war one colonel, and over 100 officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, to something like 250 men. This enormous percentage of officers is, of course, for the purpose of training and superintending in artillery work the burghers, who are now working with such immense success the heavy and quick-firing guns that the Boers have been accumulating for a long time past, and which they now possess in such numbers.

Another of our illustrations shows the mounted section of the South African Republic Police parading through Johannesburg. This semi-military force possesses, as is seen, a very good band wherewith to discourse to the ears of the burghers their patriotic air, which is one of the most stirring of national anthems. It is from the initial letters of their full title that the South African Republic Police obtain the cognomen of "Zarp," by which they are generally known. The mounted section are a specially fine body of men, and have in several actions fought exceedingly well on the side of the Republics.

Our third illustration is of the officers and men of the Johannesburg Volunteers now serving with the Johannesburg commando on the Tugela. Three of the officers are without their great-coats, and show well the smart and serviceable uniform worn by the corps. The large dog—it looks like a retriever—in the rear of the line of officers is most probably the regimental pet. The full strength of this corps is believed to comprise a body of 600 infantry, with a mounted contingent of 200 men. Probably, however, all are for the nonce mounted infantry. As the title we have given to our picture denotes, the corps is very largely recruited from European nationalities, and so the bulk of the men have had an efficient military training. And they have used it to very good account, for the Johannesburg commando has now seen a good deal of tough fighting, and no doubt our friends of the Johannesburg Volunteers have taken their full share in it, and lost some from their mess.

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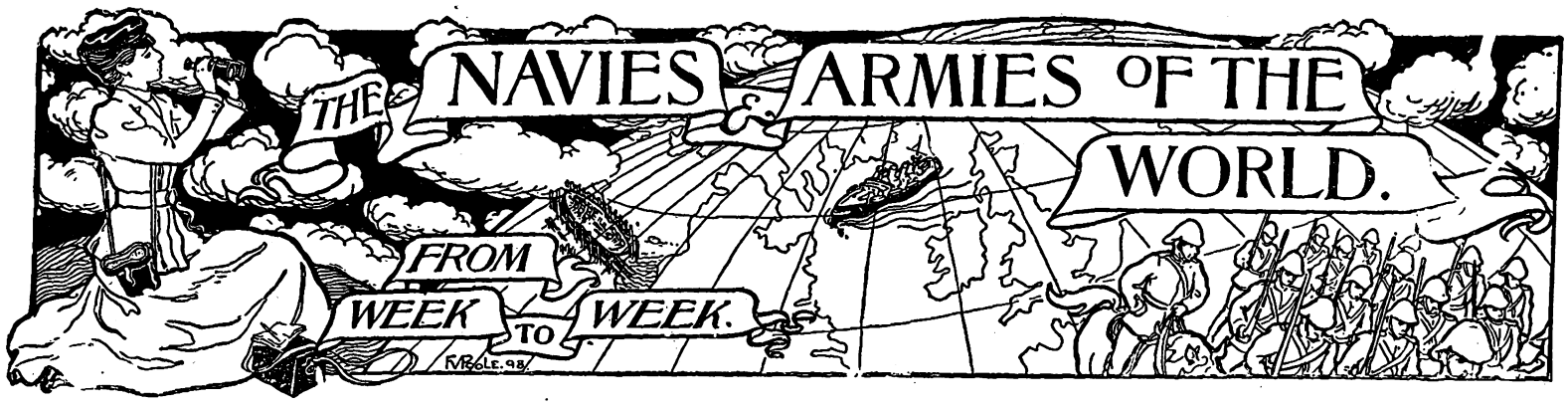

IF General de la Rocque, who contributes an article on "A Naval Programme for 1900" to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for February 15, is right, we ought to be very grateful that France did not think proper to fight over Fashoda. In some respects the general is unquestionably not wrong. He makes fine work of the ideas of "the young Navy" which has taken up with the old theory that France can get the better of England in a Naval war by declining battles and attacking her commerce. Like a good many other new things in this world, the doctrine of the young school is as old as the hills. It has been put to the test over and over again, and has never answered. General de la Rocque shows its utter want of foundation as well as possible. There is also much force in his contention that England can do very little against the coast of France, because she cannot land a great army, while it is possibly probable that most British Naval officers will agree with him in thinking that no admiral of ours would go full speed ahead into the Goulet of Brest on the chance of finding no gunners in the forts. His final judgment, too, seems not unreasonable. It is that if the French Navy cannot be used for offensive purposes, and in great operations, it is a mere luxury, and that the country will do wisely to suppress it, and apply the money to other purposes.

* * * *

Mixed with these not unrational observations, and predominating over them considerably, is matter of another kind. General de la Rocque says things which might well make the complacent Briton stare, and ought to make him very uneasy if he thinks they contain any truth. For instance, it is the general's firm conviction that the French sailor is incomparably superior to the British, also that the French Naval officers are much better than ours. He assures his countrymen that the loss of the "Victoria" gives the exact measure of our skill in manœuvring. Our guns, he is prepared to affirm, are rubbish. The reputation of the Armstrongs he knows to be thoroughly undeserved, and to have been gained entirely by puffery and bribery. It is curious, by the way, to see how ready the French, though they pass for a vain people, are to believe that their officials take bribes. General de la Rocque has not the least hesitation in declaring that if French public men profess a high opinion of the power of Great Britain, it is because they have corrupt motives so to do. But to return to his estimate of us. He has weighed our engineers in the balance and found them wanting. As for our ships, he describes them as being precisely what might have been expected of the war vessels of a people of merchants: big, imposing on the outside, comfortable—and worthless. They have armour where it is not wanted, and where it ought to be it is wanting. Any three French battle-ships are a match for any five of ours.

* * * *

With that climax we may pause. The quotations are enough to show how very fortunate it was for us that France preferred to keep the peace the other day—if the general is right. Of course, since she did prefer to remain quiet, there is no handy means of proving that he is wrong. If he can persuade his countrymen of the soundness of his ideas, the next Fashoda incident will end in another fashion. Meanwhile it goes to show what different animals an Englishman and a Frenchman are, that he should talk in this style. General de la Rocque is not an irresponsible scribbler. He has held important posts in the French Ministry of Marine, and is rather a distinguished officer. Now, could anybody conceive of an Englishman of the same standing indulging in such rabid tall talk as this? If anyone did, we should set him down at once as a fool, or ask whether he had ever had a sunstroke. Yet General de la Rocque is no fool, but a clever officer of much experience. If he talks in a wild, boastful way it is not for want of intelligence. It is, firstly, because he is a Frenchman, and this is their form of foolishness, just as croaking and gloomy exaggeration of danger is ours. That it is the more dangerous of the two is our good luck. Then there is another explanation. General de la Rocque is a politician. Like the majority of French officers, he despises the men who have been brought to the top by the Third Republic. He cannot reconcile himself to the fact that the times of Louis XIV. and Napoleon are over. He wants to see France take a louder tone to the world, and is furious with the politicians who will not fight. So he brags of the efficiency of the French Navy as a reproach to them. If it is all he says, they had no excuse for yielding. We must take that into account when the French abuse us. Two-thirds of their screaming is really directed against their own rulers, whom they wish to discredit by representing that they have dishonoured France by subservience to England.

* * * *

One would waste time by asking General de la Rocque how he reconciles the superiority of the French seamen with the facts of history for the last six centuries. He would, unquestionably, deny the facts, which is a simple and comfortable way of getting rid of them. In truth, the inefficiency of the French at sea is somewhat of a mystery. They are a very courageous people, and they have at different times worked hard at their Navy. Everybody knows how good their troops have been. Yet they have never at sea got beyond meeting us on fairly equal terms, and even that they have rarely done. When our Navy was very corrupt, after the reign of Charles II., the Saint Malo privateers did some brilliant things against us. Suffren fought a very glorious campaign in the eastern seas, but except on these occasions they have always been inferior. It was not that courage was wanting, or skill of a kind. The history of our own Navy has nothing finer as a piece of resolute valour than L'Etenduère's defence of his convoy against Hawke, or than the conduct of M. Sabran-Grammont in Boscawen's action with La Clue in 1759. Yet their bravery was of the passive kind, and the skill was mostly shown in elaborating a system of conducting Naval war by which the French were always to avoid battles.

* * * *

The famous Blaise de Monluc (or Montluc) roundly declared that his country had never done great things at sea, and that sea fighting was not its business. On the whole he appears not to have been far wrong. Since he wrote in the sixteenth century his countrymen have done little enough to prove him wrong. Captain Lapeyrouse-Bonfils, who wrote a history of the French Navy, makes an unwitting confession of inferiority. He says that his countrymen have seldom succeeded against the English save by boarding, which is a way, whether he knew it or not, of saying that they were thoroughly inferior in sea warfare. It never has been possible to board an opponent whose ship was under full command, and who handled it with any judgment. So soon as our captains of the seventeenth century took to baulking the attempts of Duguay-Trouin and the other privateers to board, their successes grew rare. They had to fall back on their guns. Now Lapeyrouse-Bonfils confesses that the excitability of the French made them inferior to the British as gunners. It is certain that in point of skill in gunnery they were generally less skilful than us in the old wars, whether the cause were in their lesser capacity for the work or in something else. But a Naval battle has always been finally settled by the gun ever since artillery was introduced at sea, and if the French were not so good as us in the use of that weapon, they were bound to be altogether inferior. Moreover, in these days, when boarding is less possible than ever it was, they will have a smaller chance than of old. Probably General de la Rocque would not agree with his Naval countrymen. The patriotic general takes a very different view of the French sailor. He would very possibly account for the defeats of the past by saying that they were due to "the cavalry of St. George," *i.e.*, our guineas, for the French mind is so oddly constructed that it sees less shame in confessing it has been bribed than in recognising that it has been beaten in fair fight.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS
OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MARCH 4, 1759.—Surrender of Surat. A force under Captain Richard Maitland, R.A., having routed the Seydees and driven them within the citadel, a bombardment was so effectively carried out that the city and citadel surrendered. Our loss was four officers and 146 non-commissioned officers and men killed, and a total of sixty wounded.

March 5, 1760.—Surrender of Permacoil. The strongly-fortified rock and pettah having admitted a French garrison within its walls, the killidar sent to Colonel Coote requesting his aid to rid them of the French, who had possessed themselves of a fort by surprise. Colonel Coote appeared before the place towards the end of February, and on this day the garrison surrendered. 1811.—Battle of Barrosa. The French under Victor (numbering 16,000) routed by the Allies (12,000 men) under Sir Thomas Graham with the loss of 2,300 men, six guns, and an eagle. The British loss in killed and wounded was nearly 1,200.

March 6, 1799.—Action at Seedaseer. Tippoo Saib was defeated by a force under General Stewart, consisting of part of the 75th, the 77th, and three native regiments. 1813.—The French driven from Alcoy. Sir John Murray with the Anglo-Sicilian Army resolved to surprise the French at this place as a preliminary towards driving them from a mountain in his front. The French retired beyond Alcoy, and the Allies occupied the place with but little loss.

March 7, 1791.—Bangalore Pettah stormed. Lord Cornwallis took this fortress after severe fighting in the streets of the town. Among the killed was Lieutenant-Colonel Moorhouse, to whose memory a monument was afterwards erected in Madras.

March 8, 1748.—Reduction of St. Domingo. After three hours' bombardment the French were driven from their guns and the garrison surrendered. 1801.—Battle of Aboukir. The force under Abercromby effected a landing in Egypt under fire. The French fled in confusion to Alexandria, after a brilliant charge by the 23rd and 40th Regiments. Other regiments engaged were the 28th, 42nd, and 58th under General Coote, the brigade of Guards, the Corsican Rangers, the Royals, and the 54th under General Ludlow.

March 9, 1783.—Bednore taken. The garrison of this town surrendered to General Mathews after a cannonade lasting thirty hours. 1818.—Pindarees routed at Hurala. A force under Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. L. Stanhope completely routed the enemy, and afterwards pursued them fourteen or fifteen miles until they reached the jungle.

March 10, 1805.—Action near Amrooh. During the pursuit of Amir Khan by General Smith, Captain Murray was sent to escort treasure from Morandabad to camp, and was surrounded by the Amir's troops. The enemy attacked in great force, but were defeated with the loss of their chief in command. Captain Murray afterwards attacked the enemy's baggage guard and captured all the baggage.

MARCH 4, 1653.—Badiley's action with the Dutch off Leghorn. 1676.—Sir John Narborough's attack on Tripoli. 1804.—Boats of the "Blenheim," 74, off St. Pierre, Martinique, cut out the "Curieuse," 10. 1824.—Royal National Lifeboat Institution founded. 1838.—Vice-Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy, K.C.B. born. 1842.—Rear-Admiral A. K. Wilson, C.B., V.C., Controller of the Navy, born. 1897.—The "Pegasus," and the "Flying Fish," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

March 5, 1748.—First notice of a British Naval uniform. 1800.—"Heureux," 22, taken by "Phœbe," 36. 1845.—Rear-Admiral Sir J. H. U. Noel born. 1897.—"Ariel," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

March 6, 1793.—"Castine," privateer, taken in the North Sea by the "Iris," 32. 1797.—"Actif," 18, privateer, taken in the Channel by the "Phæton," 38. 1797.—"Surveillante," 18, privateer, taken in the Channel by the "Alcmene," 32. 1786.—Admiral Sir Charles Napier born. 1842.—Rear-Admiral T. H. Jackson, Superintendent Devonport Dockyard, born.

March 7, 1762.—Capture of "Gloire," 20, by the "Milford," 28. 1778.—Action between the "Yarmouth," 64, and six American ships-of-war, one of which, the "Randolph," 36, blew up. 1795.—The "Berwick," 74, captured by the French Toulon fleet. 1804.—Recapture of Goree by the "Inconstant," 36, with troops. 1866.—Albert medal instituted. 1883.—The "Royalist" launched.

March 8, 1748.—Reduction of Port Louis, Hispaniola, by Rear-Admiral Knowles's squadron. 1795.—Defeat of French cruiser squadron in the Channel by Sir E. Pellew's "Western" frigate squadron. 1821.—"Dreadnought" Seamen's Hospital founded. 1871.—The "Glatton" launched. 1875.—The "Dreadnought" launched.

March 9, 1741.—Reduction of Cartagena by Vernon's squadron. 1777.—"Ariadne," 32, and "Ceres" sloop captured the United States man-of-war "Alfred," 20. 1797.—Capture of "Résistance," 40, and "Constance," 22, off Brest, by the "San Fiorenzo," 36, and "Nymphe," 36.

March 10, 1705.—Destruction of four French line-of-battle ships outside Gibraltar Bay by Sir John Leake's squadron. 1796.—The "Phæton," 38, off Cape Finisterre, captured the "Bonne Citoyenne," 20. 1880.—The "Ajax" launched.

Some Little-known Duties of a Man-of-War.

By JOHN TARRE.

A MAN-OF-WAR is primarily, of course, a fighting machine; but there are many other useful duties laid upon her besides the obvious one of making war upon Her Majesty's foes. Peace hath victories for her no less renowned than war, and she serves her country equally well, whether in the smoke of battle or in bearing the banner of British justice to remote corners of the world.

In many distant British possessions, notably in the South Sea Islands, the patrolling man-of-war provides judge, jury, executioner, and every other official that may be required. In the Solomon Isles—*e.g.*, where the natives are very turbulent—it is frequently necessary to hold trials on board ship. Some time ago a French trader was murdered on one of the islands, and no clue could be discovered to the murderer. The "Rapid," however, arrived on the scene, and summoning the chief of the village on board informed him that if the culprit was not forthcoming in three days the village would be burnt. He was brought on board the next day. A formal trial was held, and he was condemned to be shot, the execution taking place on the beach in front of the village. The poor wretch was tied to a tree, and despatched by a volley from a party of Marines, whose rifles had been loaded for them, some with ball and some with blank, so that it should not be known who were the actual executioners.

Another unpleasant task that sometimes falls to the lot of the Bluejacket is that of suppressing riots in the British dominions. The Admiralty, however, do not look upon this use of the men under their command with favour, and have given instructions that it is only to be done in grave emergencies.

Tumults abroad often give employment to our ships; but in these cases armed interference can only be justified when the lives and property of British subjects are in danger from violence that cannot otherwise be controlled. An asylum may be afforded British subjects under these circumstances, unless they are escaping from the law. (A careful Government, however, enacts that during their stay on board they are to be charged for the provisions supplied.) This privilege is also extended to foreign refugees, if flying from personal danger; but care is to be exercised that the ship is not used as a base of operations for insurgents, etc. Distressed British subjects may also be granted a free passage on any of Her Majesty's ships to the nearest consular port.

The protection of fugitive slaves is a special part of the duty of those vessels stationed on the East Coast of Africa. The suppression of the slave traffic is a self-imposed task, characteristically British. It costs the country many thousands a year; the only reward being the proceeds of the sales of captured dhows, and the consciousness of well-doing. The proceeds are distributed as prize-money among the crews, less 5 per cent., payable to the Naval Prize Account at the Admiralty. The duty of patrolling the coast in search of slave-dhows is generally performed by boats from Her Majesty's ships, and life on board these is a special phase of man-of-war experience that has been dealt with in these columns previously. This may be described as police work, and another task of the same description is the protection of our fisheries from foreign inroads. An unpleasant incident in this connection will be remembered in the recent shooting of the helmsman of a French poacher by the "Leda," off Folkestone.

A police duty that fell to the lot of a Naval friend of the writer's was the examination of a supposed infernal machine. Some years ago, when the dynamite scare was at its height, a suspicious-looking tin was discovered lashed to one of the piles of Piermont Bridge, Sydney. It was cautiously removed to the police station for investigation. This task, however, was not eagerly sought after, and it was finally turned over to a representative of the gunnery department from one of Her Majesty's ships in the harbour. He was not an expert in infernal machines, but, guided by the smell, he pronounced it to be a home-made calcium signal light; and on opening the tin this proved to be the case. It had a lanyard attached, and in drifting about this had become twisted about the pier as if it had been purposely lashed there.

Another important duty of a war-ship is to prevent

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breaches of the Foreign Enlistment Act. The commanding officer is a local authority under that Act, and is authorised to seize and detain ships in British waters carrying persons about to enlist with foreign countries at war. If they are British subjects they may be seized anywhere, whether within the three-mile limit or not. Carrying a cargo of war material is not an offence under the Act, and ships doing so run the blockade, if there is one, and take their chances with the respective belligerents.

The suppression of piracy is another duty devolving upon our ships. Any vessel, not being commissioned by a *de facto* Government, which is found to be committing piratical acts, is to be seized and taken to the nearest British Consul, to be tried for offences on the high seas. Special care, however, is to be taken that insurgents against any Government, and authorised privateers, are not interfered with.

It sometimes happens that a merchant ship is met with which, owing to accident, or disease, or mutiny, is insufficiently manned. In such cases Naval men are put on board to navigate her to the nearest port.

All ships of the Navy are directed to render every possible assistance to vessels in danger or distress. This is to be done without any eye to possible salvage money, for no claim may be made upon owners in this respect without the sanction of the Admiralty, and this sanction is only given in cases of really arduous and hazardous service. Derelict ships are to be sunk or destroyed if it is impracticable to tow them into port. If they are loaded with timber they are difficult to deal with, as blowing them up would set loose a multitude of floating logs more dangerous to navigation than the ship itself. These are notified to the Admiralty by cable as soon as practicable, and lists of them, with their positions, are issued in Notices to Mariners.

The despatch from our shores recently of a large number of transports drew attention to another duty of men-of-war, viz., convoying. Happily, in this case, owing to the absence of any Naval power on the part of the enemy, no convoying was thought necessary. In war time, also, treasure is sometimes turned over to our ships of war for conveyance. In such cases a percentage of it is deducted and paid over to the funds of the Greenwich Hospital.

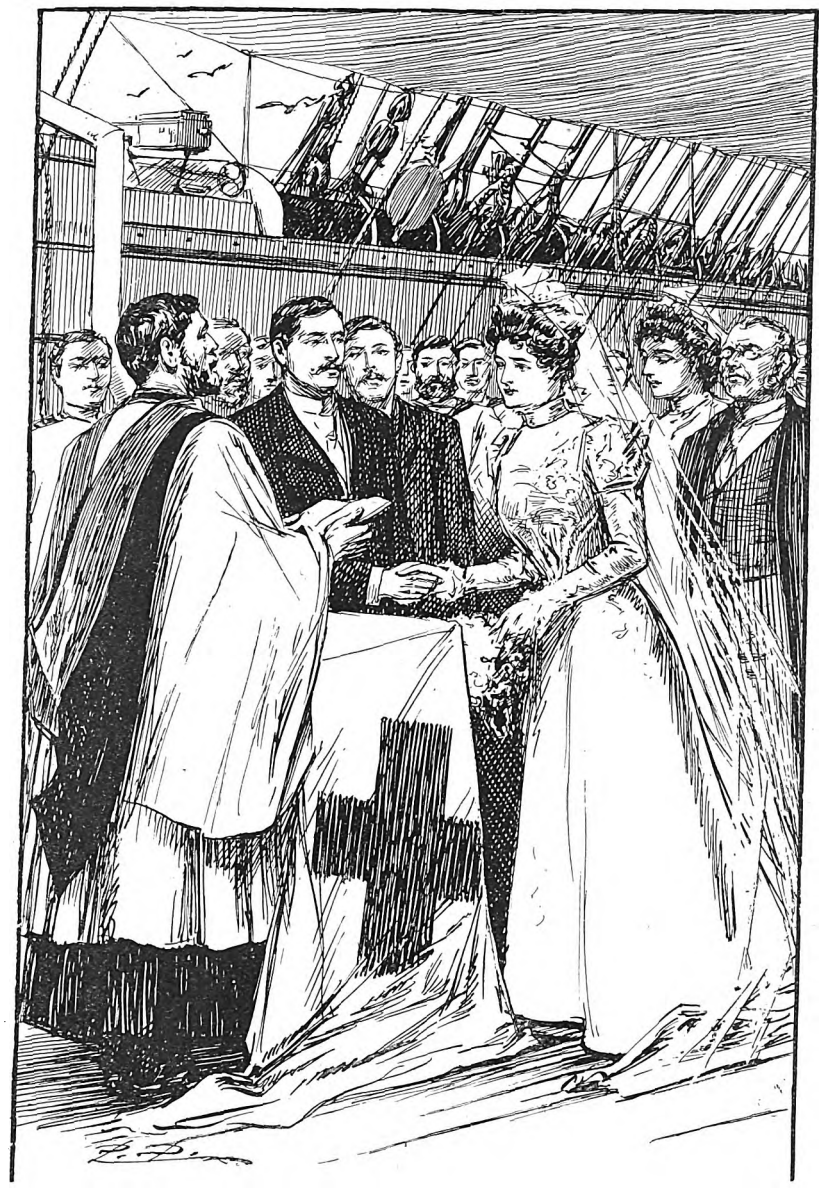
Among the duties laid upon Naval officers in time of peace is that of furnishing to the authorities reports on scientific matters of interest that may be met with during foreign cruises. The field of enquiry embraces such subjects as meteorology, tides, geology, seismology, magnetism, etc. Our present knowledge of the effect of terrestrial magnetism on the compass-needle in different parts of the earth is largely due to the reports of Naval officers, and the subjects of meteorology and tides owe much to their investigations.

Invaluable work under this heading is done by the vessels employed in surveying duty. The Admiralty charts, drawn up by the officers of these vessels, are mines of accurate and useful information. Marine surveying is very arduous and responsible work. Most of it is done from boats, and, in cold or boisterous weather, sounding for hours at a stretch from an open boat is not at all like a picnic. Yet no jot of it must be shirked, for false or scanty soundings on a chart may lead to the loss of many lives.

In this connection an incident may be mentioned that shows the confidence reposed in the work of British surveyors. The writer was once stationed at Chemulpho, a Corean port, and the captain of a French vessel that was lying there came on board and asked that he might be allowed to compare his chart of the harbour with ours, as his was an old one and not corrected up to date. His chart turned out to be an Admiralty one, from surveys by British officers, and when questioned he admitted that he always used British charts, as he found they were more reliable than those from French surveys.

With their complete equipment of instruments, etc., men-of-war have, of course, a great advantage in the matter of navigation over trading vessels. Some of these are run on very economical lines in this respect, and their captains, when they run across a war-ship, generally seize the opportunity of finding out where they are and what is the time—two very important questions at sea.

In harbour, too, abroad, ships sometimes perform a useful function by firing a gun at noon, and thus giving the exact time to all concerned. This is not done so often as it would be perhaps, owing to the captious critics on shore, who write to the papers complaining of alleged errors in the time of gun-fire. An amusing tale has been handed down concerning the mid-day gun, fired at a military station not far from London. Some large disagreement having been discovered in the firing times, the person responsible was asked how he got his time. He replied, "From the railway station clock." The cause of the irregularities was discovered when enquiries at the railway station elicited the fact that the clock there was carefully regulated each day by the gun-fire.



Knotting and Splicing Afloat.

A pleasing and peaceful ceremony that sometimes takes place on board of a war-ship is the marriage of British subjects in out of the way corners of the globe, where no clergyman is available. In such cases the chaplain of the ship is authorised to perform the ceremony on board, and a very pretty and romantic sight it is, as we are sure all our lady readers will agree. There is no lack of "best men" available, if they are required, and the Bluejackets form deeply interested spectators. They generally, also, give the happy pair three rousing cheers as they are rowed ashore after being "spliced."

The consequent baptisms are also performed when the ship comes round again to that part of the station, and many a British subject in distant lands bears the name of his honoured ship-godmother, as "John Bellerophon Brown" or "Sarah Salamanda Smith."

The transport of ship's companies to and from foreign stations is another duty that now falls upon war-ships. Formerly this was almost entirely done by special troop-ships; but it is found to be more economical to make relief crews work their passages.

The carrying of private passengers is forbidden, without the sanction of the Admiralty; and any civilians on board are, for the time being, subject to the Naval Discipline Act. Private packages, also, are not carried without permission, and must be only parcels sent by or to officers and their friends. Fond mothers are generally under the impression that their sons on foreign service are being starved, and every parcel is sure to contain a large proportion of eatables. A messmate of the writer's once undertook to take a box of this sort to China. He did not know the contents, and it was stowed at the back of the top shelf in the mess. Going down the Red Sea a most villainous smell forced itself upon our notice. This was ascribed to all sorts of causes—among others, to the remains of Pharaoh's drowned host—but suspicion at length focussed itself upon the upper mess-shelf, where the almost forgotten box lay hid. It was found to contain, amidst innumerable wrappings, a Dutch cheese, a plum pudding, *and some red herrings.*

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The Organiser of Victory.

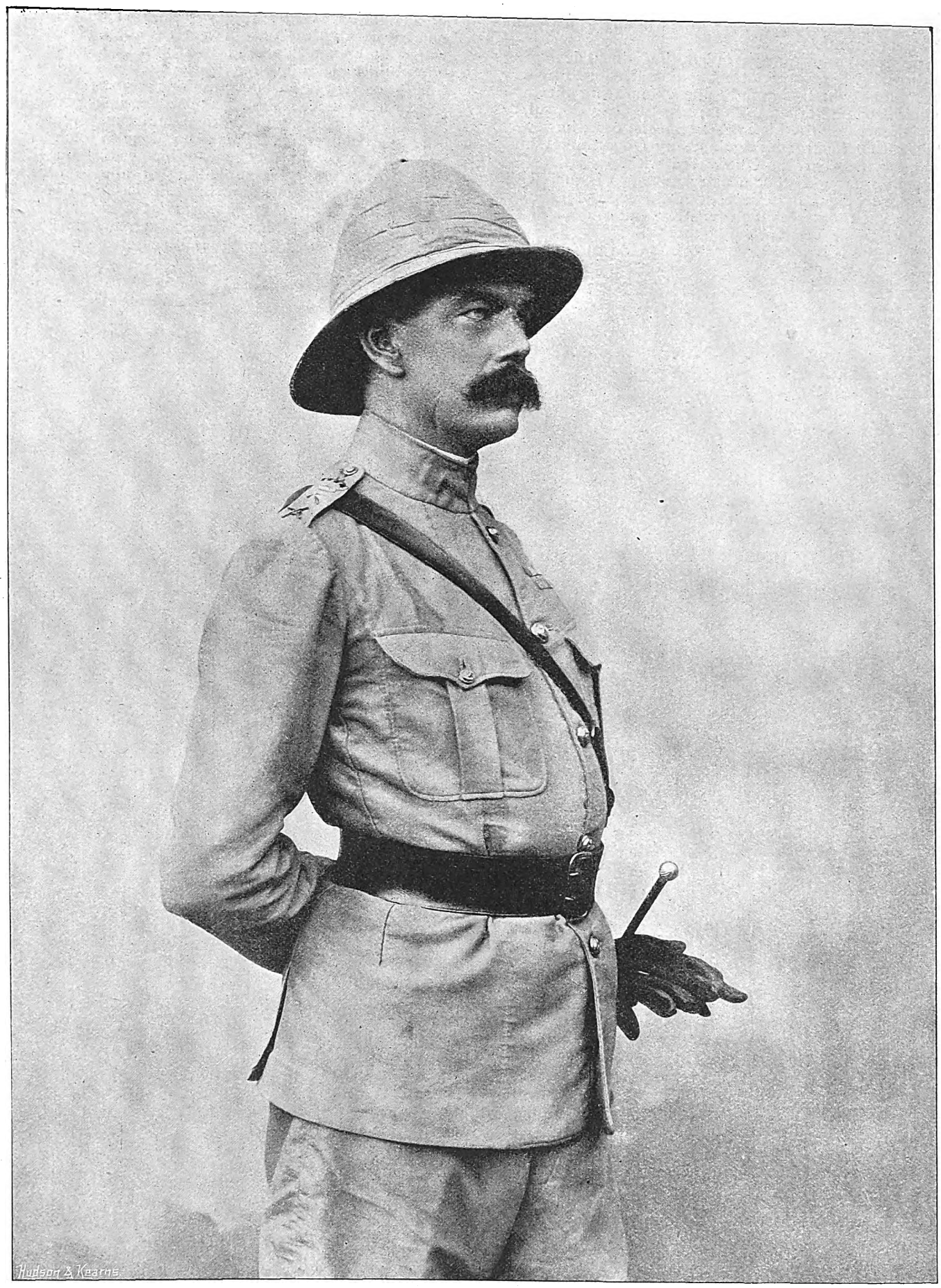

Photo. Copyright. *LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM—CHIEF OF THE STAFF IN SOUTH AFRICA.* *"Navy & Army."*

As might have been expected from Lord Kitchener's previous successes in Egypt and in the Soudan, his presence in South Africa as Lord Roberts's right-hand man has led to some prompt and striking developments. Already the progress of the campaign has borne witness to his perfectly marvellous capacity for organisation, more especially in the all-important direction of transport. Under the magic influence of his personality the host of complications which seems to have existed before his arrival has disappeared in the most extraordinary fashion. Where there was little else but zealous confusion, now there is smooth harmony; where men were formerly at their wits' end trying to carry out half-a-dozen conflicting plans, now everyone in authority knows his work, and, it goes without saying, takes good care to do it. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and if this wonderful work of reorganisation had not been projected by a master mind, and carried out by a strong hand to boot, Kimberley might still be awaiting relief, and a fine little army still be eating its heart out in camp at Modder River.

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An Embarkation at Tilbury Docks.

OUR three illustrations depict scenes that may be witnessed any day at the Tilbury Docks. Tilbury, of course, has not been anything like as much in evidence as a port of embarkation during the present crisis as Southampton, for instance, but none the less has the work done there been of the utmost importance. For example, a very large percentage of the cavalry and artillery embarkations has taken place from there, and those who know what a big business it is to get inboard a number of horses, to say nothing of waggons, guns, and limbers, will realise the excellent work that the embarkation officers at Tilbury have been and are doing.

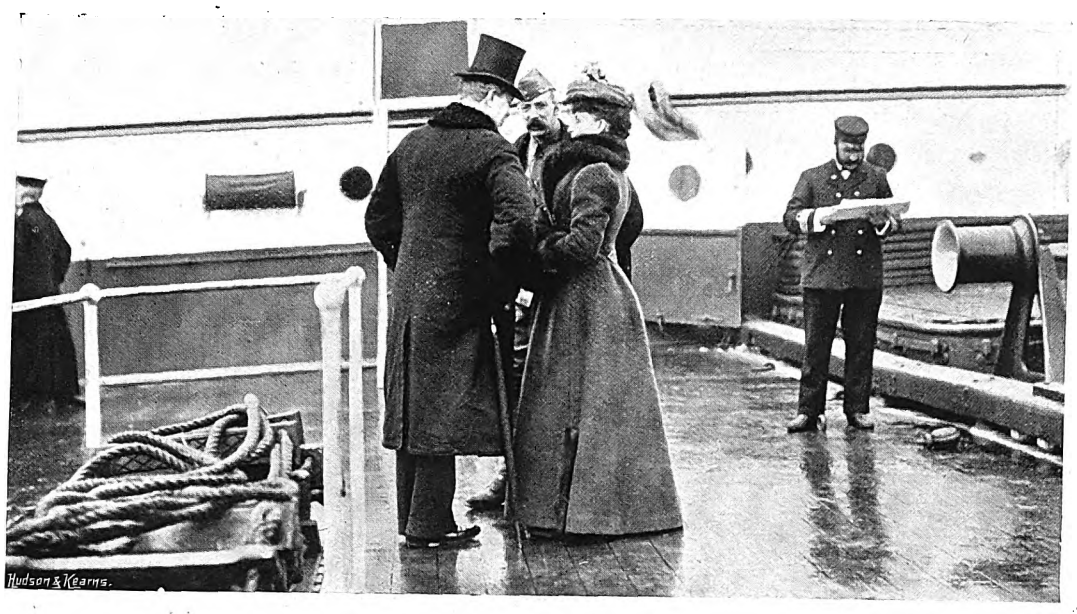
To the Naval staff employed there credit is particularly due. The ingenuity with which the difficulties so constantly met are overcome is simply marvellous. For example, a crane, such as that seen in one of our pictures, is found unequal to the task of hoisting in a waggon full of heavy ammunition.

This would appear to necessitate the unloading of the waggon, the lowering of it empty into the hold, then the getting inboard of the waggon's contents, and finally the restowing of them in the waggon. But the Naval officer knows a trick worth two or three of that. A few quick orders to the men, and in a moment an ingenious system of guy ropes is rigged and a second crane brought into play, when the forces of the two united whip up the loaded waggon, and down she goes. Getting horses inboard is also marvellously managed, and it is very rarely that a restive horse gives trouble. Coaxing and a piece of sugar make him lower his head, a flick behind, and he is inboard and being led to his stall before he quite realises that he has left *terra firma* and is booked for a 7,000-mile voyage. Of course the embarkations that have taken place at Tilbury have not been entirely those of mounted forces, for many detachments of unmounted troops have also quitted England from Tilbury. And on the shoulders of Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Parkyn the conduct and responsibility of all these important embarkations has devolved.

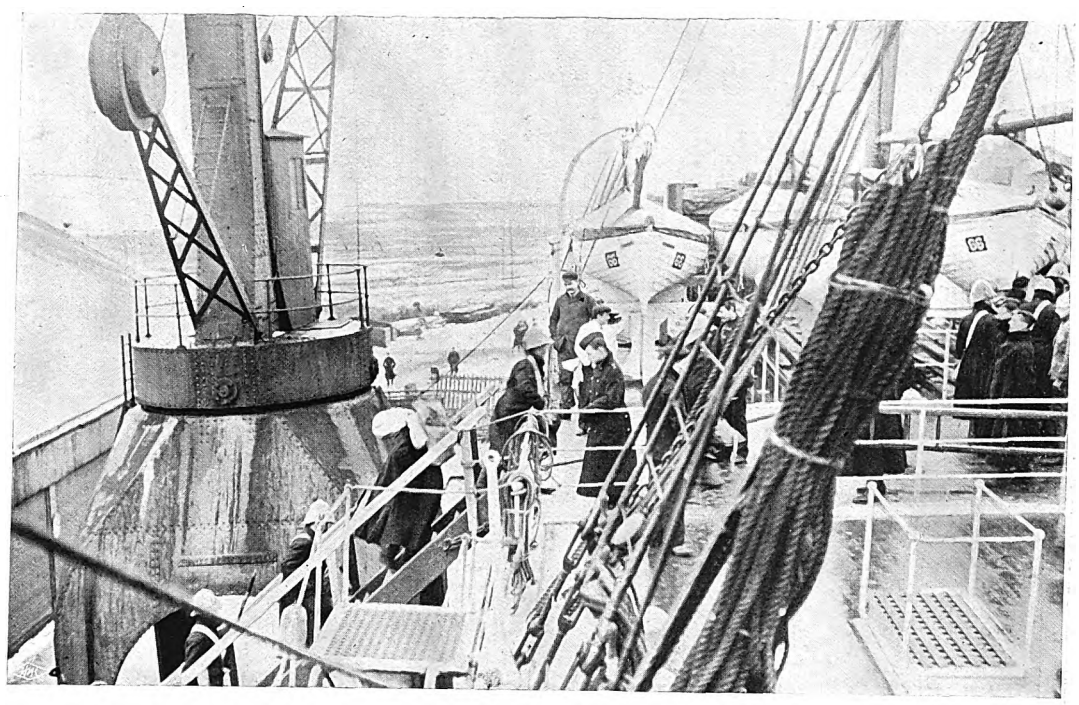
Colonel Parkyn went from the 18th Hussars to the Army Service Corps, so he is an officer specially fitted by experience to superintend the embarkation of mounted troops. He will not by his services at Tilbury add another medal ribbon to those he already wears for service in the Soudan, but nevertheless is he taking no small share in the great work that will only be completed when the Union Jack flies over Pretoria.

The Naval transport officer in charge of the Thames District is Captain C. H. Coke, an officer who, as a midshipman, served in the Ashanti Campaign. On his shoulders devolve all the duties connected with the ships taken up as transports.

In fact the Military officers may be said to have charge on the wharf, and the Naval officers on board.



FAREWELL ON BOARD.
A Fair Visitor says Good-bye to Her Friends.



MOUNTING THE SIDE.
Lancashire Fusiliers Embarking in the "Victorian."

Photos. Copyright. *"WELL! GOOD LUCK AND SAFE RETURN, OLD CHAP!"* *"Navy & Army."*
Visitors About to Leave.

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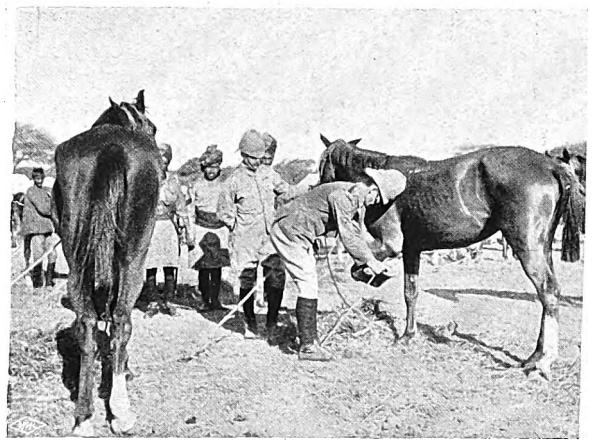
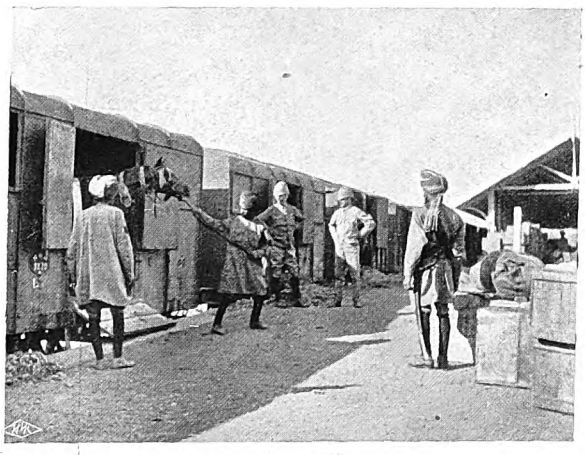
A Present from India.

ON THE WAY DOWN COUNTRY.
Horses being Watered on the Line of March.



A VETERINARY INSPECTION.
A Last Look Round before Starting for Bombay.



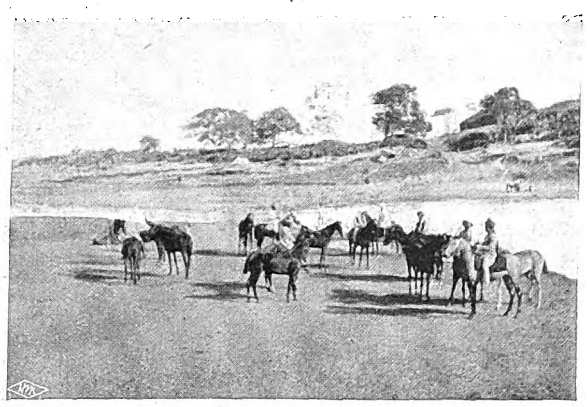
AT DEOLALI.
Detraining the Horses at the Great Rest Camp of Western India.

UNLOADING BAGGAGE.
The Native Escort Looks after Its Property.

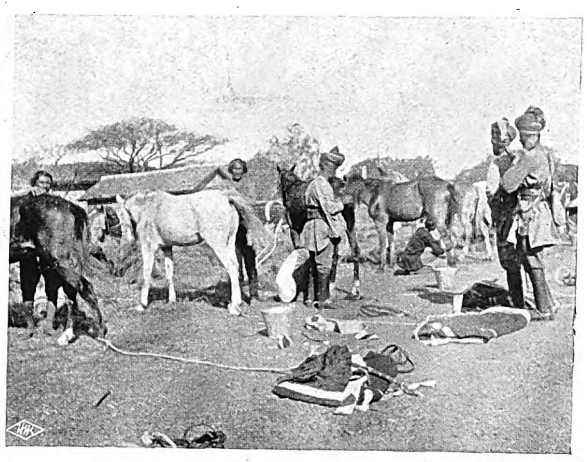
THE accompanying series of pictures illustrates the splendidly patriotic action of several of the leading Indian Native Princes in sending out a number of horses for use in the South African Campaign. It would be easy to expatiate upon the many and most interesting reflections which this magnificent present, so spontaneously offered, so frankly accepted, has aroused. To those who know India well there is something peculiarly appropriate in the idea that these great feudatory rulers, failing the acceptance of their personal service or of contingents from their troops, should have asked to be allowed to send horses for the use of the British Army in a war where horseflesh is at such a notable premium. The nobility and fighting classes of India are, like ourselves, imbued with an abiding love and admiration of "mounted movements," and the natural present of India's chivalry in such circumstances is, if not a fighting man, a war horse. And we may be sure that the animals despatched by the Indian rajas to South Africa have been carefully selected with a view to doing credit to their donors' generosity.

The horses have been sent out in charge of an escort of Imperial Service Troops, that admirable organisation which owes its existence as much to the statesmanship of Lord Dufferin as to the loyalty and military enthusiasm of the Native Princes themselves. Twenty years ago, in almost every Native State in India there was maintained at the charge of the ruling chief a miscellaneous rag-tag-and-bobtail of so-called "troops," in some cases running into thousands, who were a standing source of anxiety to the Indian Government.

At Lord Dufferin's instance the Native Princes agreed to replace these objectionable "armies" by Imperial Service Troops, which have done capital service in the field, and here are seen acting in another capacity. That they have taken care of their charges on the way to South Africa we may be sure, but they will be sadly disappointed at not being permitted to join in the "fun."

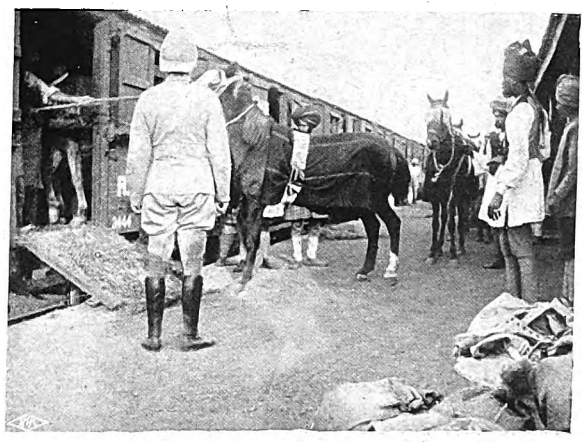


DOWN BY THE RIVER.
The Horses Stretching Their Legs at Deolali.



A USEFUL LOAN.
Spare Horses from the Native Cavalry.

"ROPING" A NERVOUS COUNTRY-BRED.
When a Horse Gives Trouble at the Station he is "Helped In" like this.



HIS FIRST JOURNEY BY TRAIN.
Spare Horses from the Native Cavalry being Entrained for Bombay.

Indian Horses and Horsemen for South Africa.

From Photos. by a Military Officer.

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To Fight Side by Side.

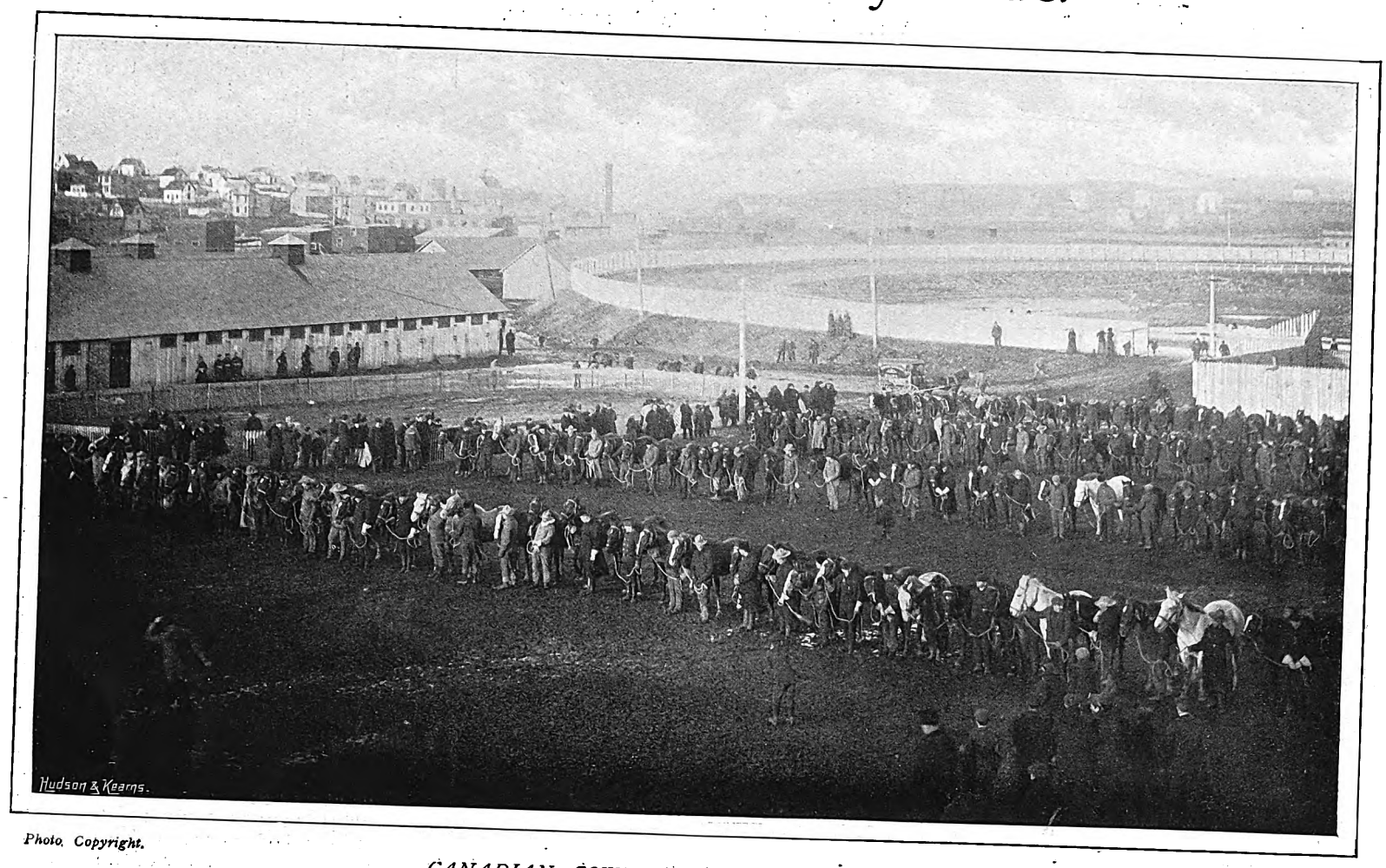

Photo. Copyright.

CANADIAN COWBOYS FOR SOUTH AFRICA. *Gauvin & Gentzell.*

Officially this is C Squadron, Canadian Mounted Infantry, which sailed for South Africa in an Allan Liner at the end of January. The men are on parade and undergoing inspection by Major-General Hutton, who has since himself been ordered to the front. In private life these fine fellows are cowboys from the North-Western Territories of the Dominion, and about as hard and gritty a lot of superb riders and dare-devil "customers" generally as it is possible to find anywhere on the face of the earth.

Photo. Copyright.

THE OLD DUKE'S OWN. *Russell & Sons.*

This distinctly cheerless scene represents a pretty cheerful function, the inspection, namely, of the special corps known as the "Duke of Cambridge's Own" at Wellington Barracks. The corps is composed of gentlemen who are providing their own horses, paying their own passage, and otherwise proving their willingness to make substantial sacrifices in order to have the honour and glory of risking their lives for the sake of Queen and country. The corps at this inspection mustered about 120 strong, of excellent physique and smart appearance.

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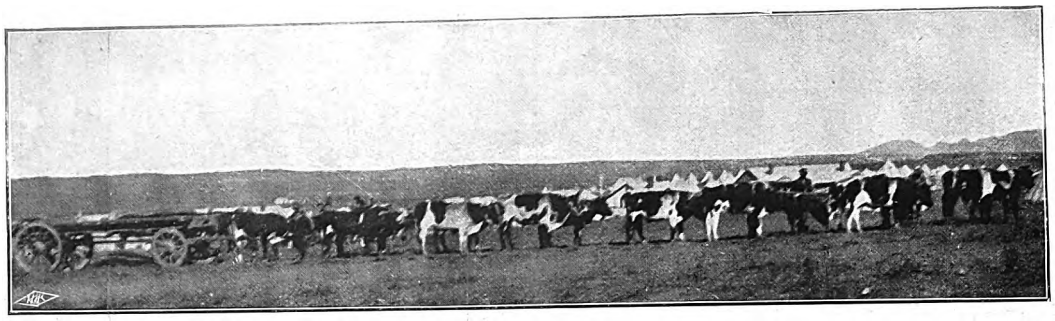
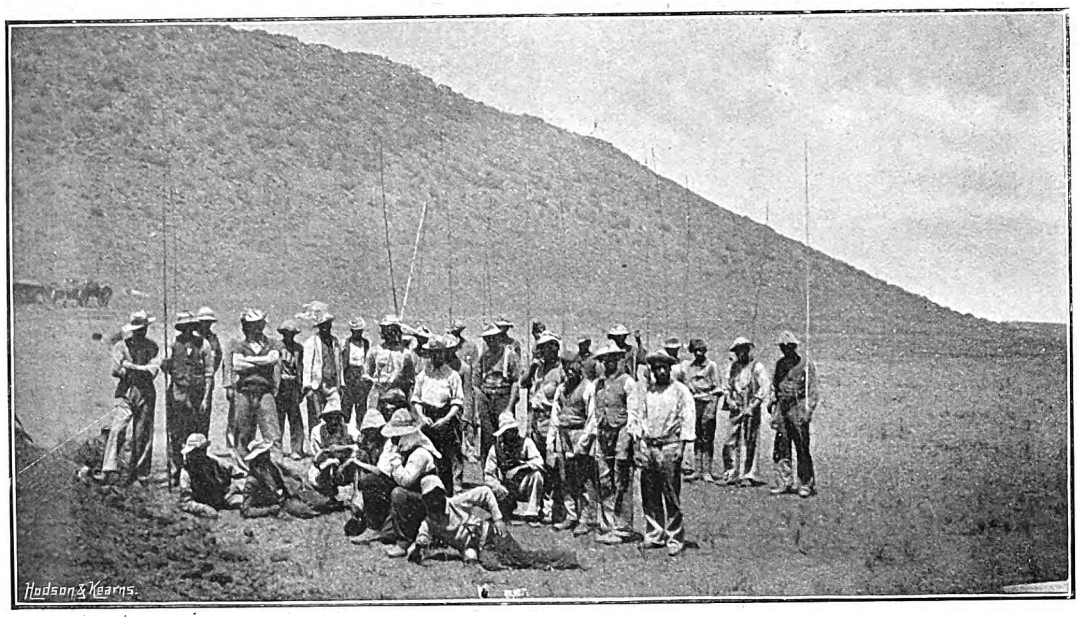
Army Transport in South Africa.

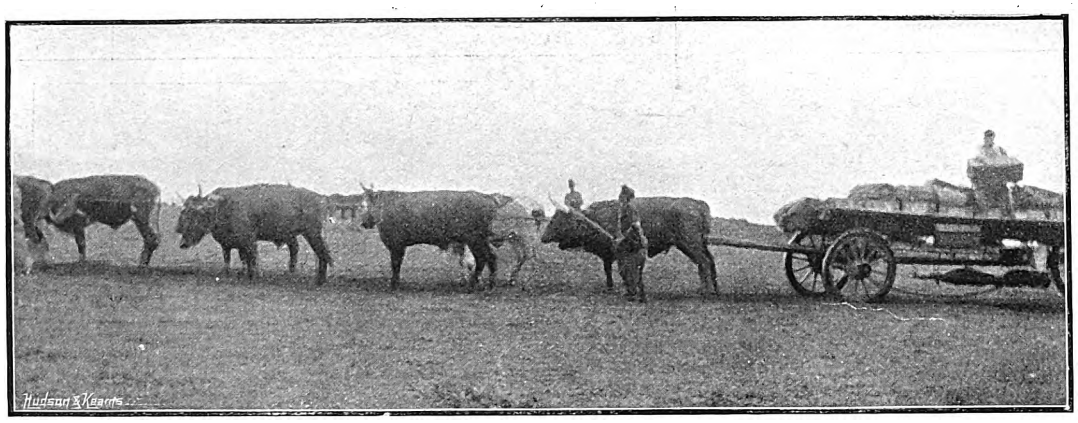
WITH LORD ROBERTS'S FIELD FORCE.



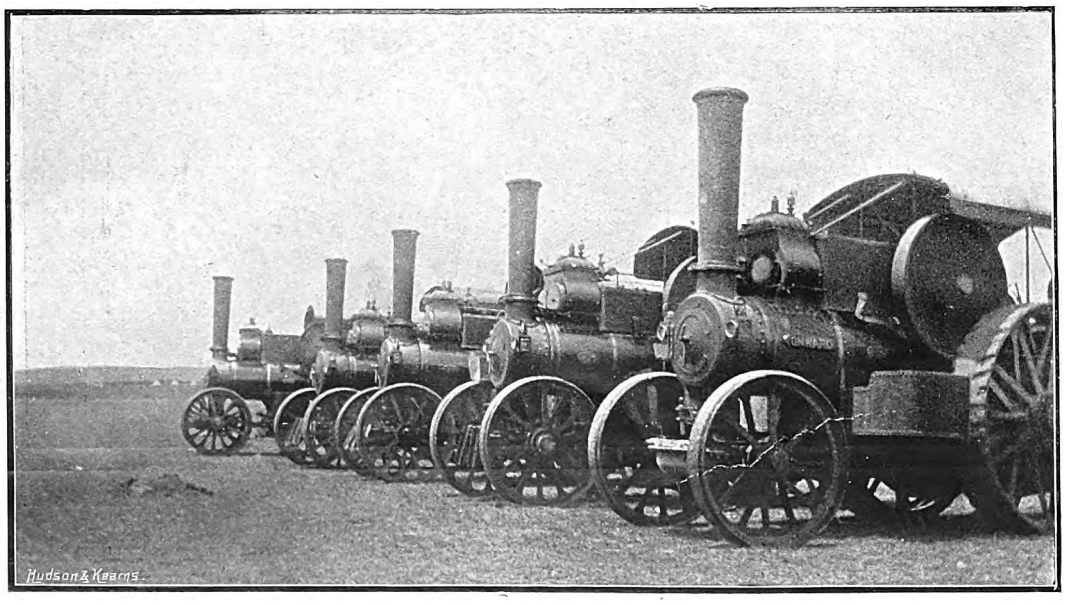
A HEAVY LOAD.
A Bullock Waggon and Team.



GOOD IN THE MAIN.
Cape Boys in Charge of Waggons.



CROSSING THE VELDT.
Transport Waggons for Infantry Stores.



Copyright. *TRIED AND PROVED.* *"Navy & Army."*
Traction Engines for Hauling Guns or Stores.

From Photos. by Our Military Correspondent.

FOR some little time it is probable that the most vital, if not the most immediately interesting, of all parts of the field of operations in South Africa will be the long line of railway which runs up to the west of the Orange Free State. When it is displaced from this rank it will be succeeded by the other line of railway which goes up through the middle of the Republic. Like the Civil War in the United States, ours is a struggle in which the lines of communication are of peculiar importance. Important they always are. In the Peninsular War, for instance, the number of French troops engaged in keeping the road by Valladolid and Burgos open was always large. Napoleon once declared that a defeat on the plains of Leon would give lockjaw to the whole French army in Spain. But still there are degrees, and lines of communication are more or less important in proportion to their length and liability to interruption. When they are very prolonged and vulnerable, and when the enemy can strike at them as Morgan and Moseby hit at the Federal lines in the Civil War, then they are very interesting indeed. Just at present our force under Lord Roberts may be compared to a claw at the end of a very long feeler which grows out of the body of the animal. It is hard, and it grips unpleasantly, but if the opponent against whom it is directed can hit on the feeler it is more or less paralysed, and if he can damage the feeler beyond repair it is rendered helpless. So it is, for manifest reasons, most necessary to take care that the connection between the claw and the body remains in good working order. To keep it from being cut through is a great business. In South Africa it will employ not only all the armoured trains, and fortified posts, but flying columns. The work, too, is more necessary and vital than exhilarating. One can understand and sympathise with the officer who is left to look after the lines of communication while his comrades are earning distinction and promotion at the front. It may be true that "they also serve who only stand and wait," and that since this is so, the service done by him who stands and waits where his chiefs send him and where he is wanted ought to count. But somehow it does not, and there is no part of the fortune of war which is so erratic, and at times so cruel, as the distribution of glory between the man who has a chance to win distinction in a fight, and the other who may be every whit as good a man but yet has no opening because he is sent where no fighting occurs. The second may help to win the victory as much as the first, and yet he gets no credit because no shots were exchanged. Our men on the lines must hope that the enemy will imitate Morgan and the other Confederate leaders. If the Boers do, then no doubt a good account will be given of them.

Our illustrations show the traction engines which have been sent round to General Roberts, also the manner in which an army is kept supplied with food.

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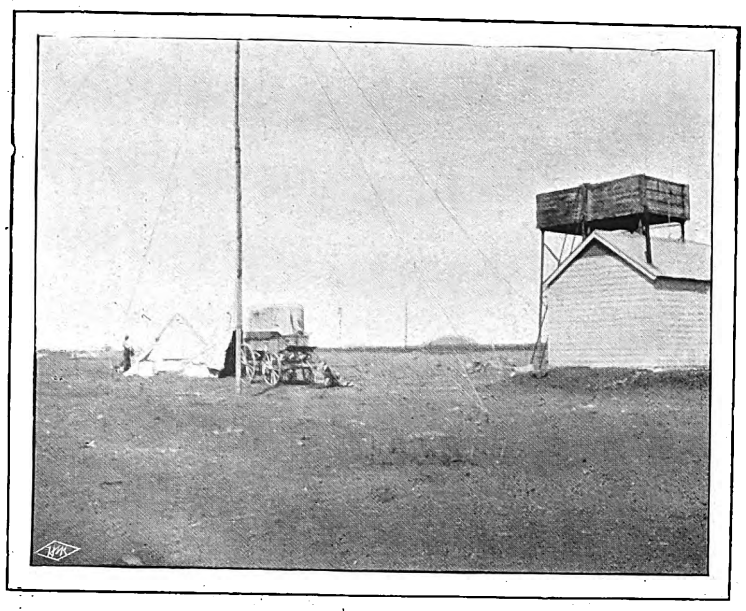
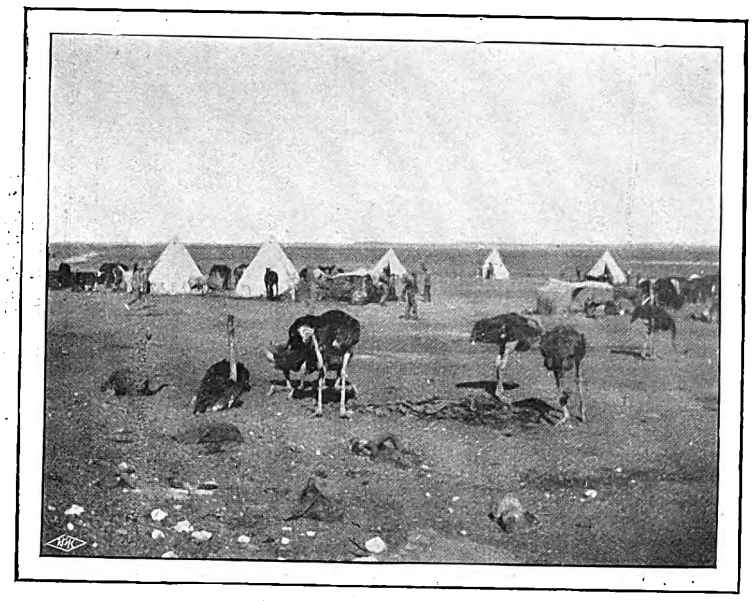
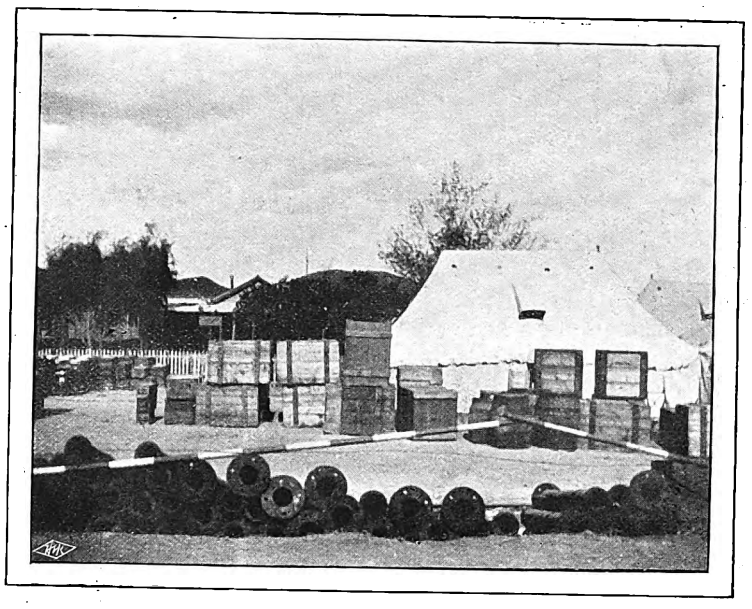
On the Lines of Communication.



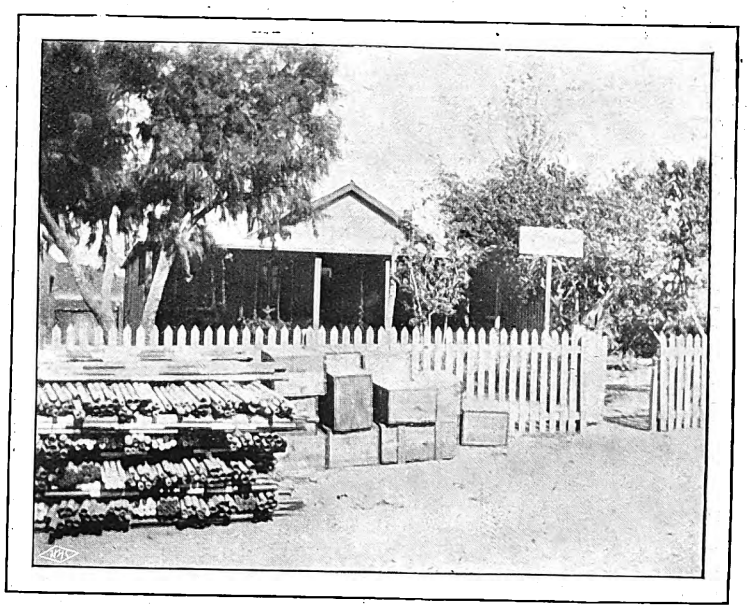
BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.
Marconi's Installation of Wireless Telegraphy at Belmont.



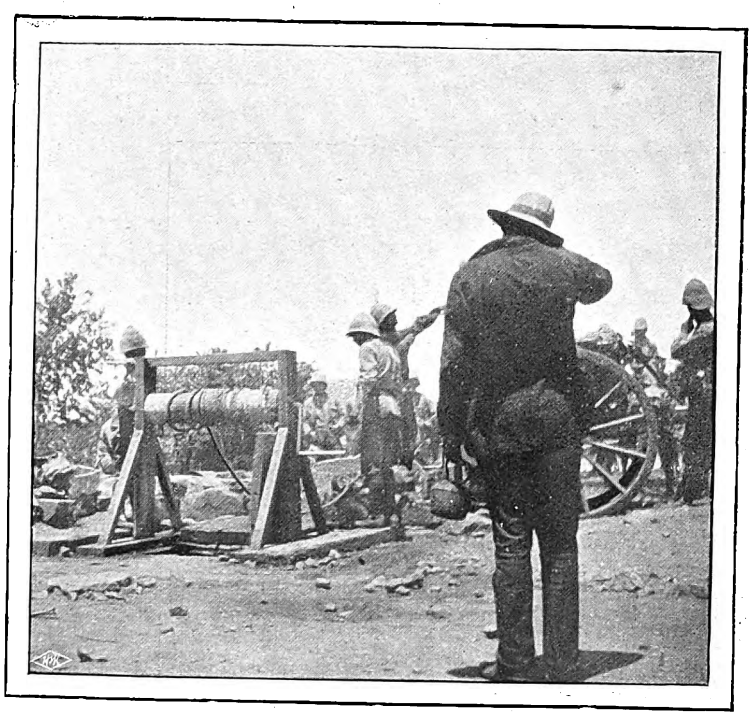
WITH AN ACQUIRED TASTE.
Birds that Eat Cartridges and Other Relics of a Battlefield.



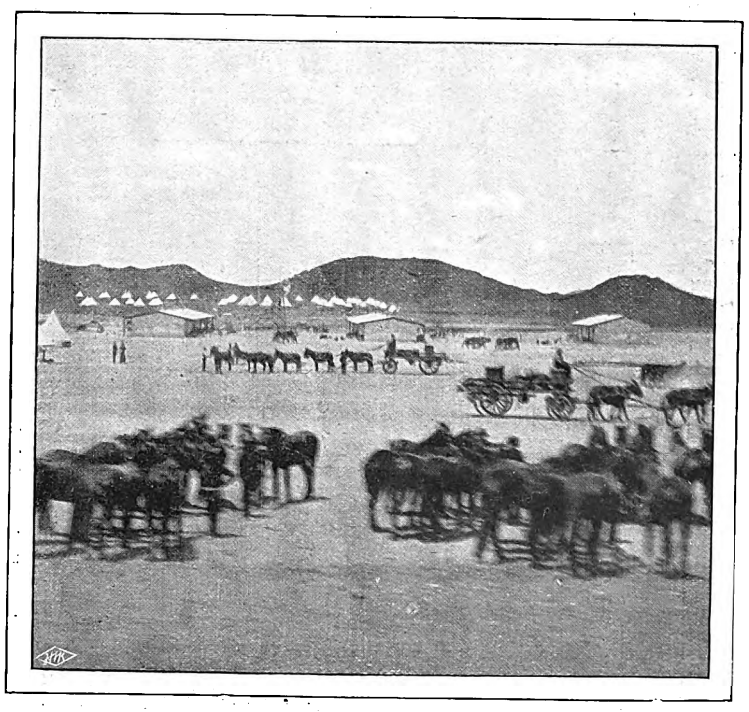
FOR THE "STICKERS IN OF POLES."
Stores for the Telegraph Battalion, Kimberley Relief Column.



MATERIAL FOR THE ENGINEERS.
A Railway Siding at the De Aar Military Depot.



AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.
A Well from which Methuen's Troops Obtained Water at Enslin.



A MOST IMPORTANT JUNCTION.
The Base from which the Field Force Obtains Its Supplies.

Scenes on the Cape Town-Kimberley Railroad.

From Photos. by Our Military Correspondents.

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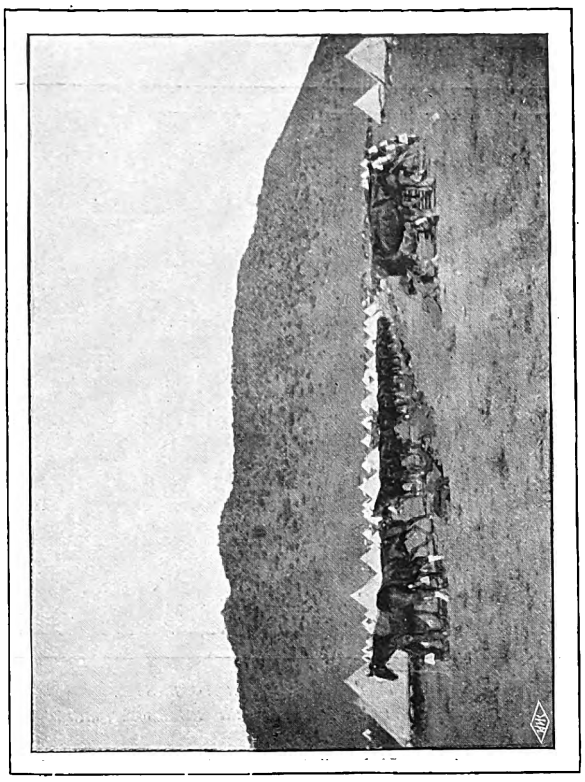
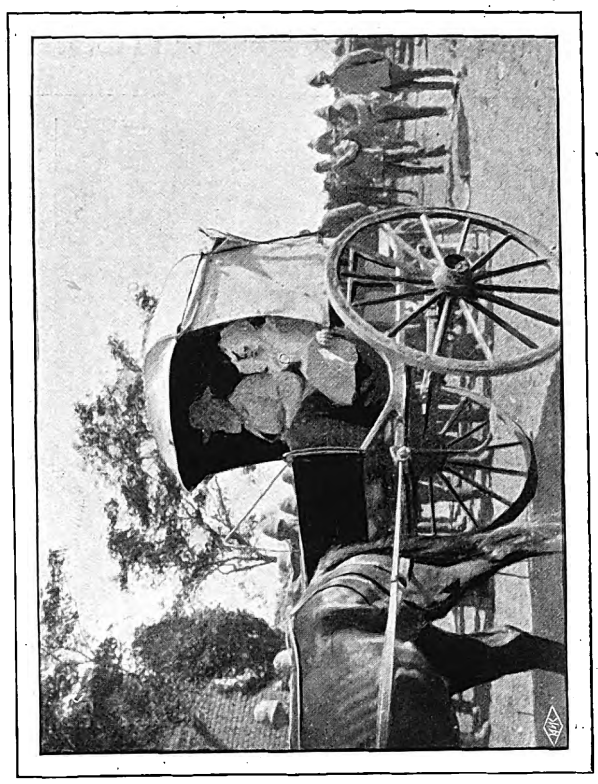
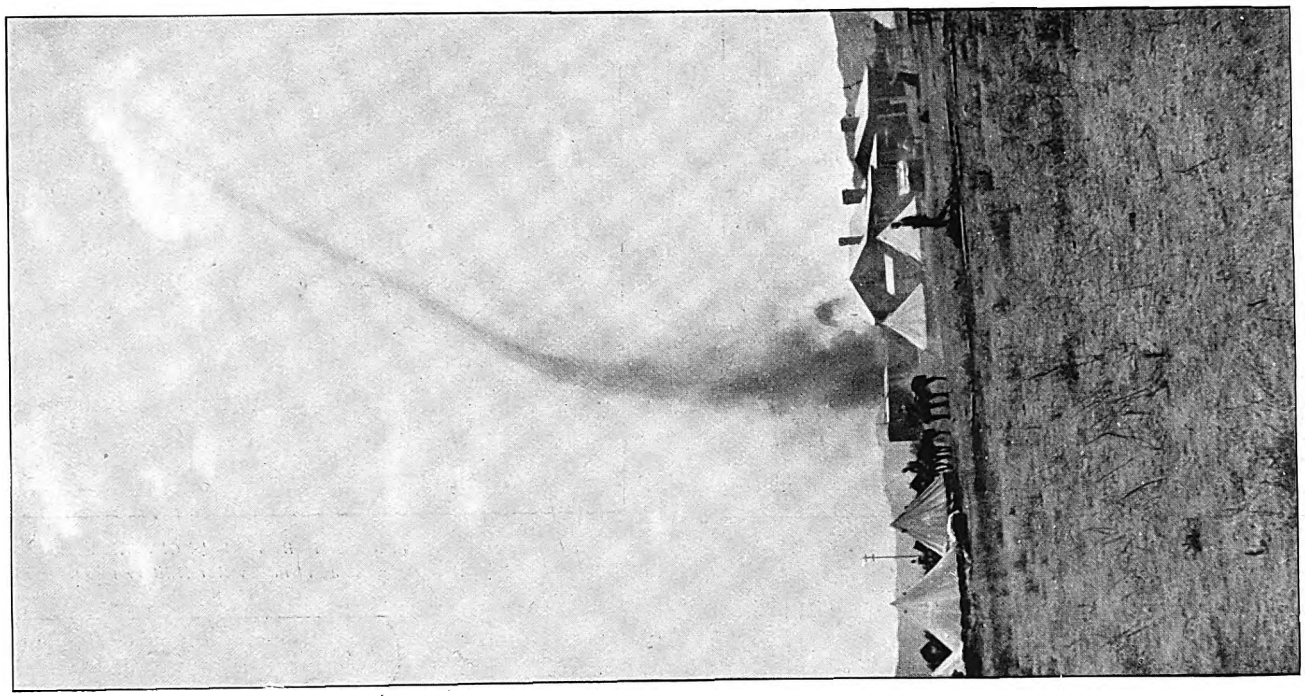
With the Flying Column from Arundel.



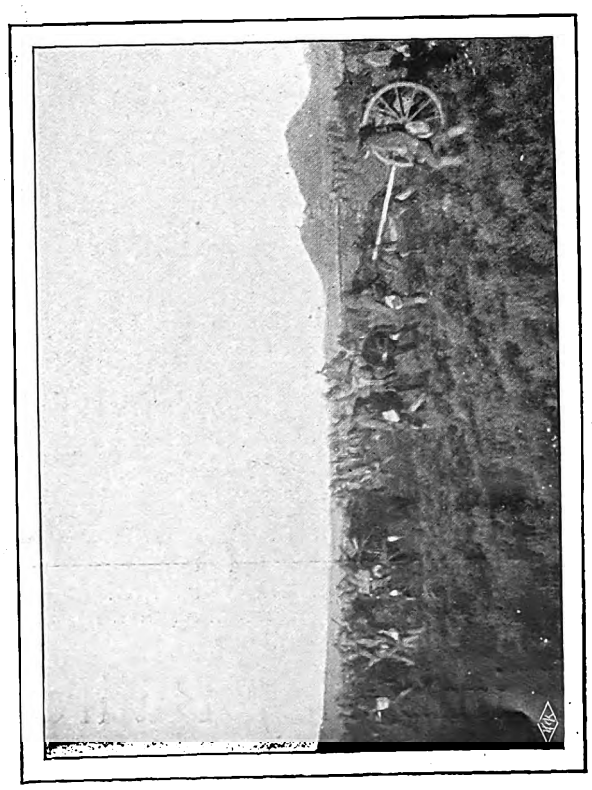
ARGENTINE PONIES.
The Lines of a Cavalry Regiment.



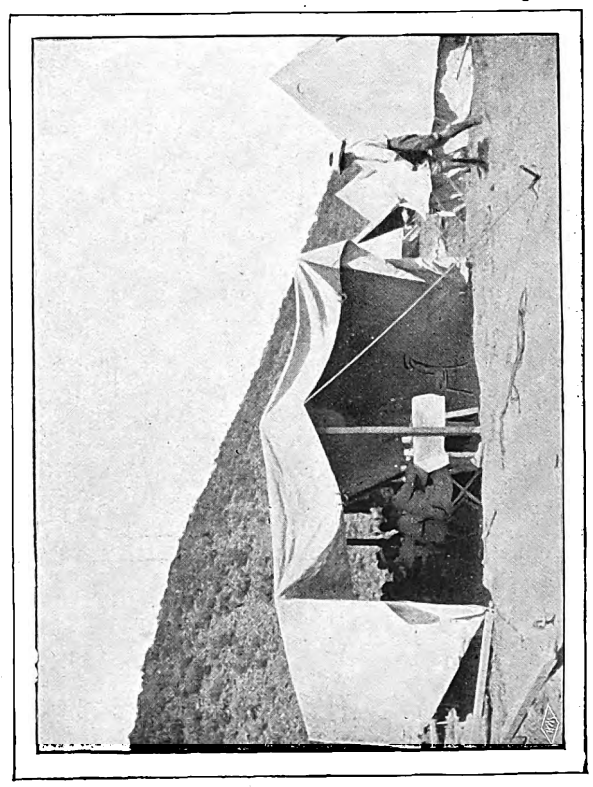
LEAVING IN A HURRY.
A Farmer and His Daughter on the Trek.



A DUST DEVIL.
A Species of Torment to Camp Life in South Africa.



A NOVEL METHOD.
Infantry Carried in Waggons to Increase Mobility.



AN OFFICERS' MESS.
At Arundel with the 10th Hussars.

In the Central Theatre of War.

From Photos. by Our Military Correspondents.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Buttresses of the Empire.

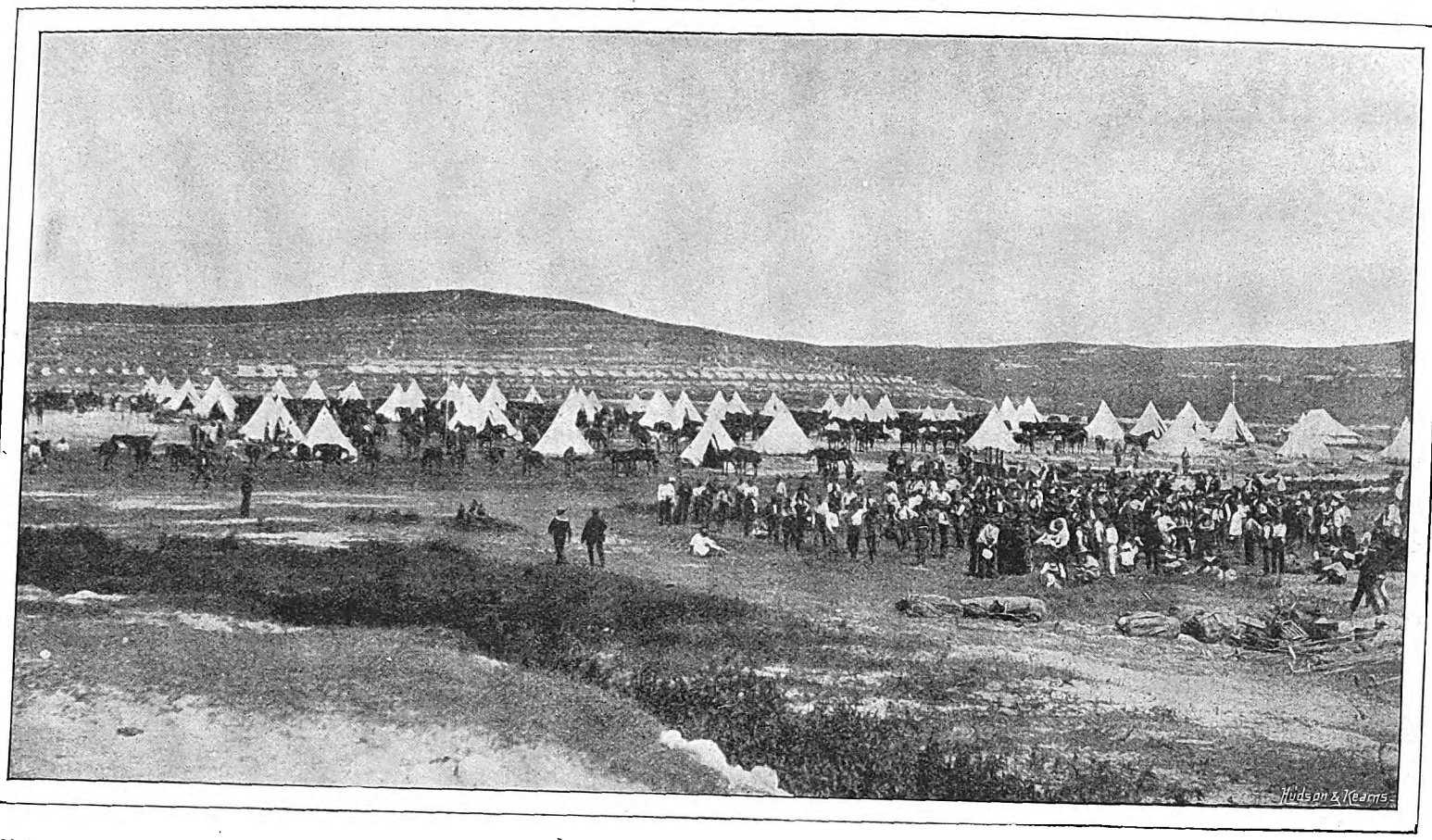

Photo. Copyright. *Herbst.*

"CORNSTALKS" FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

No finer corps has gone to the seat of war, or one more likely to be of the utmost use, than the Corps of Bushmen that Australia is sending to the front. In our illustration is shown the camp of 1,000 Bushmen located at Roderick, near Sydney, where the corps is shaking down in preparation for embarkation for the theatre of war. All the Bushmen are, it is hardly necessary to state, born riders, and as scouts their services should be invaluable.

Photo. Copyright. *W. L. H. Skeen.*

TEA-PLANTERS FOR THE FRONT.

The exquisite little island that nestles in the Indian Ocean at the foot of the great Indian Peninsula is doing her share like every other part of the Empire. Ceylon's Volunteer Corps comprise mounted infantry, artillery, and infantry, but it is to the former arm that the detachment she is sending to the front belongs. Our photographer has snap-shotted the detachment as it was marching to the jetty for embarkation for South Africa.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

Commander-in-Chief: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of De Aar, under Lord Roberts.

Divisional Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals French, Methuen, Kelly-Kenny, Tucker, and Colvile.

CAVALRY (French)

Brabazon and Babington's Brigades.

6th Dragoon Guards.
2nd Dragoons.
9th Lancers.
10th Hussars.
12th Lancers.
16th Lancers.

ARTILLERY

Horse—G, P, U, Q, T, J, R Batteries.
Field—18th, 37th (Howitzer), 62nd, 75th, 38th, 65th (Howitzer), 76th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division (latter in Kimberley).

ENGINEERS

7th (Field) Co.
8th (Railway) Co.
11th (Field) Co.
29th (Fortress) Co.
31st (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY

Pole-Carew's Brigade.

3rd Grenadiers.
1st Coldstreams.
2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.

MacDonald's Brigade.

1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Highland L.I.

Douglas's Brigade.

1st Northumberland.
2nd Northampton.
1st N. Lancashire (half battalion in Kimberley).
2nd Yorkshire L.I.

Knox's Brigade.

2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucester.

Wavell's Brigade.

2nd North Stafford.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.

Chermside's Brigade.

2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.

Not Brigaded.

1st Gordons.
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.
2nd Shropshire L.I.
1st Suffolk.
1st Essex.
1st Yorkshire.
1st Welsh.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Queensland Mounted Infantry.
Canadian Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).
Roberts's Horse.
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Kitchener's Horse.
New South Wales Lancers (part).

II.—Cape Colony. Troops on Western Line of Communications.

Lieutenant-General Commanding: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

ARTILLERY

Horse—A Battery.
Field—2nd, 8th, 43rd (Howitzer), 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 5th, 9th, 17th, 39th, 44th, 66th, 88th Batteries.
Garrison—5th, 10th Cos. E. Division; 2nd, 14th, 15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division; 2nd, 6th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 17th Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS

6th (Fortress) Co.
9th (Field) Co.
20th (Field) Co.
38th (Field) Co.
Section 1st Div. Telegraph Bat.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY

Militia Battalions.

6th Warwick.
4th Derbyshire.
3rd Durham L.I.
4th Royal Lancaster.
9th King's Royal Rifles.
4th Argyll and Sutherland.
3rd South Lancashire.
City Imperial Volunteers.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

New South Wales Artillery.
Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles.
Cape Town Highlanders.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.
Cape Garrison Artillery.
Railway Pioneers.

III.—Southern Border, operating from Naauwpoort.

CAVALRY

Household Regiment.
6th Dragoons.

ARTILLERY

Horse—O Battery.
Field—4th, 20th Batteries.
Heavy—2 5-in. Howitzers

ENGINEERS

10th (Railway) Co.
26th (Field) Co.
37th (Field) Co.
42nd (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Clements's Brigade.

2nd Bedford.
1st Royal Irish.
2nd Wiltshire.
2nd Worcestershire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Prince Alfred's Vol. Gds. (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
New South Wales Lancers (part).
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artll'y.
Australian Horse (Troop).
Victoria Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.

IV.—Southern Border, operating from Queenstown under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY

Field—74th, 77th, 79th Batteries.

ENGINEERS

12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY

2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.
1st Derbyshire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Cape Mounted Rifles.
Det. Cape Mounted Police.
Frontier Mounted Rifles.
Kaffrarian Rifles.
Brabant's Horse.

V.—Natal, beleaguered in Ladysmith under Sir G. White.

CAVALRY

Brocklehurst's Brigade.

5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th Hussars.
19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY

Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS

23rd (Field) Co.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Howard's Brigade.

2nd Gordons.
1st Manchester.
1st Gloucester.†
1st Devon.

Brigade Commander unknown.

2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
1st King's Royal Rifles.
1st Leicester.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†

Not Brigaded.

1st Liverpool.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Imperial Light Horse.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

VI.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

CAVALRY

Dundonald's Brigade.

1st Dragoons.
13th Hussars.
14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY

Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS

17th (Field) Co.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Hildyard's Brigade.

2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.

Barton's Brigade.

1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.

Lyttelton's Brigade.

2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.

Hart's Brigade.

1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Border.

Coke's Brigade.

2nd Warwick.
2nd Somerset L.I.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Middlesex.

Wynne's Brigade.

2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
1st York and Lancaster.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Natal Naval Volunteers.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Durban Light Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry
Imperial Light Infantry.
Natal Mounted Police (Det.).
S. African Light Horse (part).

VII.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

CAVALRY

7th Dragoon Guards.
17th Lancers.
8th Hussars.

ARTILLERY

Horse—M Battery.
Field—89th, 90th, 91st Batteries.

ENGINEERS

"C" Pontoon Troop.
5th (Field) Co.
47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY

Campbell's Brigade.

2nd Grenadiers.
2nd Scots Guards.
2nd East Yorkshire.
2nd Leicester.

Boyes's Brigade.

2nd West Kent.
2nd Manchester.
1st South Staffordshire.
1st Worcester.

1st Sussex (from Malta).
1st Leinster (from Halifax).
1st Cameron H'gh's (from Egypt).

Militia Battalions.

3rd Royal Lancaster.
6th Lancashire Fusiliers.
3rd South Wales Borderers.
3rd East Lancashire.
4th South Staffordshire.
3rd Welsh.
5th Dublin Fusiliers.
4th Somerset L.I.
4th West Yorkshire.
3rd Yorkshire.
4th East Surrey.
6th Middlesex.
3rd Leinster.
5th Munster Fusiliers.
4th North Staffordshire.
3rd Norfolk.
4th Cheshire.
4th Bedford.
3rd West Riding.
3rd K.O. Scottish Borderers.

Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
Imperial Yeomanry.
Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.
Lumsden's Horse (from India).

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 (Supply), 39, 40, 41, and 42.

Naval Brigades are serving with White in Ladysmith, with Buller in Northern Natal, with Methuen at Modder River, and with the troops under General Gatacre.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (detachment), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles. In Kimberley, under Colonel Kekewich, there are the Diamond Fields Artillery, Diamond Fields Horse, Kimberley Rifles, and Cape Mounted Police (detachment).

The following Militia Battalions are embodied for garrison duty at home and abroad to take the place of the regular battalions gone to South Africa: 3rd Royal Scots (Holywood), 3rd West Surrey (Portsmouth), 3rd East Kent (Enniskillen), 5th Northumberland (Malta), 5th Royal Fusiliers (Dover), 3rd Devon (Jersey), 3rd Suffolk (Guernsey), 3rd Royal Irish (Aldershot), 5th Lancashire Fusiliers (Chatham), 3rd Scots Fusiliers (Aldershot), 3rd Welsh Fusiliers (Plymouth), 4th Scottish Rifles (Glasgow), 3rd Inniskilling Fusiliers (Mullingar), 4th Gloucestershire (Athlone), 3rd Cornwall Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Border (Colchester), 3rd Sussex (Brighton), 3rd Dorset (Shorncliffe), 3rd Black Watch (Montrose), 3rd Oxford Light Infantry (Buttevant), 3rd Essex (Warley), 3rd North Lancashire (Malta), 3rd Northampton (Aldershot), 3rd West Kent (Malta), 4th Shropshire Light Infantry (Gravesend), 3rd Wiltshire (Fermoy), 3rd York and Lancaster (York), 3rd Highland Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Seaforths (Egypt), 3rd Gordons (Edinburgh), 3rd Camerons (Aldershot), 6th Irish Rifles (Sheffield), 4th Irish Fusiliers (Colchester), 5th Connaught Rangers (Shorncliffe), 6th Rifle Brigade (Curragh), 5th Warwick (Colchester), 5th Liverpool (Preston), 4th Lincoln (Parkhurst), 4th Suffolk (Dover), 3rd Hampshire (Aldershot), 3rd Derbyshire (Manchester), 8th King's Royal Rifles (Templemore), 4th Durham Light Infantry (Aldershot), 3rd Argyll and Sutherland (Dublin), 3rd Leicestershire (Curragh), 3rd Berkshire (Kilkenny).

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

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A Reconnaissance on the Tugela.

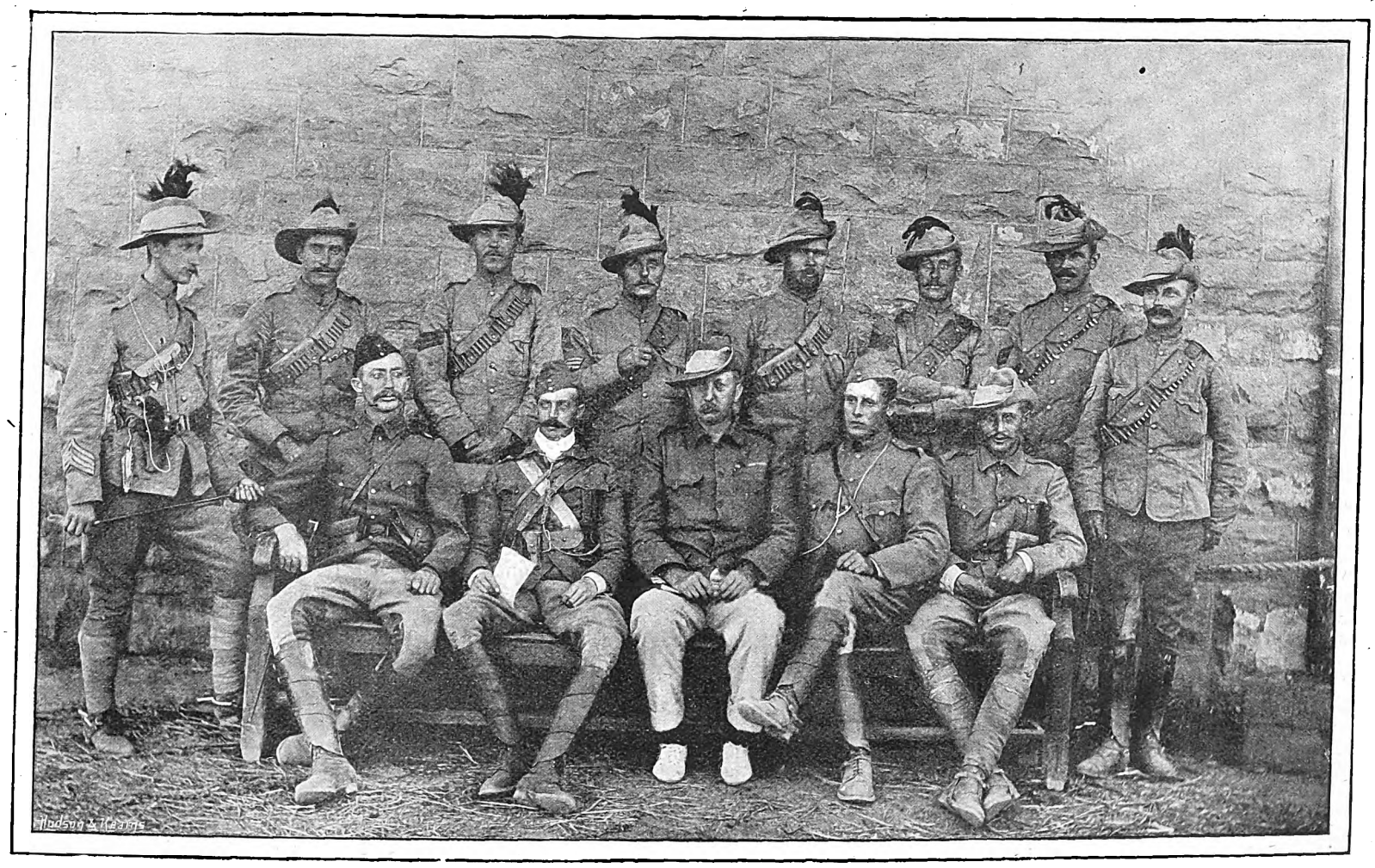
THE DARING DEED OF KENTISH YEOMEN.

THE "E" SQUADRON, SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE.
"Like Greyhounds in the Slips Straining upon the Start."

THE devotion and gallantry of the Kentish yeomen in South Africa should be an inspiring thought to Englishmen. A detachment of the East Kent Yeomanry left Canterbury at the end of October, and, joining the South African Light Horse, have since been well occupied on the Tugela.

It was desired, on January 19, to ascertain if Robinson's Drift was fordable and if the Boers were in strength there, and two squadrons of the South African Light Horse were despatched for the purpose. An advance was to be made down a long bare slope (2,000-yds.) to the river, completely commanded by the enemy's trenches. Corporal Harry Clarke and Sergeant-Major Mudford dashed forward, followed by Lance-Corporal Tice and Trooper Sole, all of the East Kent. At 200-yds. the enemy opened fire, but the yeomen reached the river, and Clarke, getting through the wire entanglements, found the ford impassable. Then a more deadly cross-fire was opened on the men near the stream, and they took shelter behind a few ragged bushes, 100-yds. from the trenches, where for three hours they fired whenever they caught sight of an enemy. Clarke drove off the Boers' heliograph, and gallant Mudford—whose portrait is on the extreme right of our larger picture—walked from point to point and encouraged the men.

Then came the order to retire. Clarke, Tice (minus reins and stirrups), and Sole got away first, marvellously without a scratch, though one of them had his rifle shot from his hand, and another his hat shot off his head. Mudford remained behind trying to get together other men who could not hear his call. At the top of the slope they watched his coming under a terrific fire, expecting every moment to see him fall. "He'll be killed!" cried the general. "Not he, sir," answered Clarke; "they can't hit the East Kent." At last the gallant Mudford reached the crest unscathed, though Captain De Rougemont and six good men of the South African Light Horse had fallen by the stream.



Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

OFFICERS AND SERGEANTS OF THE "A" SQUADRON, SOUTH AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE.
With Some "Good Yeomen whose Limbs were Made in England."

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The Story of the War.

THE result of Lord Roberts's masterful combinations has been to completely encompass the devoted forces of General Cronje at Koodoosrand Drift, on the Modder, where, as these pages go to press, they are making a desperate defence in a perfect inferno of shot and shell, with apparently no hope of escape, unless other Boer forces are able to come up in far greater force than now seems possible.

Full details of the later operations are wanting as we write, but it is possible to give with accuracy a general account of the events. No one can withhold great admiration from the masterful skill with which General Cronje extricated his forces from his untenable position at Magersfontein, or from the sturdy endurance with which his troops, fighting a heavy rear-guard action, succeeded in reaching the position at Koodoosrand Drift, about thirty-five miles to the eastward. It appears that the Boer general evacuated Magersfontein and Spytfontein at midnight on February 15, and made a forced march, with his heavy guns and long train, by way of Scholtz Nek to Drieput. General French had hurried forward to the relief of Kimberley, and Cronje's line of retreat was across General Kelly-Kenny's front, already established at Klip Drift on the Modder. Early on the morning of the 16th the fugitive Boers were seen from Klip Drift kopje trekking eastward at a distance of 5,000-yds., and they gained the shelter of the Drieput kopjes under a long-range fire, harassed by our mounted infantry. Several battalions and batteries then crossed the river, and the rear guard was attacked near Drieput, and a portion of the convoy captured. Meanwhile the main body of the enemy was rapidly marching forward to Klipkraal Drift, and our troops recrossed to the south to endeavour to head them off, the Sixth Division, followed by the Highland Brigade, which made a forced march from the Modder River Camp, going in hot pursuit. Cronje succeeded in crossing to the south side at night, and pushed forward without pausing towards Koodoosrand Drift. Kelly-Kenny continued the pursuit on the 17th and greatly harassed the fugitives' rear, and an attack was developed upon the main body on the 18th. The enemy's laager was on the north bank near the drift, and there were strong entrenchments in the bed of the river.

The Boers fought most desperately throughout the day, and the action was of a dogged and sanguinary character. Our purpose was to hem them in completely, and in accomplishing this our lines were much exposed on both banks of the river. The Highland Brigade, though spent by long marching, fought grandly, and the conduct of the whole army was excellent, while the cavalry, under General French, were hastening up from Kimberley and scouring the country to the north. The 81st Field Battery seems at one time to have been in a position of some difficulty, for it was subjected to a heavy fire, with one of its waggons damaged and four of its horses wounded, but it was extricated through the good qualities of the Gordons, who formed an escort. The Highlanders lost heavily, and General MacDonald was wounded in the foot. Lord Kitchener was present. During the day our men suffered very much from thirst, but were relieved by a thunder-storm which broke over the battle-field in the afternoon. The Boers had left behind them about 50,000-lb. of ammunition at Magersfontein and a vast quantity of stores had been captured, while their draught oxen were wandering about the veldt; but, though they were reported to be short of food, they were in a position in which they had plenty of water. On both sides the men were thoroughly tired out, and at nightfall silence descended upon the camps, while the bearer parties were collecting the dead and wounded.

Tired as the Boers were after their exertions, they spent part of the night in further entrenching themselves. Their position was completely invested when the fighting began afresh on the 19th. The firing was very heavy, but the casualties on our side were nothing like so great as those of the previous day. The mobility of Cronje had now completely vanished, and he had been utterly unable to attempt any further movement. His losses were fearful, and at noon he asked for twenty-four hours' armistice in order to bury the dead, and no doubt to gain time. With this request Lord Kitchener refused to comply, and Cronje then sent a message that if we were so inhuman as to refuse to grant the armistice he had no course but to surrender. Lord Kitchener thereupon proceeded to the Boer laager to arrange terms, but was met by the announcement that the whole thing was a mistake, and that resistance to the death had been decided upon. Lord Kitchener therefore returned, and a general bombardment began. A terribly destructive fire was opened against the actual front of the Boer laager by the 18th, 62nd, and 75th field batteries and the 65th howitzer, the latter using lyddite. The Boers sought shelter by the river, but the howitzers searched their position thoroughly, and it was noticed that the terrible green fumes of the explosive were rising from their trenches, and at night deserters came out to us terribly shattered by their experience, and glad to escape.

On Tuesday, the 20th, Lord Roberts made a careful reconnaissance in force of the enemy's position, and found that he could not assault it without very heavy loss. He therefore determined to continue the bombardment. As an old Artillery officer, his knowledge of the effect of concentrated fire no doubt justified him in the course he adopted, and by this time the cavalry were well ahead, while it was impossible for large Boer reinforcements to come up for some time. Every opportunity had been given to the Boers to surrender, and an attempt was now to be made to crush their resistance once for all. It is probable that no military force has ever been subjected to such a terrible shelling as that which ensued. Lord Roberts placed in position on the south bank of the Modder, at a range of 2,000-yds., the three field batteries already named, with two Naval 12-pounders, these enfilading the whole of the river bed, while on the north bank were the 65th (howitzer), 76th, 81st, and 82nd field batteries, with three Naval 4·7-in. guns. The fire of about fifty guns was concentrated upon a space about one mile square, and lyddite shells and shrapnel searched every part of the position. But the Boers held out with desperate courage in this hell of fire, and must have lost terribly. At night the firing ceased, and not a light was to be seen in the enemy's camp nor a single cry heard.

On the 21st and succeeding days the bombardment continued intermittently, and the case of the Boers seemed absolutely hopeless, but they were still holding out in a desperate situation, and in a place commanded on all sides, on February 24. Among the captives who have fallen into our hands are some who report that they have been withdrawn from Ladysmith; but it was impossible for the Boers to bring up any large reinforcements for many days, and meanwhile General French was dealing successfully with the scattered parties which attempted to reach Cronje's laager. Fresh arrivals from Natal were beaten off on February 23, with many killed and wounded and the loss of nearly 100 prisoners.

The operations of Sir Redvers Buller had been timed to coincide with the aggressive movement on the western side. His purpose was intimated by his seizure of Hussar Hill on February 14. The Boers were in possession of two hills, Monte Cristo on the north and Cingolo on the south, forming the key to the more important height of Hlangwane, which had threatened any direct advance on Colenso. On the 15th their trenches were shelled, and on the 16th—the day upon which Cronje's rear guard was attacked at Drieput—the advance was continued, General Lyttelton working his way along the fringe of the Boer position, and an outlying spur of Cingolo being seized. On the 17th that hill was captured, and on the next day, by a most brilliant converging movement, the Boers were completely routed from Monte Cristo. They were out-manœuvred, and some prisoners fell into our hands. Hlangwane had now become untenable, and it was captured by the Fusilier Brigade (General Barton) on the 19th. This commanding position wrenched from them, there was no course for the Boers but to evacuate Colenso and the south bank of the Tugela, and Sir Charles Warren, with Thorneycroft's Horse, forced the passage with little opposition on February 21, thus bringing to a close a most successful week's fighting, and capturing with little loss a position of great strength, which had resisted all our efforts on December 15. Since that time the advance has been slowly pushed forward in a country of extraordinary difficulties, stubbornly held, though there can be no doubt that from the other side of Ladysmith large numbers of Boers are trekking into the Free State.

The triumphant relief of Kimberley, where Lord Methuen is now in military occupation, has had a splendid moral effect in South Africa, and the relief of Mafeking must soon follow, though Colonel Plumer has been unable to progress southward beyond Crocodile Pools, near which place he had some loss on February 12.

The greatest satisfaction is felt at the success of the brilliant movement of General Brabant, whereby the enemy was utterly discomfited and driven with loss out of Dordrecht, which has thus been recovered to the loyalists; and it is hoped that Lord Roberts's proclamation of immunity to those who lay down their arms will have a good effect. General Brabant has since made a further advance.

Since the retirement of General Clements to Arundel, the Boers have shown an aggressive spirit, and at one time the communications with Naauwpoort were threatened; but it would appear that the operations in the Free State have since made necessary the withdrawal of a large force from Cape Colony, and the situation there must now rapidly change.

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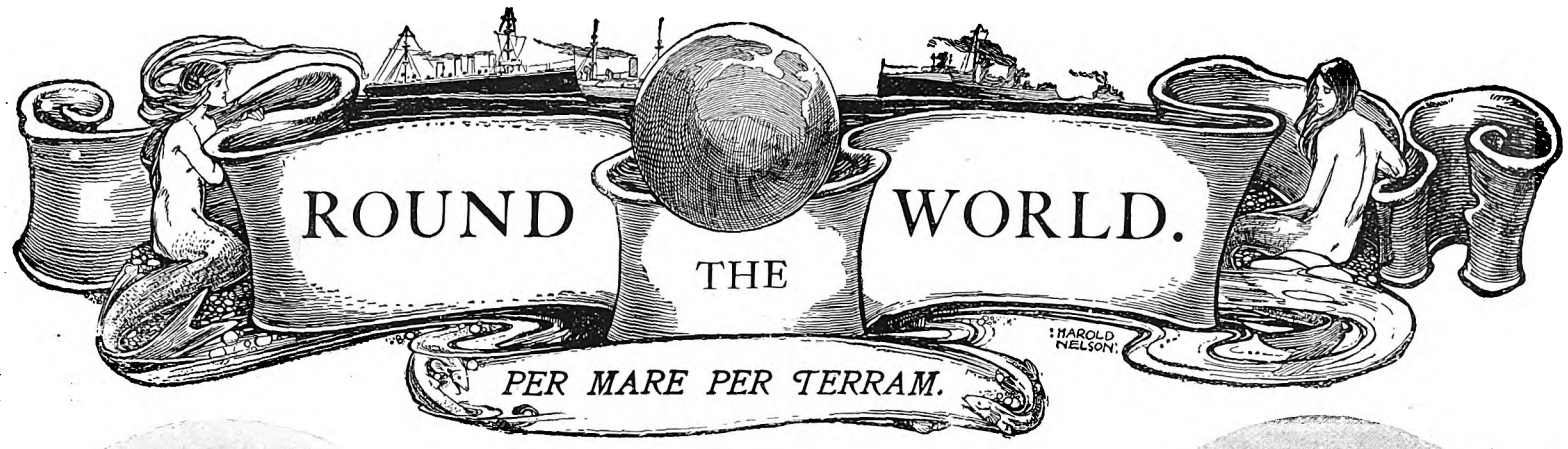

Photo. *Lafayette.*
MAJOR-GEN. E. R. P. WOODGATE, C.B., C.M.G.,
Recently in Command of the 10th Brigade.

THE brave officer who was seriously wounded during the defence of Spion Kop, which he seized on the night of January 23, had had a difficult task to perform during those unfortunate operations. When he fell wounded, being then in command of the summit, the officer who succeeded him decided to abandon the position, and the retirement to the Tugela began. Colonel Woodgate, who has the local rank of major-general, is an old King's Own-officer. He served with the regiment in the Abyssinian Campaign, and was present in the engagement at Arogee and at the capture of Magdala. He served throughout the Ashanti War, 1873, and took part in the action at Essaman, in the repulse of the Ashanti Army at Abrakrampa, and in other fighting up to the battle of Amoaful. In the Zulu War of 1879 he was staff officer of the Flying Column and was mentioned in despatches, and received a brevet majority for his services up to the battle of Ulundi. In 1897 he went on special service to Sierra Leone to take command of troops there, the tribes being in a state of rebellion. General Woodgate, who held this appointment up to 1899, has long and varied service, which well entitles him to the command of a brigade in South Africa.

WHEN the war broke out, Colonel Allen, who graduated from the Staff College in 1882, was A.A.G. at Army Headquarters, and was at once appointed in the same capacity to Gatacre's 3rd Division. On that disastrous day at Stormberg, personal valour was in evidence everywhere throughout the field, but in no individuals was it more pronounced than in the persons of the General and his A.A.G. As a correspondent writes: "Wherever the men were most hotly pressed, there were they to be found encouraging them by word and deed." Allen's only previous war service was in South Africa, for he was D.A.A. and Q.M.G. to Warren's Bechuanaland Expedition in 1884-85, and for his services earned mention in despatches and his brevet as lieutenant-colonel. His regimental service was passed in the East Yorkshire Regiment.

Photo. *Broughton.*
COLONEL R. E. ALLEN,
Gatacre's Right-hand Man.

WITH the appointment of Yule to command the brigade left vacant by the lamented death of Penn-Symons, the command of the 1st Devons devolved on Major C. W. Park, then second in command, and it was he who commanded the grand old West Country corps, whose motto is "Semper Fidelis," at the battle of Elandslaagte, and led it in the splendid charge it made when repulsing the Boer attack on Ladysmith on January 6. Park has seen all his service with the Devons, for he joined the corps as a youngster of nineteen fresh from Haileybury, in 1875, and was adjutant of his battalion for seven years, 1879 to 1886. He was promoted captain in 1883, major nine years later, and succeeded to the command last November. His previous war service has been on the North-West Frontier of India, for he served in the Afghan War of 1878-80. He has seen considerable staff service in India, for he was D.A.A.G., and afterwards A.A.G., in Burma and Madras.

Photo. *Wright.*
LIEUT.-COLONEL C. W. PARK,
Who Commands the Devons in Ladysmith.

OUR two remaining portraits on this page are of officers belonging to the corps of mounted Volunteers that India has sent to the front and which will go down to history as Lumsden's Horse. Our centre portrait is that of Colonel E. C. Showers, who has vacated the appointment of commandant of the Surma Valley Light Horse, a corps consisting mainly of Assam tea planters, which he has held since 1896. The motto of the corps is "Non sibi, sed patriæ," and Colonel Showers and the men he takes with him to Lumsden's Horse are in truth living up to their regimental motto.

Photo. *Bourne & Shepherd.*
COLONEL E. C. SHOWERS,
Second in Command of Lumsden's Horse.

The second of our portraits is that of Captain Neville Cracroft Taylor, who has been specially detailed by the Government of India for duty with the corps, presumably as adjutant. Captain Taylor joined the Indian Staff Corps from the West Yorkshire Regiment in 1886, and has since that date served with that fine cavalry regiment the 14th Bengal Lancers, of which he is now squadron officer. This is the regiment which originally earned its reputation as Murray's Jat Horse. Captain Taylor in this campaign will be seeing war service for the first time.

NOTHING has been more clearly demonstrated by the present operations than that, in any warfare such as we are now carrying on, powerful telescopes are not only useful, but absolutely necessary. It was not long before the deficiency in the supply to the troops in the field became apparent to those in command, and on their requisition the Government at home speedily procured and sent out a supply. As this class of instruments takes in the ordinary way a considerable time to manufacture, the demand had to be met by the stock that manufacturers had in hand.

Our photograph reproduces a number that were supplied to the Government by Mr. Steward, the well-known official optician to the National Rifle Association. And it is somewhat unique, for it is not often, outside of an optician's

Photo. *Bourne & Shepherd.*
CAPT. NEVILLE CRACROFT TAYLOR,
14th Bengal Lancers.

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window, that one sees grouped together so large a number of powerful glasses.

The value these telescopes will be to the troops at the front is shown by the fact that they magnify from 50 to 90 diameters, and the majority of them have object glasses of 2½-in. to 3¼-in., thus ensuring a good field of view and clearness. The lot here shown are one of three consignments that Mr. Steward has sent out to South Africa, and were despatched to Woolwich within four days of the order being received, though special adaptations had to be made. Mr. Steward has also supplied a large number of binoculars for field service, notably to the Yeomanry.

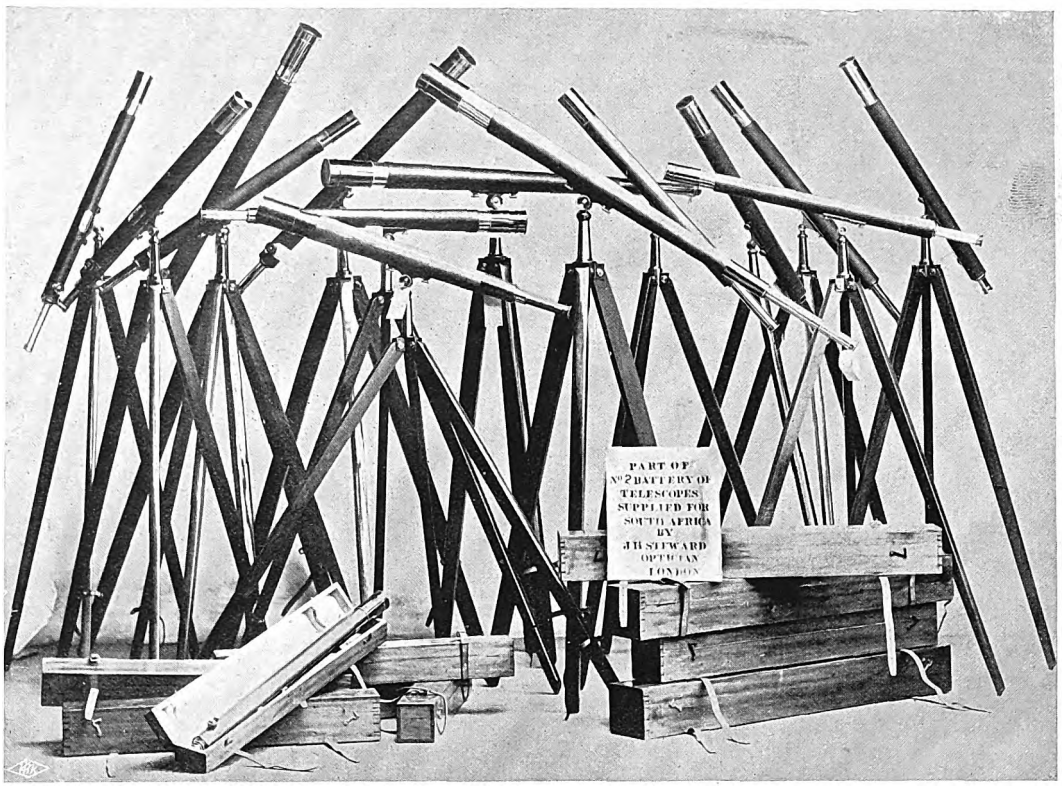

Photo. Copyright. TELESCOPES FOR OUR SOLDIERS. *"Navy & Army."*
To Supply a Pressing Need in South Africa.

THE staff and cadets of the "Britannia" will much regret the departure of Captain the Hon. Assheton G. Curzon-Howe, C.B., C.M.G., A.D.C., whose tenure of command of the training-ship for Naval cadets now expires.

Captain Curzon-Howe has filled the post with unexampled success, and that too at a time when the system in the training-ship was passing through important changes.

Our illustration shows Captain Curzon-Howe in the centre of a group which comprises the officers of the "Britannia" and her tender the "Racer," together with those Naval instructors who are borne on her books for service with the Naval cadets.

Cap. Curzon Howe comes of Naval stock on both sides, for his father, the first Earl Howe, was a grandson of the great victor of the First of June, and his mother was a daughter of the late Admiral Sir Richard Gore, K.C.B. Captain Howe is the youngest half-brother of the present Earl Howe, and is not yet fifty years of age. He served in the Naval Brigade landed under the command of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle for the punitive expedition against the Sultan of Vitu in East Africa, and by his prompt action in landing seamen at Bluefields, Nicaragua, in 1894, probably prevented an outbreak of civil war.

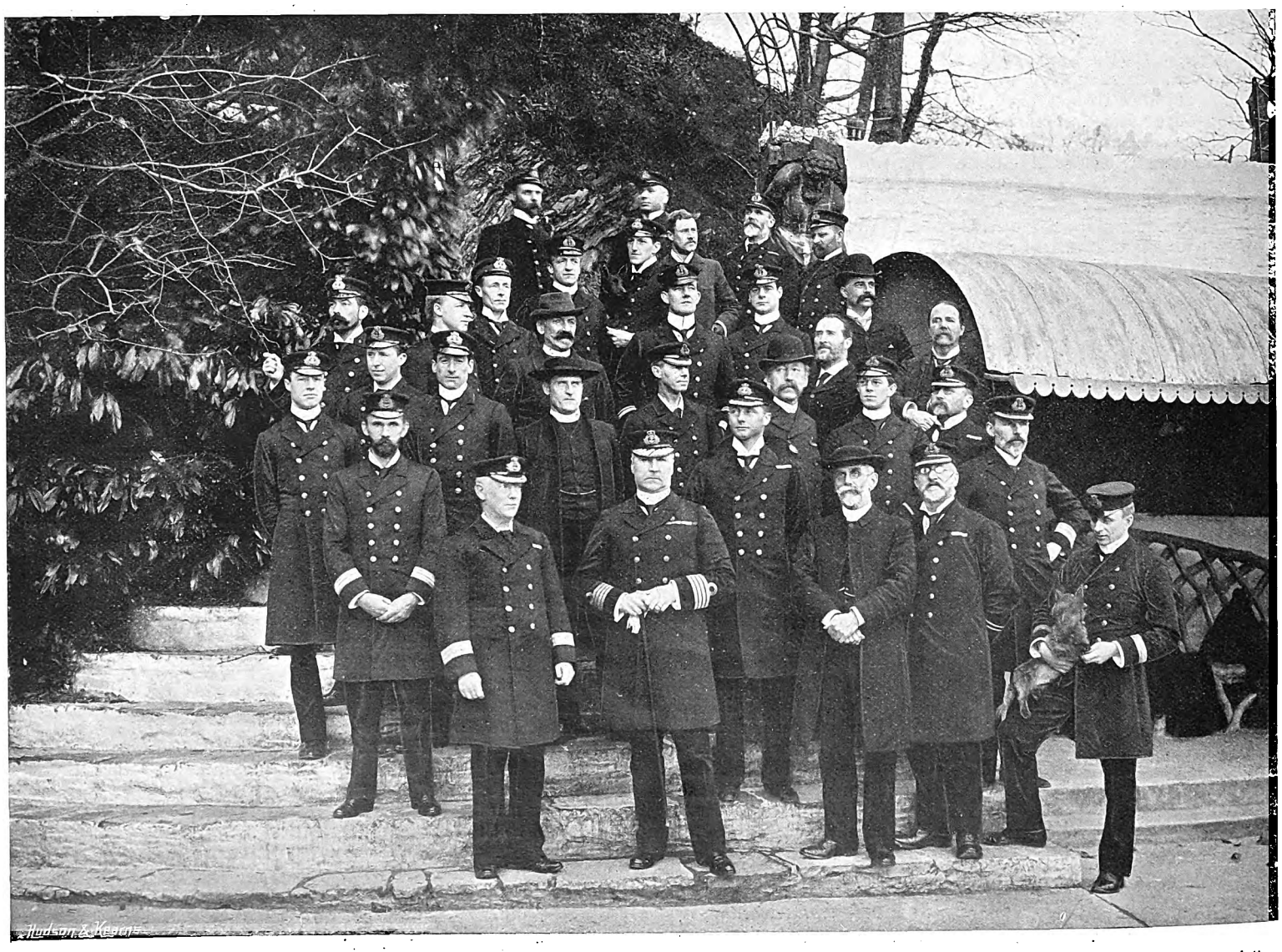

Photo. Copyright. *W. M. Crockett.*
CAPTAIN CURZON-HOWE AND HIS OFFICERS—THE STAFF OF THE CADET SHIP "BRITANNIA."

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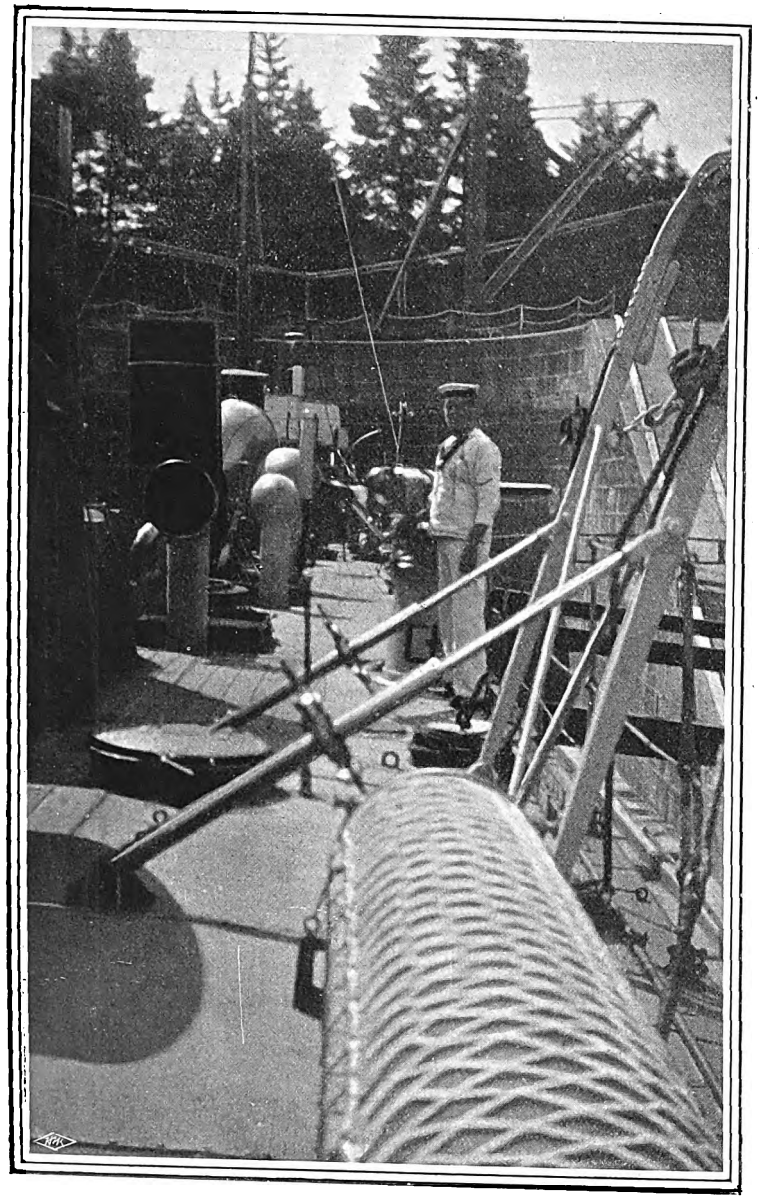
The T.-B. D. "Virago" At Esquimalt.



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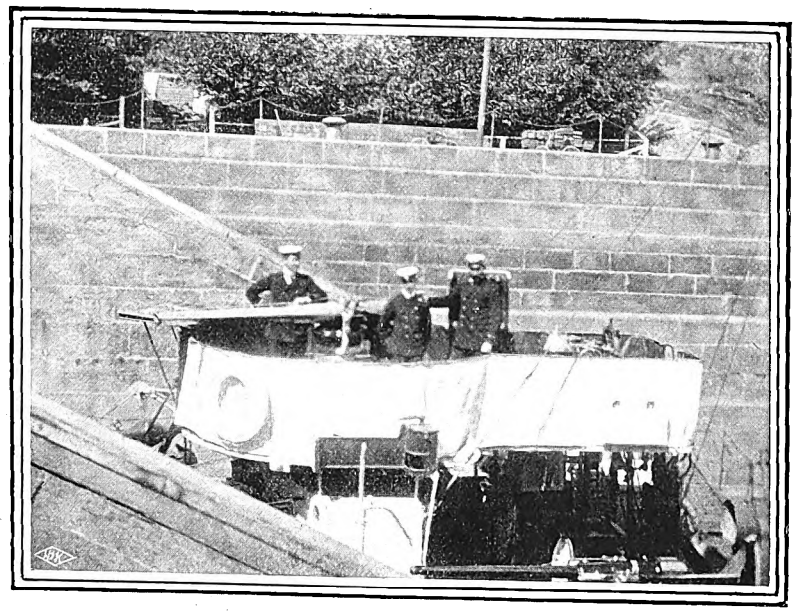
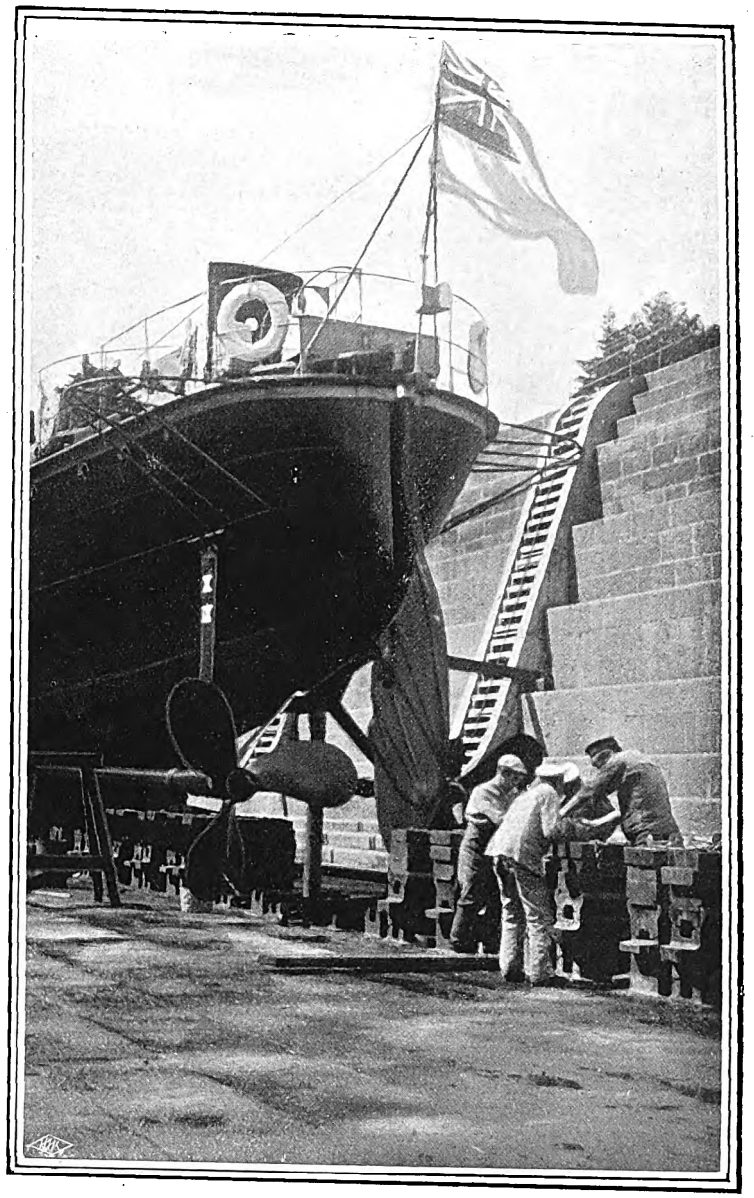
IN DRY DOCK
The Upper Deck.

HER GUARDIANS.
The Officer of the Watch and the Man at the Wheel.



THE POST OF COMMAND.
Her Officers on the Bridge.



SEEN FROM BELOW.
The Stern and Propeller

"Navy & Army."

THE "Virago" is one of those torpedo-boat destroyers now kept permanently stationed abroad, the station in her particular case being the Pacific. She is one of the fastest destroyers we possess, having compassed on her trials the high mean of 30·3 knots, a performance that Laird Brothers, her builders, may be proud of.

The destroyer is one of the largest of her type, displacing 360 tons, and having a length of 210-ft. Her armament comprises one 12-pounder and five 6-pounder quick-firers, and she has also two single training tubes for the discharge of 18-in. Whitehead torpedoes. She was commanded at the time our picture was taken by Lieutenant O. V. de Satgé.

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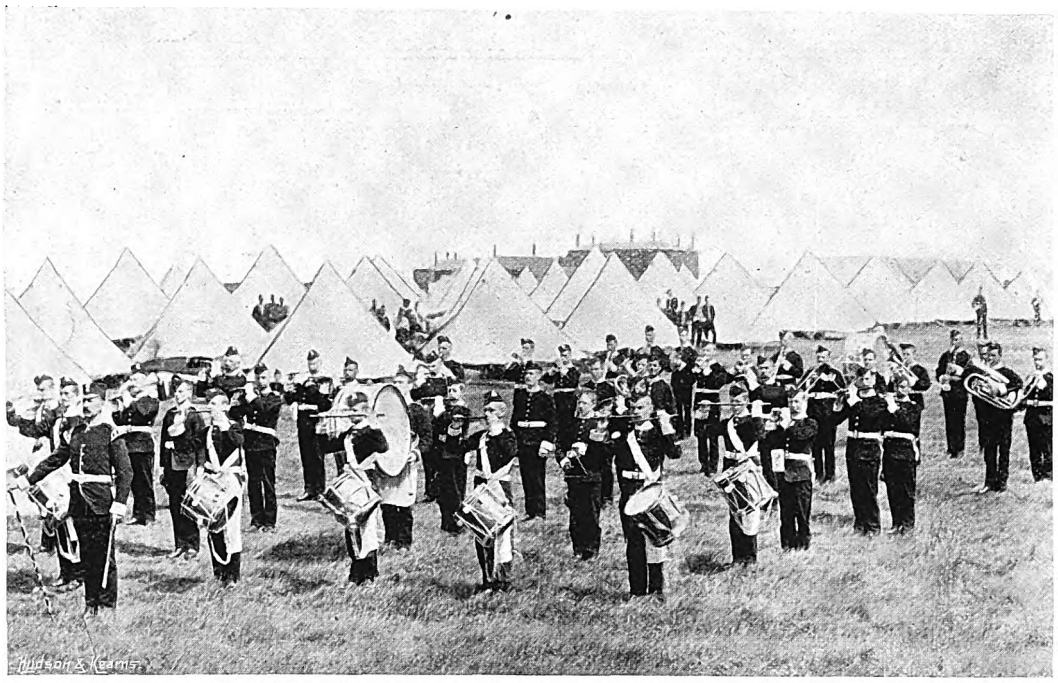
The 6th Lancashire Fusiliers.

LIEUT.-COLONEL W. J. BOSWORTH,
Late Second in Command.

LIEUT.-COLONEL F. C. ROMER,
Commandant of the 6th Lancashire Fusiliers.

CAPTAIN A. F. OWEN-LEWIS.
Lieutenant, Yorkshire Regiment, and Adjutant.

LANCASHIRE has always been a great recruiting centre for the British Army, and its Militia battalions have always been amongst the strongest in the country. This is evident from the fact that when the territorial organisation was created in 1881 the old 20th East Devon was made the Lancashire Fusiliers, as Devonshire could not recruit for more than the two battalions of the Devonshire Regiment. The other day it was one of the three regiments selected to be increased from two to four line battalions. When territorially organised the 7th Royal Lancashire Militia was so strong that it furnished two Militia battalions, now the 5th and 6th, to the regiment. One Lancashire Militia battalion, the 4th King's Own (Royal Lancaster) is in South Africa, and the fine corps here illustrated is on its way to reinforce the army fighting there. Colonel F. C. Romer, who commands the battalion, has qualified in every subject in which a Militia officer can pass, and is one of the keenest and most enthusiastic officers in the auxiliary forces. Major Bosworth was until recently second in command, but has just been promoted to command one of the Militia battalions of the Manchester Regiment, though he would probably have much preferred going on service with his own battalion. Many of our officers have received much of their training at Colonel Bosworth's hands, for he is the head of the large Army tutorial establishment at Roehampton. Captain A. F. Owen-Lewis, who is the adjutant, is one of the senior lieutenants of the Yorkshire Regiment, though of course he holds the temporary rank of captain while acting as adjutant of the battalion. At the last annual training this battalion held an almost unique record amongst the Militia of the country, in that it possessed its full complement of officers. We wish the battalion the best of good luck on its active service.



MUSIC ON THE MARCH.
The Band of the 6th Lancashire Fusiliers.

Photos. Copyright. *COLONEL ROMER AND OFFICERS.* *Navy & Army."*
6th Lancashire Fusiliers.

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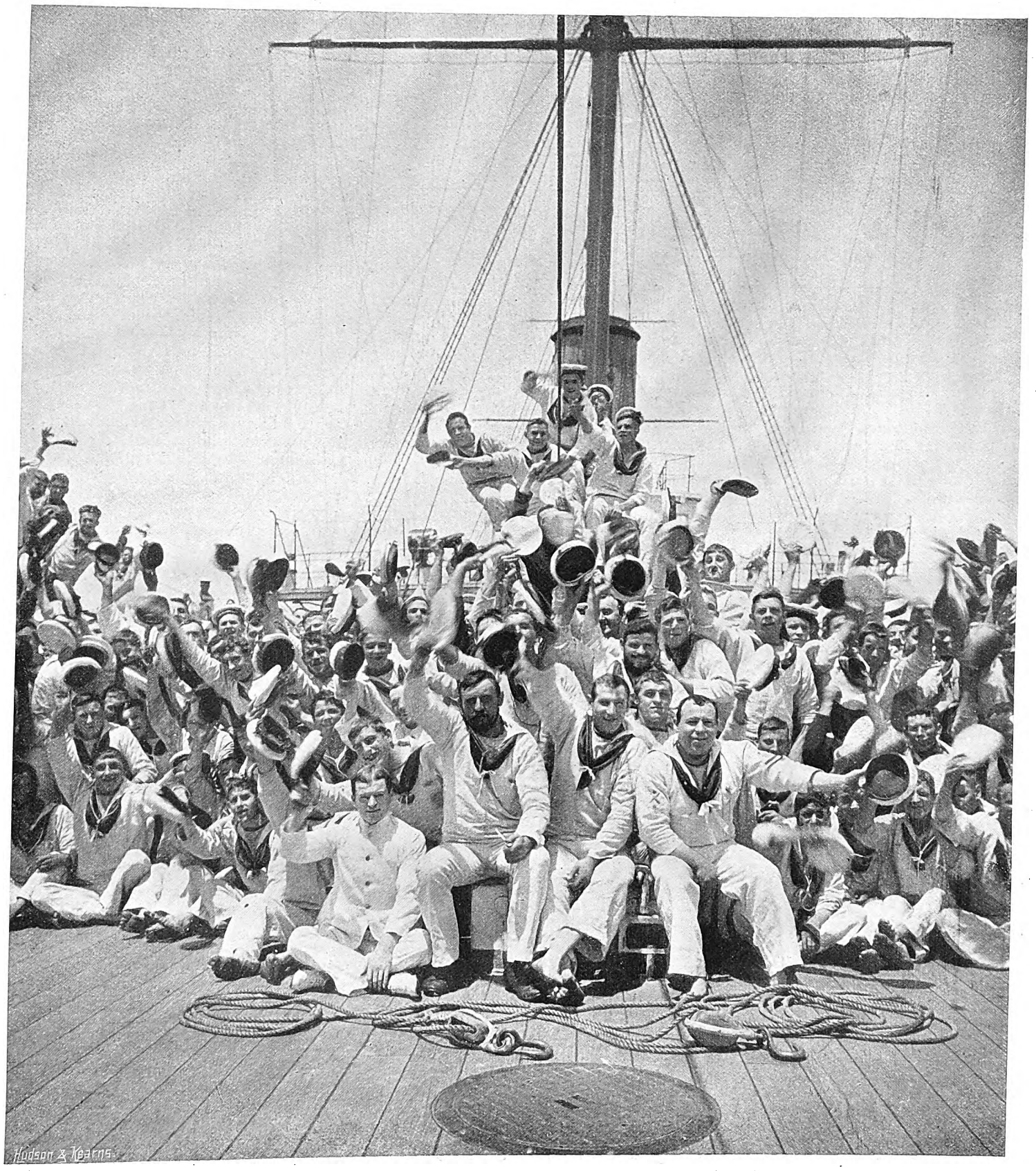
THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 162.] SATURDAY, MARCH 10th, 1900.



HOW OUR TARS RECEIVED THE GOOD NEWS.

When the good news of General French's success reached Cape Town there was unbounded enthusiasm amongst all classes, and on board the ships the Bluejackets were loud in their expressions of delight. A new bond has been formed between the two Services, for the sailor and soldier are fighting side by side in South Africa, and at Kimberley the relief was effected by a commander who began his career in the Navy. Greater, therefore, was the pleasure of the gallant tars, who have so many comrades at the front.

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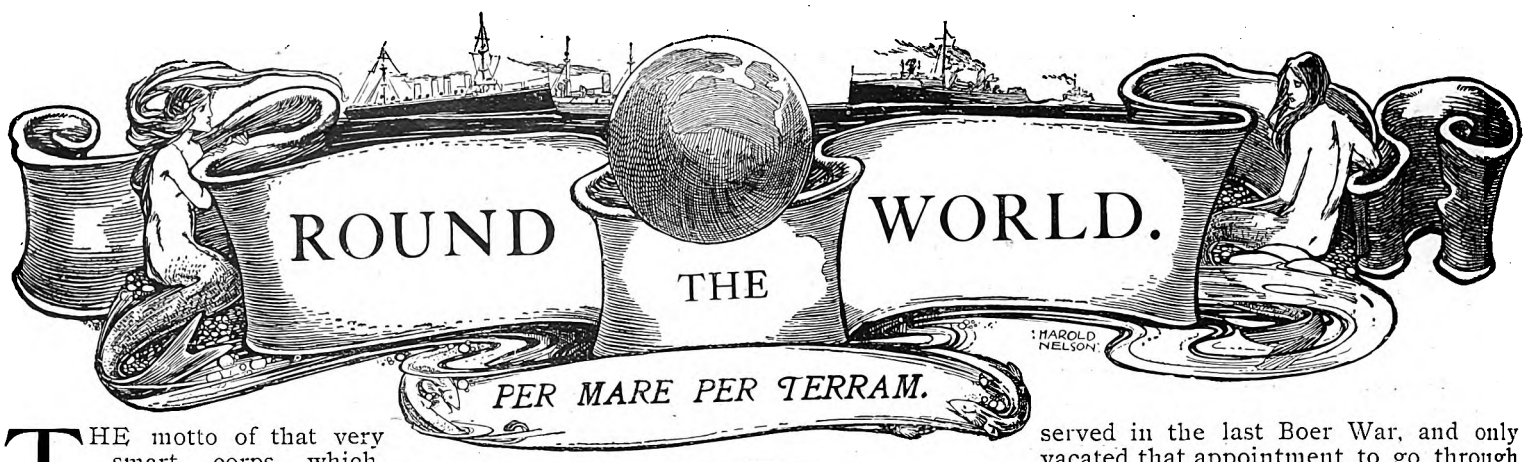

THE motto of that very smart corps which, raised in 1759 as the 15th Light Dragoons, or Elliott's Light Horse, is now the 15th (King's) Hussars, has always been "Merebimur," *i.e.*, "We will merit our rewards." And no man in the corps has lived more up to the regimental tradition than its present colonel, James Redmond Patrick Gordon, whose twenty-one years' connection with the regiment has now been temporarily severed; for one of the cavalry regiments of the 4th Brigade now on its way to South Africa, the 17th Lancers, has been temporarily deprived of its commander, Colonel Fortescue, through ill-health, and to take his place Colonel Gordon has been sent from Meerut, where the 15th Hussars are now stationed, to the Cape. Colonel Gordon, though one of the youngest commanding officers in the Service, for he is only just past thirty-nine years of age, has seen much and varied service since as a youngster of eighteen he joined the King's Hussars as a second lieutenant in January, 1879. Before he had gained his lieutenancy, just two years later, he had served with the Southern Field Force in Afghanistan, earning the medal for that campaign. The 15th saw but little fighting, but it had a very trying time. The writer remembers seeing some ten men take nout of the troop train dead from heat apoplexy after a night journey between Lahore and Mooltan. Gordon was made adjutant of his regiment immediately upon becoming lieutenant in 1881, and in that capacity served in the last Boer War, and only vacated that appointment to go through the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85 as adjutant of the 1st Mounted Rifles. In 1887 he served in Burma, earning the medal and clasp, and in 1888 was promoted captain. Since then he has seen much staff service. From 1889 to 1891 he was adjutant of Yeomanry Cavalry. In 1892 he served in the Lagos Expedition against the Jebus, earning, besides the medal and clasp, mention in despatches. From 1892 to 1896 he was on special recruiting duty, varied by taking part in the Ashanti Expedition of 1895-96, when he again earned honourable mention. He was appointed to the command of his regiment in June, 1897. With so experienced and smart a cavalry officer as Colonel Gordon in charge, the "Death or Glory Boys" should add increased lustre to an already very brilliant reputation.

Photo. *Wyrall.*
LIEUT.-COLONEL J. R. P. GORDON,
Who Captured Rondeval Drift on the Modder on February 13.

IT would be no exaggeration to say that no small part of the success of our troops in the campaign in South Africa is due to the indefatigable exertions of the four officers whose portraits are given in the two pictures at the foot of this page, for on their shoulders has devolved the duty of seeing to the embarkation of the vast bulk of the some two hundred thousand men, and the enormous quantity of animals, stores, supplies, ammunition, etc., that have been despatched from the United Kingdom to South Africa. To exactly allot the proportion that has left the two great Southern ports would be at present a matter of difficulty, but

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TRANSPORT OFFICERS AT SOUTHAMPTON.
Captain W. G. White, R.N., and Lieutenant Colonel J. Stacpole.

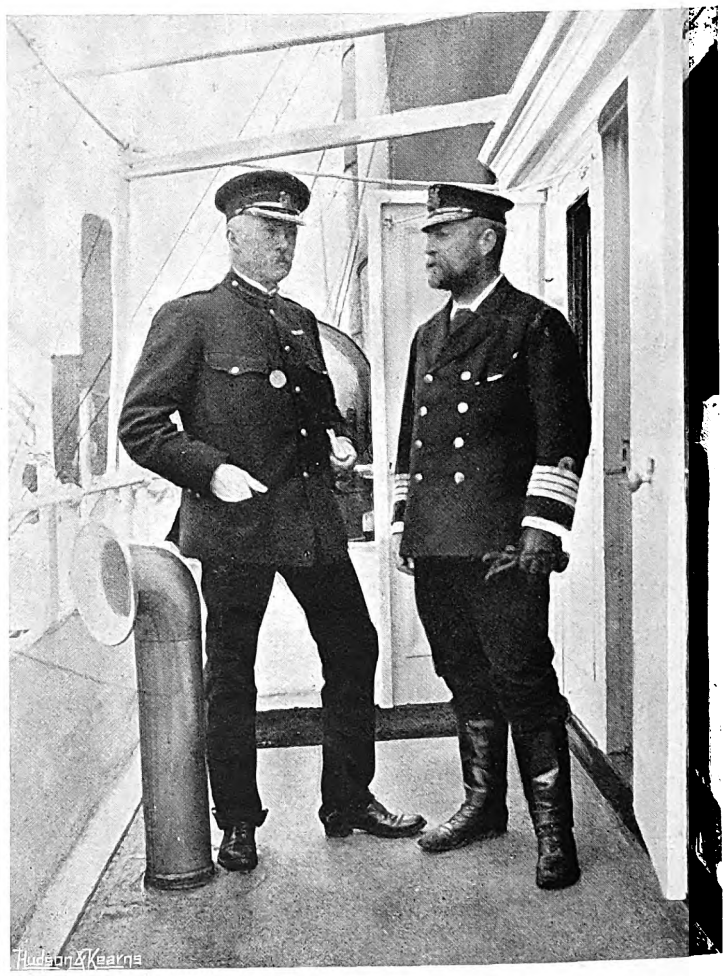

Photo. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*
TRANSPORT OFFICERS AT TILBURY.
Captain C. H. Coke, R.N., and Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Parkyn.

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Photo. Copyright. SIR EDWARD CHICHESTER, BART., R.N., C.M.G., A.D.C. *Fyne.*
Hard at Work in His Office.

we shall probably be doing Southampton and Tilbury some injustice if we take it that of all the men, animals, and material sent from this country for the theatre of war, not less than fifty per cent. have gone from Southampton and twenty-five per cent. from Tilbury. For many long weary months have the officers here shown been engaged on their arduous duties, which not only involve heavy responsibility and considerable mental strain, but also entail such continuously long hours of work without rest as to cause very considerable physical fatigue. And yet the work has been done by these officers from the start to the present without a single hitch the blame for which could be laid on their shoulders. When the honours for the war come to be distributed, by no means the least worthily earned will be those gained by the officers of the transport service. Roughly speaking, the duties of the Services may be said to be divided between the shore and the ship, the Military officer being responsible for the troops until inboard, while the Naval officer takes charge after the Military officer's duties are done, and sees that all is properly stowed on board and that no undue delay occurs in leaving harbour. The final inspection is made by both staffs, together with a medical officer, the officer in command of the troops on board, and a veterinary officer if horses or mules are carried. While this inspection is made the men fall in at their respective messes, and remain seated at the mess tables until the inspection is completed. An immense mass of returns and reports has to be made out, both for the War Office and the Admiralty, and the mere clerical labour entailed on the transport officers is no sinecure. The name of Colonel Stacpole, who is D.A.A.G. for embarkation duties at Southampton, has become a household word in Service circles. He has worthily attained the position he has gained, for he earned his promotion to a sub-lieutenancy in what is now the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, after a service of eight years in the ranks. Two years later he was transferred to the Leicestershire Regiment, in which he was promoted captain. In the Soudan Campaign of 1885 he served as commissariat and transport officer, earning the medal and star. He was promoted to a majority in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1891, and has since 1895 been D.A.A.G. in the Southern District. His Naval colleague, Captain Graham White, has also seen service in Egypt and the Soudan, for he was first lieutenant of the "Bittern" at the bombardment of Alexandria, and in the Red Sea and at Suakin during the campaign of 1885. He has also carried out important diplomatic duties, for he was British delegate to the International Commission in Turkey in 1884. Captain White is also a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Carrying out at Tilbury similar duties to the above are Lieutenant-Colonel Parkyn and Captain Coke, R.N. Colonel Parkyn is a retired officer of the Army Service Corps, which department of the Army he joined from the 18th Hussars, and his experience as a cavalryman must be of special service to him, for a very large proportion of the cavalry embarkations have taken place from Tilbury. He also served in the Soudan Campaign of 1885. His Naval colleague, Captain Coke, is a very young captain, as he was only promoted to that rank some twelve months ago. He served in the Ashanti Campaign of 1873 as a midshipman of the "Druid," and had the bad luck to be wounded, not by the enemy, but by the accidental discharge of a revolver. He has also had his share of good luck, for he was promoted to his lieutenancy from the Royal Yacht. Doing equally good service as the above are those officers engaged in superintending the disembarkations in South Africa, and senior of whom is the officer whose portrait at the head of this page shows him hard at work in his office.

THE Chichesters, or Cirencesters as they were formerly named, have been eminent in Devonshire since the early days of our national history, and the present Baronet lives up to the records of his ancient house. On his shoulders have now fallen these onerous duties as Principal Transport Officer in Natal and senior of all the Naval officers employed on transport duty in South Africa. His services as captain of the 'Immortalight,' as Jack calls her, at Manila, during the attack on it by the American fleet under Admiral Dewey, are still fresh in memory. He well earned the C.M.G. he thereby gained, and perhaps the quaintest, but

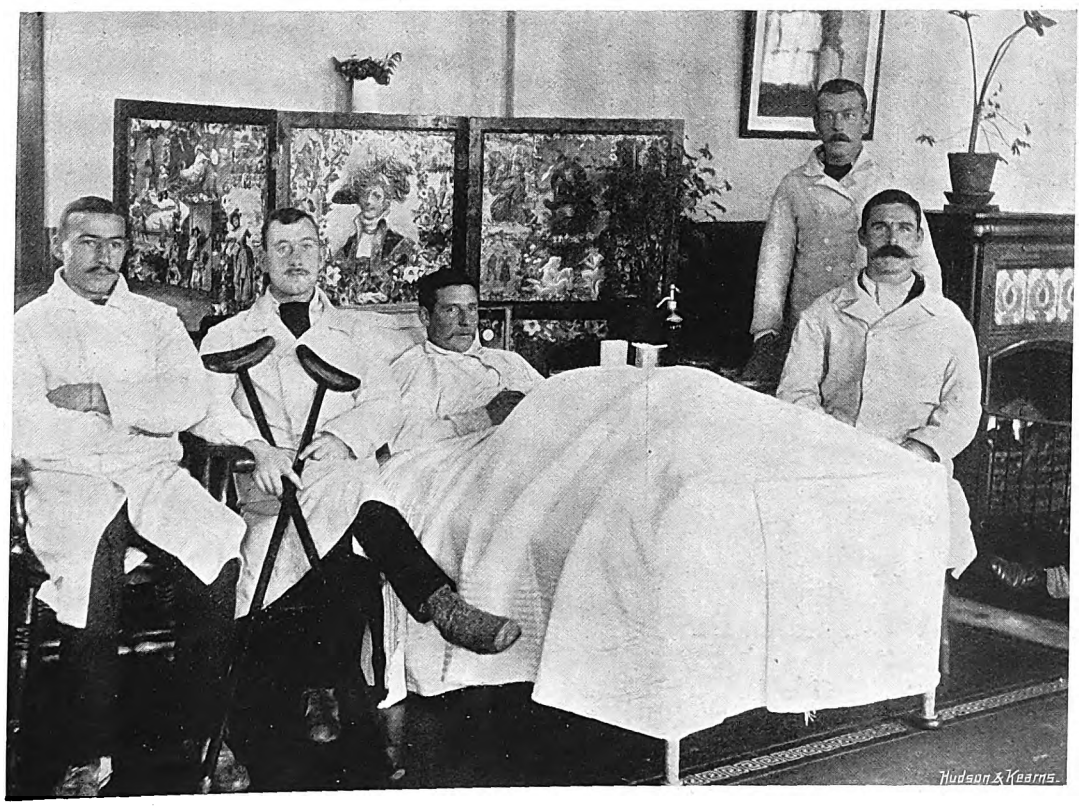

Photo. Copyright WOUNDED MARINES AT HASLAR. *Addis.*
These are the Men Presented to the Queen.

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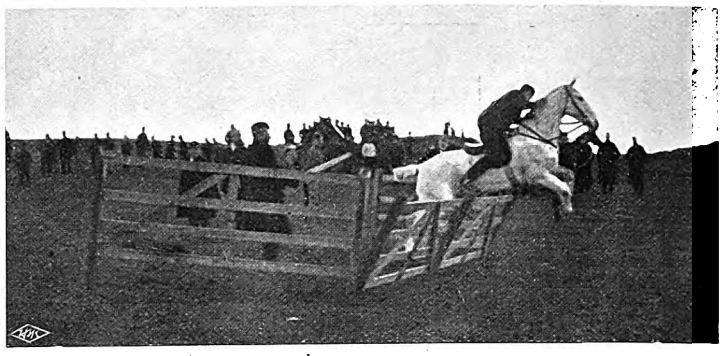
Photos. Copyright. MERELY AN INCIDENT.
Vaulting Ambition O'erleaping Itself.



VERY NEARLY OFF. Voyle.
A Candidate for the Imperial Yeomanry.

none the less most genuine, tribute paid to the tact and discretion he showed in what was a very delicate position, is to be found in the fact that Dewey named the lion presented to him "Chichester," after him whom he described as one of the finest men he ever knew. Curiously enough Chichester is now doing very much the same work, but on a much larger scale, as he was doing twenty-eight years back as a lieutenant, for he was Naval Transport Officer in Natal throughout the Transvaal War of 1881, and until the withdrawal of the troops. Sir Edward is a young officer for his rank, for he is but a few months over fifty, and pretty near the top of the list of captains, a rank he has held since 1889.

A VERY interesting group is that here shown of wounded heroes from the Graspan fight, where the Naval Brigade so distinguished itself. All except the poor fellow in bed were presented to Her Majesty when she crossed the Solent the other day on her journey from Osborne to Windsor. The four men were under the command of Lieutenant W. Jones, R.M.L.I., who himself received a bullet in the thigh, in spite of which he earned well-merited mention in despatches by leading his men to the top of the kopje. and only had his wound dressed at the close of the action, The first on the left is Gunner Kelleher, R.M.A., wounded in the right hand, fingers amputated. Next to him is Private Davis, R.M.L.I., whose left leg has been rendered useless, and the right partially so, by two bullet wounds. Sergeant Gasson, R.M.A., seen in bed, has still a bullet lodged in his knee. Next to him is seated Rooke, R.M.L.I., the membrane of whose right ear was ruptured by the discharge of a 4·7-in. gun. The one standing behind Rooke is Peacock, of the same corps, shot by a Mauser bullet in the left arm.

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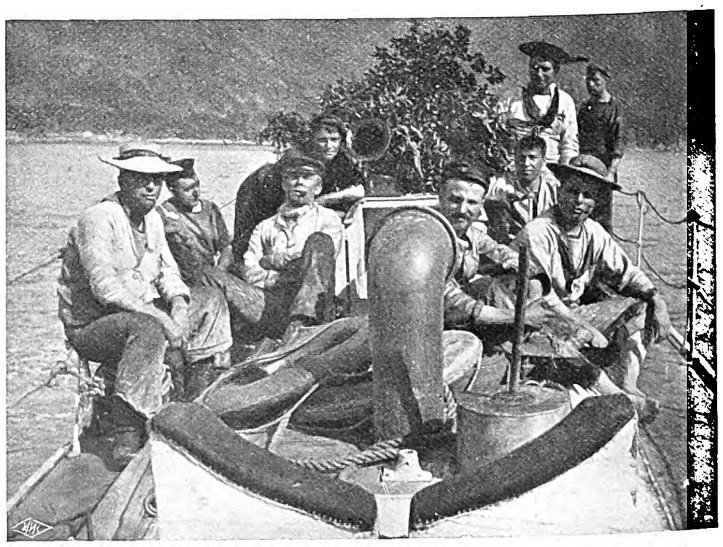
MILITARY ATTACHES AT THE FRONT.
Major Gentilini, Italy. Captain Luttwitz, Germany. Captain A. d'Amade, France. Colonel Stakevitch, Russia. Colonel Slocum, United States. Colonel Trimmel, Austria.

THE group of military attachés shown in the centre, representing the six great Powers, are now with Lord Roberts. They have been spectators of the marvellous flank movement by which Kimberley was relieved, and the invasion of the Orange Free State commenced.

APART from the physical standard which they have to reach, recruits for the Imperial Yeomanry have to pass a test both in shooting and riding. Two illustrations of candidates for the Pembrokeshire Yeomanry Cavalry undergoing the latter are on this page.

WHILST some of their brethren were having a fine time in Ladysmith, on the Tugela, and at the Modder River, the crew of the "Iphigenia" were keeping their Christmas on the China station in the good old-fashioned Naval way. Amongst other diversions a little historical drama was enacted, in one scene of which a distinguished prisoner was conveyed to St. Helena.

Photos. Copyright.
"WITH PIPE AND BIBLE AND A' AND A'."
Kruger as a Passenger for St. Helena.



"Navy & Army."
BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS HOLLY.
A Novel Occupation for a Torpedo-boat.

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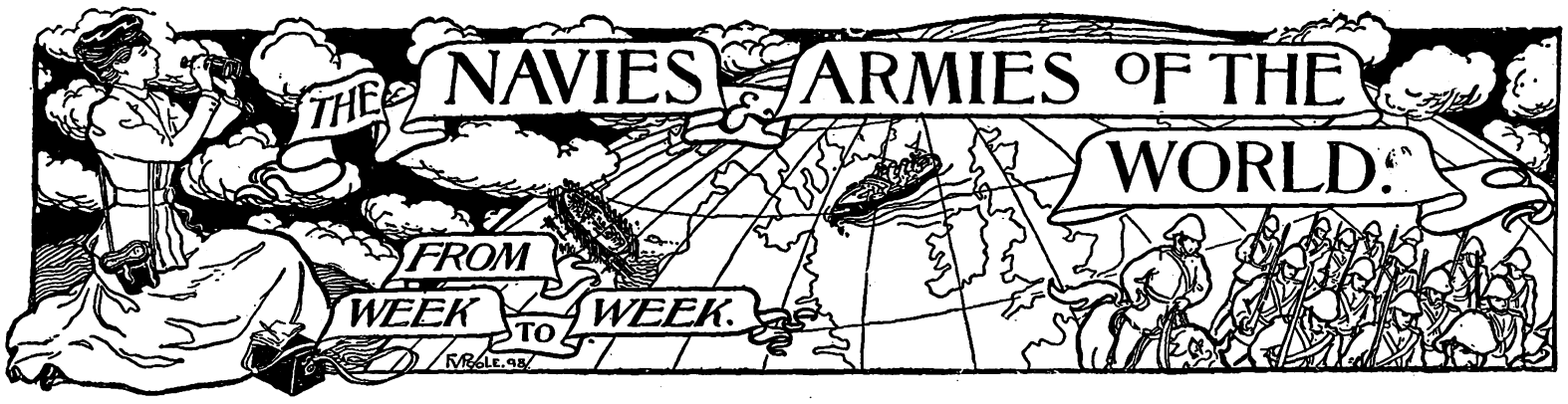

WE have all heard of the safety valve and of the folly of sitting thereon. It is generally understood that this is a metaphor intended to convey to the minds of all the unwisdom of preventing men from having a good grumble. There is much sense in this doctrine, and therefore the discussion which took place in Committee on the Navy Estimates, on Thursday of last week, may pass, seeing that it was meant to air the complaints of the Marines. Nothing is easier to understand than the reluctance with which Mr. Goschen got up to speak on the subject. A head of a great State Department is in a difficult position when he rises to speak about the alleged grievances of any part of the men under his authority. Nothing being perfect in this world, except the confidence which reformers have in their own infallibility, it is always possible to quote cases of more or less hardship. If they are allowed to be well founded, the reformer at once cries out "You see I was right. Let us make a clean sweep and begin again." But this is only an instance of the old truth that "hard cases make bad law." To remedy an evil, it is proposed to abolish a great deal of good. If, on the other hand, the Minister, in order to avoid encouraging the notion that a great work of destruction is desirable, then he is held to be an unjust man, and arouses a good deal of natural bitterness. It requires fine steering to avoid both these risks, and so we can realise Mr. Goschen's unwillingness to speak in the discussion started by Sir John Colomb with considerable vehemence, and continued with even more by Mr. Arnold-Forster.

* * * *

The First Lord took what is by far the best course to follow in all cases of difficulty. He faced the trouble boldly, and went to the root of the matter. He said with perfect truth that we are asked to "revolutionise the whole system in order to find a few more commands for a certain number of Marine officers"; and that is the plain fact at the back of the proposal that the Admiralty should take over the coaling stations, or Mr. Arnold-Forster's wild suggestion that the Marines should be transferred to the War Office. It is not denied by anybody that the Marine officers have a fair ground for complaint. The Marine may be soldier and sailor both, but his misfortune is that he cannot become a general because he is not under the War Office, and he cannot become an admiral because he is not a sailor-man. In his own corps his ambition is limited by three divisional commands, the Walmer Depôt, and one Admiralty post. Yet he is a very highly-trained man, and he makes his corps a model of discipline. Not very unnaturally he thinks he deserves better things, and so do most of us, and so does Mr. Goschen. But the question is how are they to be given, and ought we, in the hope of attaining to them, to "revolutionise the whole system"?

* * * *

This same system began in the reign of King Charles II., which was, on the whole, the most important formative period in the history of the Navy. It was followed, in a more or less slovenly way, till the present regiment of Marines was founded at the beginning of the Seven Years' War. It was the system of assigning a certain number of soldiers for the service of the Fleet. By a natural process, though not till after many hesitations, half measures, and confusions, it had, by the time the existing regiment was founded, been decided that the business-like course was to put it wholly under the Admiralty. The Duke of Cumberland, the "butcher" Duke, of whom there is not much good to be said, had the credit of having recommended this most successful measure some years before it was finally adopted. Nearly—very nearly—a century and a-half have passed since then. During that long period the British Navy has maintained a better level of efficiency and has gained more uniform success than any other fighting body in the world. It has, in short, stood the test of practice, and has proved in a score of wars, and in every sea, that it is as tough as it is elastic. And yet there are those who will propose—not calmly, but hysterically—to take it all to pieces. And why? Because individuals suffer from disabilities which can be removed by far smaller measures, or which, if they cannot be removed, are yet not of such magnitude that a great certain evil should be incurred to remove them.

* * * *

When one comes to look into the facts as alleged by the advocates of revolutionary change, one is astounded at their general insignificance. Sir John Colomb argued that it was wrong to land so many men from the ships at the Cape, and that Bluejackets ought not to be employed on shore at all. Now the general doctrine that ships' crews are for the sea is a perfectly sound one. Most surely we ought not to make an abuse of Naval brigades. But neither ought we to make a law of the Medes and the Persians, "which altereth not," that they are never to be employed. Mr. Goschen stated the theory, which is free from "the falsehood of extremes," excellently well. He said: "As to the argument that the ships were rendered not efficient to go to sea, there was no probability of their being required to do so." He agreed that the hon. and gallant member's—viz., Sir J. Colomb's—doctrine was good doctrine, but it was not applicable in the present case. He would frankly admit that if there was a war elsewhere, if there were hostile cruisers about, and a chance of the ships being required to act, then strong as the desire of the officers and Bluejackets might be to assist the troops on shore, he should put a restraining hand upon that desire, because the ships would be the proper place for them. He had before this boldly replied, in answer to Sir John Colomb's criticism that to keep vessels about the Cape with part of their crews on shore was "localising the Fleet," that the Admiralty would certainly localise the Fleet "if necessary." The orthodoxy of the measure depends on the necessity, and it will hardly be maintained that none had arisen for reinforcing the troops in South Africa. It will hardly be maintained that it is the duty of the Royal Navy to look on while a part of the Empire is invaded by land, simply because its proper business is on the sea.

* * * *

Sir John Colomb's contention that the forces lent by the Navy to the Army ought to consist entirely of Marines is not supported by experience. And, be it observed, we must go by experience in deciding whether this or the other measure is correct in all work. There are people, our neighbours the French, and to some extent the Germans, among them, who have a way of thinking out fine coherent-looking theories beforehand, and then endeavouring to make the facts square to their own imagination. The practice has not answered so beautifully that we need wish to adopt it. Our own method has answered most admirably. In regard to the formation of Naval brigades, it has always been to form them partly of sailors. The examples are innumerable, and might be quoted almost *ad infinitum* from the famous Cromwellian expedition to the West Indies in 1655 down to to-day. It is idle to say that men trained to fight on shore are fitter than those trained to fight on sea, when we have such copious evidence that the latter are perfectly capable.

* * * *

Of course here, as in all kinds of work, it is necessary to "mix with your brains," as the painter said when he was asked how he mixed his colours. It is most foolish to send Naval brigades on shore when the enemy's fleet is at sea and may turn up at any moment. If the Comte de Grasse, for example, had landed a great part of his crews to help Washington and Lafayette at the siege of Yorktown, he would have made a gross mistake. But if Admiral Cornish had refused to land men and guns to assist Colonel Draper at Manila he would have failed in his duty. No doubt, also, when Naval brigades are landed they ought not to be formed of one element of our crews to the prejudice of another, and one body of officers ought not to monopolise commands and chances of distinction. When any of these mistakes are made they ought to be corrected; but the correction can be managed without revolutionising the whole system, and those who cry for such a destructive course when they are provoked by small evils are only inflicting injury on their own cause.

DAVID HANNAY

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
OFFICES:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MARCH 11, 1762.—"Blonde," 32, took the French "Bonton," 20, privateer, off Lisbon. 1810.—"Echo," 16, in the Channel captured "Capricieuse," 16, privateer. 1812.—"Phipps," 14, off Calais, captured "Cerf," 16, privateer.

March 12, 1841.—Capture of Macao Fort by the boats of the "Madagascar," 44, and "Modeste," 14. 1855.—Admiral Dundas appointed to command the Baltic Fleet. 1715.—Captain Sir William Jumper died.

March 13, 1669.—Samuel Pepys made a post captain. 1761.—"Vengeance," 26, captured "Entreprenante," 26. 1780.—"Alexander," 74, and "Courageux," 74, captured "Monsieur," 40, off Scilly. 1795.—"Lively," 32, captured "Tourterelle," 28, off Ushant. 1801.—Landing of Sir Ralph Abercromby's army in Aboukir Bay. 1806.—Sir J. B. Warren's squadron captured "Marengo," 80, and "Belle Poule," 40. 1811.—Hoste's victory off Lissa.

March 14, 1757.—Admiral Byng shot. 1779.—"Rattlesnake," 10, captured "Frelon," 12, having beaten off a consort of the French vessel. 1795.—Hotham's action off Genoa.

March 15, 1762.—"Fowey," 24, captured the Spanish "Ventura," 26. 1823.—Earl St. Vincent died. 1839.—Vice-Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge born. 1889.—The "Speedwell" launched.

March 16, 1782.—"Success," 32, and "Vernon," 22 (storeship), captured the Spanish "Sta. Catarina," 34, off Gibraltar. 1801.—Loss of the "Invincible," 74. 1807.—Death of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker. 1837.—Marines engaged at the action of Hernani, in the Carlist War.

March 17, 1794.—Cutting out of the "Bien Venue" (renamed "Undaunted," by Lieutenant R. Bowen, at Martinique. 1800.—"Queen Charlotte," 110, took fire and blew up off Leghorn. 1804.—French privateer "Renommée," 12, destroyed by "Penguin," 16. 1889.—Rear-Admiral Kane saved the "Calliope." 1893.—The "Astræa" launched.

March 18, 1757.—The "Greenwich," 50, taken by five French sail of the line in the West Indies. 1796.—"Diamond," 38, and "Liberty," 14, attacked the port of Herqui, on the Brittany coast, and destroyed "Etourdie," corvette, 16.

MARCH 11, 1811.—Skirmish at Pombal (Peninsula). An attempt to cut off Massena's retreat terminated in a skirmish, in which the French were driven back. 1842.—Sortie from Jellalabad; 800 men of the 13th and 35th Regiments sallied out to see if the enemy had laid a mine. None was found, and the detachment returned to the town having suffered only a trifling loss.

March 12, 1760.—Surrender of Alamparvah. The garrison of this fort (twenty-four miles from Pondicherry), under Chevalier Viart, surrendered to Major Monson. This completed the capture of all the defences held by the French to the northward of Pondicherry. 1811.—Action at Redinha (Peninsula). The French under Ney driven back tne miles from the village of Redinha. Our losses were twelve officers and 200 men killed and wounded.

March 13, 1801.—Battle of Maadie. The French, under General Friant, who occupied a ridge of sandhills from the seaside to the lake of Maadie, were driven from position after position by Major-General Cradock and the Earl of Cavan until they reached the fortified heights of Alexandria. The French lost 750 killed and wounded, while our casualties were 186 killed and 1,135 wounded. 1811.—Evacuation of Condeixa by the French. The town was fired by the French before they left it. The enemy's movements had been closely followed by Wellington, and Massena narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, but the burning town greatly hindered our advance.

March 14, 1811.—Action of Casal Nora (Peninsula). The 52nd having in foggy weather become engaged with the enemy, Wellington directed the light division to go to its assistance. The operation was successful, and 100 prisoners were taken, though we lost fourteen officers and 150 men.

March 15, 1781.—Battle of Guildford. Americans defeated by Lord Cornwallis. 1811.—Combat at Fons d'Aronce. Massena, after setting fire to the town of Miranda, passed the Ceira on the night of the 14th, and concentrated his force between the higher Sierras and the Mondego, directing Ney to cover the passage without risking an action. Ney disregarding this order, kept part of the army on the left bank, was attacked by Wellington, and was driven back in confusion to the river. The British loss was only four officers and sixty men, but that of the enemy was not less than 500

March 16, 1818.—Seedghur taken. Lieutenant-Colonel Inlach having failed in an attack on this fortress, remained in the neighbourhood, and on receiving reinforcements renewed his efforts. His batteries opened and a breach was effected. The 89th were about to storm when it was discovered that the garrison had abandoned the place by the rear, and possession was immediately taken of it.

March 17, 1781.—The French island of Bartholomew surrendered on summons to an expedition commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence Graeme.

The Tower of London.

[THE DAILY ROUTINE]

By W. S. R.

AT the end of the nineteenth century the old Tower of London attracts more visitors from all parts of the world than it ever did before in all the long years of its history. Its great antiquity, as well as its weird historical associations, seem to fascinate those who come to wander over the places made familiar by many writers. But these visitors come and go day after day, and learn little or nothing of the daily routine of the Tower. There is much, however, that is interesting in the way in which this daily routine is carried out—the old traditions are strictly observed. Visitors to London do not know this; they regard the Tower as a show place, like the National Gallery and other popular sights.

It is quite true that the Tower is a "London sight," but it stands alone among the places to be seen. The old place is still "Her Majesty's Royal Palace and Fortress of the Tower of London." Many years have gone by since a king or queen resided in the Tower, but the designation remains the same. The "Queen's House" is still called the "Queen's House." There is also a Constable of the Tower. In the days of old this appointment was a difficult one to hold. Students of history will quite understand why this was the case. To-day the office is merely a reward for distinguished service, and nothing more. Political prisoners are no longer sent to the Tower. But this fact makes no difference in the daily routine; the old traditions remain as they did hundreds of years ago. Nothing has been changed—the constable, the lieutenant, and the major are still in existence. In addition to these officers, it may also be noted that the post of Keeper to the Regalia is still retained.

The regulations with regard to the officers of the Tower are as follows:

"The constable holds his appointment by Royal Letters Patent under the Great Seal. He is honoured with the privilege of audience of and direct communication with the Sovereign.

"The lieutenant is also appointed by Royal Letters Patent to act under the constable. When the constable is absent, or when the office is vacant, he has the full powers and privileges of the constable.

"The major and other officers are appointed by commission."

The constable and the lieutenant do not reside in the Tower, so by regulation the major, "when neither the constable nor lieutenant is present, is authorised and directed by Royal Warrant to assume command of the Tower, and he then performs the duties of a governor." For many years past, and at present, these duties have been and are performed by Lieutenant-General Milman.

A regiment of the Guards is always stationed in the Tower. But the regulations do not allow them to act as if the Tower were an ordinary barracks. When a commanding officer wishes to march out his regiment or detachment, or any part of the same, for the purpose of exercise or for other purposes, he is first to obtain permission from the officer of the Tower commanding the garrison, and is also to report the return of the troops.

The daily routine begins when the Yeoman Porter, with an escort from the main guard, opens all the gates and drawbridges at five o'clock in the morning.

At six o'clock the bugles sound and the troops rise for the day's work. The usual routine of the Guards is carried out, in which the visitors take great interest. This is specially marked on Saturdays and Mondays—the free days—when a crowd always collects to watch the ceremony, which takes place about 10.30 in the morning, with drums and fifes, on the parade, to send on duty the guards for the Tower and the Royal Mint. But the best exhibition which the Guards give is never seen by the public. This takes place at 7 a.m. in the summer. All the troops fill the square in front of the barracks and go through the physical drill to the airs played by the drums and fifes. This is a sight worth seeing.

At ten o'clock the warders come on duty for the day. They are dressed in the quaint old costume so familiar to all visitors to the Tower. On Sundays and other festal days they are dressed in scarlet. The warders are officially described as follows: "The Yeomen Warders are honorary members of the Sovereign's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard, and

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are appointed by the constable from the warrant and non-commissioned officers of the Army. They are sworn in as constables, and are under the immediate command of the major."

I may mention here that the term Beefeaters is neither known nor recognised in the Tower. Brewer, in his well-known book on "Phrase and Fable," gives the derivation of the name from the French *buffetiers*—waiters at the sideboard. No one knows how the stupid mistake arose of giving this name to the yeomen warders.

The Warders' Hall is a curious old room in the basement of the Byward Tower. It has a beautiful arched roof and a large, old-fashioned fireplace; the grandfather clock, which stands near the door, is said to be 200 years old. Over the fireplace hangs a heavy carved stick, which was used long years ago to levy tolls from the ships which passed the Tower.

A book is kept in the Warders' Hall in which the names of the warders on duty for the day are entered. Three warders are detailed for each post.

At ten o'clock the public are admitted. The warders are assisted in keeping order by a staff of police constables, who are employed day and night inside the Tower. Since the dynamite explosion the number of police has been increased by ten, so that there are now about twenty police on duty within the Tower. These men are selected from policemen who have been many years in the service. When the day's work is over, and the public have gone, one constable and one sergeant only remain for night duty.

As the Tower is a show place, the warders and policemen have plenty to do in guiding the public round the various buildings. Visitors always want to go where they are not allowed to pass. Notice boards marked "Private" and "No admission" seem to invite some people to make an effort to pass where they are plainly forbidden. As might be expected, the Saturday and Monday crowds give the most trouble. On Bank Holidays the warders are always thankful when the day is over.

Most of the warders on duty for the day are liable to be called upon to take special parties round the Tower. It would be quite impossible for all the visitors to be conducted round in this way; there would not be enough warders to do it. So the regulation is this: The officers residing in the Tower can obtain the services of a special warder to conduct their friends round, but this privilege is, of course, confined to those officers residing in the Tower. Under these circumstances it is usual for the visitors thus favoured to give the warder a fee for his services. The amount given is entered in a book kept for the purpose, and the fees thus gained are divided among the warders on duty. This is a perfectly fair and excellent arrangement.

Incompatible with Dignity.

As the weather is not always of the best, the warders have little sentry boxes to sit in when it rains; but some of these old soldiers brave the elements and stay outside when they ought to be under cover. I once offered the loan of an umbrella to an old warder, but he declined, with the remark, "I detest gloves and umbrellas."

At four o'clock the public leave the Tower; then the old place settles down for the night in peace and quietness. Nothing happens until the gates are shut at 11 p.m. Then the quaint old ceremony takes place of the "Queen's Keys," which has already been described in the pages of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

The military day finishes at 10.15 p.m., when the bugle sounds "Lights out." On every night of the week, except Wednesday and Saturday, the drums and fifes play, weather permitting, from 9.30 to 10 o'clock; when the Scots Guards are in the Tower the pipers take part in this performance.

When the big gates are closed at 11 p.m., with the ceremony of "The Keys," the small doors let into them, known as the "Wickets," are left open till midnight. Up to that hour people who have the right can enter the Tower, but when the clock strikes twelve the warder on duty for the night locks the wicket, and no one can enter without the countersign. Regulation No. 8 for the warders is most strictly observed at the present time.

The warder of the watch takes that duty in regular turn. He has to wear his uniform, but may lie down in the Warders' Hall. He is on duty from nine o'clock p.m. till ten in the morning. If applied to in case of accident or illness within the Tower during the night, it will be his duty to call the Yeoman Porter, in order to get the key of the wicket for the summoning and admission of a medical man. It is to him that the sergeant of the spur guard applies in the event of anyone demanding admission after the wickets are locked, and it is his duty to decide, according to the standing regulations of the Tower, whether admission is to be given or no. If refusal is necessary, it must be done respectfully, and with the explanation that it would be contrary to the standing regulations of the Tower. A list of the officers of the garrison who wish to enter the Tower after midnight up to three o'clock in the morning is sent by the commanding officer of the battalion in the Tower daily to the major, and this list is given to the warder on watch for his guidance. He marks the hour on the list as they enter the Tower up to three o'clock, when the wicket is finally closed, and the key delivered to the Yeoman Porter in his quarters. Should no officer's name be on the leave list, the warder on watch will deliver the wicket key to the Yeoman Porter at midnight.

The Yeoman Porter's quarters are over the Warders' Hall in the Byward Tower, but it must not be supposed that he is rung up at all hours of the night to receive the key of the wicket. The key is simply taken up and dropped into his letter box. The Yeoman Porter is always on duty at eleven o'clock at night for the "keys," and has to be on duty again at five o'clock in the morning to open the gates, so that he would get very little rest if he had to take the wicket key in person at three in the morning.

The parole, under the Queen's own signature, is sent quarterly to the Constable of the Tower, but the countersign is given every day by Lieutenant-General Milman or the resident governor, and is usually the name of some town in the United Kingdom. This countersign is entered in the daily duty book for the warders, and is kept in the Warders' Hall; but no one can get this word except those who are known to be residents in the Tower, and entitled to have it. It would be utterly impossible for any stranger to enter the Tower after midnight, even if he had learned the countersign; something else is required by the regulations. Order No. 9, for the spur guard, says: "Should the sergeant be called by the sentry after midnight to answer anyone at the Barrier Gate, he must enquire of the applicant who he is and what is his business, and refer the case to the warder on duty at the Byward Gate."

The old "Royal Palace and fortress" is well guarded in the present day. It is a link with the past, the most interesting place in London, and may it remain so!

The picture of the old Guard Room, which was given as an illustration of the Queen's Keys, has another interest now, as the building has been pulled down to make room for a much larger erection of red brick on the same site. Many people think that the new Guard Room does not look well so near the old White Tower, but before long the smoke and dirt will take away the new appearance, and tone it down more in keeping with its ancient surroundings.

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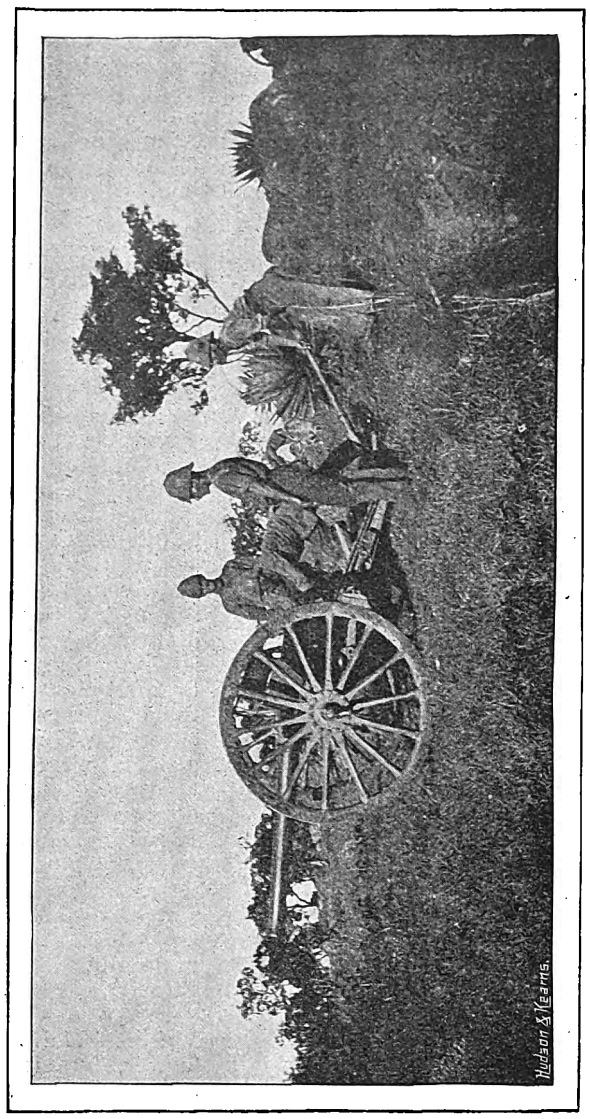
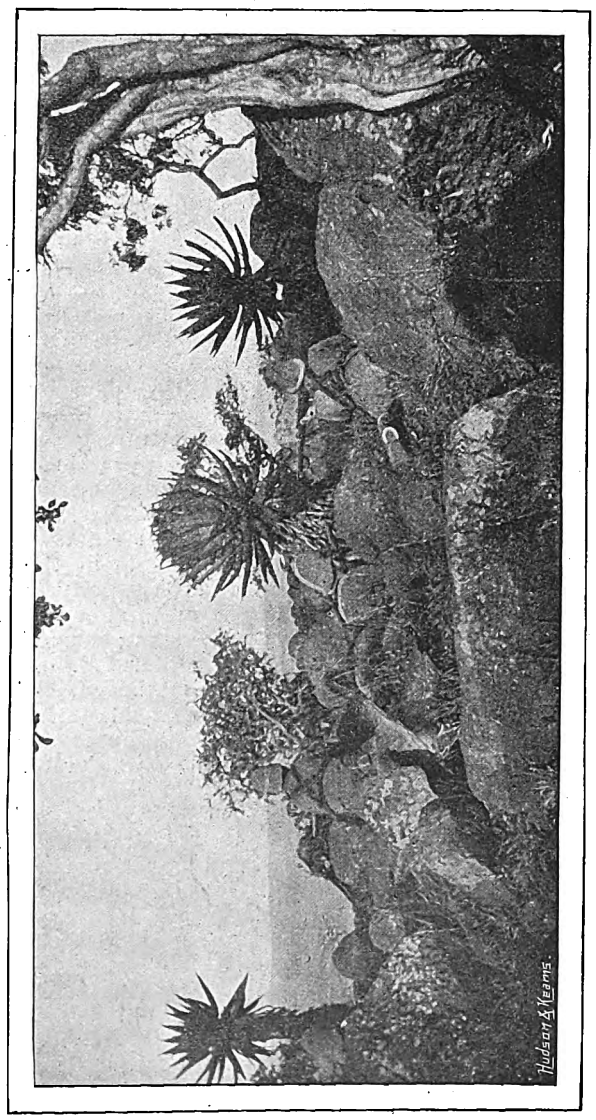
The Battle of Vaal Krantz.

FEBRUARY 5, 1900.

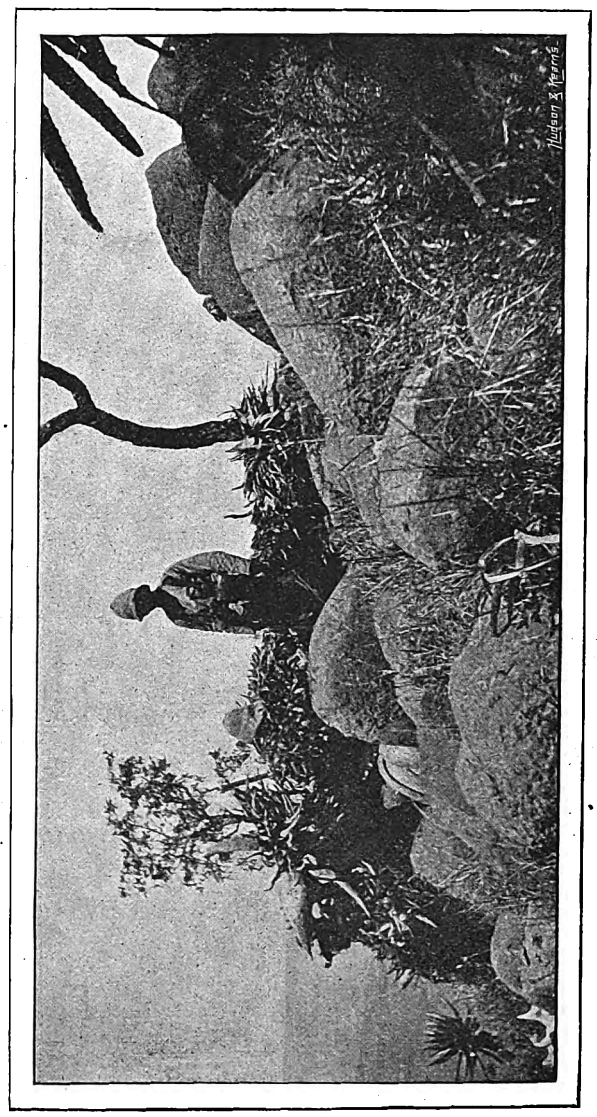


COVERING THE ADVANCE AT THE DRIFT.
Replying to the Boer Fire on Spion Kop and Brakfontein.

WITH THE NAVAL GUNS ON ZWART'S KOP.
Captain Jones, Royal Navy; Lieutenant Barnes, Adjutant Imperial Light Horse; and Mr. Winston Churchill (the Centre Figure), Examining the Boer Position.



OVERLOOKING THE TUGELA RIVER.
An Advance Picquet Waiting for the Enemy's Scouts to come within Range.



A CONCEALED "SCHANTZE" ABOVE POTGIETER'S DRIFT.
This Picture, and the One Above, Afford Capital Illustrations of the Clever Way in which Our Soldiers now Utilise Local Features for Defence.

With Buller to Relieve Ladysmith.

From Photos. by Mr. Harford Hartland, Our Special Correspondent in Natal.

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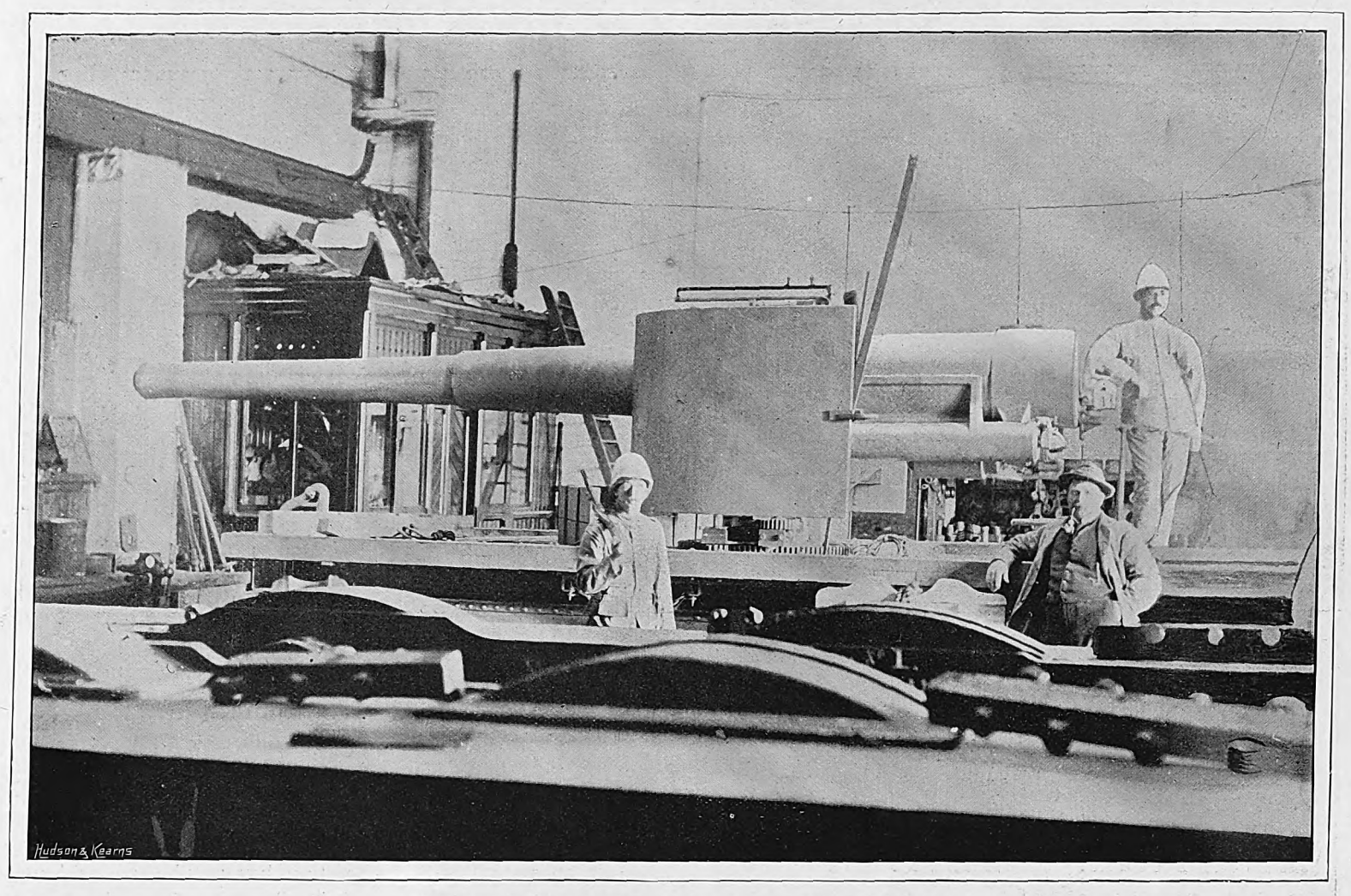
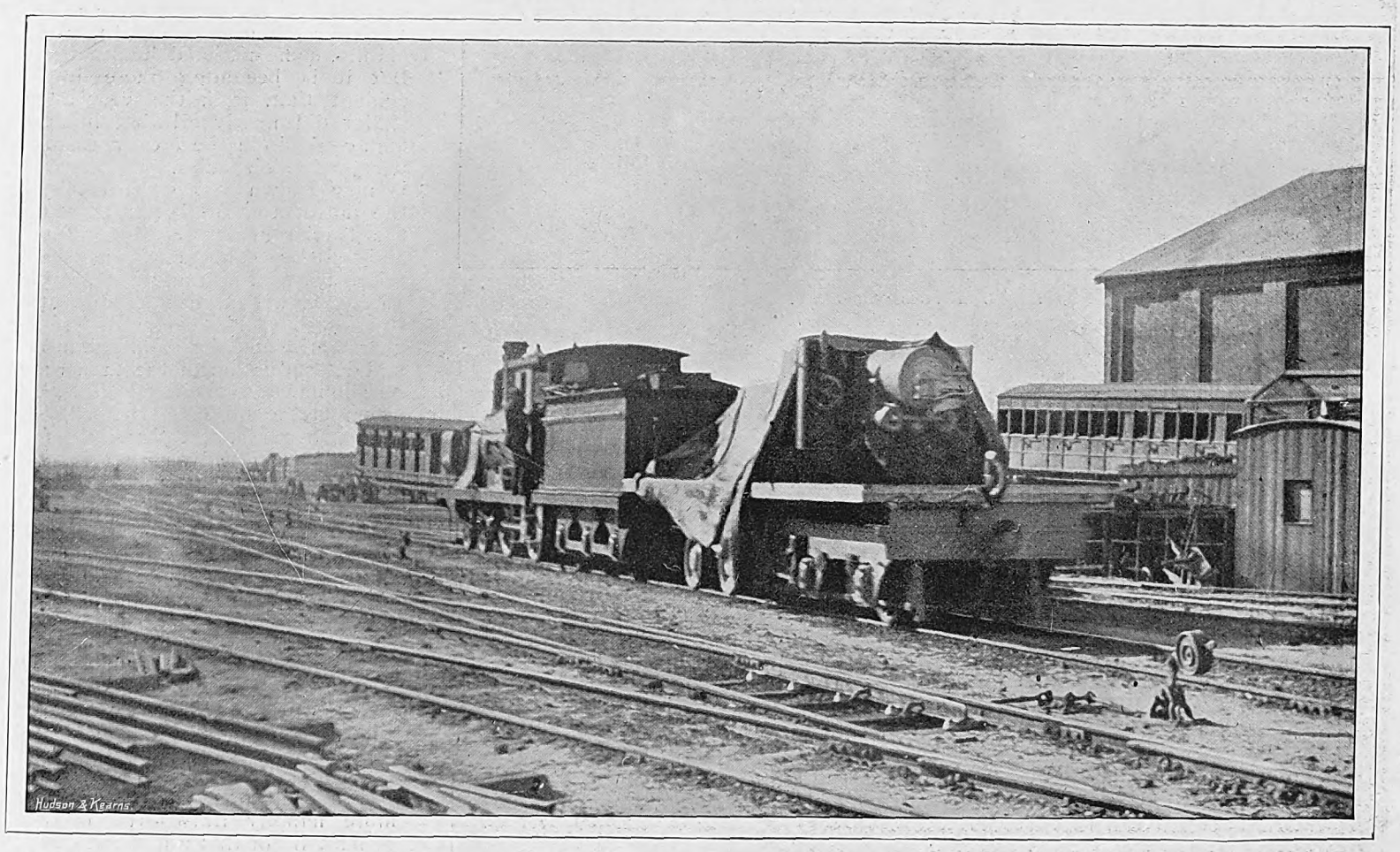
A New Gun for the Front.



A 6-in. QUICK-FIRER ON A RAILWAY BOGIE.
The View shows the Gun as Mounted with the Shield in Position.



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LEAVING FOR THE CAMP ON THE MODDER.
The Fore Part of the Gun Covered by a Tarpaulin for Transit.

The photographs from which these reproductions are made were taken with some difficulty, as the authorities at the Cape wished to surprise the enemy with the gun, which is a 6-in. quick-firer of long range. The trials were made at Elsie's Bay in the presence of Lord Roberts with most satisfactory results, and it is reported that an unlucky photographer who endeavoured to make a picture of the experiment had his plates "commandeered," and his camera destroyed. The railway people at Salt River constructed the special bogie carriage.

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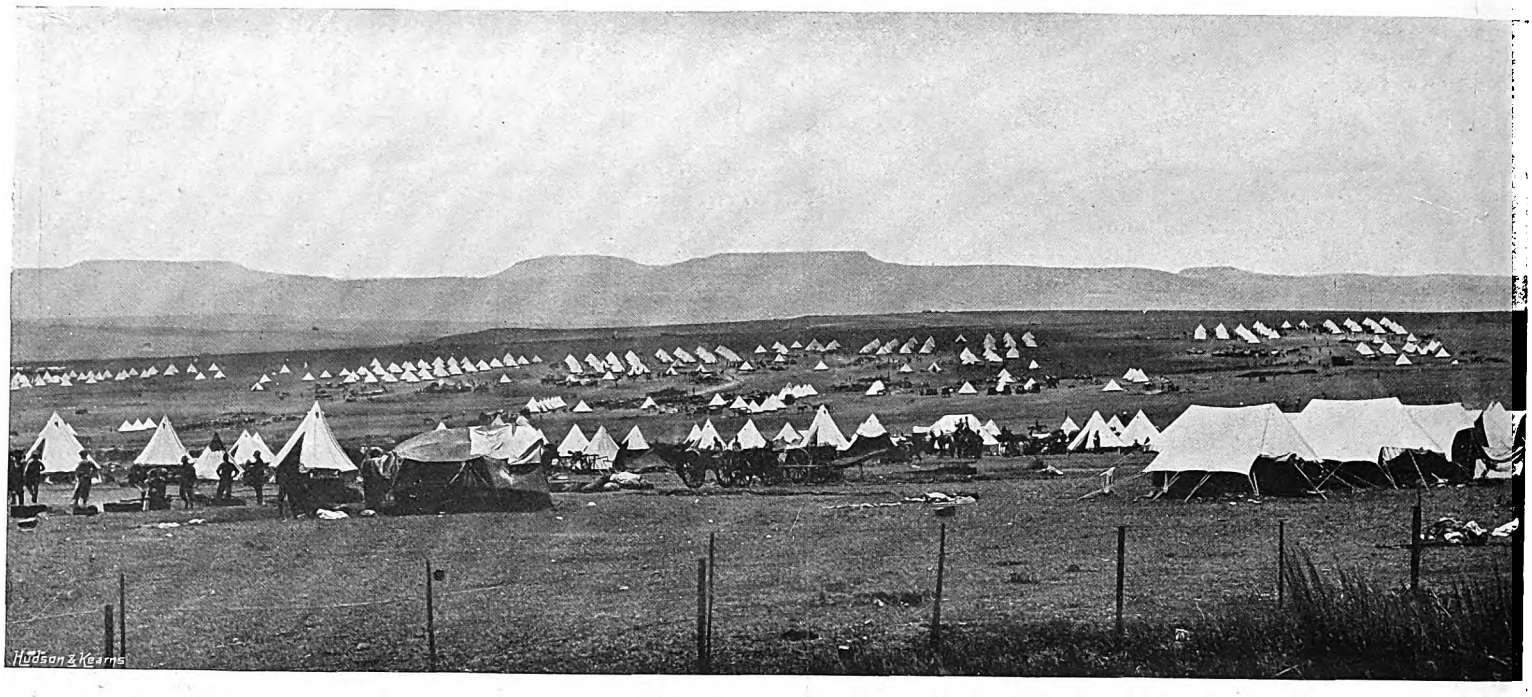
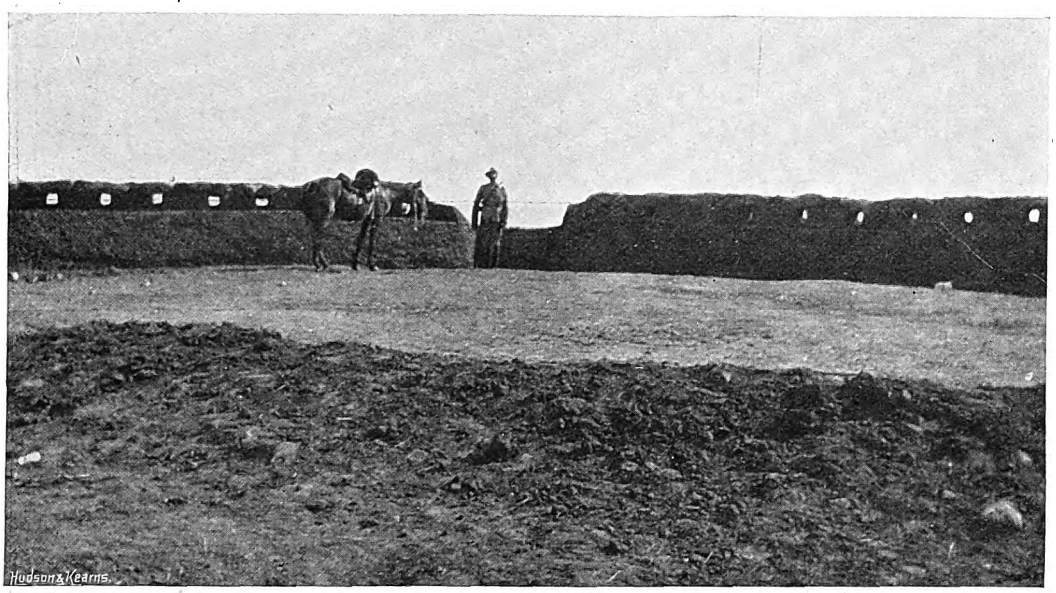
With Buller



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE BRITISH CAMP AT CHIEVELEY.



TO REPEL A POSSIBLE RUSH.
An Entrenched Position on a Hill near the Camp.

Photos. Copyright. *"Navy & Army."*

A HALT BY THE WAY.
Tired Troops Resting on the Road to Frere.

BULLER'S advance, or rather series of advances, to the relief of Ladysmith constitutes a very interesting page of military history from a variety of standpoints. In a strategical and tactical sense the operation has not been, could not have been, taking all the circumstances into consideration, a satisfactory one. From start to finish the relief of Ladysmith has caused a terrible loss of life, and, to speak plainly, some national humiliation. But it is becoming increasingly evident that, from the very first, Buller did nearly all that human man could do in the face of almost insuperable obstacles. He himself is now known to have realised at the outset that to break through the barrier which Boer cunning, assisted by continental art, had raised between him and Sir George White, was well-nigh impossible with the forces at his disposal. It is characteristic of the grim gallantry and determination of the man that he should have made the vigorous attempts he did make before his task was rendered easier by Lord Roberts's notable diversion.

Although for a time Spearman's Camp, fronting Potgieter's Drift, was Buller's headquarters, by far the most important centre during the advance on Ladysmith was Chieveley Camp, of which there is here given a most interesting panorama, followed by several incidental pictures of great descriptive merit. The panorama gives a rather vague but still impressive idea of the wall-like position, or rather chain of positions, which Buller had to pass before he could win through to his goal, and is still more happily illustrative of the general lie of this important camp. When one takes into consideration the imposing fact that at Chieveley there must have been assembled troops amounting to nearly twice as many again as are commonly to be found at Aldershot, it is easy to imagine that much must have happened here from day to day

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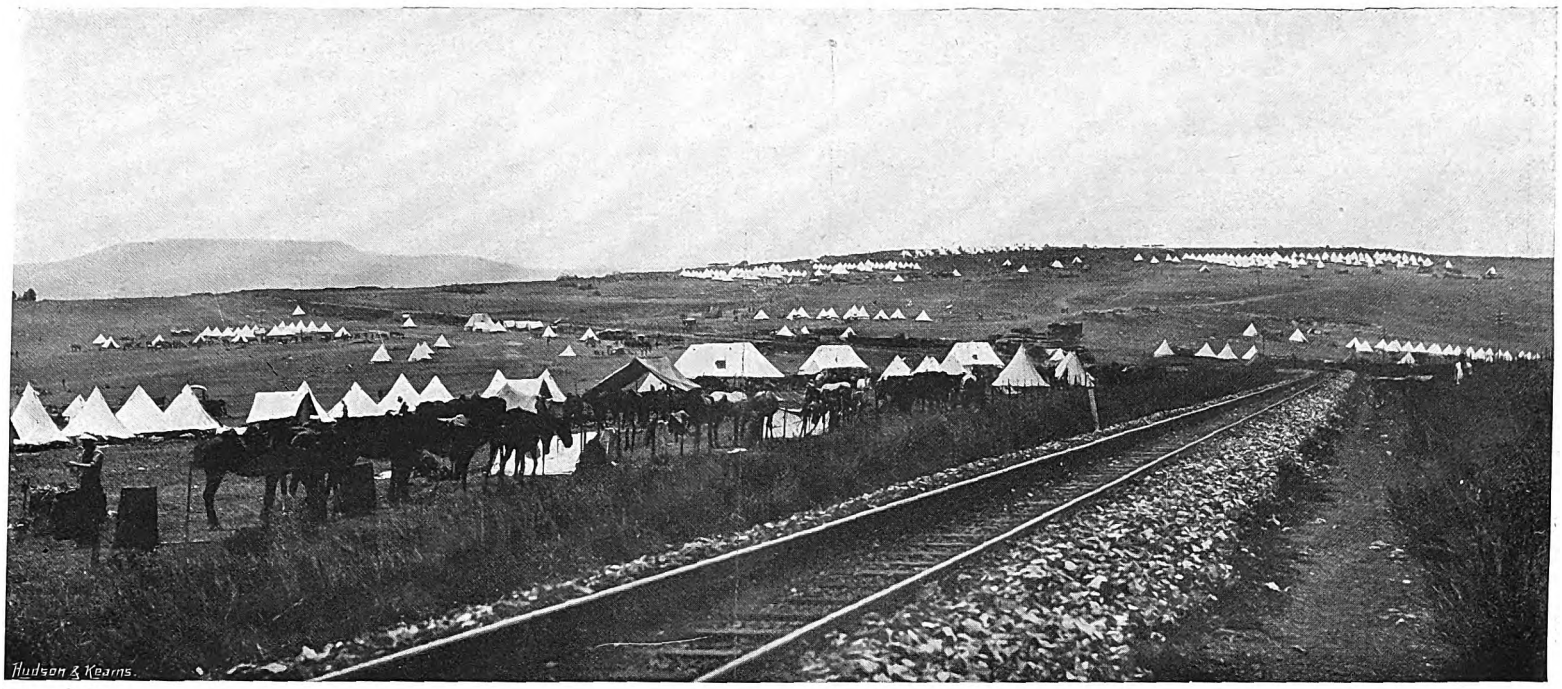
at Chieveley.



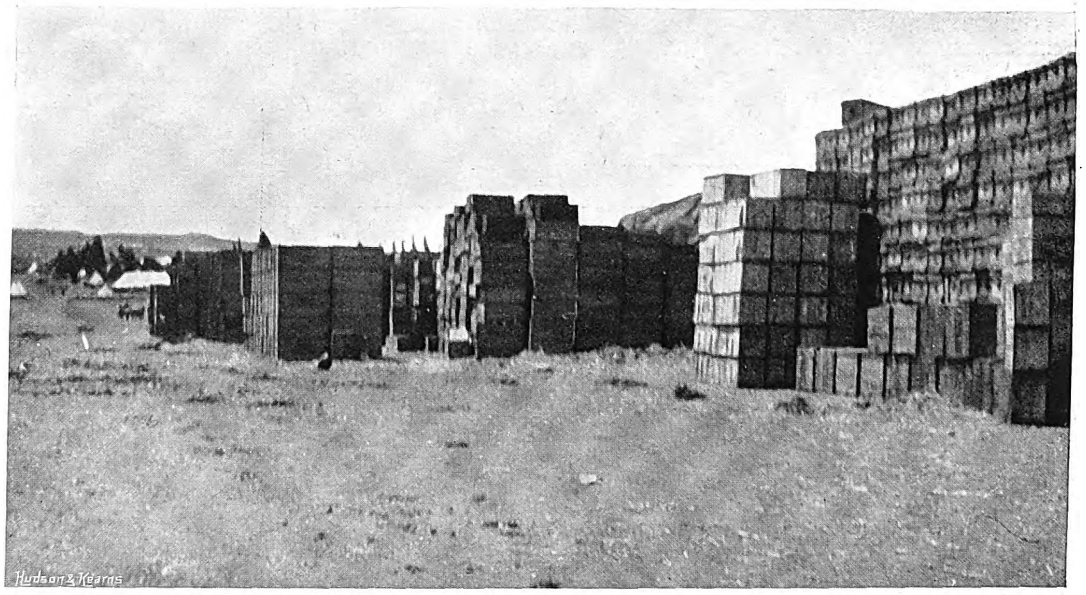
SHOWING THE HILLY COUNTRY BETWEEN COLENSO AND LADYSMITH.

which was worthy of a more permanent record than everyday camp gossip.

In the centre of this great agglomeration of military units one can picture Buller himself, stern, self-reliant, and now and then severely humorous, with his trusty staff in pretty constant attendance—for Buller knows how to keep men at work, and wants no ornamental *entourage*. Within a stone's throw of his own quarters were those of his colonial escort, for Buller, like Roberts, paid the country the compliment of choosing his escort from the local forces. And ever and anon we can, with our mind's eye, see the burly figure of the general issuing forth on a round of inspection, or, may be, with a view to a fresh personal scrutiny of the enemy's positions and a glance at the latest evidences of the range and power of the Naval guns.

As for the troops, we may be sure that for them, also, even when things seemed at their slackest, there was not much relaxation of any but a temporary sort. The Boers are not a class of enemy in whose presence any want of vigilance can be safely displayed, and Buller and his generals of division and brigade were not the kind of officers to let their men get fat and lazy with such stern work before them as clearing the way to Ladysmith involved. Consequently we may take it that all ranks were kept pretty steadily "at it" in the intervals of the four advances made to relieve Ladysmith from the front and flanks. One exhilarating feature of the constant state of tension must be specially noticed, namely, the genuine devotion of the men to their general, notwithstanding repulses which might well have sapped the popularity of a less sterling and gallant leader.

The fighting has been of the closest and most determined character, and latterly the Boers have been the attackers on several occasions, and have been repulsed only by the most desperate bravery.



CREATURE COMFORTS FOR THE TROOPS.
A Headquarters of Necessary Supplies in the Field.

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A BIVOUAC ON THE VELDT.
Troops Making Themselves Comfortable without Tents.

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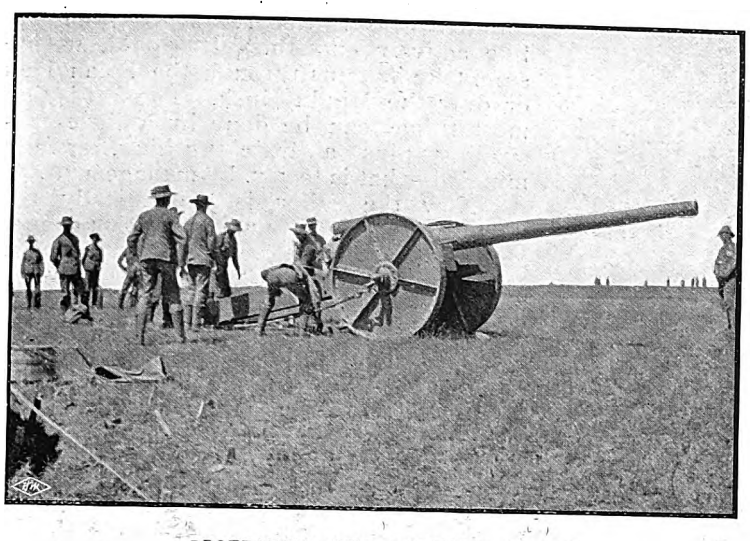
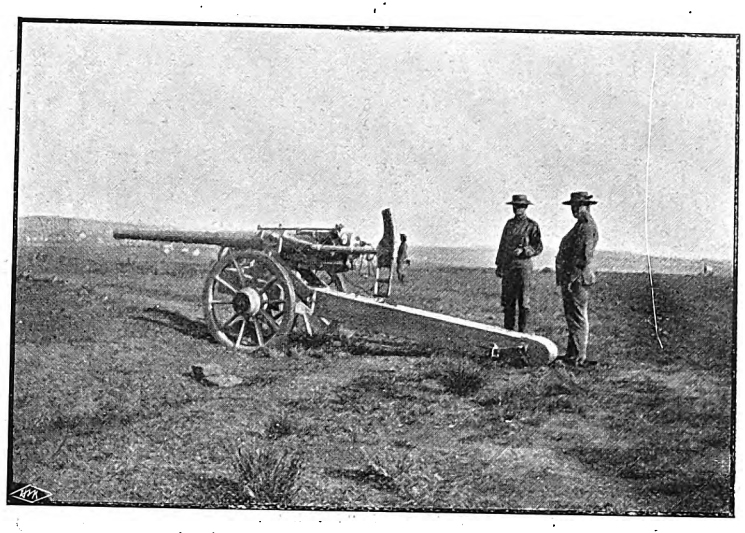
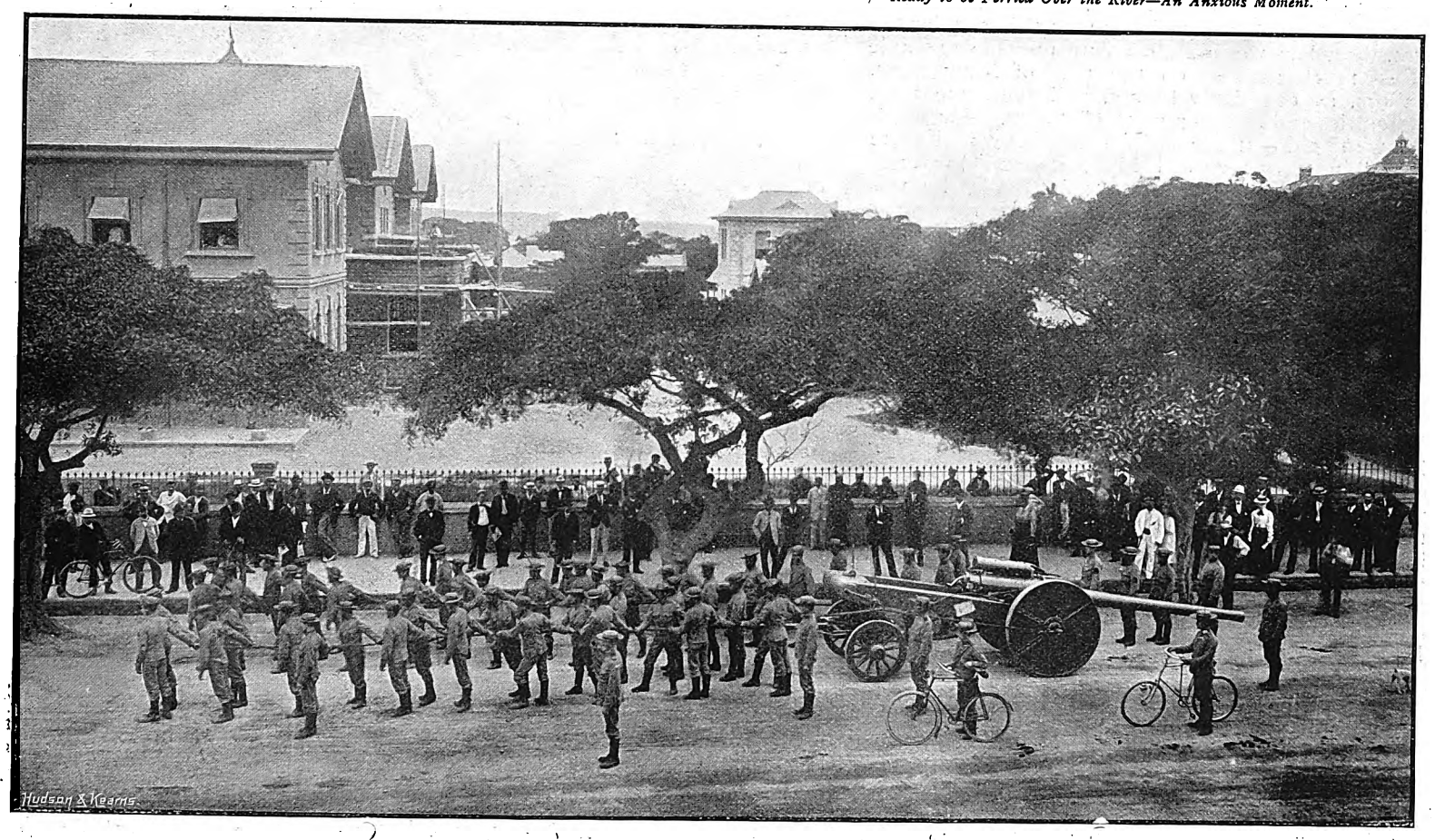
With the Naval Brigades in South Africa



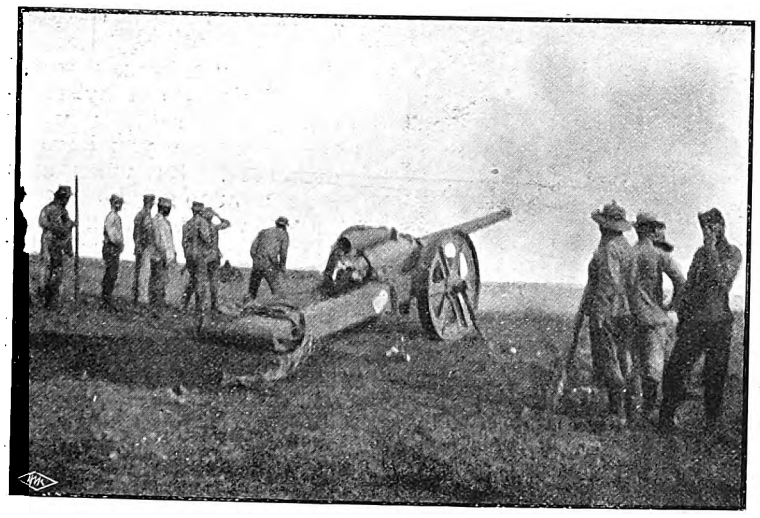
PROTECTING THE PONTOON BRIDGE.
One of the Naval Guns with General Buller in the Advance to Ladysmith.



ANOTHER OF SCOTT'S BABIES.
Ready to be Ferried Over the River—An Anxious Moment.



BRITISH BLUEJACKETS TO THE FORE.
Dragging a 4·7-in. Gun to the Railway Station for Despatch to Frere.



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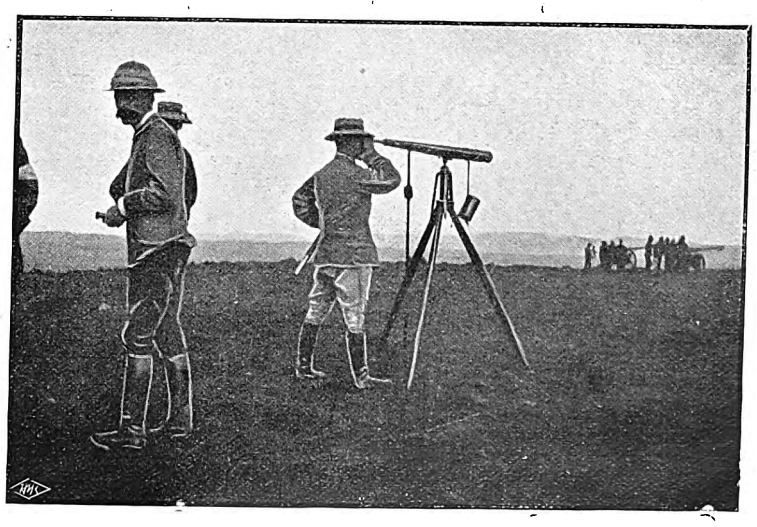
SCATTERING THE BOERS WITH LYDDITE.
A 4·7-in. Gun Covering the Advance of Infantry Across the Tugela.



"Navy & Army."
CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS WITH THE GLASS.
Watching the Effect of the Shells Upon the Enemy.

AFTER being carefully trained to fight in ships and on the sea it may seem on the face of it not quite rational that you should be employed in dragging guns of very respectable size about the veldt. But this is very far from being the first occasion on which the British Navy has applied itself with eminent success to doing the work of infantry and Artillery far from the coast. The wanderings of the 4·7-in. guns which have played so great a part in the South African War

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Photo. Copyright. *Furmidge.*

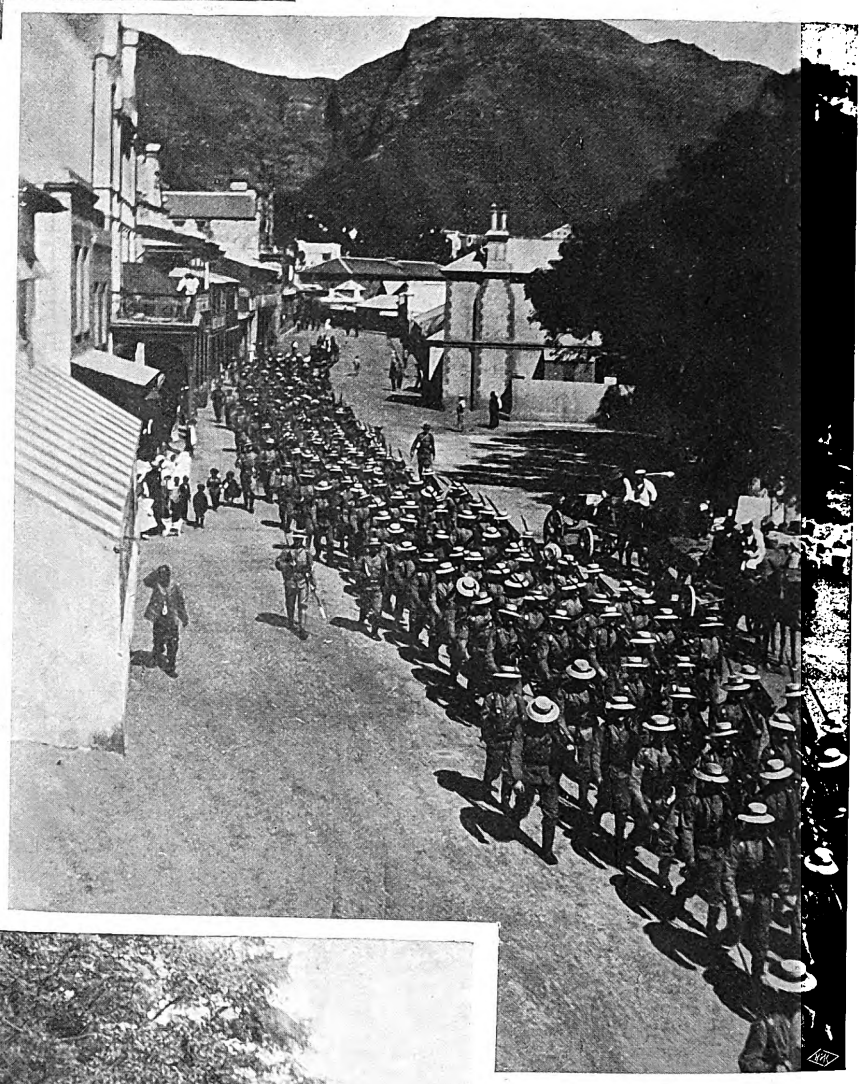
FIGHTING UNDER "BOBS"

Some of the Seamen who Assisted at Cronje's Surrender.

are not without precedent. But, though it is rash to assert that there is any wholly new thing under the sun, there has, we think, been no previous example of so much activity on the part of Navy guns. Sailors, as everybody knows, will overcome most difficulties and conquer most obstacles. Marryat's tar, who said that he and his comrades would tame a he rhinoceros (or was it hippopotamus?) was not exaggerating. Marryat, at least, thought he was telling the truth. The taming of a he rhinoceros is not, perhaps, a more unmanageable feat than the trundling about of 4·7-in. guns on weighty carriages in the astonishing mobile fashion which we have seen in the last few months. The Navy has contrived to achieve the feat of making the 4·7-in. gun trot about with the activity of Horse Artillery—or, at any rate, something not very far short of it. It begins by making its own carriage—that is to say, Captain Scott invents the carriage—and then the Navy carries the gun everywhere. This, by the way, is a point beyond anything done before. Marryat is again our authority for the mate of the transport who invented a means of carrying a ship's gun up the hill in the West Indies. He proposed to put it in a rum barrel, pack it well with old cordage, and pull it up with a cable. That was a simple plan, but it was not quite on a level with the invention of a carriage. When Admiral Cornish and Colonel Draper went to take Manila, the Navy supplied the guns for breaching the walls, but the Army took its own platforms and carriages. Moreover, it must be remembered that the 28-pounders and 18-pounders landed by Admiral Cornish were far handier than our long modern pieces. Neither had they to go so far as the 4·7-in. has travelled. To be sure the railway is there, and if it were not, neither men nor guns would or could have covered the ground. But the Naval Brigade has not allowed itself to be tied to the railway, but has followed Lord Roberts away from the line actively enough. It would, we are sure, take its guns through the Bolan Pass or over the Hindu Kush. The fact is that most things can be done by a little persuading plus a little pushing, artfully mingled—that is to say, by management.

Now the sailor is emphatically the man who is trained to manage. You cannot get over the sea, or the wind, or a foul coast, by merely going at them, but only by humouring and making them serve.

The Tyne sailors have the expression "to do a thing by Scotch seamanship," which is all stupidity and main strength. That is not the real "sailorman way," which is to do it by ingenuity, and artfully using the very force you have to overcome. But when men are taught to go about work in that way, they can tackle most tasks. To judge by the present position of affairs, the Naval Brigade is not unlikely to have plenty more work to do before the war is finished, and its guns may travel yet all the way to Pretoria or further. Even if they are no longer really needed, it would be unfair to send them back before the Boers are fairly conquered. Of course, the case may arise that they will be needed at sea, though, in spite of some confident prophecies, that is not very likely. If it does, then they must go back to their proper element. But unless that does happen the Naval Brigade with its guns will continue to see a good deal of land service.



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TO JOIN GATACRE.

A Naval Brigade Leaving Simon's Town for Sterkstroom.

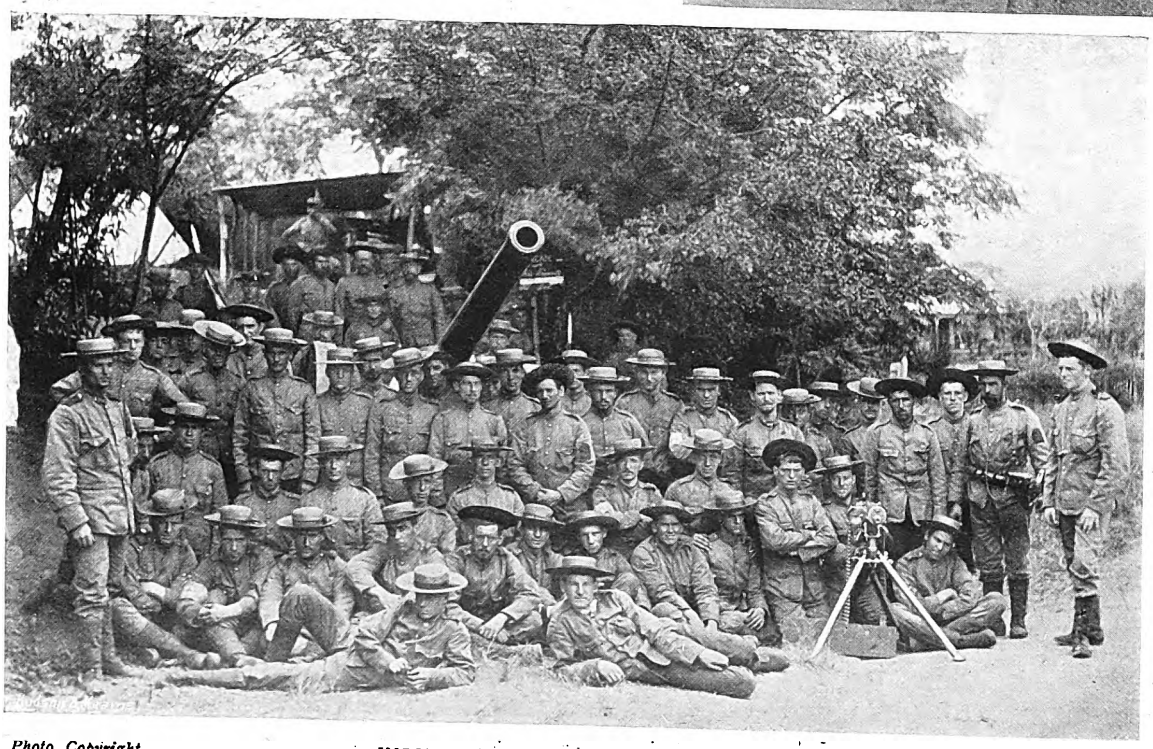

Photo. Copyright. *Burke.*

IMPORTANT IN BULLER'S ADVANCE.

The Well-trained Crews of the Naval Guns.

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On Scouting Duty with Gatacre.

WHEN the history of the war in South Africa comes to be written, the Cape Mounted Police will be found to have had an honourable share in the fighting.

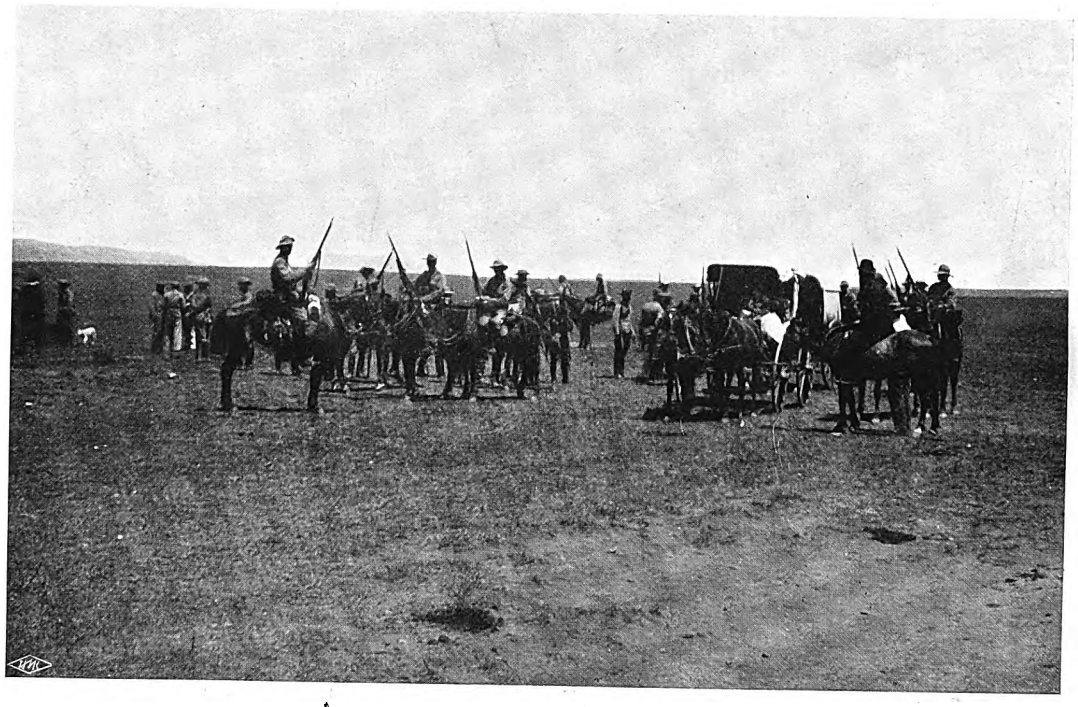
They were at one time rather inclined to think that enough use was not made of their services, but the course of events has supplied them with plenty to do. The defence of their camp near Molteno, shown in our illustration, was of itself enough to satisfy any reasonable thirst for fighting. One hundred and fifty men had to hold their ground all day against ten times their own number, and artillery fire into the bargain. The Boers shelled the camp with good aim, and the shells burst accurately enough; but that fire-eating fellow the shell is very odd in his ways. He makes an awful noise, and his goings-on generally are trying to the nerves, yet he does not do half the mischief he threatens. On this occasion he did very little harm to the Cape Mounted Police. Accordingly, when the Boers retreated our men were able to follow them up and worry them considerably.

The amount of scouting work they have done for General Gatacre is very great, and, as it happens, a good part has consisted in keeping a check on the Dutch population who are in sympathy with the enemy.

One of our illustrations shows part of the Cape forces engaged in overhauling and bringing back a local Boer who had slipped out of the town in spite of orders. The enemy were in the neighbourhood, and it was most desirable to prevent any information from reaching them. To avoid risk of accidents as much as might be, the Boers of the vicinity, who happened to have come in that day to church, were told they must remain where they were. One of them, a man of some influence among the Dutch, slipped away, and had to be pursued and brought back by half a company of mounted men. He may have meant no harm, and have only been intent on getting home to his dinner; but then, again, his intentions may have been less innocent, and in any case it was necessary to take precautions. "At war as at war," says the French proverb, and it is necessary to provide against possible evils, even at the cost of adopting superfluous precautions. We have not, on the whole, erred too much on that side. The colonial forces with General Gatacre are well qualified to know what they are about in such cases. Considering how ready our critics are to find fault, we may be sure that there would be no lack of blame for them if they acted harshly. That they have not done so is pretty certain, and it is most honourable to them, considering that they have to do trying work in a temperature of 90-deg. in the shade.

Lord Roberts fully appreciates the value of the South African Volunteer Forces as scouts; and what better choice could be made for this work than men born in the country?

CHURCH SERVICE ON THE VELDT.
When an Attack by the Enemy was Momentarily Expected near Molteno.



ARRESTING A REBEL FARMER.
Montmorency's Scouts Escorting an Alleged Traitor into Camp near Sterkstroom

Photos. Copyright. Withers.

RESTING IN THE NOONTIDE HEAT.
The Camp of the Cape Police Scouts with Brabant at Dordrecht.

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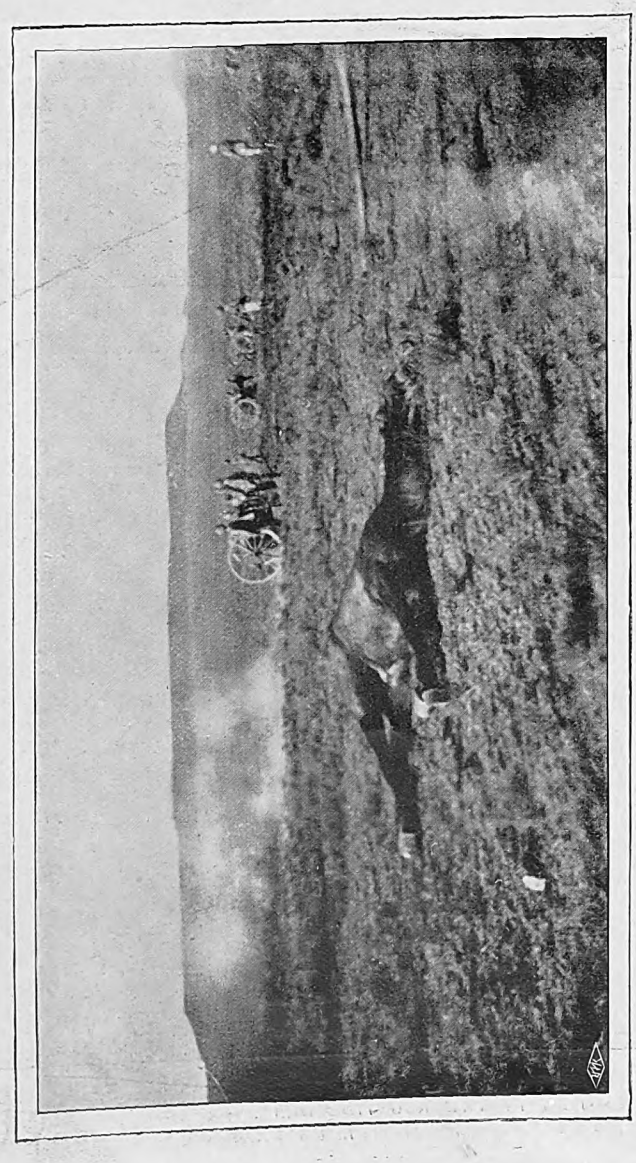
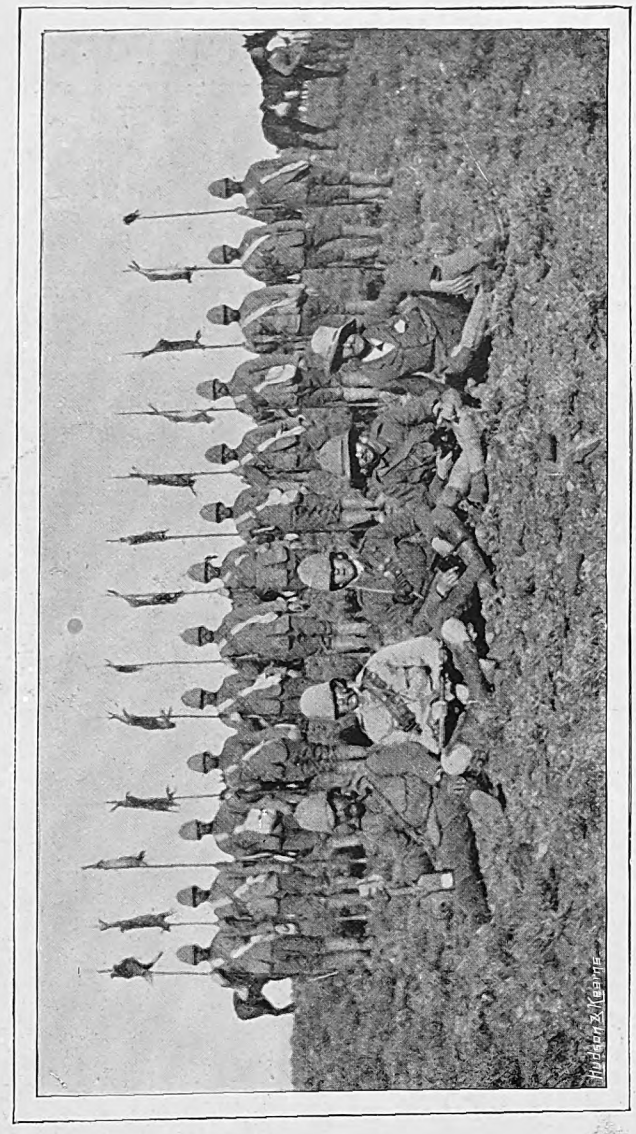
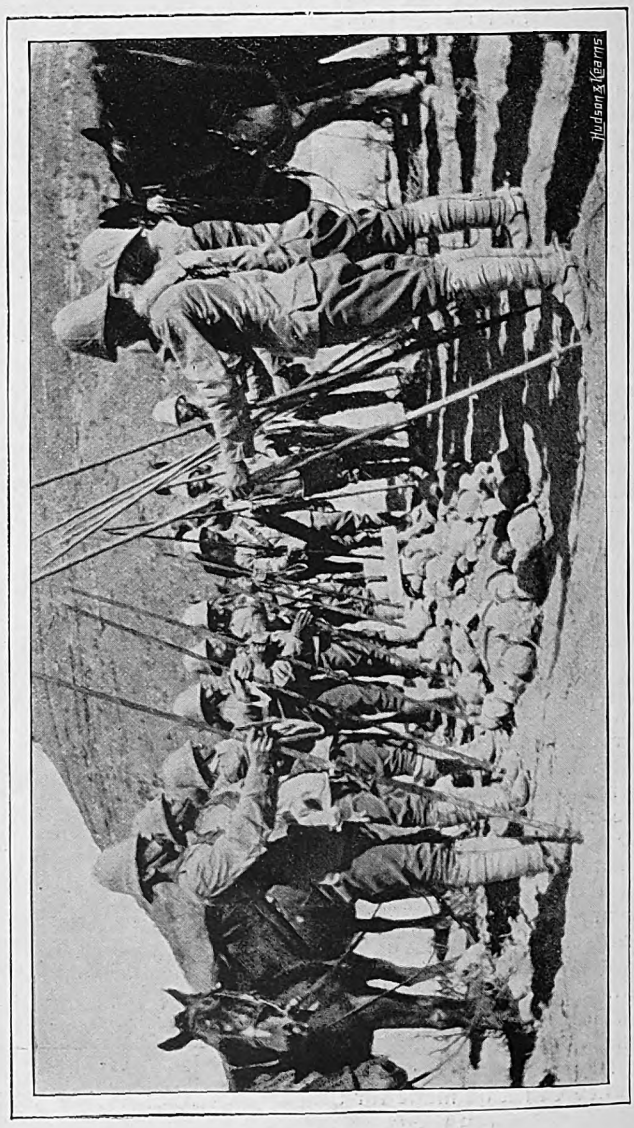
With the Inniskillings near Colesberg.



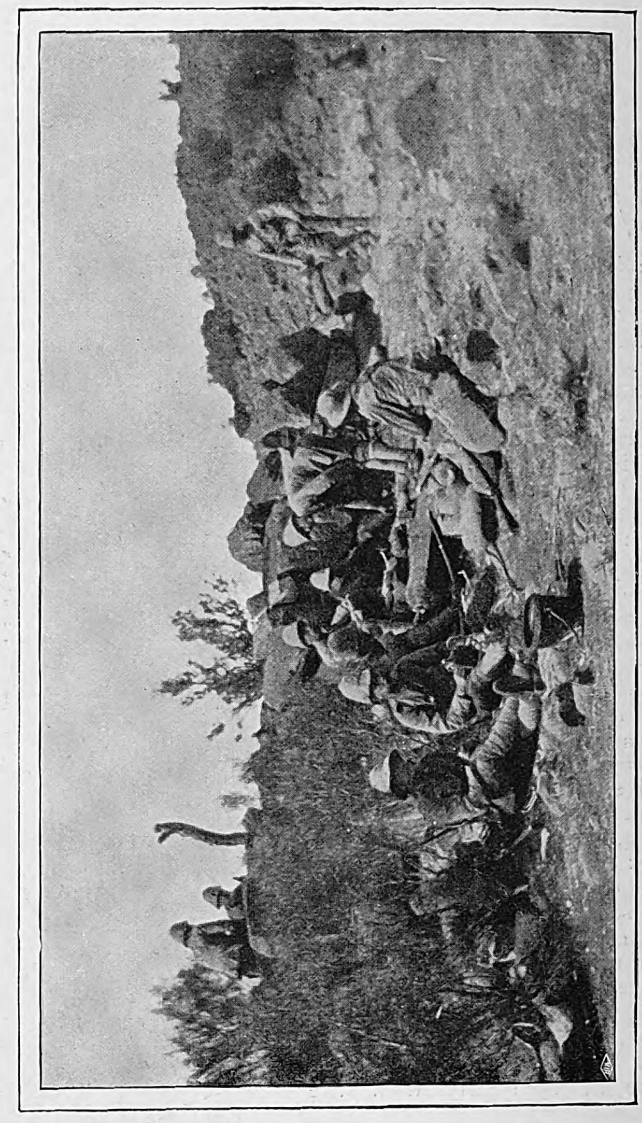
ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.
"O" Battery Under Fire in the Action near Coleskop



SUPPLIES FOR THE LARDER.
A Squad of Inniskillings after a Hare Hunt.



A FUNERAL IN THE FIELD.
The Last Tribute of Respect to a Brave Comrade.



"TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS."
Officers Bivouacking in a Sheltered Corner near Hobkirk's Farm.

From Photos. by an Officer at the Front.

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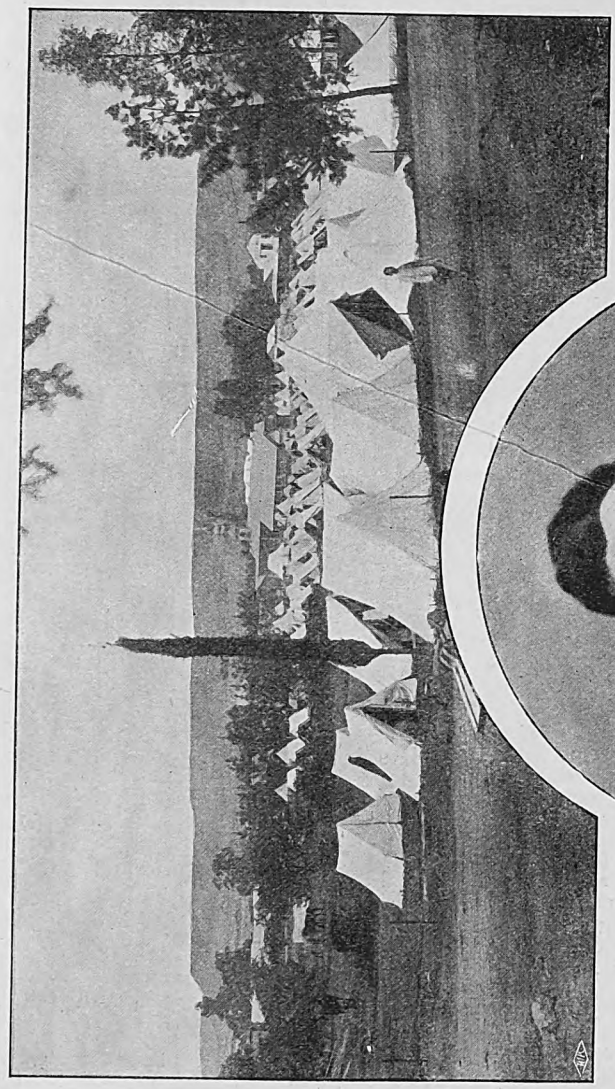
Ladysmith's Heroic Defence and Relief.

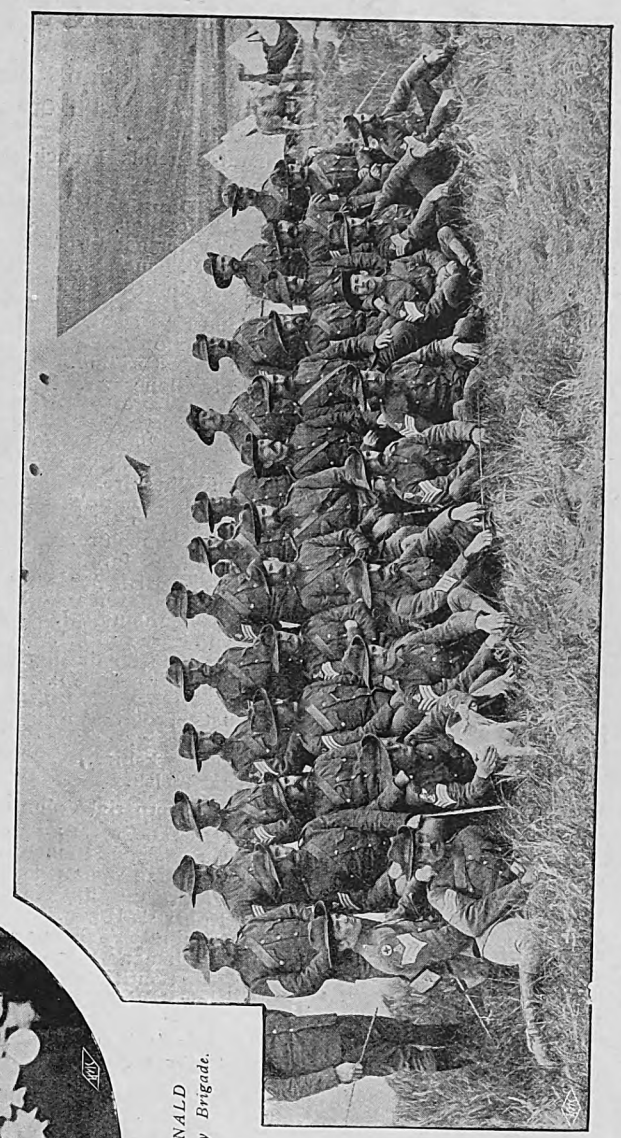
THE RELIEVER OF LADYSMITH
Sir Redvers Buller.



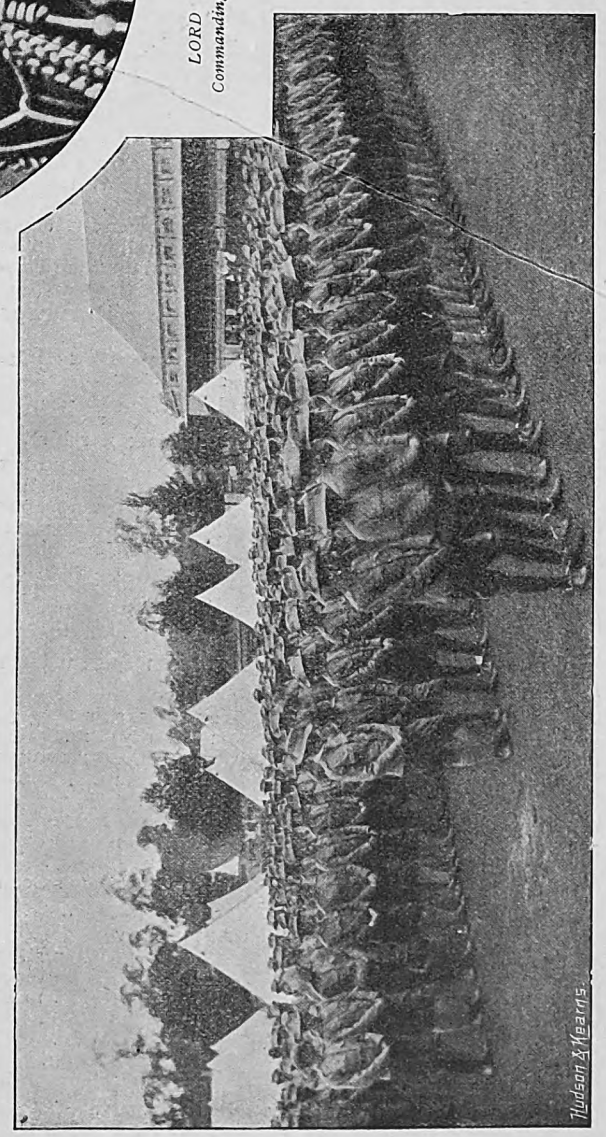
"Thank God, we have Kept Our Flag Flying."

Ladysmith, from The Hospital Camp.

THE DEFENDER OF LADYSMITH.
Sir George White.



LORD DUNDONALD
Commanding Cavalry Brigade.



ROYSTON'S NATAL VOLUNTEERS—DEFENDERS OF THEIR COUNTRY.
"Navy & Army."

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IMPERIAL LIGHT HORSEMEN—HEROES OF ELANDSLAAGTE.
"The Vanguard of the Relief Column consisted of Natal Carbineers, Light Horse, and Police under Majors Mackenzie and Gough."

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

Commander-in-Chief: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of De Aar and in Orange Free State, under Lord Roberts.

Divisional Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals French, Methuen, Kelly-Kenny, Tucker, and Colvile.

CAVALRY (French)

Brabazon and Babington's Brigades.

Household Regiment.
6th Dragoon Guards.
2nd Dragoons.
6th Dragoons (part)
9th Lancers.
10th Hussars.
12th Lancers.
16th Lancers.

ARTILLERY

Horse—G, P, U, Q, T, J, R Batteries.
Field—18th, 37th (Howitzer), 62nd, 75th, 38th, 62nd, 65th (Howitzer), 76th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division (latter in Kimberley).

ENGINEERS

7th (Field) Co.
8th (Railway) Co.
11th (Field) Co.
29th (Fortress) Co.
31st (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY

Pole-Carew's Brigade.

3rd Grenadiers.
1st Coldstreams.
2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.

MacDonald's Brigade.

1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Gordons.

Douglas's Brigade.

1st Northumberland.
2nd Northampton.
1st N. Lancashire.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.

Knox's Brigade.

2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucester.

Wavell's Brigade.

2nd North Stafford.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.

Chermside's Brigade.

2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.

Smith-Dorrien's Brigade.

1st Highland L.I.
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.
2nd Shropshire L.I.

Brigadier unknown.

1st Suffolk.
1st Essex.
1st Yorkshire.
1st Welsh.

City Imperial Volunteers.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Queensland Mounted Infantry.
Canadian Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).
Roberts's Horse.
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Kitchener's Horse.
New South Wales Lancers (part).
New S. Wales Mounted Infantry.
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.
Railway Pioneers.

II.—Cape Colony. Troops on Western Line of Communications.

Lieutenant-General Commanding: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

CAVALRY

7th Dragoon Guards.

ARTILLERY

Horse—A Battery.
Field—2nd, 8th, 43rd (Howitzer), 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 5th, 9th, 17th, 39th, 44th, 66th, 88th Batteries.
Garrison—5th, 10th Cos. E. Division; 2nd, 14th, 15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division; 2nd, 6th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 17th Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS

6th (Fortress) Co.
9th (Field) Co.
20th (Field) Co.
38th (Field) Co.
Section 1st Div. Telegraph Bat.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY

Militia Battalions.

6th Warwick.
4th Derbyshire.
3rd Durham L.I.
4th Royal Lancaster.
9th King's Royal Rifles.
4th Argyll and Sutherland.
3rd South Lancashire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

New South Wales Artillery.
Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles.
Cape Town Highlanders.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.
Cape Garrison Artillery.

III.—Southern Border, operating from Naauwpoort.

CAVALRY

6th Dragoons (part).

ARTILLERY

Horse—O Battery.
Field—4th, 20th Batteries.
Heavy—2 5-in. Howitzers

ENGINEERS

10th (Railway) Co.
26th (Field) Co.
37th (Field) Co.
42nd (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Clements's Brigade.

2nd Bedford.
1st Royal Irish.
2nd Wiltshire.
2nd Worcestershire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Prince Alfred's Vol. Gds. (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
New South Wales Lancers (part).
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artll'y.
Australian Horse (Troop).
Victoria Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.

IV.—Southern Border, operating from Queenstown under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY

Field—74th, 77th, 79th Batteries.

ENGINEERS

12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY

2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.
1st Derbyshire.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Cape Mounted Rifles.
Det. Cape Mounted Police.
Frontier Mounted Rifles.
Kaffrarian Rifles.
Brabant's Horse.
Montmorency's Scouts.

V.—Natal, under Sir G. White.

CAVALRY

Brocklehurst's Brigade.

5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th Hussars.
19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY

Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS

23rd (Field) Co.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Howard's Brigade.

2nd Gordons.
1st Manchester.
1st Gloucester.†
1st Devon.

Brigadier unknown.

2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
1st King's Royal Rifles.
1st Leicester.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†

Not Brigaded.

1st Liverpool.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Imperial Light Horse.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

VI.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

CAVALRY

Dundonald's Brigade.

1st Dragoons.
13th Hussars.
14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY

Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS

17th (Field) Co.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY

Hildyard's Brigade.

2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.

Barton's Brigade.

1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.

Norcott's Brigade.

2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.

Hart's Brigade.

1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Border.

Coke's Brigade.

2nd Warwick.
2nd Somerset L.I.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Middlesex.

Kitchener's Brigade.

2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
1st York and Lancaster.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS

Natal Naval Volunteers.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Durban Light Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Imperial Light Infantry.
Natal Mounted Police (Det.).
S. African Light Horse (part).

VII.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

CAVALRY

17th Lancers.
8th Hussars.

ARTILLERY

Horse—M Battery.
Field—89th, 90th, 91st Batteries.

ENGINEERS

"C" Pontoon Troop.
5th (Field) Co.
47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY

Campbell's Brigade.

2nd Grenadiers.
2nd Scots Guards.
2nd East Yorkshire.
2nd Leicester.

Boyes's Brigade.

2nd West Kent.
2nd Manchester.
1st South Staffordshire.
1st Worcester.

1st Sussex (from Malta).
1st Leinster (from Halifax).
1st Cameron H'gh's (from Egypt).

Militia Battalions.

3rd Royal Lancaster.
6th Lancashire Fusiliers.
3rd South Wales Borderers
3rd East Lancashire.
4th South Staffordshire.
3rd Welsh.
5th Dublin Fusiliers.
4th Somerset L.I.
4th West Yorkshire.
3rd Yorkshire.
4th East Surrey.
6th Middlesex.
3rd Leinster.
5th Munster Fusiliers.
4th North Staffordshire.
3rd Norfolk.
4th Cheshire.
4th Bedford.
3rd West Riding.
3rd K.O. Scottish Borderers.
3rd Royal Scots.

Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
Imperial Yeomanry.
Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.
Lumsden's Horse (from India).

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 (Supply), 39, 40, 41, and 42.

Naval Brigades are serving with White in Ladysmith, with Buller in Northern Natal, with Methuen at Modder River, and with the troops under General Gatacre.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (detachment), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles. In Kimberley, under Colonel Kekewich, there are the Diamond Fields Artillery, Diamond Fields Horse, Kimberley Rifles, and Cape Mounted Police (detachment).

The following Militia Battalions are embodied for garrison duty at home and abroad to take the place of the regular battalions gone to South Africa: Clare Artillery (Devonport), 3rd West Surrey (Portsmouth), 3rd East Kent (Enniskillen), 5th Northumberland (Malta), 5th Royal Fusiliers (Dover), 3rd Devon (Jersey), 3rd Suffolk (Guernsey), 3rd Royal Irish (Aldershot), 5th Lancashire Fusiliers (Chatham), 3rd Scots Fusiliers (Aldershot), 3rd Welsh Fusiliers (Plymouth), 4th Scottish Rifles (Glasgow), 3rd Inniskilling Fusiliers (Mullingar), 4th Gloucestershire (Athlone), 3rd Cornwall Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Border (Colchester), 3rd Sussex (Brighton), 3rd Dorset (Shorncliffe), 3rd Black Watch (Montrose), 3rd Oxford Light Infantry (Buttevant), 3rd Essex (Warley), 3rd North Lancashire (Malta), 3rd Northampton (Aldershot), 3rd West Kent (Malta), 4th Shropshire Light Infantry (Gravesend), 3rd Wiltshire (Fermoy), 3rd York and Lancaster (York), 3rd Highland Light Infantry (Devonport), 3rd Seaforths (Egypt), 3rd Gordons (Edinburgh), 3rd Camerons (Aldershot), 6th Irish Rifles (Sheffield), 4th Irish Fusiliers (Colchester), 5th Connaught Rangers (Shorncliffe), 6th Rifle Brigade (Curragh), 5th Warwick (Colchester), 5th Liverpool (Preston), 4th Lincoln (Parkhurst), 4th Suffolk (Dover), 3rd Hampshire (Aldershot), 3rd Derbyshire (Manchester), 8th King's Royal Rifles (Templemore), 4th Durham Light Infantry (Aldershot), 3rd Argyll and Sutherland (Dublin), 3rd Leicestershire (Curragh), 3rd Berkshire (Kilkenny).

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

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THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Lord Roberts's Triumph.

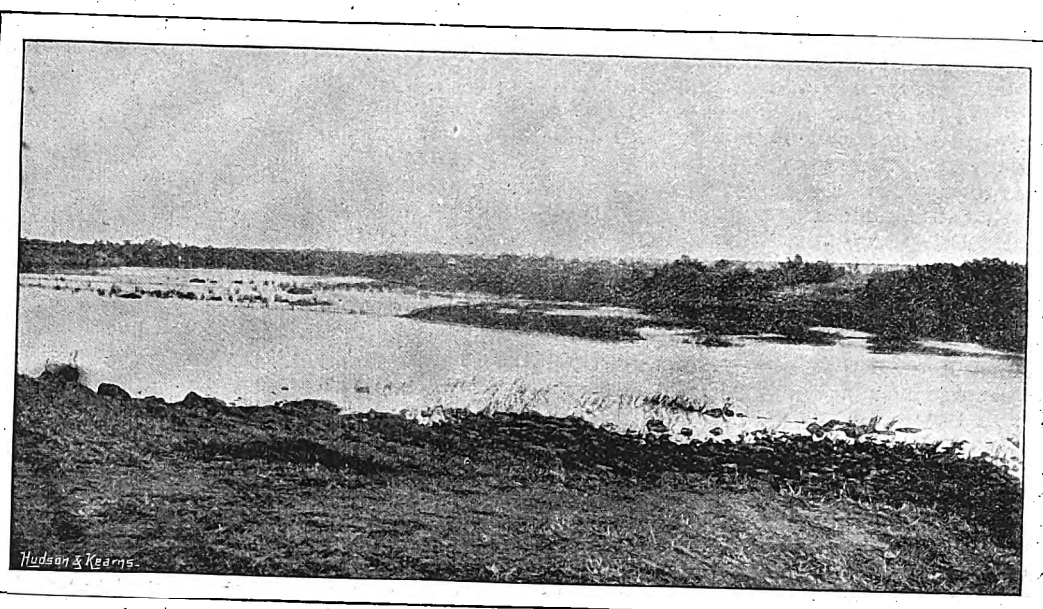
SCENES OF OUR RECENT VICTORIES.

THE fall of Cronje will live long in our military annals, and was an effective wiping out of the reproach of Majuba. The pictures on this page will therefore prove exceedingly interesting, because they illustrate both the march and the accomplishment. Waterval Drift is upon the Riet River, where General French made the initial movement for the relief of Kimberley and the cutting-off of the Boers at Magersfontein. The river, flowing north-west from Koffyfontein to Jacobsdal, makes a great curve southward, and Dekiel's Drift and Waterval Drift are within about five miles of one another. There was great advantage in selecting them, because the forces crossing could have immediately concentrated in the axis of the curve if any strong resistance had been offered.

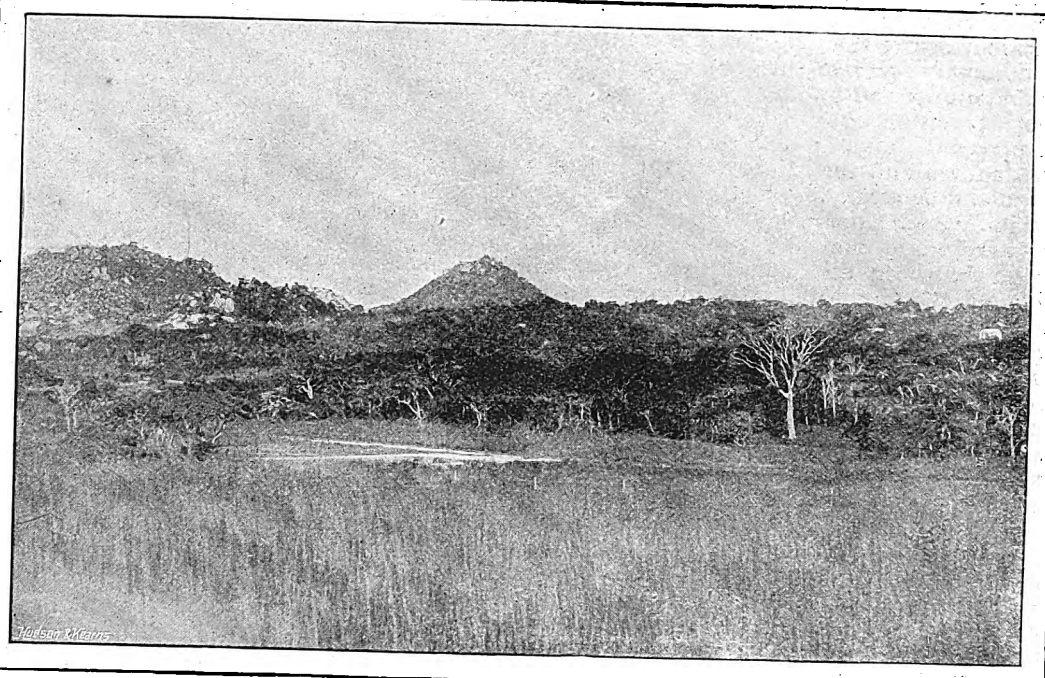
It was at Waterval Drift that the Sixth Division crossed under General Kelly-Kenny, and from that point that the march was made to the drifts on the Modder. The picture illustrates admirably the character of the crossing, which did not present all the difficulties found at Dekiel's Drift.

Another illustration is of the little town of Jacobsdal. This is the place which Lord Roberts made his temporary quarters on February 15, entering it at the head of his troops. Here, a few hours earlier, some heavy fighting had taken place, and the City of London Imperial Volunteers had been for the first time in action, winning much honour for themselves. Jacobsdal is a straggling village, reached from the Modder River by carts. Like most towns in the States, it has a Dutch Reformed Church, which will be seen in the picture, and it is noted for the great quantities of the curious mineral crocidolite found in its neighbourhood. The towns-people expected the place to be looted, and were quite surprised at the orderly arrangements we made.

The most interesting picture of all is of the Modder River at the place where Cronje so skilfully entrenched himself, and where he held out for so many days against the crushing fire that was poured upon him, while our troops were creeping closer and closer, and menacing him with a terrific disaster. It is impossible not to recognise the excellent military qualities which the old soldier manifested in getting his big guns away from Magersfontein, while he led us off in chase of his main body on the road to Bloemfontein; and, when his men were entirely exhausted, in taking refuge in the trench-like course of the Modder. The river thereabout resembles somewhat parts of the valley of the Thames, but the actual banks are steep and high, so that the Boers could dig out caves for protection, and secure shelter in the numerous dongas that open upon the river on both sides. If the defence was sound, the reduction of the place was splendid, and Paardeberg was a veritable Sedan for the famous Boer fighting man.



WATERVAL DRIFT ON THE RIET RIVER.
One of the Places where General French Forced the Passage.



AT KOODOOSRAND, ON THE MODDER.
The Place where Cronje Sought Refuge from Our Attack.

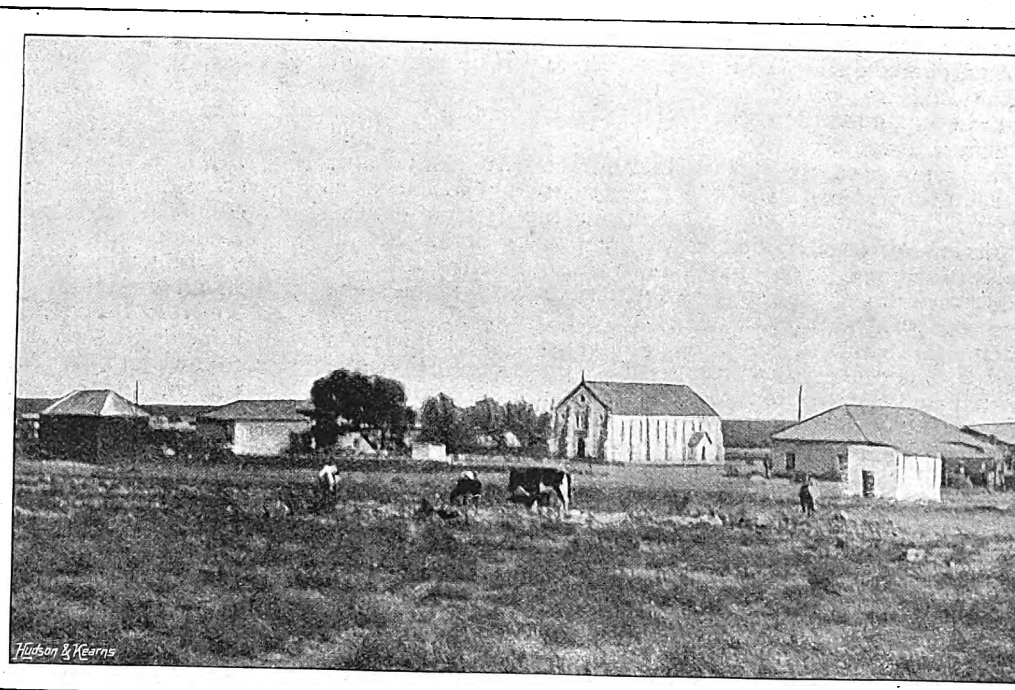


Photo. Copyright. *THE BORDER TOWN OF JACOBSDAL.* *Navy & Army.*
In which Lord Roberts had His Temporary Headquarters.

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The Story of the War.

THIS record of operations in South Africa has never related anything so satisfactory as the story it tells to-day. The Empire—lately made sad by disastrous reverses and by apparent inability to break through the chosen defences of the foe—is now gladdened by the knowledge that Kimberley is free, that a great force of the Boers have been captured with their most popular leader, that the long-tried garrison of Ladysmith has been relieved, that our invaded territory is almost clear of the adversary, and that the freedom of the gallant garrison of Mafeking is near. Rarely in our military history has a great strategic stroke, planned by master minds, won such instant success. The "splendid news," as Her Majesty appropriately called it, of the capitulation of Cronje brought joy to every British subject, and, with their august ruler, they cried out, on the coming of Sir Redvers Buller's message, "Thank God for the news you have telegraphed," echoing also, in the fulness of gratitude, the words of the Queen's congratulations to Sir George White, "Thank God that you and all those with you are safe after the long and trying siege, borne with such heroism."

The position of Cronje near Paardeberg, which was described last week, became at length absolutely intolerable and untenable, and the sound judgment was then seen of Lord Roberts, who had decided not to make a hasty assault. The Boer trenches were in a terrible condition of filth and disorder, the burghers worn out, food was exhausted, ammunition burnt, and the ground encumbered with dead animals and men. The sufferings of the unfortunate Boers must have been terrible, and there is some evidence that a mutiny was imminent before the surrender was enforced on February 27, the nineteenth anniversary of Majuba. At three o'clock on that morning the gallant Canadians, under Colonel Otter, crept up within 100-yds. of the Boer trenches, with two companies of Royal Engineers, supported by the 1st Gordon Highlanders and the 2nd Shropshire Light Infantry. The Canadians behaved with the utmost brilliancy, and when a terrific fire was opened upon them they maintained their fusillade, while the Engineers dug trenches. A position having thus been established from which an attack could be delivered, Cronje saw that his case was hopeless, and he decided to capitulate. It was peculiarly gratifying that the *coup de grace* should have been delivered by the brave Canadians "clinching the matter"—"a gallant deed," said Lord Roberts, "worthy of our colonial comrades." The utmost enthusiasm has been aroused throughout the Dominion, and the brave men who fell on February 27 have done much to seal with their blood the compact of kinship and loyalty to the Queen and Empire between Canadians and Britons.

The success of Lords Roberts and Kitchener had been absolute and complete. The Boers had been entirely outmanœuvred, and compelled by the swift development of the strategy of an unexpected movement to abandon the positions which they had held so long. Considering the state of disorder into which they were thrown, it is marvellous they marched so well, though they had not their big guns with them, these having either been got away to the north-east or having been buried on the spot.

When Cronje arrived at Lord Roberts's camp, he seemed much affected, but was received with a hearty hand-shake, and sat down to discuss conditions. There was no hesitation on Lord Roberts's part, however, that the surrender must be unconditional, and when Cronje had deliberated silently for some time, he sealed the capitulation with an emphatic "Ja." The details were arranged with Commandant Wolmarans, and when they were known, the Boers threw down their arms with delight, rejoiced to escape from the terrors of the bombardment and the horrors of the place. Some of them were pitiable objects, emaciated and worn out with hardships and privations. A number of women were with them, some carrying infants, this being sufficient testimony to the suddenness with which the Boers had been turned out from Magersfontein and Spytfontein. The poor creatures were reassured, and when the news came that all were in safety, there was evident relief and much lightness of heart among the captives. The total number of burghers who fell into our hands was over 4,000, of whom only 1,150 were Free Staters, with four 7·5-in. Krupp field guns, two smaller, and a large quantity of ammunition and stores. General Cronje with his wife and personal following have since been sent to Simon's Town, in charge of General Pretyman, and accommodation has been found on board the "Doris," while the rest of the prisoners are being sent in detachments south from Modder River Station. Lord Roberts has drawn attention to the pleasing fact that our men have shown them the greatest kindness, and have even shared their food with them. The Commander-in-Chief has since visited Kimberley, where he found prosperity beginning to return, and has transferred his headquarters from Paardeberg to Osfontein, a few miles to the north-east.

The effect of the victory was immediate in every theatre of the war. Commandant De Wet's forces having been driven off with considerable loss on February 24, the Boers had been able to render no help to Cronje. Having, however, withdrawn their forces from Natal, and in some measure from the south, they will doubtless offer further opposition to Lord Roberts. General French is alert with the cavalry, and as these pages go to press the enemy have been definitely located, 5,000 or 6,000 strong, four miles in front of Osfontein, with their left resting on a high kopje and their right on the Modder River. Further fighting will, therefore, almost certainly have occurred before these lines appear. Scattered parties of Boers are looting about the country, and they seem to have a force north of Kimberley, through which we may expect to hear that a column of relief for Mafeking has pushed its way, thus succouring a garrison which has done yeoman's service, and clearing the whole Western Frontier.

The relief of Ladysmith was the appropriate complement of the fall of Cronje, of which, in a measure, it was the result. Sir Redvers Buller had been fighting more or less every day from February 14, when Hussar Hill was captured, up to February 28, when Lord Dundonald with the Natal Carbineers and the Composite Regiment rode into the beleaguered town. The sufferings of the gallant garrison have been great, but they have maintained their constancy and courage to the end, with hope deferred, and they would have held their post much longer, we may be sure. But they have seen their strength waning day by day, and the once dashing cavalry brigade has almost, as a mobile force, ceased to exist, while the horses for the guns are no more. Poor horseflesh and a little bread, with tea and sugar, have not well sustained the strength of the garrison, and on February 28 some of the regiments could muster only a quarter of their former strength. At the beginning of January there were 5,500 horses and 4,500 mules; at the end only 1,100 horses remained. Ammunition also had almost run out, and was being carefully husbanded. But it will throw some light upon the ineffective character of bombardment, when proper precautions are taken, if we say that, though about 12,000 shells were thrown into the town, not more than 35 men were killed and 188 wounded.

It is probable that the Boers recognised retirement to be inevitable, and on February 20 General Louis Botha is said to have telegraphed from Colenso that the burghers were "knocked up," and would not be able to hold their position much longer. Two days later Sir Redvers Buller's advance from that place began, and the Ermelo and Middelburg commandos were attacked in a difficult country between Grobler's Kloof and Railway Hill. On the evening of the 23rd the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and a company each of the Dublin Fusiliers and the Connaught Rangers, advanced to attack the latter height. They were met by a murderous fire, the men were literally mown down, and the Inniskillings, very heavily attacked the next morning, were driven back, leaving their wounded on the hill. Many of our officers fell, and only four of those with the Inniskillings returned.

Further progress through a place thoroughly commanded by entrenchments and subjected to a converging fire was impossible. The troops, therefore, once more returned across the river on the 26th, and another passage was successfully effected at a point more to the east. The movement was made with great celerity, and General Barton (who was wounded in the fighting), with two battalions of the 6th Brigade, attacked and captured Pieter's Hill on the 27th, after scaling a precipitous cliff of 500-ft. By this success the enemy's position was partly turned, and the 4th and 11th Brigades under Sir Charles Warren then assailed the main position, which was magnificently carried, the Boers scattering in all directions. The victory was more complete than Sir Redvers Buller had anticipated. The enemy recognised the hopelessness of the position, and the defenders in hot haste followed their comrades, who had already fled through the passes, and on March 2 no trace of them remained in the district of Ladysmith. It is unnecessary, even if it were possible, to describe the enthusiasm of the garrison when the troops marched in, and the Empire is grateful to them for their long defence and their unfaltering endurance, and not less to the brave officers and men who have liberated them from the foe. It is not only in Natal that we see the effect of Lord Roberts's advance. On the Southern Frontier the Boers are in full retreat. Colesberg has been occupied by General Clements, and General Brabant, who has seized Jamestown, inflicting a serious blow upon the Boers and rebels, is reported to be attacking them at Labuschagne's Nek. The enemy's position at Stormberg must be untenable, and perhaps before these lines appear the whole of northern Cape Colony will be again in our hands.

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Our Auxiliary Forces for South Africa.

NOTHING more striking has been the outcome of the present war in South Africa than the proof it has afforded of the enormous strength added to our offensive and defensive power by the Auxiliary Forces of Militia and Volunteers. The Militia is the old constitutional force of the country, and may, in a way, be said to do for this country what conscription does for other nations; but service in that branch of the Army does not compel a soldier to leave his country.

When, however, the war tocsin sounded and the country had to be in a large measure denuded of regular troops, an immense number of Militia battalions were embodied, and with one accord practically all have volunteered for the front. English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh regiments have vied with one another in their eagerness to cross 7,000 miles of ocean to fight for their Queen, their country, and their flag, in the land of kopjes and veldt. Not only have the Militia been thus keen in their eagerness to see active service, but throughout the country the Volunteers have been equally anxious to share with their comrades of the Regular Army the hardships and dangers of active service, while those yeomen who are such types of our sturdy Saxon progenitors have and are supplying thousands of men who can ride and shoot, and who with a very brief training will be turned into splendid mounted infantry. Of types of all these "Soldiers of the Queen" we are able to give illustrations on this and the following pages. Already seven battalions of Militia are on service in South Africa, and it is not improbable that some may have shared in Lord Roberts's advance into the Free State, though the complete details

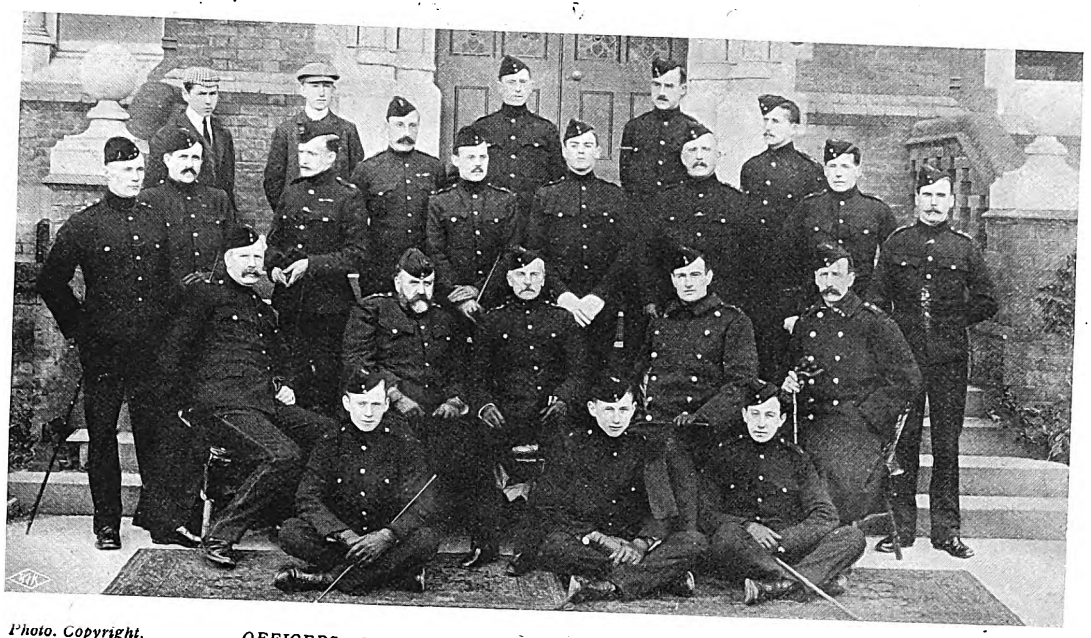

Photo. Copyright. OFFICERS OF THE 5th NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS. *Russell & Sons.*
Commanded by Lord Algernon Percy.

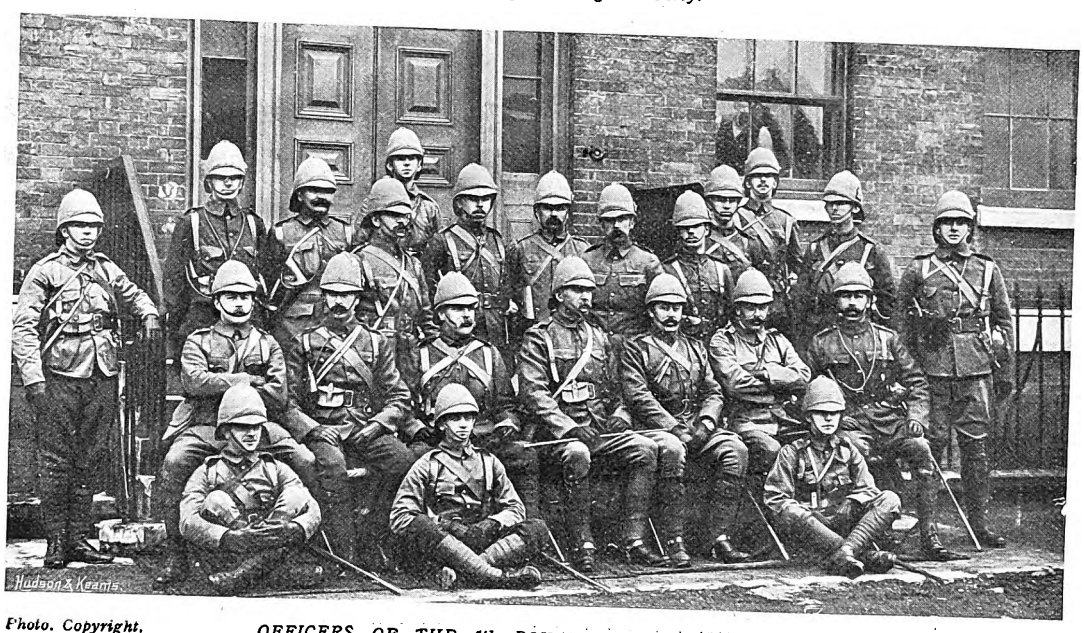

Photo. Copyright. OFFICERS OF THE 5th ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS. *A. Debenham, Ryde.*
Commanded by Colonel H. C. Gernon.

Photo Copyright. *Lafayette.*
OFFICERS OF THE 3rd EAST LANCASHIRE—COMMANDED BY COLONEL J. E. BUTLER-BOWDON.

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LORD LOCH'S COMPANY OF IMPERIAL YEOMANRY.
Corporal and Trooper in Service Kit.

of his force are not, as we write, to hand. Some twenty or more battalions have already embarked or are about to do so. Of these several are here illustrated.

The first of our pictures shows the officers of the Militia battalion of the old "Fighting Fifth," one of the most famous corps in the Service, which has not gone to South Africa, but is now in garrison at Malta. In peace-time its headquarters are at Alnwick, and it was formerly the 3rd Battalion, but as two line battalions, the 3rd and 4th, are now raising for the regiment, it has become the 5th. The honorary colonel of the corps is the Duke of Northumberland, and the officer who commands it is his second son, Lord Algernon Percy, a keen soldier, who was once adjutant of the Grenadier Guards. He is seated in the centre of our picture, and on his right, easily distinguishable by his likeness to his distinguished relative, is his second-in-command, Lord Lionel Cecil, youngest half-brother of the Marquess of Salisbury. Many well-known Northumbrian families have representatives in the regiment, and there are no less than three Joiceys, one a captain and two lieutenants, all sons of Sir James Joicey, the member for the Chester-le-Street division of Durham. The other two pictures on the same page represent the officers of the 5th Dublin Fusiliers and the 3rd East Lancashire Regiment, both of which regiments have gone to the front. The first-named is one of the smartest Irish Militia battalions, the honorary colonel of which is the Earl of Meath. The regiment has its headquarters at Dublin, and was, before the territorial organisation, the Dublin County Militia. The 3rd East Lancashire Regiment has its headquarters at the busy town of Burnley, and was formerly the 5th Royal Lancashire Militia. Its honorary colonel is a well-known Lancashire baronet and sportsman, Sir John Thursby of Ormerod House, Burnley.

On another page other Militia regiments are to be seen, namely, the 6th Middlesex and 4th Yorkshire. The former, whose headquarters are at Hounslow, was formerly the Royal East Middlesex Militia, and goes out to South Africa under the command of Colonel Helme, C.B., an ex-regular, who formerly belonged to the Wiltshire Regiment. Colonel Helme obtained the civil decoration of the Bath in 1898.

In other of our pictures the men of this regiment and of the Yorkshires are shown breakfasting in the shed at Tilbury before embarkation. During the recent bitter weather many corps had long and trying night railway journeys before reaching their port of departure, and the hot coffee and substantial meal provided for them were doubly welcome. The other Militia battalion of which some of the men are seen, is the old North York Militia, now the 4th Battalion of the Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire) Regiment. This battalion, which comes from Richmond in Yorkshire, goes to the front under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Richardson. We have also interesting pictures of Volunteers and Yeomanry.

It must be remembered that besides that splendid contingent that the City of London supplied to the army in South Africa, the City Imperial Volunteers, a large number of regiments have supplied a company to the line battalions to which they territorially belong, or to some battalion with which they have connection.

Thus the London Scottish sent a company to the Gordon Highlanders, and the London Irish to the Irish Rifles. Various specimens of these drafts are shown on our full page of illustrations. The first group represents Highland Volunteers of the Argyll and Sutherland, who come from the seven Volunteer battalions of that regiment, which comprise three Renfrewshire, one Stirling, one Argyll, one Dumbarton, and one Clackmannan and Ross.

Below these again are more Scotsmen who

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SAYING GOOD-BYE TO FATHER.
A Trooper of the Duke of Cambridge's Own.

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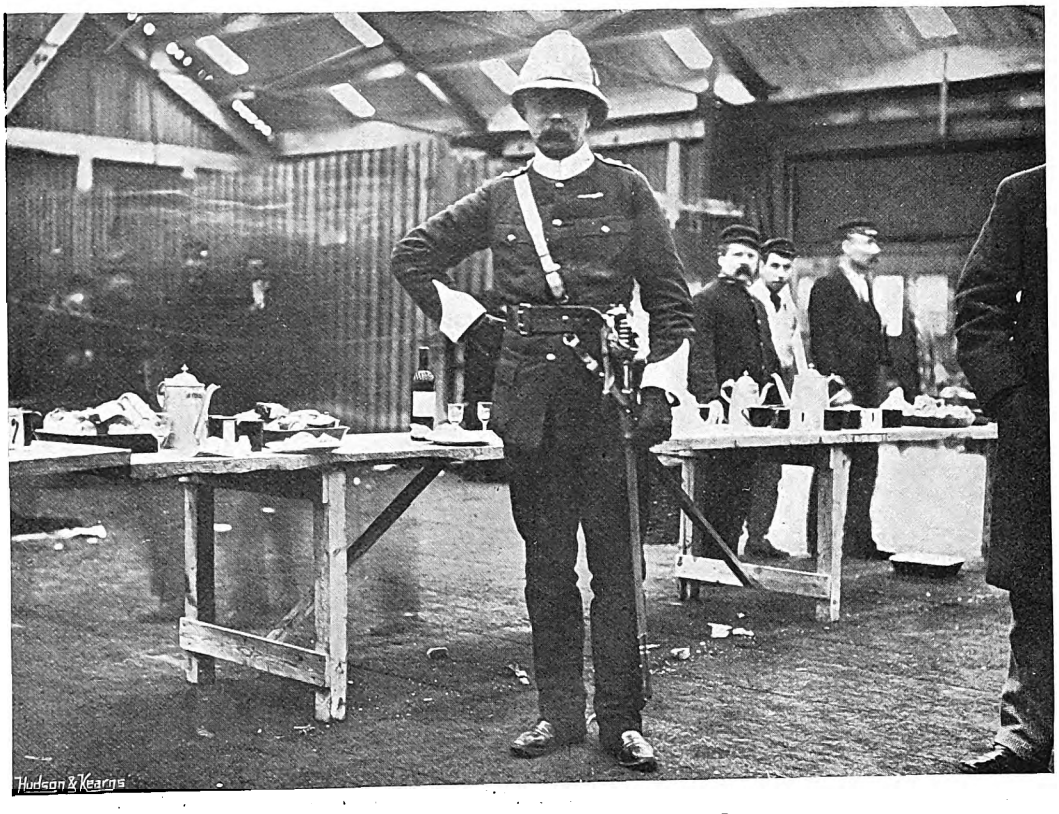

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. C. HELME, C.B
Commanding the 6th Battalion Middlesex Regiment.

A COMFORTING MEAL.
Men of the 6th Middlesex.

Photos. Copyright. *WELCOME AFTER A COLD JOURNEY.* *"Navy & Army."*
Men of the 4th Yorkshire.

have left to join the King's Own Scottish Borderers, whose affiliated Volunteer battalions are four in number, the Roxburgh and Selkirk, the Berwickshire, the Dumfries, and the Kirkcudbright and Wigtown. In another group are shown some of the Volunteer service company of the Bedfordshire, which has three Volunteer battalions, one belonging to the County of Bedford and two to Hertfordshire. A West Country battalion is illustrated in another picture, which shows a squad of the service company drawn from the five Volunteer battalions of the Devonshire Regiment. Other pictures again give Yeomanry types. Besides the companies supplied from counties, several special corps have been affiliated to this organisation. Notable among these is that known as the Duke of Cambridge's Own. Its members provide the entire cost of their own outfit, passage, and expenses throughout the war, and all the pay they are entitled to goes to the wives and families of the soldiers killed in action—as fine a way of showing true patriotism as could well be imagined. The Duke of Cambridge accompanied the corps to Southampton on the day of embarkation, and, in a speech made after he had inspected them, said that he hoped they would have a great success, and he looked forward to the result with confidence. In war ups and downs must be expected, and nobody should feel disheartened because at one moment victory seems on our side and at another we are less successful. The very fact that a body of men such as he was then addressing was going to the front proved to the Duke that the sentiment of the nation was in the right. They showed that they were imbued by the sentiment which should be the feeling of every Englishman in every part of the world. No doubt they were going to have a rough time of it. They were not accustomed to discipline, but he asked them to take his advice and not to mind whether the orders they received were pleasant or otherwise. They must submit to orders. In conclusion he wished them God-speed, and hoped and trusted he might see every one of them return flushed with victory. He wished them a satisfactory voyage out and a great success in the field.

Another picture shows a corporal and a trooper of the company which has been raised at the expense of Lord Loch. The qualification for enlistment in this company is, in addition to the riding and shooting tests, the possession of a practical experience of South Africa. This corps should have a specially useful future before it on its arrival, all the more so because a large percentage of the men who belong to it have seen service in one or other of our many colonial wars.

According to the Marquess of Lansdowne there are now thirty battalions of Militia on their way to the seat of war, seven other battalions holding our fortresses, and yet 77,000 Militiamen are still left in this country. The Volunteer is, under present regulations, entitled to a pension if wounded or invalided when called out on actual military service.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. IX.—No. 163.] SATURDAY, MARCH 17th, 1900.

Photo. Copyright. *Cumming.*

OBEYING HIS COUNTRY'S CALL.

Typical of what has happened to many a bonny lass is the incident here depicted, for her lad has to leave her at his country's call. Perhaps he was a Reservist and the wedding day was already fixed when the call to arms came. We heartily wish the couple a joyous reunion.

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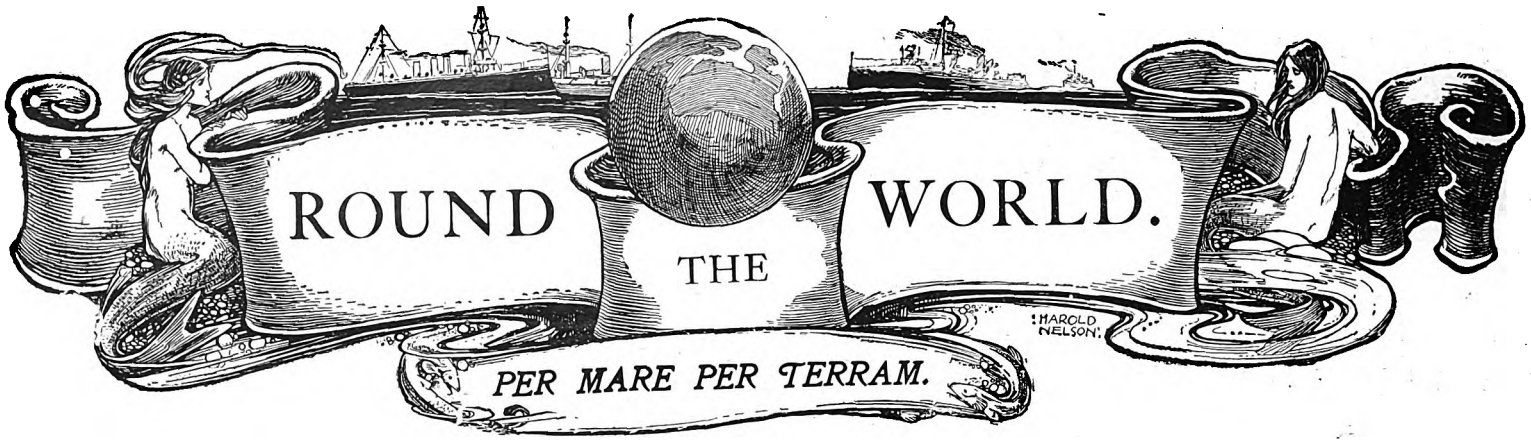

SISTER KENDALL.
Of the Army Nursing Service.

SISTER MAGILL.
Army Nursing Service.

IT may be looked upon as a rule with this country that we invariably commence a campaign by showing our unpreparedness for it, and, with one great exception, we have in the present operations in South Africa quite lived up to our reputation. That one notable exception is in regard to all that concerns the sanitation of the Army, for never yet in our history have we started on a war better equipped for this work than we are to-day. From stretcher companies to superb hospital ships and base hospitals our medical organisation is most complete, and in no respect more than in the staff of nursing sisters who have gone to the front, and the portraits of four of whom, just gone from England, are here given. These sisters left for South Africa on the 24th ult., and an official return completed up to that date shows that our total of wounded included no less than 457 officers and 5,338 non-commissioned officers and men. Moreover there is a large number of sick to swell this huge total, and though 79 officers and 2,227 rank and file have been sent home sick and wounded, there remains an immense number still requiring care, and above all good nursing, in our hospitals in South Africa. So it goes without saying that the good sisters whose portraits are here given will find plenty of work to their hands when they arrive on the scene. The wounds inflicted in this campaign are curiously enough either

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SISTER CARR.
Army Nursing Service.

SISTER HILL.
Army Nursing Service.

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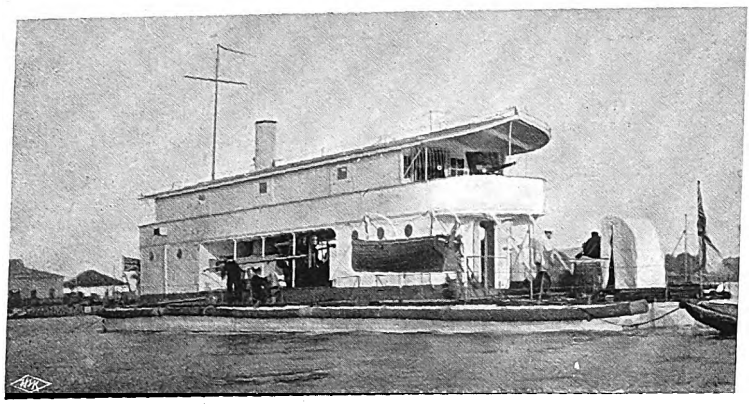


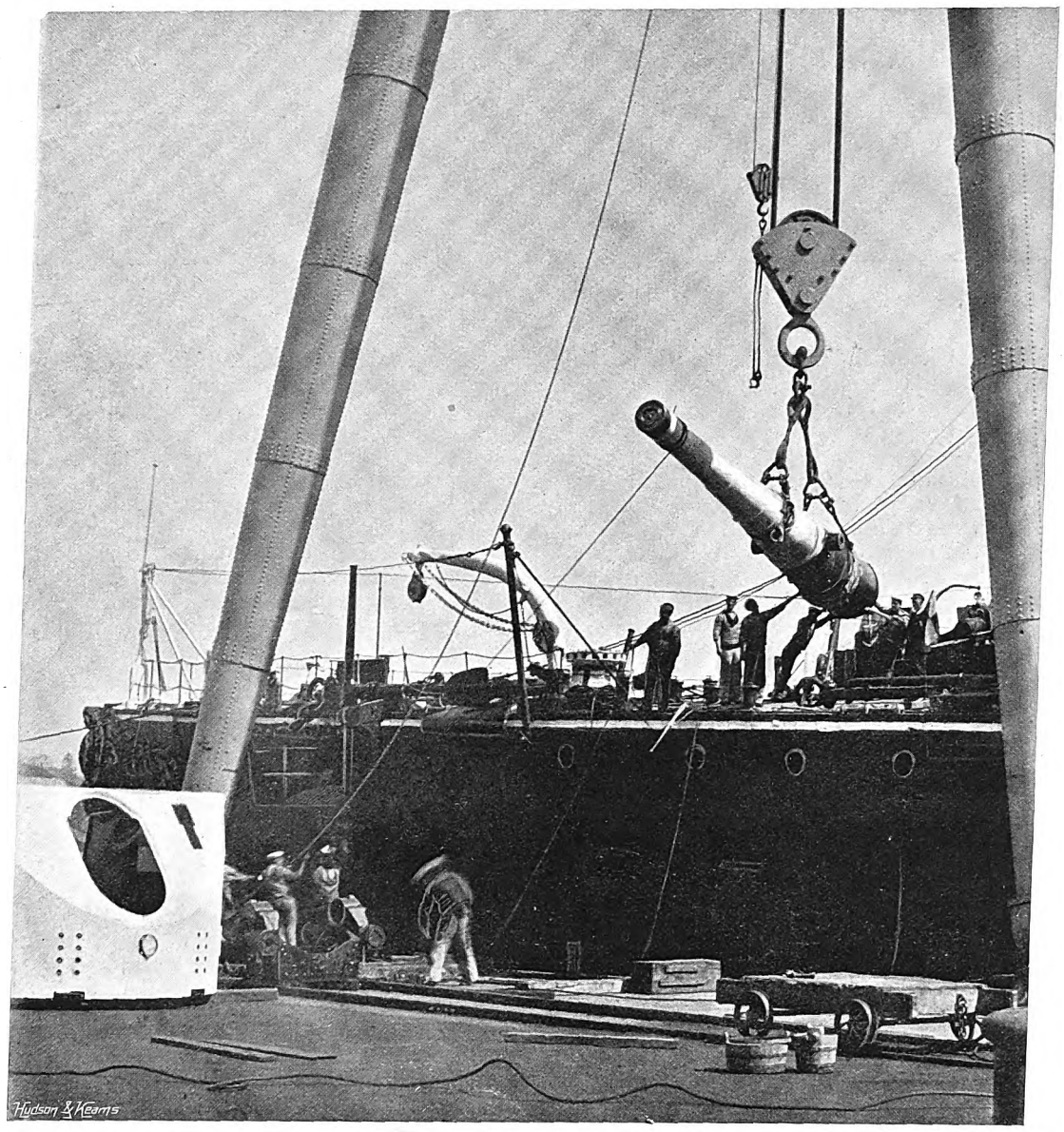
A RIVER GUARD ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.
The Shallow-draught Gun-boat "Snipe."

those that submit most readily to medical and surgical treatment, or else the most difficult to deal with, the reason being that the Mauser itself is the most merciful bullet used by any troops, but when the hard casing is purposely split by the Boers in infraction of every rule of civilised warfare, it becomes a projectile of the most shattering and explosive character.

IN several parts of the world Her Majesty's Navy has to do its work miles away inland, in the hearts of great continents, and shallow-draught steamers specially constructed for river service are necessary for this purpose. One such is shown in our illustration, bearing the very appropriate name of "Snipe," which was commissioned for service on the Yang-tse-Kiang last October. A glance at the picture will show how excellently she is suited for her purpose, and that her officers and crew have good airy accommodation and as much protection from a tropical sun as is feasible. We can easily fancy how a command of this kind must delight the soul of a keen young officer. In her he takes as much pride as he would in the biggest first-class battle-ship. She is his own, fifty times more comfortable than a destroyer, and—not the least advantage—his command probably gives him opportunities for getting excellent shooting. The "Snipe" is one of eight boats of her class, six built by Messrs. Yarrow at Poplar, and two by Messrs. Thornycroft at Chiswick. They are built in water-tight sections, and put together on arrival at their stations. The "Snipe," "Woodlark," "Woodcock," and "Sandpiper" are on the China station, the "Heron" and "Jackdaw" on the Niger, and the "Nightingale" and "Robin" have not yet left home.

THE life of every gun, like all things else, has its limit, for after a certain number of rounds have been fired the rifling is spoiled and the gun has more or less lost its power and accuracy. The reason for this is that with the slow-burning powders now in vogue the erosion is very great, and consequently the grooves of the rifling are worn away after a certain number of rounds have been fired. The larger the gun the shorter is its lease of life, gauged by the number of rounds that can be fired from it. But this lease of life can be renewed by the very simple expedient of relining the gun, that is, renewing the A or centre tube around which the gun is built up. In the most recent types of guns an inner A tube, having its outer surface roughened to prevent any turning movement, is driven into the A tube, and a gun with the A tube so lined can be easily repaired after the bore has become worn by erosion, for only the inner tube or lining requires renewal.

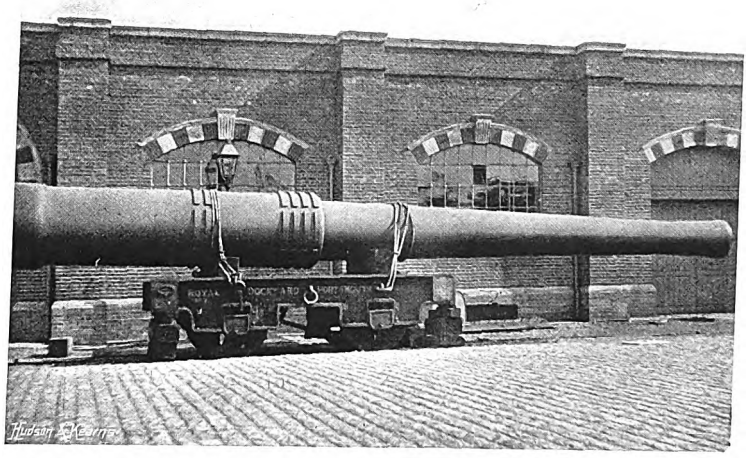
Getting heavy guns in and out is a task at which Jack is especially smart, as he has shown recently in South Africa, where numbers of heavy guns have been unshipped and sent up for field service to the front. The Bluejacket is in truth a smart and wonderfully "handy man."



FOR ALTERATION AND REPAIR
Hoisting a big Gun Out of a Cruiser.

AS is noted above, Jack is a handy man at shipping and unshipping the big guns with which he fights his country's battles, and one of the biggest tasks of the kind to which he can be put is the placing in position a gun of the type shown in the accompanying illustration. This is one of the four 12-in. guns that are carried in pairs in the barbettes of our big battle-ships, the particular one here shown being destined to find a home in one of the barbettes of the "Formidable," one of the most recent and powerful of our battle-ships now completing at Portsmouth.

This type of gun, though not the heaviest or largest used in the Navy, is more powerful than the 13·5-in. and longer-



From Photos. *A FORMIDABLE WEAPON.* *By a Naval Officer.*
A 12-in. 45-ton Gun for the "Formidable."

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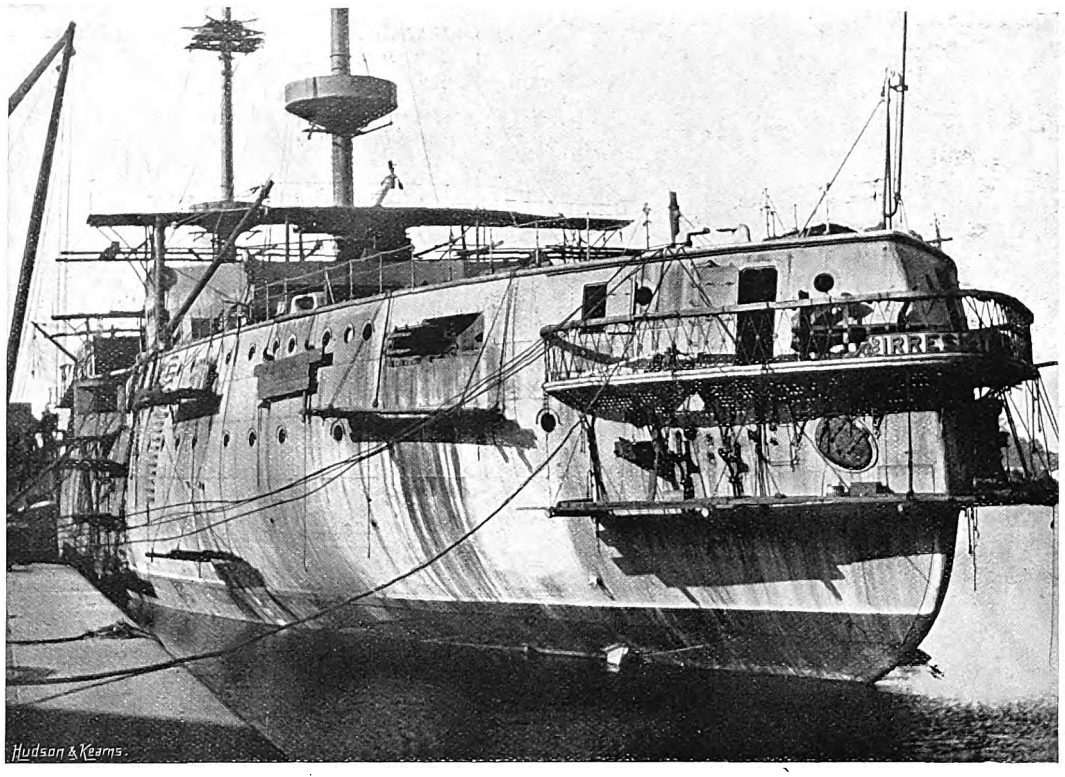
lived than either that or the 16·25-in.

The weight of the guns is from 45 to 50 tons, according to the mark, and with a charge of 167½-lb. of cordite they throw a 850-lb. projectile with a muzzle velocity of 2,367 foot-seconds, and a muzzle energy of 33,020 foot-tons. This projectile will, at a distance of 2,000-yds., pierce over 2-ft. of wrought iron with almost as much ease as a knife runs into a pat of butter. Of course with a charge and projectile of this weight a gun cannot be in the ordinary sense quick-firing, but so perfect is the breech mechanism that it is capable of being worked by a child with the greatest ease, and it can be opened and closed almost as rapidly as that of a "four-point-seven."



Copyright. THE "IRRESISTIBLE." *Fuller.*
Now Completing at Chatham.

THIS year the Naval Estimates only propose the laying down of two new battle-ships, but during the year there will be under construction no less than seventeen. Of these six belong to the class of which our illustration shows the prototype, and comprise the "Formidable," "Irresistible," "Implacable," "London," "Bulwark," and "Venerable."

These splendid vessels are the largest in the Navy, for they are of 15,000 tons displacement, very speedy, for they can steam 18 knots, and most powerful, for they carry four 12-in. guns in barbettes, twelve 6-in. quick-firers in their secondary battery, and sixteen 12-pounders, six 3-pounders, and eight Maxims in their auxiliary battery.

By this time twelve months the first three named will be completely equipped, and some time before if necessary, whilst the other three will be ready to hoist the pennant before the close of 1901.

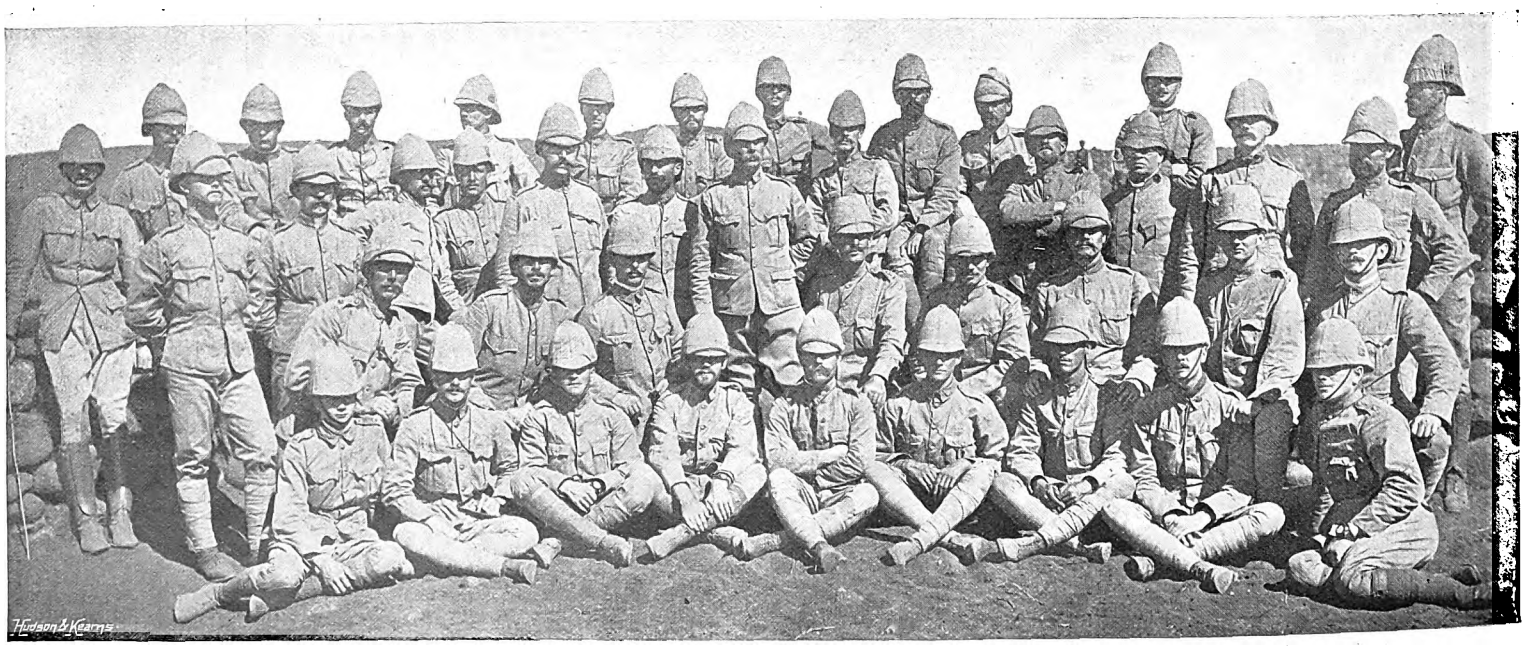
DURING the war the Volunteers, whether they came from home, Australia, or Canada, or have been raised in Cape Colony or Natal, have done superbly the work that has been given them to do, but none have done better than the Canadians. Of them Lord Roberts says; "The Canadian Regiment has done admirable service since its arrival in South Africa," and after regretting the loss the regiment suffered in the fighting of the 18th ult., sends to the people of Canada an assurance of "how much we all here admire the conspicuous gallantry displayed by our Canadian comrades."

And in the dashing advance that consummated the victory that commemorated the nineteenth anniversary of Majuba, was it not the Canadians who were in the forefront, side by side with Her Majesty's Sappers, Highlanders from Aberdeen, and "Light Bobs" from the shadow of the Wrekin, and whose dashing advance, as Lord Roberts declares, "apparently clinched matters"?

"At 3 a.m.," says his Lordship, in the despatch, speaking of the surrender of Cronje and the previous hard fighting, "a most dashing advance, made by the Canadian Regiment and some Engineers, supported by the 1st Gordon Highlanders and 2nd Shropshires, resulted in our gaining a point some 600-yds. nearer the enemy, and within 80-yds. of his trenches, where our men entrenched themselves, and maintained their position until morning—a gallant deed, worthy of our colonial comrades, and which, I am glad to say, was attended with comparatively slight loss."

The Special Service Battalion of Canadian Infantry, whose deeds have rung throughout the Empire, is under the command of Colonel W. D. Otter, of the Canadian General Staff, an officer of long service and experience. His substantive appointment is that of Officer Commanding the Royal Canadian Infantry, part of the permanent forces of the Dominion, which has its headquarters at Toronto (Ontario), and other depôts at London (Ontario), St. John's (Quebec), and Fredericton (New Brunswick).

Colonel Otter is A.D.C. to the Governor-General, and saw service with his regiment in the suppression of Riel's Rebellion in 1885. He is a fine type of those gallant officers who have rendered such good service to the Empire, and who are now doing so much to bind it still more firmly together.



THE HEROES OF PAARDEBERG—COLONEL OTTER AND A DETACHMENT OF CANADIAN INFANTRY.

From a Photo by Kind Permission of the "Daily Graphic."

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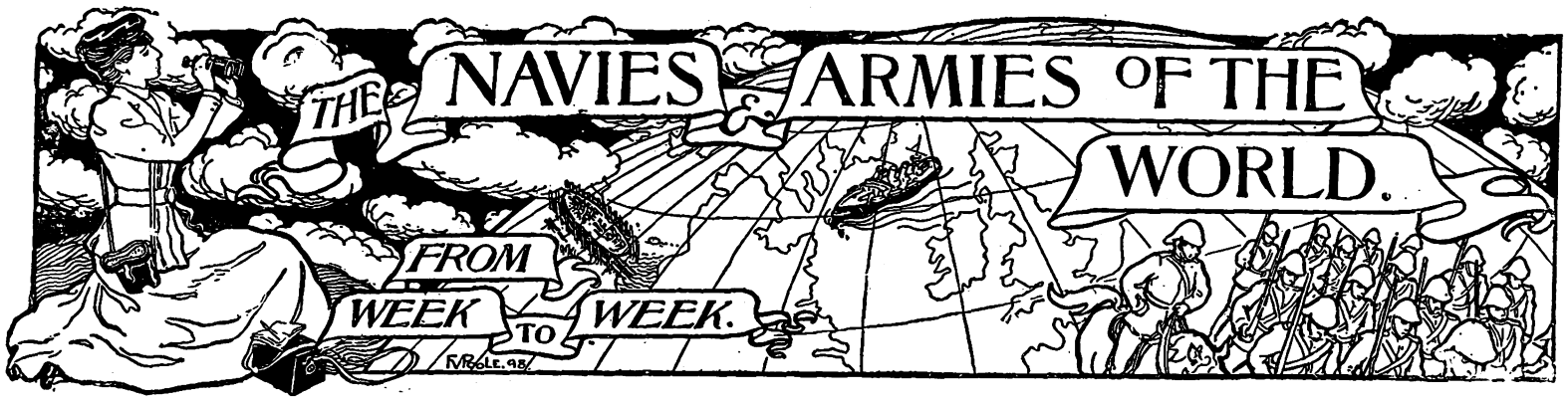

WHEN we hear that the War Office is disposed to give favourable consideration to the proposal to form a regiment of Irish Guards, our first inclination is to say, "What a pity we did not think of it before adding third battalions to the Coldstreams and the Scots." It would have been so easy to have arranged the thing then, whereas now the difficulty will be to find a place. But that comment would not be very rational, since the peculiar combination of circumstances and of feeling—what Prince Bismarck would have called the psychological moment—had not been reached when the third battalions were added to the Coldstreams and the Scots. The regiment could have been raised, beyond all question; the Government had only to let it be known that Irishmen who served in the Guards would establish a claim to be taken into the Constabulary, and it would have had the pick of the farmers' sons all over Ireland. Yet though it would have been done, the measure would not have had the grace it would have now. The difficulty of finding a place for a new regiment of Guards in our Army scheme is also, perhaps, not so great after all. We have decided to add new battalions to several regiments, but as yet have not got beyond the stage of merely having made the plan. Nothing can be simpler than to make a slight alteration, and to provide that a regiment of Guards shall be formed in lieu of two or three of these proposed second battalions. Since the Household troops now go on foreign service, this would make no diminution in the number of men available for the general work of the Army.

* * * *

Nothing is more superfluous than to point out that the Irishman is, and always has been, an admirable soldier for whomsoever he has fought, and in the course of centuries his services have been given to many masters. The French was not the only army which included an Irish Brigade by any means. There were soldiers of that nationality serving the Emperor, and others who fought for Spain even as late as the Peninsular War. In the last century the Irish Roman Catholic gentleman who wished to follow the profession of arms had not much chance of doing so except in foreign service. Our establishments were small, and there was not much room for him in them. The question of religion, too, was an obstacle, though not a very insurmountable one; although in theory Roman Catholics ought not to have held commissions, there were many who did, both in the Army and Navy. Terence O'Brien, in Marryat's story of "Peter Simple," refers to the subject, but, as we see, his religion did not prevent him from getting the command of the "Rattlesnake," nor from becoming Sir Terence. As for Roman Catholics in the ranks, they abounded, and must have been, in fact, very nearly a half, if not more than a half, of the Duke's army in Spain. That was about the proportion of Irishmen among his British troops, and the percentage of them which was drawn from the Protestant population of Ulster was never large. Fortunately the notion that Her Majesty would not be safe under the protection of a regiment of Roman Catholic Irish Guards will now hardly occur to the mind of those who live in the greatest possible terror of the Pope.

* * * *

When Commandant Cronje was lately holding out at Paardeberg, to the annoyance of some among us who were impatient for good news, there were some comments made on what was called his obstinacy which were not greatly to our honour. It was said that he was depriving himself of the right to honourable treatment by his contumacy, and rather bullying references were made to the old rule which deprived the defender of an untenable position of all right to quarter. People who talked like this must have had a vague notion of the rule about which they were speaking. It applied only to the garrison of a fortified town which put the besieging army to the expense of a storm, and it only held good when the town was visibly indefensible and no relief was to be expected. The formula was when the counterscarp was blown in and a breach was made in the body of the place. There was no trouble about finding out whether those conditions were fulfilled in the case of a regularly fortified town. It would be a question as to how to get the equivalent of them in the case of troops taking advantage of the formation of the ground to make a long fight in the open. But those who were so shocked with the contumacy of Commandant Cronje cannot have reflected on all the meaning of what they said. In reality they were adopting the amazing doctrine that whenever the odds are very long against you, and the chance of success is small, you are justified in surrendering at once. If this is to become the principle of the British Army (which I do not believe), its doings in the future will be singularly unlike its history in the past. There is, perhaps, too much talk in the "scientific" school about the reasons there always are for retiring, and for thinking it of no use to go on when you are "out of action." If men once look about for excuses of that kind, they will soon begin to find them at every turn. "Out of action" is a pretty phrase, but a man is never out of action while he can deliver a blow. Neither can he know that he will not turn the tide by holding out for another ten minutes.

* * * *

As regards this particular passage of the war in South Africa, Commandant Cronje was not only justified in what he did, but was under an obligation of honour to do it. He was in the position of an officer who is making a rear-guard fight to cover the general retreat of his own army. His duty is to delay the advance of the other side to the utmost of his power. If he can do that and save his own command, so much the better; if he cannot, then he is still bound to make the most prolonged fight he can. A signal example of the successful conduct of a rear guard was given by Ney when he covered the retreat of Massena from Portugal, in 1810. Then he repeatedly delayed Wellington's advance by offering a bold front at some strong post, thereby forcing the English general to employ time in making elaborate flanking movements, and then slipping out when he was in peril of being surrounded. Yet it never entered into the head of any officers of ours to accuse him of criminal obstinacy, or indeed to pass any judgment on him, except that he was doing his duty very finely, and as any one of them would have wished to do in similar circumstances. This fretful impatience with an enemy who fights his best is a bad sign—or rather would be if one could suppose that it was shared by our troops in the field, which is plainly not the case. Of course we can, if we like, say that nobody who resists us for a good space, and with some success, shall be received to quarter when we get the upper hand. Armies have acted on that rule before now; but if we are going to make it our law, we had better take great care that British troops are not put in the position to need quarter themselves. Quite akin to this foolish scolding of Commandant Cronje is the rather vulgar shouting over the Boer retreat a few days later than the surrender. Did any mortal man suppose that 8,000 or 10,000 Boers in the open were going to stand till 45,000 of our troops had outflanked them on both sides? If they were the kind of people to do that, they would be as easy to defeat as Dervishes—and this war would not give us all the trouble it does.

* * * *

It is very much what one would expect that, while foolish talk of this kind is audible here, and while some of us are not ashamed to write vulgar abuse of Commandant Cronje in the papers, he is treated with marked civility by Lord Roberts. There is hardly an exception to the rule that the people who bluster and are all for brutal measures are those who stay at home. When one is on the spot one feels differently. In the first place, every good workman has respect for the good work in his own art done on the other side. Then there is a certain element of enlightened selfishness which works. When one is opposed to a serious adversary one begins to have a lively appreciation of what is meant by the phrase "the fortune of war." Even during the successful operations round and after Paardeberg a detachment of our men were carried off as prisoners. What happens to one may happen to another, and while that is so nobody at the front is eager for a no quarter war.

DAVID HANNAY.

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NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE WORLD'S NEWS.
OFFICES:- 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON W.C.

NOTICE.—The Editor will be pleased to receive for consideration photographs and literary contributions, as well as information of prospective Naval or Military events which it might be considered advisable to illustrate. Contributors are requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS., and on the backs of photographs, which should be carefully packed and accompanied by descriptions of their subjects. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED *alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require. If it is desired that rejected photographs should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed label must be enclosed for the purpose.*

Imperial Patriotism.

IN that black week which brought us news of our December reverses, the nation passed through a fiery ordeal. It passed through it with a firmness and a courage that extorted admiration from the most hostile critics. We have just had to undergo another test of our steadiness and determination—a test of a lower kind, but yet one by which nations have often been tried and found wanting. The first instalment of the war bill has been presented for payment. To shout in patriotic unison is easy and exciting, to pay is never pleasant, and often not at all easy. Fortunately, from this test also the nation comes out with unshaken dignity and resolve. It has responded ungrudgingly to the stirring appeal made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Every class of the community is ready to bear its share of the burden, and to show that it will "shrink from no sacrifice which the honour of our country and our duty to the Empire demand." Nor will it be otherwise when the rest of the bill has to be settled. We know what we want in South Africa, we are determined to get it, and we are willing to pay the cost.

We also know what reforms and reorganisations we must have at home as the direct result and outcome of the war. One of these may possibly be a reform of our system of taxation. A more pressing need, and one about which we are all more thoroughly agreed, is a complete reorganisation of the Army and of our military methods. A great deal is being talked just now about Home Defence. Our best Home Defence is our first fighting line, the Navy. So long as we keep our Navy strong enough to cope with any probable combination of hostile Powers, we need have little fear for the integrity of our shores. Home Defence is not our difficulty nearly so much as the need of a fairly large, thoroughly trained and equipped Army, which can be ready at any moment to go anywhere it may be wanted. This is what we must have. How we are to get it is a question not easily answered as yet. Opinions are in a state of flux. The Government say we can rely upon voluntary enlistment. Mr. Sidney Low, on the other side, speaks for a large body of opinion when he tells us in the *Nineteenth Century* that the voluntary system is a broken reed. At present, the more discussion there is the better. Too many cooks spoil the broth if they are allowed to interfere when once the pot is on the fire. But there is no harm in having suggestions beforehand as to how the broth should be seasoned from as many cooks as possible.

There is one course open to Her Majesty's advisers in connection with Army reorganisation which would certainly be popular, and might do much to strengthen the Imperial bond. This is to bring Greater Britain as well as Great Britain within the scope of their scheme. The eagerness with which our countrymen over-seas have thrown themselves into the South African struggle is the happiest omen we could desire of their consent to take their fair share in bearing the military burdens of the Empire. It seems but the other day that we were welcoming the colonial detachments which came to march with us in the Jubilee processions. Now they have not only marched out with our troops but into something very different from a procession—they have bled with them, they have died in the Imperial cause, time after time their steadiness and gallantry have won our ringing cheers and stirred in us a feeling of kinship and unity warmer than we have ever known before. Many who had set little store by the ties which bind Mother Country and colonies felt for the first time what these ties really mean when with a thrill of sad pride they read the earliest list of "Colonial killed and wounded."

There is, then, a great opportunity offered to us of laying great bases, if not for eternity, at any rate for a long and glorious future. We have the opportunity of settling the lines upon which an Imperial military force may be established, upon which (to quote a sentence from Sir John Seeley's "Expansion of England") "some organisations may gradually be arrived at which may make the whole force of the Empire available in time of war." That opinion tends this way is clear. It is proved by such questions as that asked in the House of Commons a day or two ago as to whether, in view of the brilliant services of the colonial troops, the time has not come to create a body of "Imperial Guards," to act as bodyguards of Her Majesty's colonial representatives; it is proved by the military enthusiasm that possesses the colonies themselves; it is proved by the growing recognition of the right and duty of every part of the Empire to take its share in Imperial obligations. The visit which the Australian Premiers are to pay to London in a few months' time to settle the last details of Australian federation will happen, from this point of view, at a very convenient season. The outlines of a plan could then be discussed informally, and the views of the colonial authorities ascertained.

That the colonies would at the present moment enter willingly into such a scheme there is little doubt. The advantage of a widely-scattered defensive Army which could concentrate a large force very quickly at any point of attack would be, from their own standpoint, very great. In the coming century the British world-state will have, in all probability, to hold its own by force and tenacity in all quarters of the globe. If we are satisfied, as we believe all parts of the Empire to be satisfied, that it is better to hold together as a world-state than to break up into small and insignificant polities, we must provide the means for holding together in the face of attack. The writing is upon the wall. Let us ponder it well, and, when we have resolved, lose no time in putting our resolution into effect.

THE NAVY AND ARMY DIARY.

MARCH 18, 1778.—Action at Quintius Bridge. Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood, with a foraging party, having landed at Salem, received information of an intended attack on his troops by a large force. Making a feint of retiring, he drew a division of the Americans into an ambuscade and routed them. 1819.—Storm of Choora. The Thacoor of Choora being in rebellion against the Gaicawar State, the East India Company's agent directed Captain Gilchrist to support the troops of the country against the fortress, which was carried by assault. Defeat of Mahrattas. Lieutenant-Colonel Fraser, with a detachment of the Royals, the 30th and 67th Regiments, the Madras European Regiment, and a native battalion captured Holker's pettah at Asseerghur.

March 19, 1779.—Surrender of Mahé. At the close of 1778, the only French possession in India was Mahé, on the Malabar Coast; the place surrendered to Colonel Braithwaite without a shot being fired. 1810.—Action on the Agueda. A furious assault by the French on the pickets of the allies, under General Crawford, posted on the River Agueda was repulsed after a hand-to-hand contest. 1812.—Sortie from Badajos repulsed. General Vielland sallying from the Talavera Gate was driven back with a loss of 300 men by Major-General Bowes. 1814.—Action of Vic Bigorre. General D'Erlon, who had been directed by Soult to take post at Vic Bigorre and check the advance of the allies, was surprised and defeated by the allies under General Picton. 1858.—Final Relief of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell. The siege began on March 8, and, after successive assaults, the enemy retreated. The relieving force lost 467 killed and wounded.

March 20, 1760.—Skirmish at Calvaire. A small force under Captain M'Donald, from Quebec, surprised and put to flight a strong party of French at Calvaire, near Augustine. 1803.—The Fort of Rathmahgalle, Ceylon, stormed and carried by Captain Beaver. 1807.—Alexandria surrendered to an expedition under Major-General Fraser. 1814.—Combat at Tarbes. Defeat of the French under Soult by Wellington. 1885.—General Graham carries the Arab position at Hasheen. 1896.—Akasheh, Soudan, occupied by British and Egyptian troops.

March 21, 1791.—Bangalore stormed and carried by Lord Cornwallis. The enemy in their flight crowded and choked the gateway. A deplorable carnage ensued, and the bodies of more than 1,000 of the garrison were buried after the assault. 1801.—Battle of Alexandria. In spite of the superiority of the French cavalry and artillery, our troops, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, gained a decisive victory, and Menou, the French commander-in-chief, retreated on Alexandria with a loss of 2,000 men. Our losses were heavy, amounting to 1,400. Sir Ralph Abercromby received a wound from which he died, and Major-General Moore, Brigadier-Generals Oakes, Hope, and Colonel Paget were also included in the list of casualties. 1881.—Peace concluded with the Boers.

MARCH 19, 1757.—The "Mignonne," 20, one of a French frigate squadron in the Bay of Biscay, taken by the "Æolus," 32. 1779.—The "Arethusa," 32—the original "Saucy Arethusa"—wrecked on the Molène, near Ushant, while chasing a French frigate. 1867.—Admiral Sir Phipps Hornby died. 1870.—The "Hotspur" launched.

March 20, 1780.—Action between the "Lion," 64, "Bristol," 50, and "Janus," 44, under Commodore Cornwallis, and five French sail of the line—two 74's, one 64, and two 32's—in the West Indies. 1796.—Action between Sir J. B. Warren's "Western Squadron," of four frigates, and four French frigates with a corvette off the Penmarch. 1805.—Destruction of the "Général Ernouf" privateer in action with the British "Renard," 18, off Cuba. 1843.—Admiral Sir Charles Frederick Hotham born. 1854.—The British Fleet, under Sir Charles Napier, arrived in the Baltic. 1886.—The "Fearless" launched. 1896.—The "Dido" launched. 1897.—The "Europa" launched. The "Leopard," torpedo-boat destroyer, launched.

March 21, 1793.—Lieutenant John Western, of the "Syren," 32, killed in action off the Dutch coast, the first officer to lose his life in the great war. 1800.—The "Petrel," 16, took the "Ligurienne," 16, off Marseilles, driving also a French 14-gun brig and a 6-gun xebec ashore. 1806.—Boats of the "Colpoys," 16, cut out three armed Spanish luggers in Avilas Harbour, coast of Spain.

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Battlefields and Scenes of the War.

PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

THE march of General French into Kimberley was an event that will long re-echo in the history of South Africa. The Diamond City welcomed enthusiastically the troopers who had ridden so well to its aid, making havoc of the deep-laid plans of the Boers. Then began the restoration of the late-beleaguered place to its prosperity, and our illustration of the first train steaming to the town will possess very keen interest for many. Railways have played a large part in this war, and the "Cape to Cairo" line was the means employed by Lord Roberts for his invasion of the Free State, with an advanced base at Modder River. Kimberley sprang into existence rapidly after the discovery of diamonds at Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein in 1870, and railway communication with the Cape was completed in 1884.

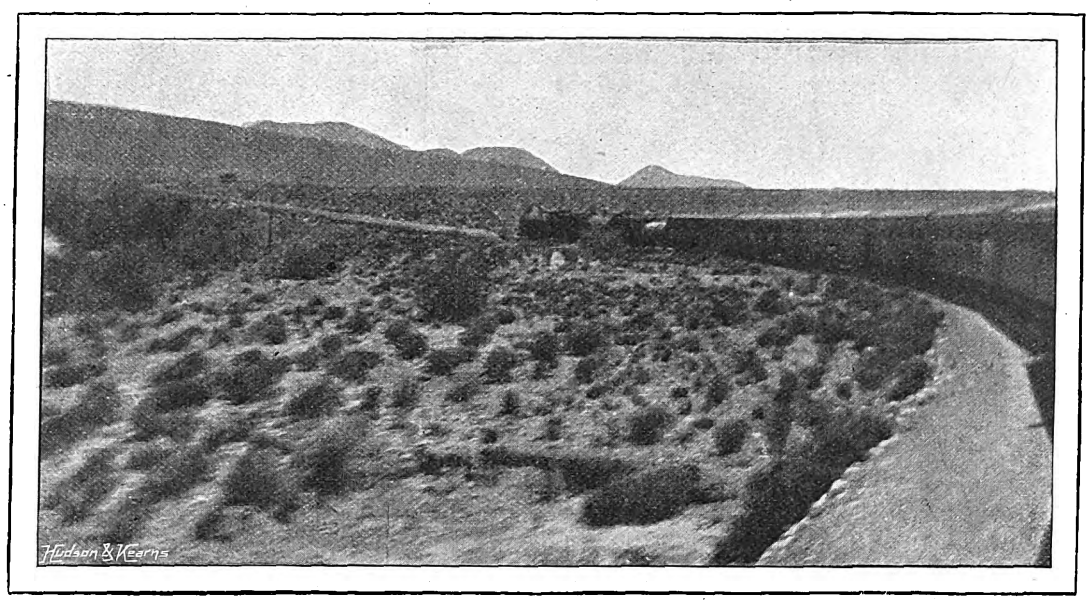
An extremely interesting place, too, is Thebus, of which our second picture illustrates the railway bridge. The scene is upon the line from Rosmead Junction to Stormberg, and is the link between the wings of our forces advancing on the Orange River from Naauwpoort and Molteno.

This east and west line through Thebus is also the base of an irregular triangle of lines, of which the sides, crossing the Orange at Norval's Pont and Bethulie, converge at Springfontein Junction, in the Orange Free State, on the direct line to Bloemfontein. Thus we see the very great importance of these railways and how Generals Clements, Gatacre, and Brabant co-operate with Lord Roberts. Within the triangle is a disaffected district, now happily settling down. The special interest of Thebus itself is that General Kelly-Kenny suddenly appeared there with the Sixth Division—sending a flutter through all the Boer commandos at the prospect of a general advance on the Orange—and then as suddenly disappeared to astonish the enemy by his splendid work on the Modder. This rapid transfer of forces was a masterful military move.

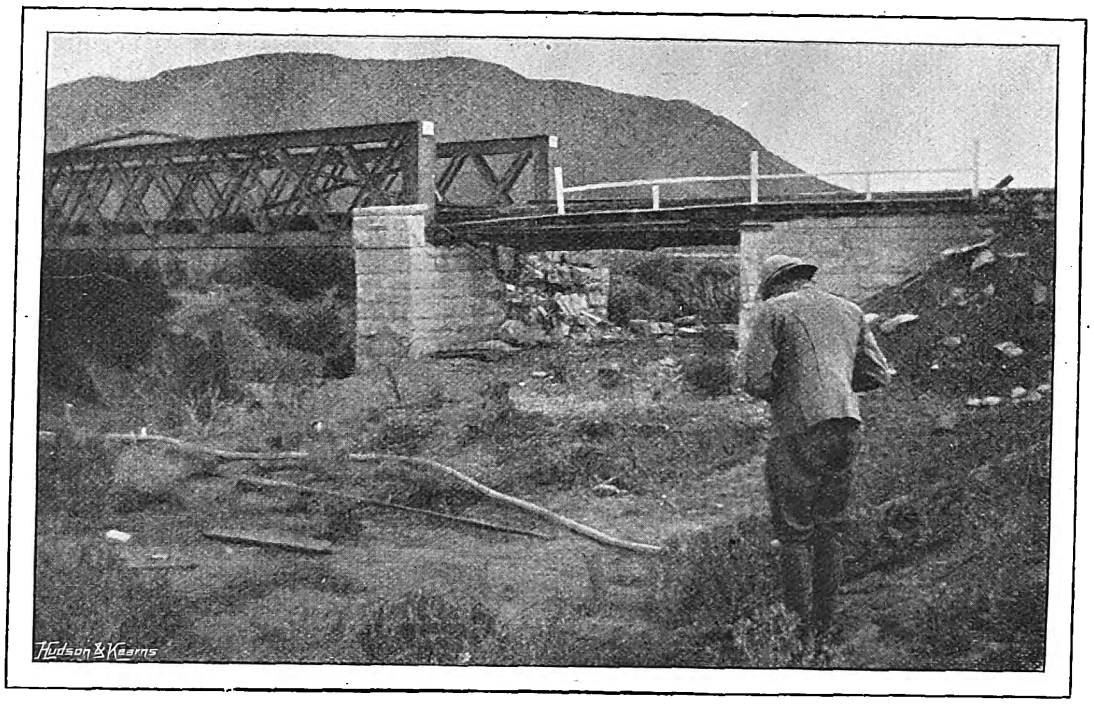
The last illustration is of the sombre height of Vaal Krantz, beyond the Tugela, and now that Ladysmith has been relieved and the Boers driven back, we can regard this rugged kop with complacency. The hill is quite characteristic of the rocky isolated heights that rise in the great spurs of the Drakensberg, and seems to be own brother to Spion Kop, which has already been illustrated in these pages.

It was against Vaal Krantz that Sir Redvers Buller directed his main attack on February 6. General Wynne had made a feint on the previous day, after crossing at Potgieter's on the left, while General Lyttelton, who had passed at Harding Drift and seized the low kopjes, attacked the Vaal Krantz ridge.

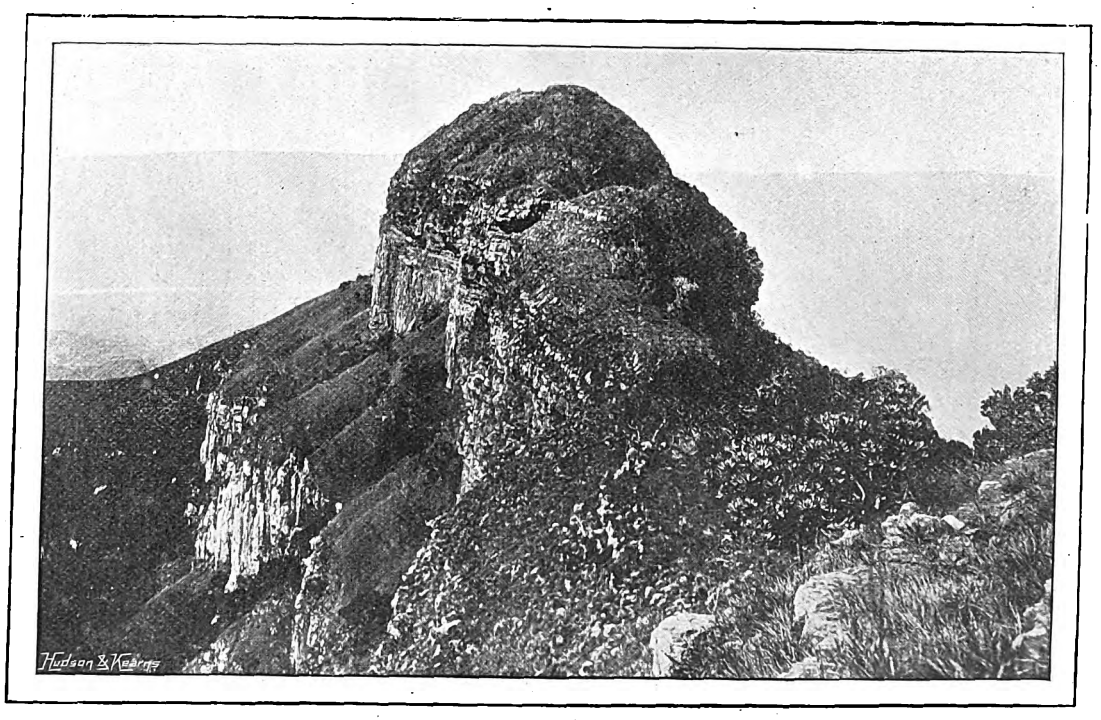
It was a tremendous struggle, in which we lost heavily and failed, but the gallantry and devotion displayed will be prized in the annals of the Army.



A WELCOME VISITOR FOR KIMBERLEY.
The First Train Steaming to the Diamond City.



THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT THEBUS.
Where General Kelly-Kenny made His Demonstration.



Photos. Copyright. *VAAL KRANTZ KOP ON THE TUGELA.* *"Navy & Army."*
The Place where Many Englishmen Fell.

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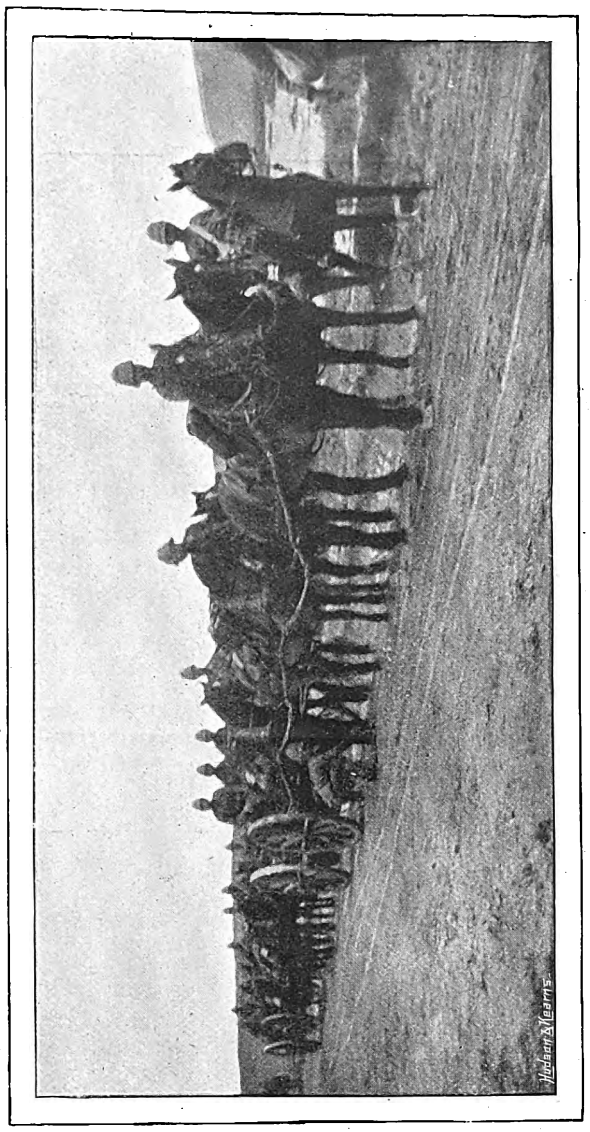
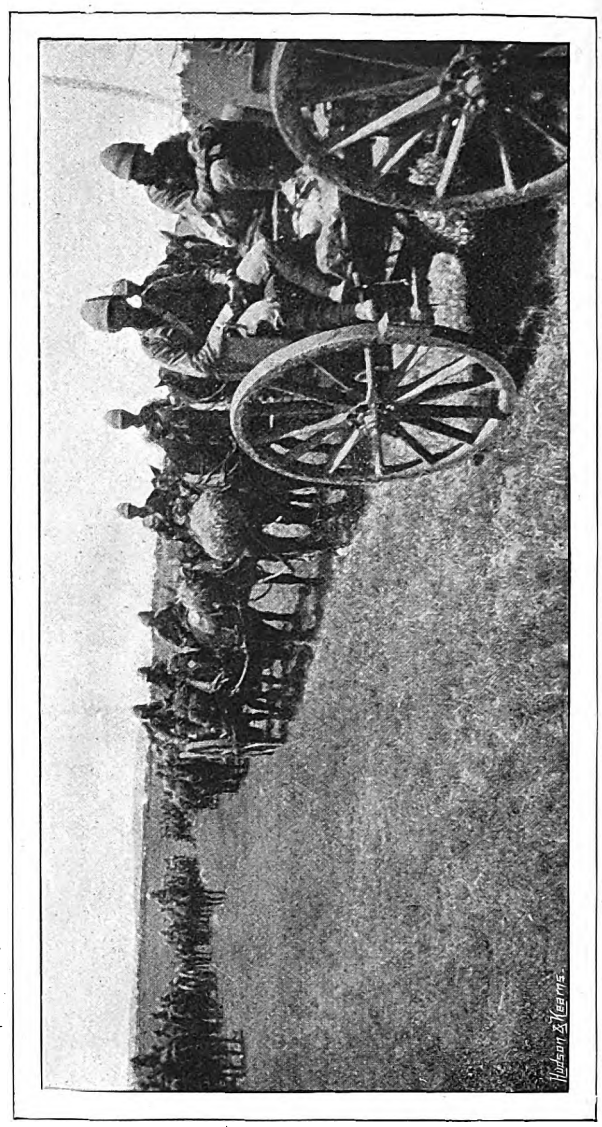
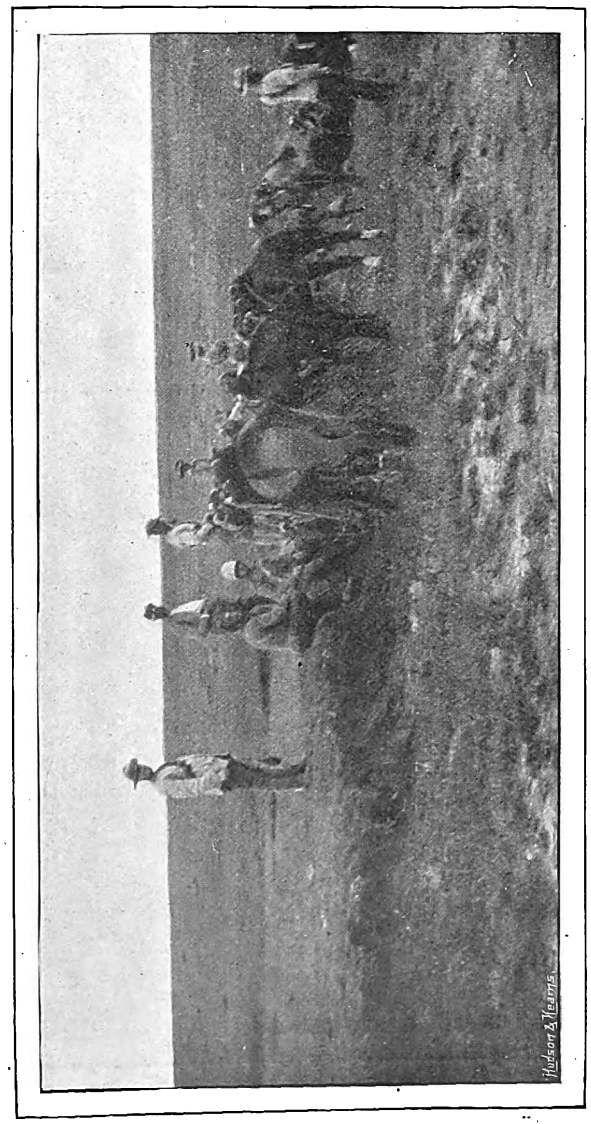
Field Artillery in South Africa.



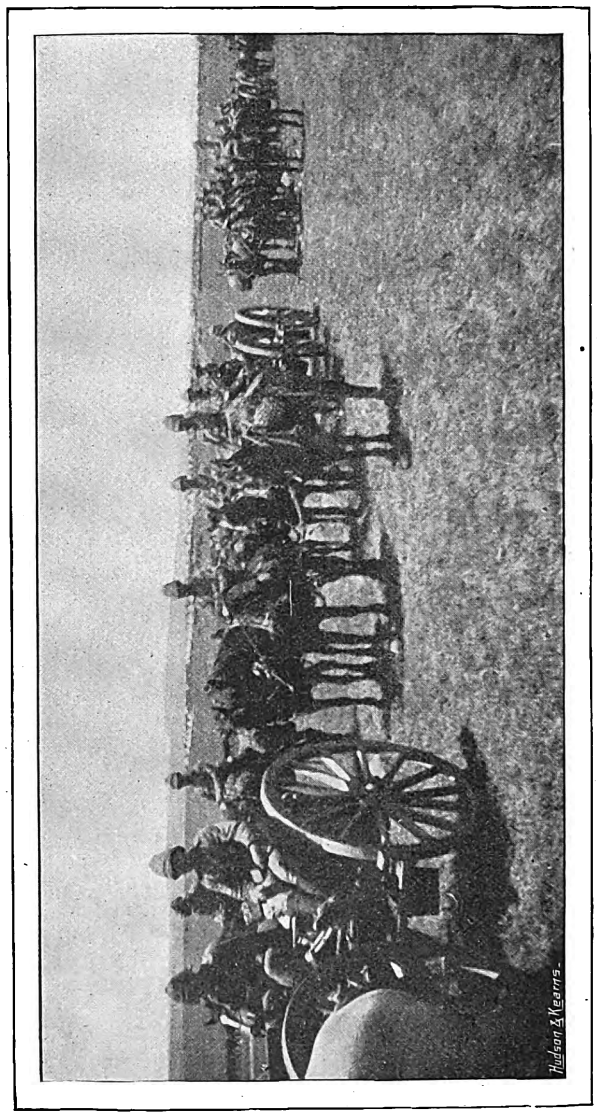
A HALT BY THE WAY.
A Gunner Removing a Stone from a Horse's Hoof.



ON THE WAY TO BATTLE.



A WELL-EARNED REST.
A Party of Mounted Infantry on Scouting Duty.



LEAVING THE RIVER CAMP.

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These Reproductions from Photos. by an Officer at the Front present with Life-like Accuracy the Appearance and Movements of the Field Batteries which, both with Lord Roberts and General Buller, have Played a Large Part in Recent Victories.

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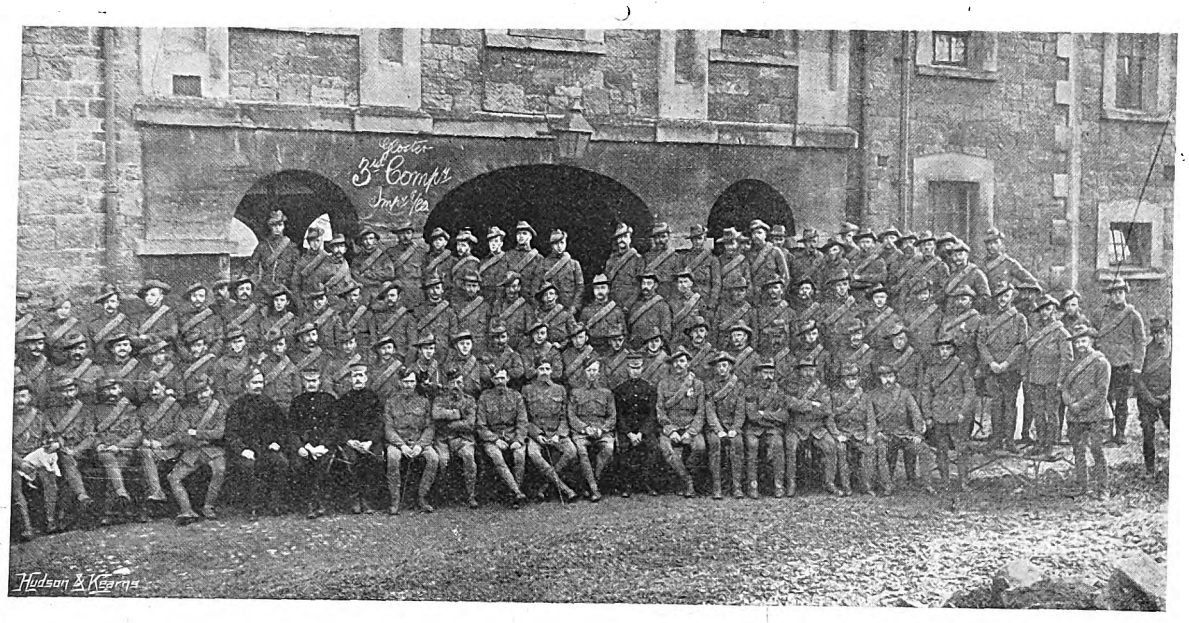
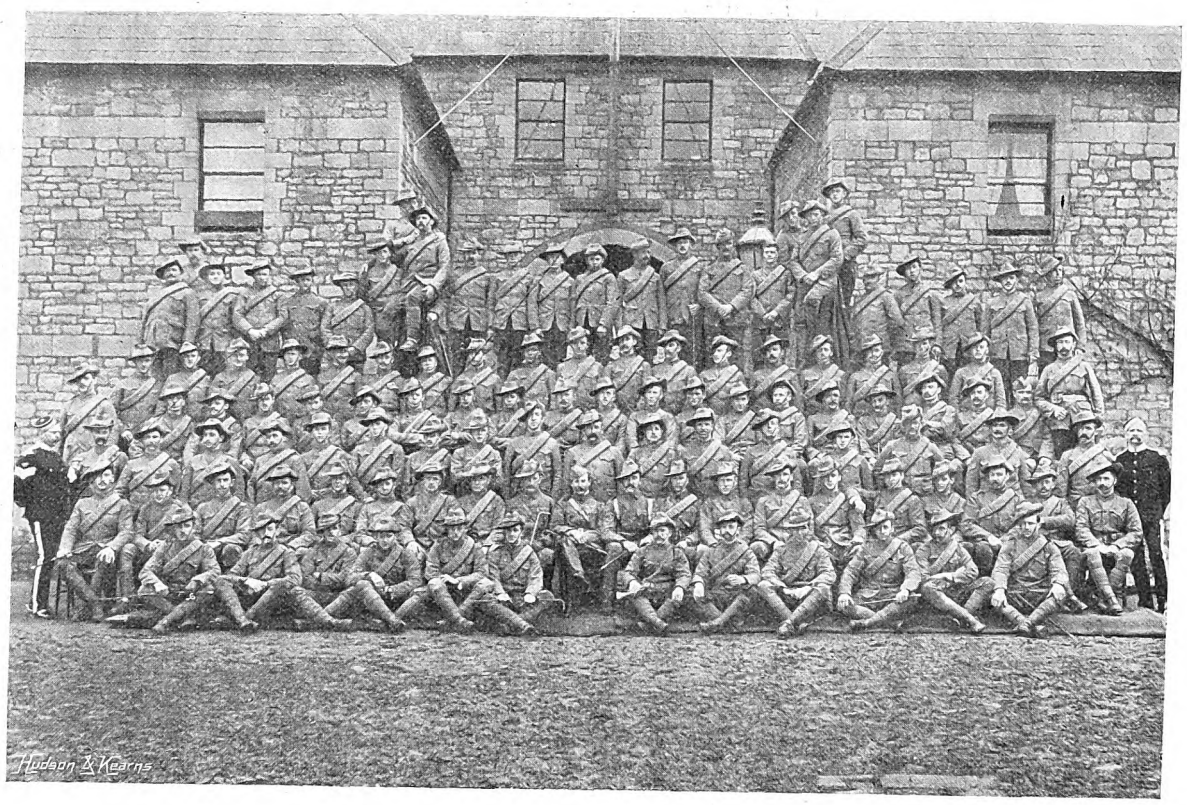
More Yeomanry for South Africa.



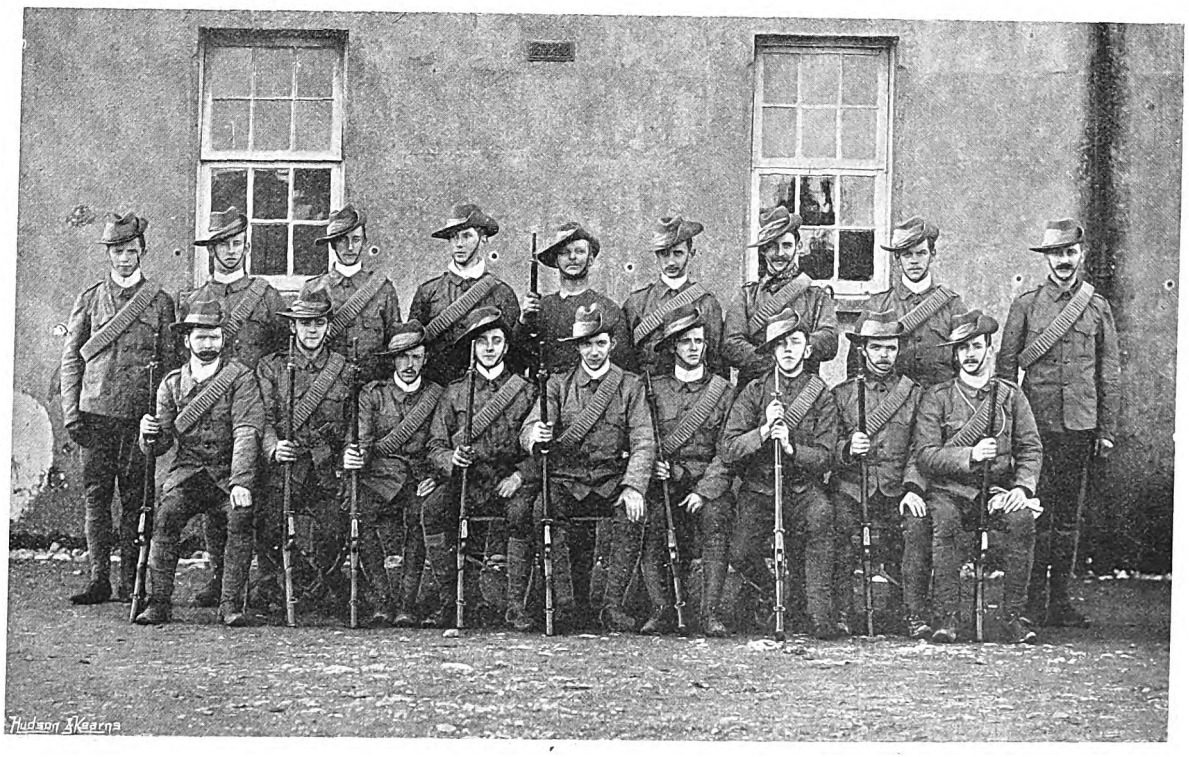
GLOSTER'S GLORY.

The Contingent Furnished by Gloucestershire to form the Third Company of the Imperial Yeomanry.



LOYAL ULSTER TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

Men of the Latest Company that Ulster has Contributed to the Yeomanry.



WEST COUNTRYMEN TO THE FORE.

The Contingent of the North Somerset Imperial Yeomanry.

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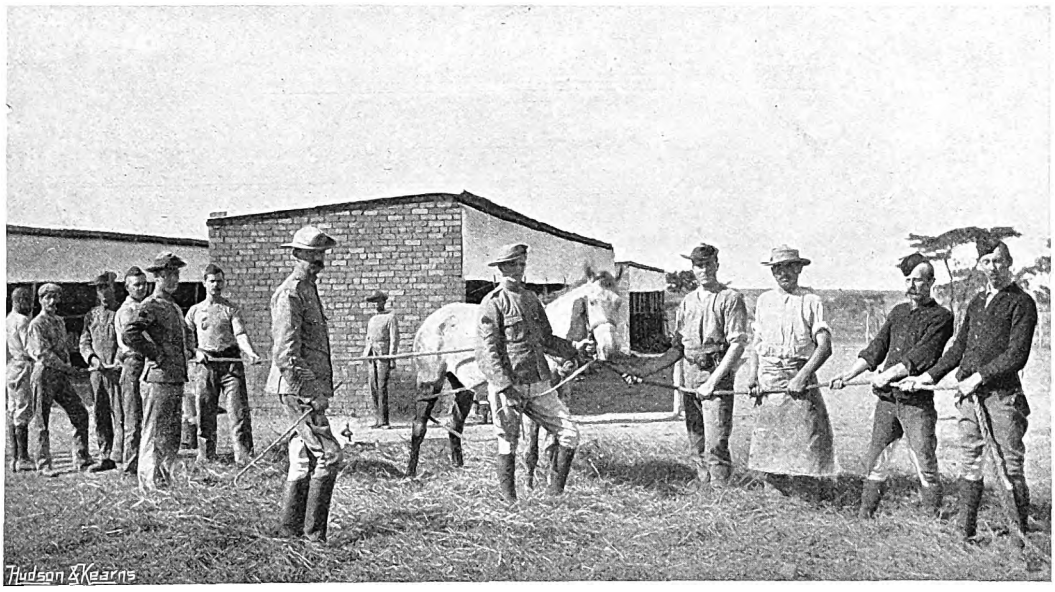
Gallant Deeds at

A PANORAMA OF THE TOWN, SHOWING STORES AND OFFICES,

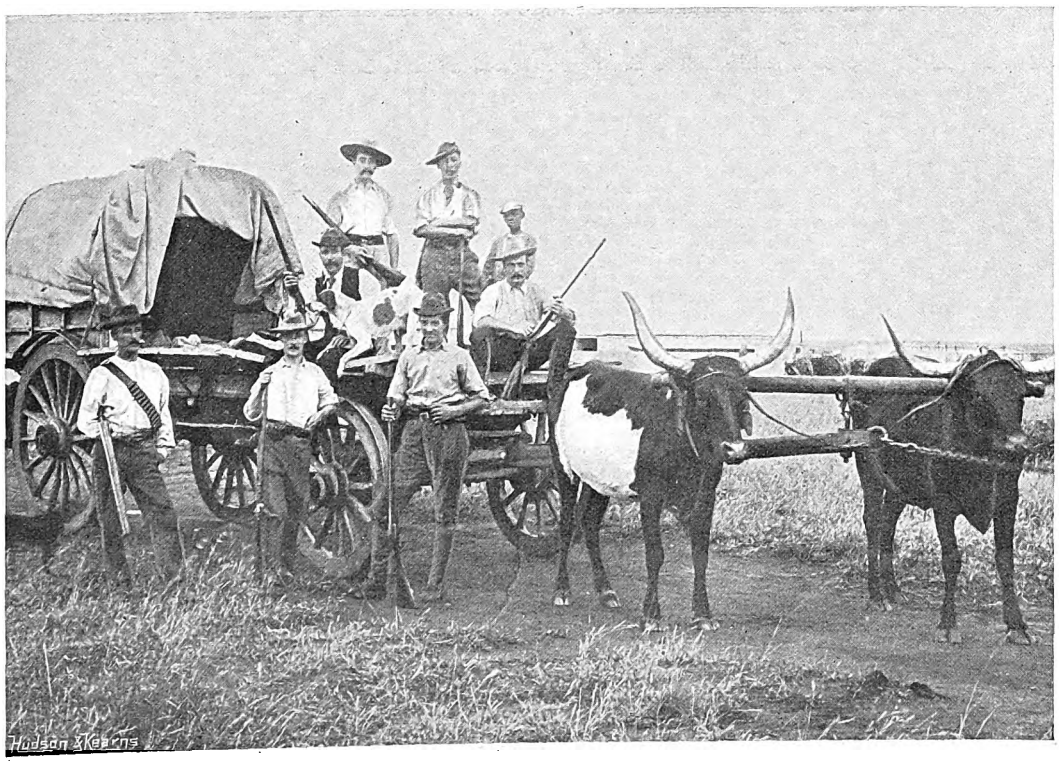
AT the time of writing the relief of Mafeking has not actually taken place, but there are signs that this most desirable consummation will not, in all human probability, be delayed many days longer. It is said that troops have been sent forward from Kimberley with this object, and, in any case, we may rest assured that Lord Roberts will not forget his promise to the gallant little garrison which has so grandly held out for four months and more against tremendous odds and in circumstances of peculiar difficulty. For the isolation of Mafeking was from the first singularly complete, and the attentions paid to it by the enemy have been singularly pressing. The solitary fact that the garrison possessed no heavier artillery than 9-pounders, and that they have been subjected to a continuous bombardment from guns ranging up to a 100-pounder, imported specially from Pretoria for the purpose, is sufficient indication that the defence has been an altogether remarkable achievement. When the relief does take place, there will be many added considerations which will go to swell the pæan of hearty congratulations to "gallant little Mafeking" on its magnificent resistance.

Mafeking without Baden-Powell would seem like the play of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. But even with Baden-Powell it is almost inconceivable that it should have held out, as it has done, against a force with such immensely superior artillery. The disjointed narratives we have received of the doings of the besieged garrison during the months of everlasting fighting and weary waiting which have elapsed since the place was first invested, make it clear that in this small community a spirit has been displayed which even transcends that exhibited by the garrisons either of Ladysmith or Kimberley. In both the latter cases there were compensations which were altogether absent in that of poor little Mafeking, which, however, has stood a longer siege than either, and with fully equal grit and resolution.

Of the shifts of the ever-resourceful Baden-Powell it would be easy to make a long list, but it would also, perhaps, be a pity to do so pending the complete and authentic narrative which, we may be sure, will be forthcoming as soon as the garrison is set free. It is sufficient to say generally that in this wholly extraordinary cavalry officer the "slimmest" Boer of them all has found more than his match, and that probably no sincerer compliment was ever paid to a British force than Cronje's remark as he left this part of the fighting



THROWING A KICKER.
Some of the Mounts of "B.P.'s Rough-riders" want Careful Handling.



A SHOOTING PARTY.
Setting Out from Mafeking into the Adjoining Native District.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondents.

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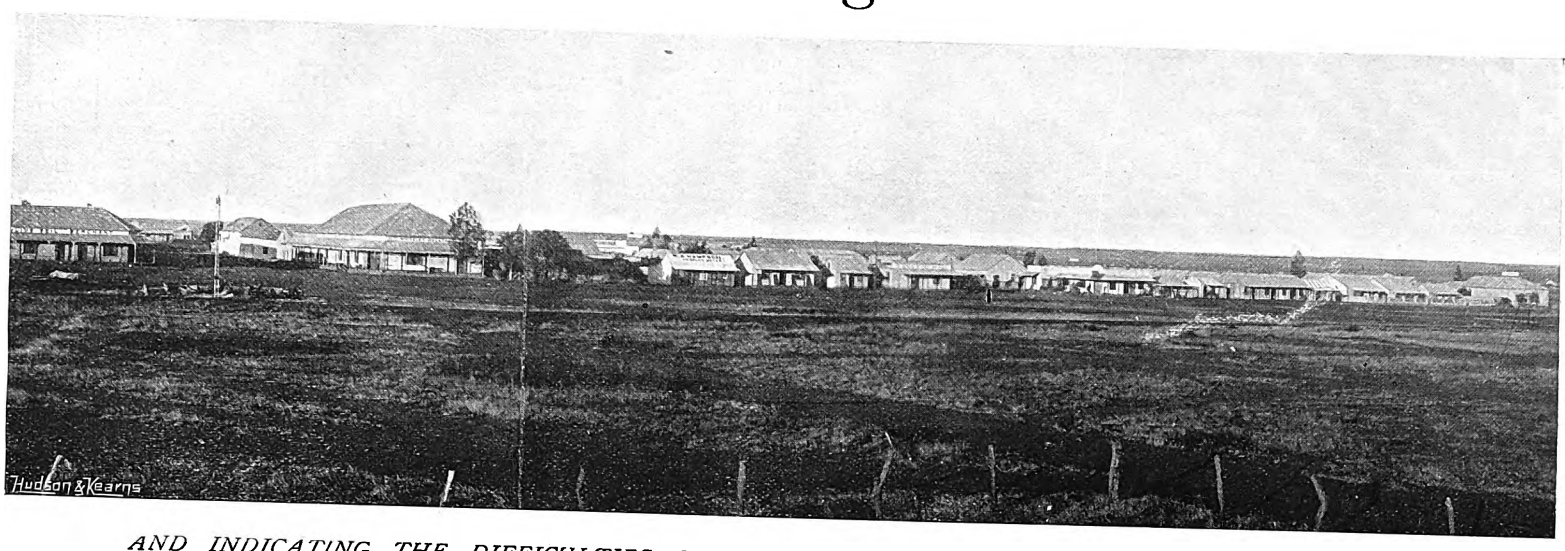
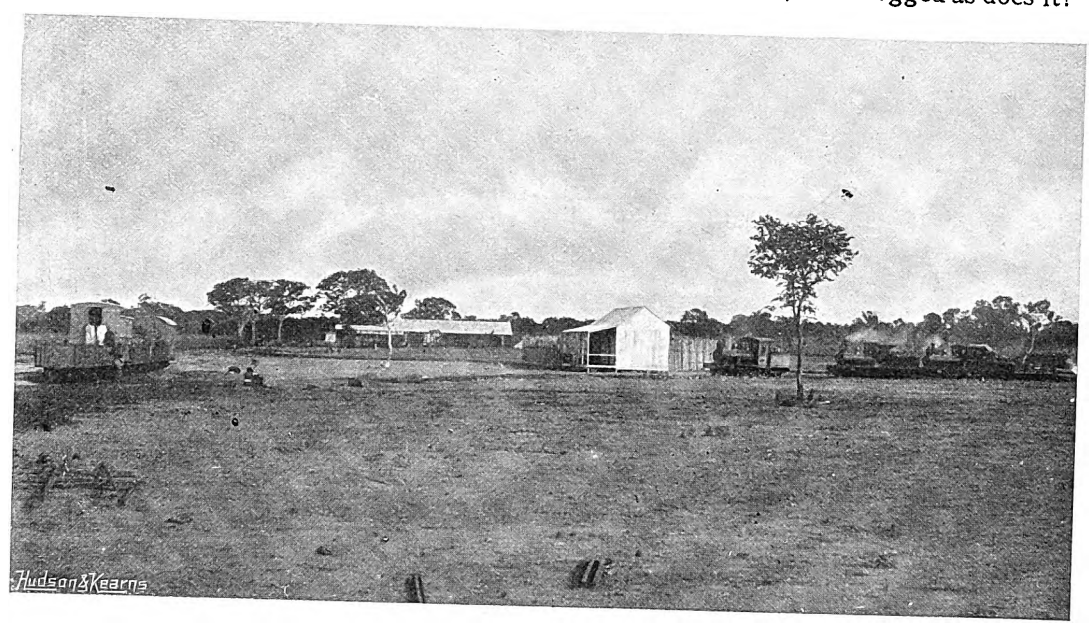
Beleaguered Mafeking.



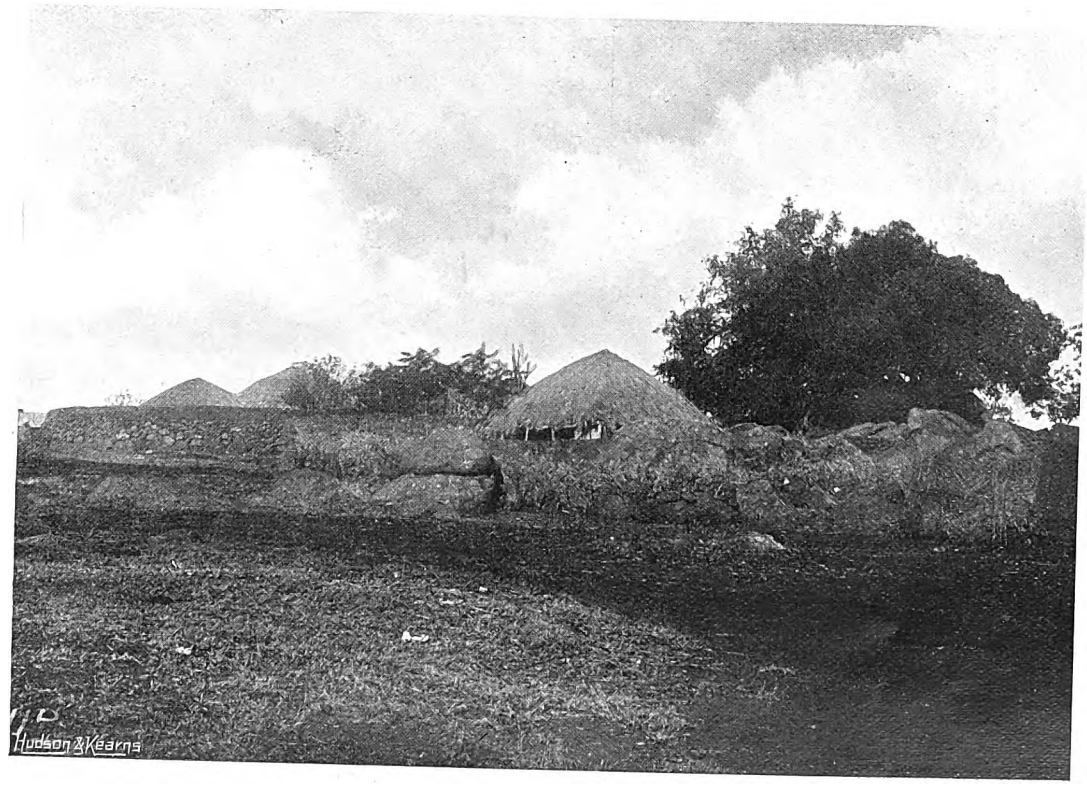
AND INDICATING THE DIFFICULTIES OF A PROTRACTED DEFENCE.

area for Magersfontein: "They are not men, those Mafeking folk—they are devils!" Baden-Powell's right-hand man throughout the defence has been the Prime Minister's son, Lord Edward Cecil, and to the united action of these two officers before the siege commenced Mafeking owes its capacity for a protracted resistance in regard to supplies. It was obvious that a special provision of stores was needed, but it would never have been laid in had not Lord Edward Cecil and Colonel Baden-Powell made themselves personally responsible for the expenditure incurred with this object by one of the local storekeepers. The expenditure in question was about £7,000, and the Army and the nation may well be proud of men who, with the knowledge that in such matters the British Government has been known to act with painful parsimony, did not hesitate to pledge their private property as security for an imperial debt of honour. Mafeking was the terminus of the railway until February, 1896. It has always done a quietly flourishing trade since the time when it was first established as a British settlement after the Warren Expedition in 1885. In that year it was laid out as a town by the military authorities, and from the days of its inception, it has generally assumed a more or less military air. It was practically the training ground of that smart, serviceable, and well-disciplined corps, the Bechuanaland Police, whose name and prestige will always be inseparably linked with that of Mafeking. It is a brisk, dressy little town, with its clean compact market square, the appearance of which is now greatly enhanced by the new market hall, a pagoda-like building, well proportioned to its surroundings. Even on dust-stormy days—and Mafeking, in common with all towns on the high veldt, is not exempt from these trying visitations—one is less annoyed by the scudding white sand than with the more filthy genus of the dust fiend prevalent elsewhere.

When the relief of Mafeking is effected, the siege will doubtless seem like a bad dream to some of those who have participated in its mingled triumphs and sorrows. But to the outside world much of the pathos will be lost in the joyful appreciation of the eminently British qualities which this episode has brought into such striking relief. War anywhere and anyhow brings its share of suffering and tragedy, and there are hearts as sore and anxious at home to-day as any in the darkest days of the siege of this townlet. But in a brighter aspect the siege of Mafeking is a well-nigh unique instance of that truly national motto, "It's dogged as does it!"



A BIT OF THE BULUWAYO RAILWAY.
On which such Wonderful Work was Done with Armoured Trains.



THE NATIVE QUARTER AT MAFEKING.
Showing Huts Protected by Stone Breastworks.

From Photos. by Our Own Correspondents.

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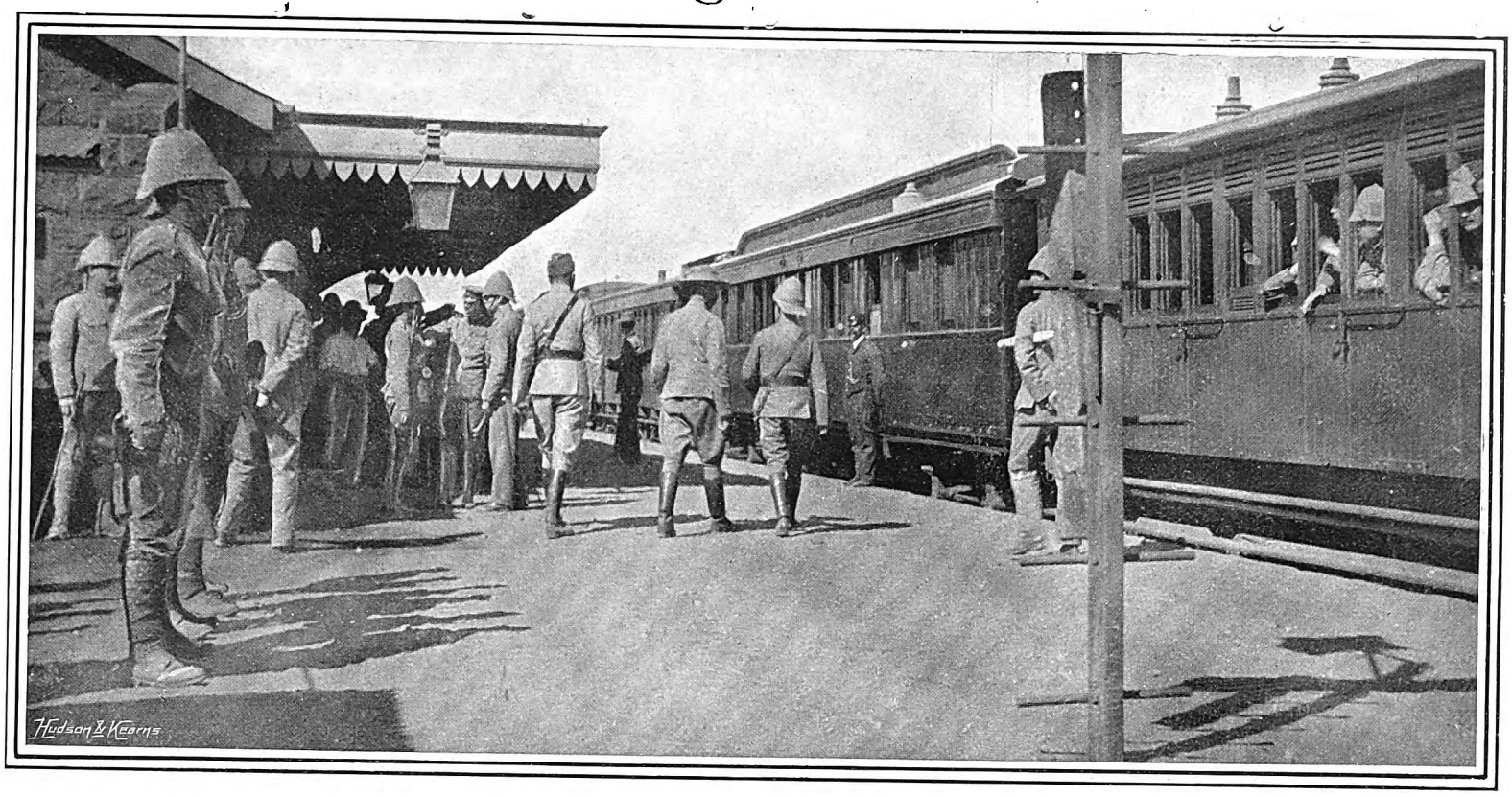
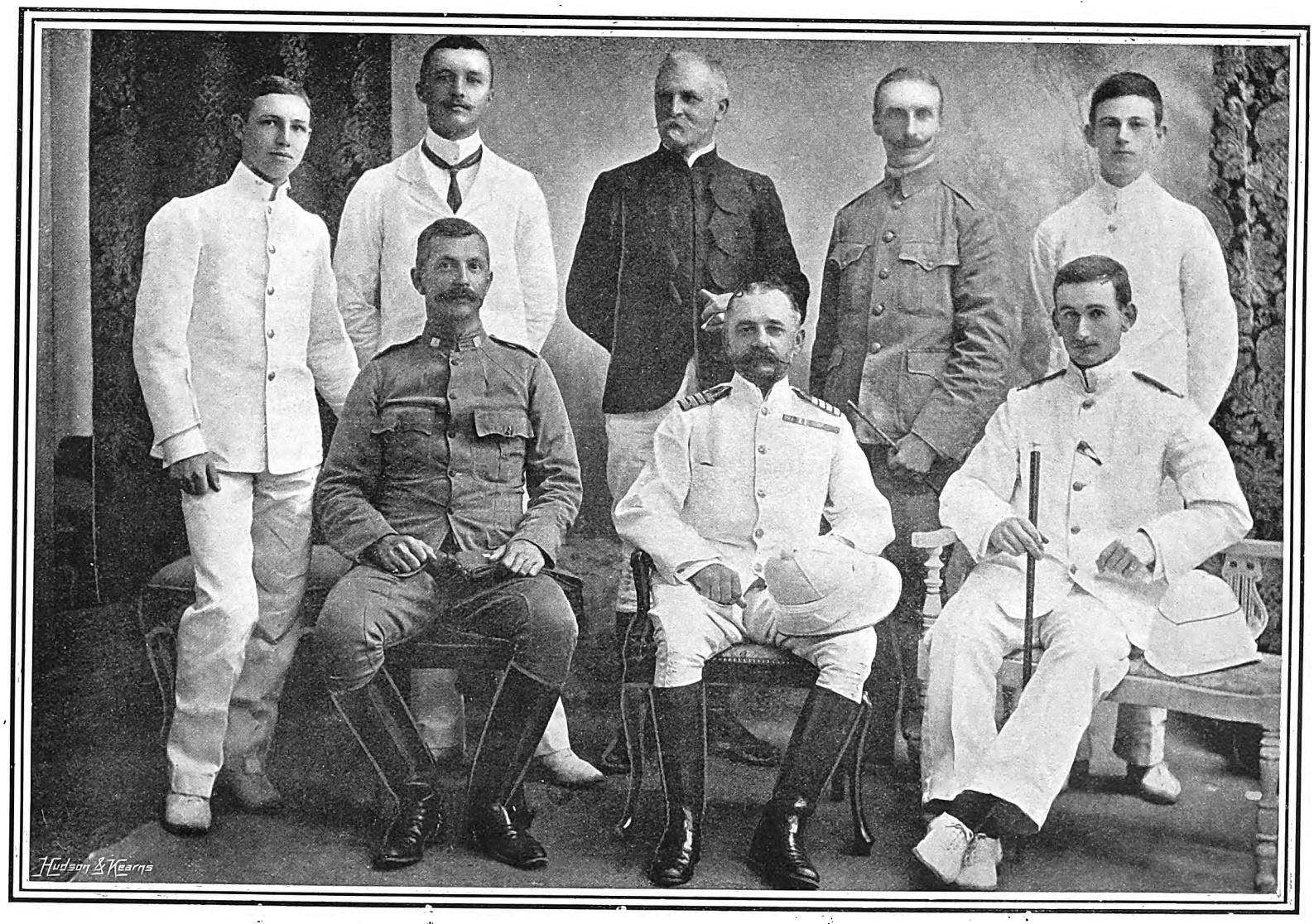
Paardeberg and Durban.



ONCE MORE VICTORS—LITTLE "BOBS" AND BIG KITCHENER.

Our illustration represents Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., and Lord Kitchener at Belmont on February 8, only a few days before the commencement of that strategic move which has already brought about the surrender of Cronje's force. With the two generals is Colonel Otter, the commanding officer of the Canadian forces, who have so magnificently shown the grit that is in them, and who appear somewhat prominently on the left of the picture in the form of a guard of honour.



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A MAN OF MANY PARTS.

Captain Percy Scott, R.N., Commandant of Durban, by Whose Means the Naval Guns were Got to Ladysmith.

Captain Percy Scott, who is in the centre of the picture, has the reputation of being one of the most scientific and inventive, as he certainly is one of the most popular, officers in the Navy. The other officers, taking them from left to right and beginning at the top, are Mr. Laycock, R.N.; Mr. Brooke, Natal Police; Mr. Alexander, Chief of Police, Durban; Captain Fraser; and Mr. Blanchflower, R.N.; Major Bousfield and Mr. Cullinan, R.N., are seated. These form the staff with whose help Captain Scott has administered Durban.

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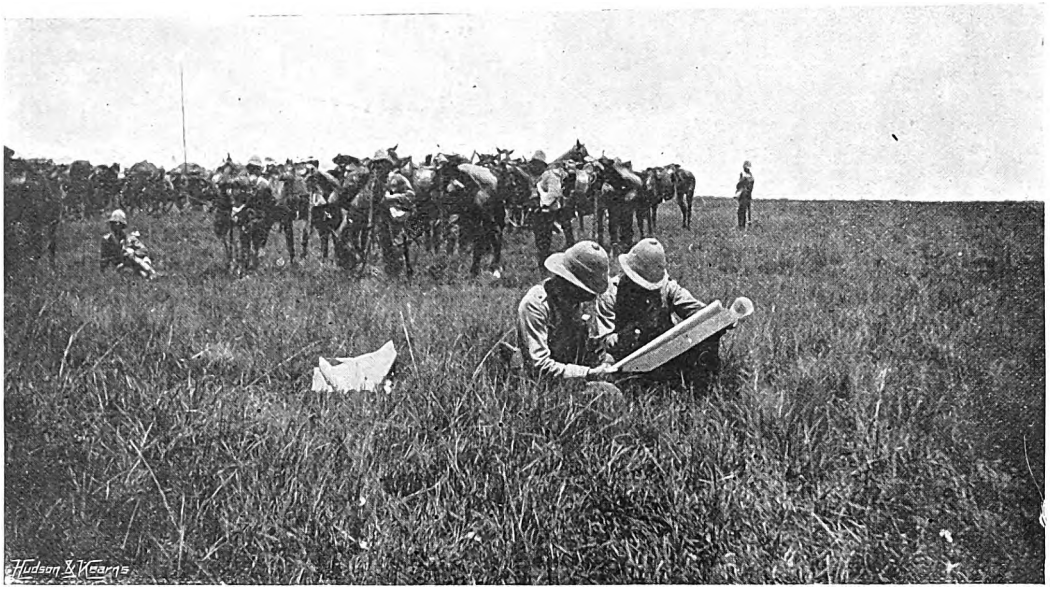
Pushing on with Buller to Ladysmith.



BEFORE THE FIGHT BEGINS.
Generals Studying a Map.

OUR attention was a good deal drawn away a little while ago from the scene of the operations on the Tugela, by news from that other fateful river, the Modder. Then it was called back again, and finally we heard of it for, as we may confidently hope, the last time, as the place where British troops were fighting a slow though ever-varying battle against a tough enemy, who had every advantage of ground. We heard at last that Ladysmith had been relieved. When the day has come for the historian, who will write with all the evidence before him, and plenty of time to weigh his facts and to balance his opinions, it will be possible to say with some approach to confidence how far the relief was the work of the British troops which were turning the right flank of the Boers far away in the country round Kimberley, and how far it was due to those who were pushing up directly against the Boer army on the Tugela. Meanwhile, we know that even if these latter were not the most effective agents in liberating Ladysmith from the constriction that had so long held it bound, it was assuredly not because they did not try. The pictures here given deal with the latter phase of the efforts of our army in Natal, with the advance by Vaal Krantz and Krantz Kloof. They may not be as picturesque as the drawings of the artist who is free to make war look what it ought to look like, that is to say, all fine scenes, full of figures with an heroic air, but they have the merit of a greater fidelity to real life. The British generals who are to be seen here sitting, not to say squatting, on the turf and examining the map, would look finer in full uniform and feathers, but they would not look so workmanlike, nor would they be so true. If there ever was a time when generals in the field were always in full splendour, which is doubtful, it has passed. Long-range weapons have killed the pomp and circumstance to that extent. Indeed, it is to be feared, from the picturesque point of view, that the pomp and circumstance are over for good, except on the parade ground. The soldier as we see him in these illustrations is manifestly dressed for business, which is all the better for various reasons—for his health and convenience among others. Scrambling up such break-neck places as Krantz Kloof is not the kind of work to be done in tight clothes, even when we leave the Boer rifle fire out of the account. Exactly how it all happened we do not yet know, for brief telegrams giving the bare results of advances and retreats leave much to be explained. Only we do make out, in a general way, that the fighting on the Tugela has been most terrible getting up stairs, or, rather, during no small part of the time, a furious effort to get up stairs which were obstinately blocked. The last advance was a welcome change, and those who took part in it will have had much to talk over with

GRATIFYING DISAPPOINTMENT.
Outranged Field Artillery Watching the Effect of Naval Guns.

A FIGHTING REINFORCEMENT.
The Gallant Lancashires, who Lost so Heavily, on Their Way to the Front.

From Photos. by Mr. Harford Hartland, Our Special Correspondent.

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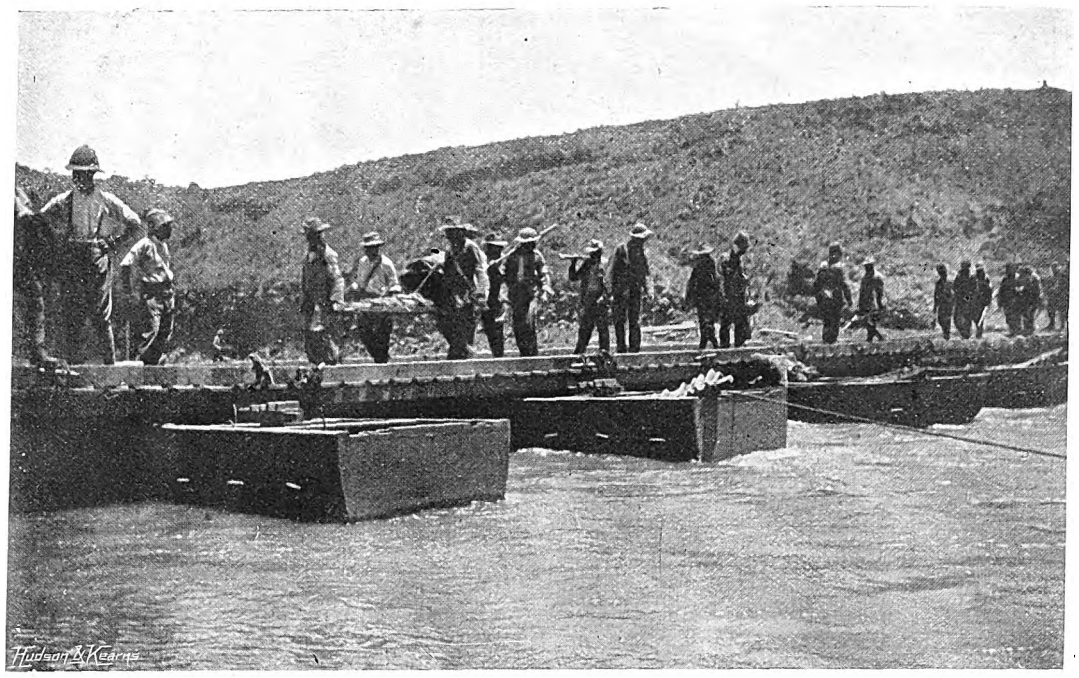
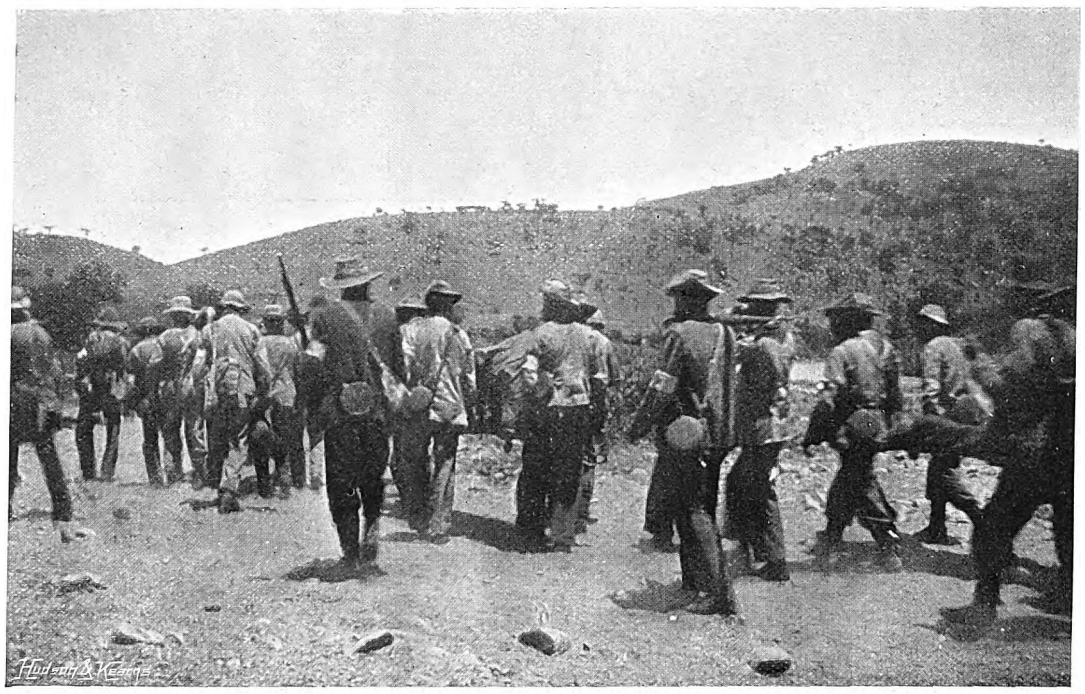
their comrades in Ladysmith, who had waited so anxiously for them, and listened long to the sound of their guns, which alternately approached and receded during many weeks. How much even those who took part could see of what was going on is a question which the stay-at-home ones among us can hardly attempt to settle with any confidence if we are prudent. The men round the gun in our illustration, for example, are reduced to the part of spectators, because their piece was out of range, or, rather, because the enemy was out of range of their piece. It was a moment of quiet and rest for them in the midst of an action in which it was the turn of others to toil. But did they see much? Probably not. The distance was certainly against their chance of distinguishing anything in particular, for a man is an insignificant object at a distance of a mile. But in the heaped up and shattered country beyond the Tugela, much of the fighting went on round the corner, and the very firing was as often as not over the hill. It was not only a matter of guesswork as to where the enemy was, but where exactly our own side was. As for the enemy, he was of the kind often felt without being seen, and most of the wounded who are being carried back to the field hospital tents, in our illustration, had, we may be sure, never set eyes on a Boer. It may have happened to some of them as it happened to a certain wounded officer whose experiences were repeated the other day. He was four times hit and finally invalided home. He came back without having seen a Boer, and saying that he was strongly disposed to believe that there were none in Natal. Somebody fired at him, no doubt, but he had no ocular evidence that the rifle was held by a Boer. To be sure, these enemies have shown no particular anxiety to come into the open, even when they have had such an apparently tempting opportunity as was afforded by the retreat of Sir Redvers Buller's forces back across the river. To take a commanding position on the road we had to follow, to hold it, or, if driven out, to take a still more commanding position behind, has been their method. It has answered for them very well as yet, but, from various indications, it does not appear to be one they will generally be able to follow in future.

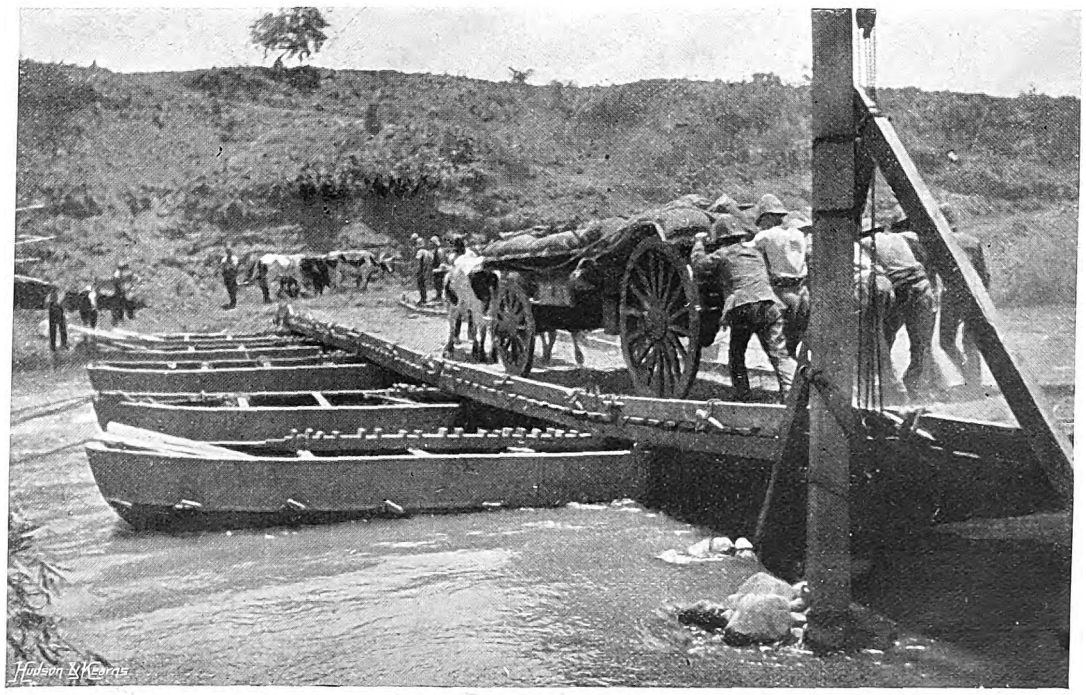


THE AFTERMATH OF BATTLE.
Bearers Returning with the Wounded Across the River.



"AH! THE PAIN OF IT."
The Wounded Carried Down After the Battle of Vaal Krantz.

Meanwhile the Boers are gone from the wedge of Natal which runs up between the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The fight made there by us has served its purpose. Whether all the arrangements were the best possible may be questionable. It rarely happens that the steps taken by generals and politicians are so manifestly right that no fault can be found with them. At any rate, all the fighting in and about Ladysmith, and for its relief, has not been in vain. What would the case have been had the Boers been allowed to gain full possession of the immense natural fortress supplied by the country beyond the Tugela? With no garrison at Ladysmith distracting their attention, they could have made a tremendous fight in such a position.



A SURVIVAL OF PRIMITIVE PROGRESS.
The Last Ox-waggon Crossing the Pontoon Bridge.

From Photos. by Mr. Harford Hartland, Our Special Correspondent.

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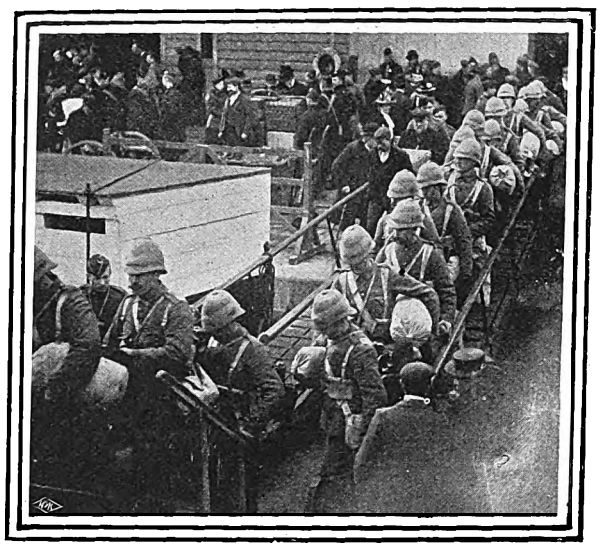
Reinforcing Lord Roberts's Army.

Photo. Copyright. *Stiles.*

OFFICERS OF PAGET'S HORSE.

Who Left Yesterday for the Cape.



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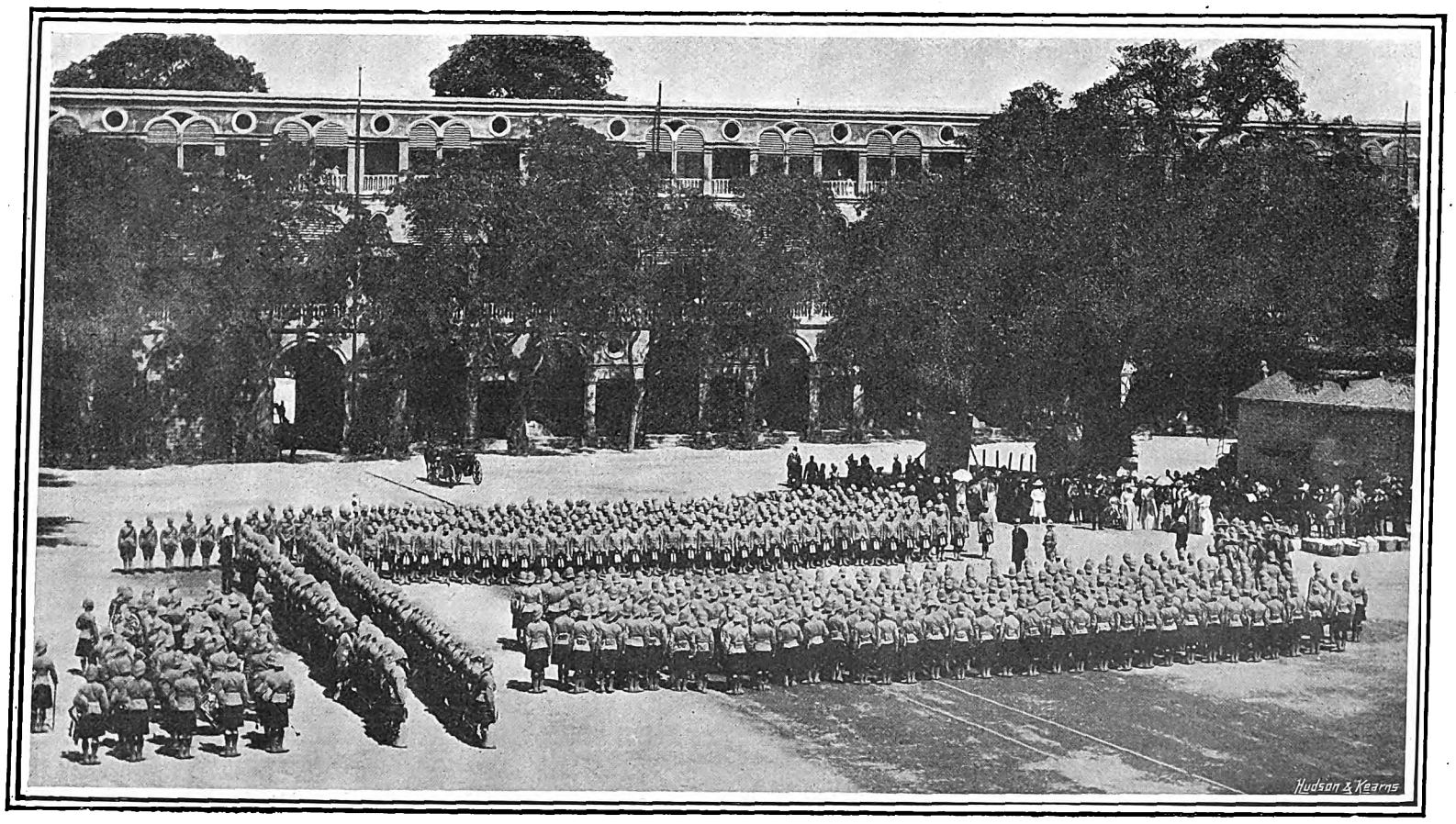
LOVAT'S HORSE EMBARKING.

Highland Gillies from the Heather.

Photo Copyright. *Cribb.*

A HEARTY SEND-OFF.

Volunteers Leaving in the "Tintagel Castle."



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FROM CAIRO TO CAPE TOWN.

Lord Cromer Addressing the 1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders in the Kasr El Nil Square previous to its Departure for South Africa.

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Disposition of Troops in South Africa.

Commander-in-Chief: FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

I.—Western Border. Troops North of De Aar and in Orange Free State, under Lord Roberts.

Divisional Commanders: Lieutenant-Generals French, Methuen, Kelly-Kenny, Tucker, and Colvile.

CAVALRY (French)
Brabazon and Babington's Brigades.
Household Regiment.
6th Dragoon Guards.
2nd Dragoons.
6th Dragoons (part).
9th Lancers.
10th Hussars.
12th Lancers.
16th Lancers.

ARTILLERY
Horse—G, P, U, Q, T, J, R Batteries.
Field—18th, 37th (Howitzer), 62nd, 75th, 38th, 62nd, 65th (Howitzer), 76th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th Batteries.
Garrison—14th and 23rd Cos. W. Division (latter in Kimberley).

ENGINEERS
7th (Field) Co.
8th (Railway) Co.
11th (Field) Co.
29th (Fortress) Co.
31st (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.
Balloon Section.
Marconi Wireless Telegraph Detachment.

INFANTRY
Pole-Carew's Brigade.
3rd Grenadiers.
1st Coldstreams.
2nd Coldstreams.
1st Scots Guards.
MacDonald's Brigade.
1st Argyll and Sutherland.
2nd Seaforths.
2nd Black Watch.
1st Gordons.
Douglas's Brigade.
1st Northumberland.
2nd Northampton.
1st N. Lancashire.
2nd Yorkshire L.I.
Knox's Brigade.
2nd East Kent.
1st Oxford L.I.
1st West Riding.
2nd Gloucester.
Wavell's Brigade.
2nd North Stafford.
2nd South Wales Borderers.
1st East Lancashire.
2nd Cheshire.
Chermside's Brigade.
2nd Norfolk.
2nd Hampshire.
2nd Lincoln.
1st Scottish Borderers.
Smith-Dorrien's Brigade.
1st Highland L.I.
2nd Cornwall L.I.
1st Munster Fusiliers.
2nd Shropshire L.I.
Brigadier unknown.
1st Suffolk.
1st Essex.
1st Yorkshire.
1st Welsh.

City Imperial Volunteers.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
Canadian Infantry.
S. African Light Horse (part).
Roberts's Horse.
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Kitchener's Horse.
New South Wales Lancers (part).
New S. Wales Mounted Infantry.
Queensland Mounted Infantry.
New Zealand Mounted Infantry.
Railway Pioneers.

II.—Cape Colony. Troops on Western Line of Communications.

Lieutenant-General Commanding: Sir F. W. E. F. Forestier-Walker.

CAVALRY
7th Dragoon Guards.

ARTILLERY
Horse—A Battery.
Field—2nd, 8th, 43rd (Howitzer), 86th (Howitzer), 87th (Howitzer), 5th, 9th, 17th, 39th, 44th, 66th, 88th Batteries.
Garrison—5th, 10th Cos. E. Division; 2nd, 14th, 15th, 16th, 36th Cos. S. Division; 2nd, 6th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 17th Cos. W. Division.

ENGINEERS
6th (Fortress) Co.
9th (Field) Co.
20th (Field) Co.
38th (Field) Co.
Section 1st Div. Telegraph Bat.
Field Park.
Balloon Gas Factory.

INFANTRY
Militia Battalions.
6th Warwick.
4th Derbyshire.
9th King's Royal Rifles.
3rd South Lancashire.
6th Lancashire Fusiliers.
4th South Staffordshire.
3rd South Wales Borderers.

Imperial Yeomanry (some).

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
New South Wales Artillery.
Duke of Edinburgh's Rifles.
Cape Town Highlanders.
W. Australian Mounted Infantry.
Tasmanian Mounted Infantry.
Cape Garrison Artillery.

III.—Southern Border, operating from Naauwpoort.

CAVALRY
6th Dragoons (part).

ARTILLERY
Horse—O Battery.
Field—4th, 20th Batteries.
Heavy—2 5-in. Howitzers

ENGINEERS
10th (Railway) Co.
26th (Field) Co.
37th (Field) Co.
42nd (Fortress) Co.
Section 1st Division Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
Clements's Brigade.
2nd Bedford.
1st Royal Irish.
2nd Wiltshire.
2nd Worcestershire.
4th Royal Lancaster.
4th Argyll and Sutherland.
Imperial Yeomanry (some)

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Prince Alfred's Vol. Gds. (Cape).
1st City (Grahamstown) Volntrs.
New South Wales Lancers (part).
Rimington's Scouts (part).
Prince Alfred's Own Cape Artll'y.
Australian Horse (Troop).
Victoria Mounted Infantry.
S. Australian Mounted Infantry.

IV.—Southern Border, operating from Queenstown under Gatacre.

ARTILLERY
Field—74th, 77th, 79th Batteries.

ENGINEERS
12th (Field) Co.

INFANTRY
2nd Irish Rifles.
2nd Northumberland.
1st Royal Scots.
2nd Berkshire.
1st Derbyshire.
3rd Durham L.I.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Cape Mounted Rifles.
Det. Cape Mounted Police.
Frontier Mounted Rifles.
Kaffrarian Rifles.
Brabant's Horse.
Montmorency's Scouts.

V.—Natal, under Sir G. White.

CAVALRY
Brocklehurst's Brigade.
5th Dragoon Guards.
5th Lancers.
18th Hussars.
19th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—13th, 21st, 42nd, 53rd, 67th, 69th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 10 Battery.*

ENGINEERS
23rd (Field) Co.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
Howard's Brigade.
2nd Gordons.
1st Manchester.
1st Gloucester.†
1st Devon.
Brigadier unknown.
2nd Dublin Fusiliers.
1st King's Royal Rifles.
1st Leicester.
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers.†
Not Brigaded.
1st Liverpool.
2nd King's Royal Rifles.
2nd Rifle Brigade.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Border Mounted Rifles.
Natal Field Artillery.
Imperial Light Horse.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Natal Mounted Police (Det.)

* Surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

† Headquarters surrendered at Nicholson's Nek.

VI.—Natal, under Sir Redvers Buller.

CAVALRY
Dundonald's Brigade.
1st Dragoons.
13th Hussars.
14th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Field—7th, 14th, 19th, 28th, 61st (Howitzer), 63rd, 64th, 66th, 73rd, 78th Batteries.
Mountain—No. 4 Battery.

ENGINEERS
17th (Field) Co.
45th (Steam Road Transport) Co.
"A" Pontoon Troop.
Balloon Section.
Section Telegraph Battalion.

INFANTRY
Hildyard's Brigade.
2nd Devon.
2nd West York.
2nd West Surrey.
2nd East Surrey.
Barton's Brigade.
1st Welsh Fusiliers.
2nd Irish Fusiliers.
2nd Scots Fusiliers.
2nd Royal Fusiliers.
Norcott's Brigade.
2nd Scottish Rifles.
1st Durham L.I.
3rd King's Royal Rifles.
1st Rifle Brigade.
Hart's Brigade.
1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.
1st Connaught Rangers.
1st Dublin Fusiliers.
1st Border.
Coke's Brigade.
2nd Warwick.
2nd Somerset L.I.
2nd Dorsetshire.
2nd Middlesex.
Kitchener's Brigade.
2nd Royal Lancaster.
2nd Lancashire Fusiliers.
1st South Lancashire.
1st York and Lancaster.

COLONIAL CONTINGENTS
Natal Naval Volunteers.
Natal Carbineers (part).
Durban Light Infantry.
Bethune's Mounted Infantry.
Thorneycroft's Mntd. Infantry.
Imperial Light Infantry.
Natal Mounted Police (Det.).
S. African Light Horse (part).

VII.—Troops under orders or en route for South Africa.

CAVALRY
17th Lancers.
8th Hussars.

ARTILLERY
Horse—M Battery.
Field—89th, 90th, 91st Batteries.

ENGINEERS
"C" Pontoon Troop.
5th (Field) Co.
47th (Fortress) Co.

INFANTRY
Campbell's Brigade.
2nd Grenadiers.
2nd Scots Guards.
2nd East Yorkshire.
2nd Leicester.
Boyes's Brigade.
2nd West Kent.
2nd Manchester.
1st South Staffordshire.
1st Worcester.

1st Sussex (from Malta).
1st Leinster (from Halifax).
1st Cameron H'gh's (from Egypt).
Militia Battalions.
3rd Royal Lancaster.
3rd East Lancashire.
3rd Welsh.
5th Dublin Fusiliers.
4th Somerset L.I.
4th West Yorkshire.
3rd Yorkshire.
4th East Surrey.
6th Middlesex.
3rd Leinster.
5th Munster Fusiliers.
4th North Staffordshire.
3rd Norfolk.
4th Cheshire.
4th Bedford.
3rd West Riding.
3rd K.O. Scottish Borderers.
3rd Royal Scots.
3rd West Surrey.
4th Scottish Rifles.

Antrim Artillery Militia.*
Donegal Artillery Militia.*
Durham Artillery Militia.*
Edinburgh Artillery Militia.*

Australasian and Canadian Contingents.
Imperial Yeomanry.
Duke of Cambridge's Own (special corps I.Y.).
Lord Lovat's Corps of Scouts.
Lumsden's Horse (from India).

* This regiment supplies one company for South Africa.

ARMY SERVICE CORPS.—The following companies are serving in or *en route* for South Africa: Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 (Supply), 39, 40, 41, and 42.

Naval Brigades are serving with White in Ladysmith, with Buller in Northern Natal, with Methuen at Modder River, and with the troops under General Gatacre.

The local troops in Rhodesia, under Colonel Plumer, comprise the British South African Police and the Rhodesian Regiment. In Mafeking, with Colonel Baden-Powell, are British South African Police (detachment), Diamond Fields Artillery (detachment), Cape Mounted Police (detachment), the Protectorate Regiment, and Bechuanaland Rifles. In Kimberley, under Colonel Kekewich, there are the Diamond Fields Artillery, Diamond Fields Horse, Kimberley Rifles, and Cape Mounted Police (detachment).

NOTE.—The strength of the various units on a war footing is approximately as follows: A regiment of Cavalry 610; a battery of Artillery, Horse 180, Field 170 (companies of Garrison Artillery vary considerably, but may be taken to average 150; the Siege Train batteries are, however, very largely augmented); a company of Royal Engineers 210; a battalion of Infantry 1,010; and a company Army Service Corps 140.

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Colonel Baden-Powell.

THE HERO OF MAFEKING.

By Alexander Davis.

THE popular hero among the officers and generals commanding forces in the present campaign is Colonel Baden-Powell, appointed in May, 1897, brevet colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards, but at present on special service in South Africa. Before hostilities had begun, but when the present conflict appeared imminent, the War Office felt the need of sending out an efficient and experienced officer to superintend the border defences of Rhodesia and Bechuanaland, a stretch of frontier about 500 miles in extent. Under the most favourable circumstances it was scarcely feasible to properly garrison all these outposts with Imperial troops in time to forestall Boer incursions; if reverses were met with it was readily conceded that the task would be insurmountable, which has, unfortunately, proved the case. In casting around for a suitable man the claims of Colonel Baden-Powell to the post were found incontestable. A man of restless energy, wary, and experienced, his past record spoke eloquently in his favour, and he was appointed.

His subordinates were doubtlessly of his own choosing. Colonel Plumer and Major Vyvyan were both old comrades in the Matabele Rebellion, and were at home in the districts destined for operations. It is a moot point to-day—as matters have developed—whether the services of Colonel Baden-Powell would not have been more valuable in the line of advance than on the defensive. The work entrusted to him has been done well—in fact, with the paucity of material to work with, remarkably well—but Baden-Powell in command of the scouts in White's, Buller's, or Methuen's forces might possibly have spelt success where failure resulted. Most of our reverses have been set down to insufficient knowledge of the enemy's dispositions and to the superior craft of the Boers in the veldt. Baden-Powell is up to all their tricks, and can give them points too.

The earliest reverse that has been recorded in the present campaign was the destruction of an armoured train between Vryburg and Mafeking, with the loss of a gun, ammunition, and most of the men. The arms were destined for Baden-Powell, but fell into the hands of the Boers instead. This was a bit of a blow, but Baden-Powell took it very coolly, and doubtless came to the conclusion that as they were so fond of shelling trucks he would allow them some further practice. Having some superfluous dynamite in the stores, he sent a couple of trucks loaded with the explosive down the line and waited for developments. The Boers, elated with their recent success, pounded merrily away, and receiving no response rushed the deserted waggons. The tableau when the show blew up can be left to imagination. The Boers from that time came to respect him. "Here," said they, "is a man who knows a thing or two, and we must be careful." They have been cautious ever since, with the result that the initiative in most of the fighting has been taken by the Colonel; the Boers have been looking on from the distance, simply shelling the town at long range.

Circumstances brought the writer of this article much into contact with the gallant Colonel during the Matabele Rebellion. He was then acting as Chief of the Staff to General Sir Frederick Carrington. The one quality prominent in Baden-Powell, contrasting somewhat with the average officer, is the manner in which he carries out his military duties. Dressed in the plain khaki uniform and slouched hat of South African warfare, there is nothing starched or imposing in his appearance or demeanour. He has neither a poker down his back, padding in his shoulders, nor a forbidding or condescending air in intercourse. He is simply quite natural and generally smiling. In conversation you forget the military man, and only see the shrewd man of the world and courteous gentleman. At the time when many deserved and undeserved sarcasms were uttered against most of the Staff by the civilian population, Baden-Powell—the little that was seen of him in camp—always met with praise. Did he wish something done, or whatever dealings he may have had with the storekeepers, he always arranged matters with the maximum of pleasantness and the minimum of military stiffness or sense of command. Now this is a very important trait in a commanding officer during time of war. It means the whole-hearted aid of civilians and an alacrity in providing for the forces which tact alone can bring forth. We have ample evidence that in Mafeking Baden-Powell has the whole population of the place following him implicity, even to death. The power of command alone will not ensure this. A military leader requires other qualities than bravery and a knowledge of tactics and strategy to become a successful general. All the subordinate qualities required of a military leader Colonel Baden-Powell possesses. His intellectual and artistic abilities are well known. His books on the Ashanti Campaign, on Matabeleland, and on scouting are standard works in military circles. Accompanying these are sketches from his own pen.

Though very highly gifted in many directions, the gallant Colonel is modesty itself. During the Matabele Campaign, as Chief of the Staff and the Intelligence Department, Colonel Baden-Powell was responsible for most of the military maps of the little-known and difficult country occupied by the enemy. On one occasion, after some days and nights of reconnoitring, sometimes alone and sometimes accompanied by an orderly, he had a rough map prepared of that part of the Matoppo Hills selected for the next operations. He sent for the local lithographer and asked him if he could lithograph a few for use of the troops. The task was accepted, and the suggestion made that from Baden-Powell's rough plan a finished sketch could be executed by a local artist, an adept in such work. The Colonel smilingly replied, "Thanks, I'll just line it off myself roughly if you will supply me with the transfer paper." When the sketch was ready the lithographer looked very small indeed, for the talented Colonel had sketched it in as only an adept could do it.

As has been elsewhere remarked, Colonel Baden-Powell's Kaffir name is "Impeesi," which has been rather incorrectly taken to mean "He who scouts in the night." The literal meaning of this native word is hyena, or wolf; it is also applied to those who are in the habit of taking solitary walks after dark. Baden-Powell, in the execution of his duties, leaves very little to chance, or to information brought in by others. Like a true commander, in matters of importance he verifies all intelligence by personal observation. When operating in an unknown or enemy's country what a number of disasters have occurred through either false or incorrect data! In this wise almost all our recent defeats and repulses have occurred. It is highly improbable that, under Colonel Baden-Powell's command, such reverses would have been met with. He may be defeated by superior strength or by cleverer strategy, but by surprise or by tactics he would be a difficult one to catch.

It has been said in South African circles, from information derived from Boer sources, that the Boers have no intention to take Mafeking. The reason given is that Baden-Powell locked up in Mafeking is worth a little army to the Boers, for should he escape and be employed against them with the main columns their superiority in the veldt will disappear. They say that he is the first *rooi-baatje* they have met who can fight in their fashion and give them points at it. In the Matabele Campaign he had many Afrikanders in the forces under him, and to a man they admired his "slimness" and nerve.

As a concluding example of his resource and readiness of stratagem, only recently at Mafeking he found the Boers very restive owing to his periodical sallies and unexpected attacks. The least movement discerned in the direction of the defences was construed by the Boers into a sally in force. To profit by this nervousness, and cause the Boers to waste their ammunition and expose the position of their trenches, he provided an endless rope running on a pulley affixed to a post some distance out towards the enemy's position. On this rope he fastened lanterns, and in the dead of night started the rope on the move. To the watchful foe it looked for all the world as if the enemy was stealthily approaching, as the lights appeared to be moving in their direction. A fierce fusillade from all points followed, aimed in the direction of the expected attack, and was continued intermittently throughout the night. One can well imagine the resourceful Baden-Powell chuckling in quiet glee with his friend Lord Edward Cecil at the Boers' frantic alarm, for we have chuckled over it much at home.

Always wide-awake, with an iron constitution contained in rather a slight frame, Baden-Powell has by pluck, resource, tact, and determination kept the foe at bay, though occupying a spot which by no aid of the imagination could be deemed moderately capable of defence. Mafeking lies in the open veldt, in the midst of a population mainly consisting of natives of doubtful loyalty and Boers of undoubted enmity; yet, by the splendid efforts of this comparatively young but really brilliant officer, at the head of a mixed force of colonists, the town bravely holds out; has accounted for a considerable number of the enemy, and will probably continue its glorious defence until downright starvation or sheer exhaustion shall perform what a large army of Boers under a wily general could not effect.

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The Story of the War.

OUT of the various rumours that emanate from Pretoria and Bloemfontein, it is not possible, as these pages go to press, to gauge the real situation among the Boers. What is certain is that the victories of Lord Roberts, coupled with the relief of Ladysmith, have profoundly discouraged them, and there is no reason to doubt that large numbers of the Free Staters would gladly lay down their arms. Presidents Kruger and Steyn have been in conference, and some suggestions in the direction of peace have emanated from their conclave. On the other hand, it would be rash to suppose that the States are prepared to forfeit their independence without another struggle, and we may hope that our own Government is uncompromising.

The military situation developed rapidly, as might have been expected. On every hand our victorious soldiers, directed by their admirable leader, are advancing, and Lord Roberts's sound strategy is bearing its fruit. At the beginning of the war the Boers compelled us to divide our forces, and at one time our course was blocked in every theatre of war, but as strength grew the discomfited commandos found themselves confronted by superior forces everywhere. Generalship seems to have vanished from among them; Joubert and Lukas Meyer are said to be discredited, and Schalk Burger to be disgusted, while De Wet and Delarey are now in command in the Free State.

The enemy depended too much upon their experience of our earlier tactics, and took up a position at Poplar Grove that was quite untenable against turning movements. Their entrenchments were about four miles in front of Osfontein, their right resting upon a high long-backed mountain north of the Modder, and their main force being on the other side, extending over six small kopjes rising from the plain. In general formation the line was something like two crescents joined, and in total extent approached twenty miles from wing to wing. The position had been carefully prepared, and was defended by wire entanglements very cunningly contrived, and the enemy, numbering probably about 14,000, depended upon their mobility to enable them to reinforce any points attacked. An advance against their front would doubtless have entailed great loss, but Lord Roberts fortunately had a large force of cavalry and Horse Artillery, by the successful action of which the day was won.

The movement began on March 6, when the cavalry crossed to the south bank of the Modder and bivouacked in front of Osfontein, and at night the infantry marched out to assume their appointed positions. The Ninth Division was on the north bank of the river, the Seventh next, and the Sixth on the south, and at three o'clock on the morning of March 7 General French began his march. After proceeding four miles to the south he turned to the east when the sun rose, and upon the Boers opening shrapnel fire from a series of kopjes on their left called the Seven Sisters, he turned once more to the south and crossed the veldt to Kalkfontein. From that point he marched eastward again, and after a march of three miles wheeled to the north to get in rear of the Boer line. Meanwhile our guns had got the range.

By his flank movement General French headed off the Boers from the south, and when the extent of his force was realised they soon began to beat a disorderly retreat. At midday the 12th Lancers tried to charge, but by this time the horses were almost knocked up, and the charge could not be made. The victory, however, was complete, and the Boers made hardly a stand during the whole engagement. It was, in fact, a cavalry battle, the infantry being scarcely engaged, though the Ninth Division, supported by three Naval 12-pounders, carried a defended position on the north side of the river. In one part of the field the Highlanders and Canadians, in seizing a kopje, captured a Krupp gun. On our extreme right the cavalry were meanwhile endeavouring to cut off the Boers; but although the rout had been complete, and camp equipment and dinners prepared had been abandoned, the enemy were not at the time entirely demoralised, for they were able to escape without serious loss. Many of them retreated towards the east, but some crossed the river and got away north, while a few fled to the south. The force was, in fact, partly dispersed, though Lord Roberts reports that Kruger and Steyn, who were present, did their utmost to rally their troops. The burghers declared, however, that they could not stand against such powerful artillery and such a large force of cavalry, but some of them seem to have been brought to a pause by the Bloemfontein police.

The defeat had been inglorious, and in its result became demoralising, for it was a complete exhibition of inability to stay Lord Roberts's advance towards Bloemfontein, and there was loud discontent among the burghers of the Free State, who were greatly angered by the losses to which they had been subjected through the conduct of President Steyn. It was stated that the bulk of the retreating enemy came to a halt in the neighbourhood of Abraham's Kraal, but General French, ten miles ahead, has reported his front free from Boers. Our great difficulty is in regard to transport, for Lord Roberts has a very great force with him, and is now removed something like seventy miles from his advanced base at Modder River Station. The work of transporting the long trains of supplies across the intervening veldt is prodigious, and a considerable force has to be employed to defend this line of communications. It does not appear, however, that any formed body of Boers exists in a position seriously to menace the line. Some time must elapse before direct communications can be opened along the line of railway from Norval's Pont, Bethulie, and Springfontein Junction to Bloemfontein.

From the Southern Frontier of the Orange Free State most encouraging reports have been received. The resistance which the Boers offered to General Clements at Colesberg has collapsed, and our long-tried troops in that quarter have at length had the satisfaction of driving them across the Orange and of seizing the railway bridge at Norval's Pont. The Horse Artillery have been shelling the Boers on the north bank, and posts have been established commanding the bridge.

General Clements's pontooning troops will enable him to cross the river, and operations will then begin to repair two spans which have been destroyed. The Boers at this point have completely withdrawn from Cape Colony. Further to the east their resistance has also collapsed. General Gatacre, having occupied Stormberg, advanced to Burghersdorp on March 7, and in that district the rebels seem anxious to surrender, while General Brabant has continued his victorious march towards Aliwal North, the Dordrecht district has been swept almost clear of Boers and rebels, and perhaps by the time these lines appear the Orange River Frontier will be in our hands. Sir George White has proceeded to Cape Colony to take command of the advance from the south, and it is believed that General Warren's division (the Fifth) will be transported to East London and form part of his force, while General Hunter will have command of a division.

The relief of Ladysmith has given immense satisfaction throughout the Empire, and many moving scenes have been witnessed in the late beleaguered town. The entrance of the troops which had suffered so much in the relief operations was a very impressive spectacle, and the extreme enthusiasm of the gallant men and their leaders has found its echo wherever the English tongue is spoken. Sir Redvers Buller rightly said, in his special Army order, that, by the exhibition of the truest courage, which burns steadily besides flashing brilliantly, the relief column accomplished its purpose and added a glorious page to our history. In this praise he included the devoted garrison. "Sailors, soldiers, colonials, and the home-bred have done this, united by one desire, and inspired by one patriotism."

The Boers evacuated all their positions and succeeded in removing all their guns, but they relinquished their camps at Bulwana, Modder Spruit, Bell Spruit, and Pepworth. As a mark of honour, the Dublin Fusiliers, who had borne the brunt of the fighting, led the march past of the troops when they entered the town. It does not appear that the Boers have retired so completely as was at first thought, and General Louis Botha is reported to have his camp near Dundee, and to be prepared to defend the Biggarsberg Range with a considerable force. Inasmuch as there does not appear to be any intention on the part of Sir Redvers Buller of forcing Laing's Nek or the Drakensberg passes, we could wish nothing better than that a large force of Boers should be retained in the Biggarsberg by the presence of his forces. An examination of the positions which our troops captured during the relief operations confirms the impression that the achievement was marvellous and that the British infantry have no equals in the world.

There is, unfortunately, much reason to fear that the brave garrison of Mafeking are at length in a desperate situation, and it is greatly to be hoped that the advance from Kimberley may result in releasing Colonel Baden-Powell and his devoted men. If they should surrender, it will be gloriously, and Englishmen will never forget the gallantry that has been displayed, or the endurance, firmness, and resource which enabled the resistance to be so splendidly prolonged. The Boers have shown some activity in their later attacks on Mafeking, but they make a practice of sending wretched natives and odd Germans, Scandinavians, Irish, and, it is to be feared, a few renegade British to the front, while they modestly seek the shelter of the neighbouring kopjes. Intelligence will be anxiously awaited from Colonel Baden-Powell.

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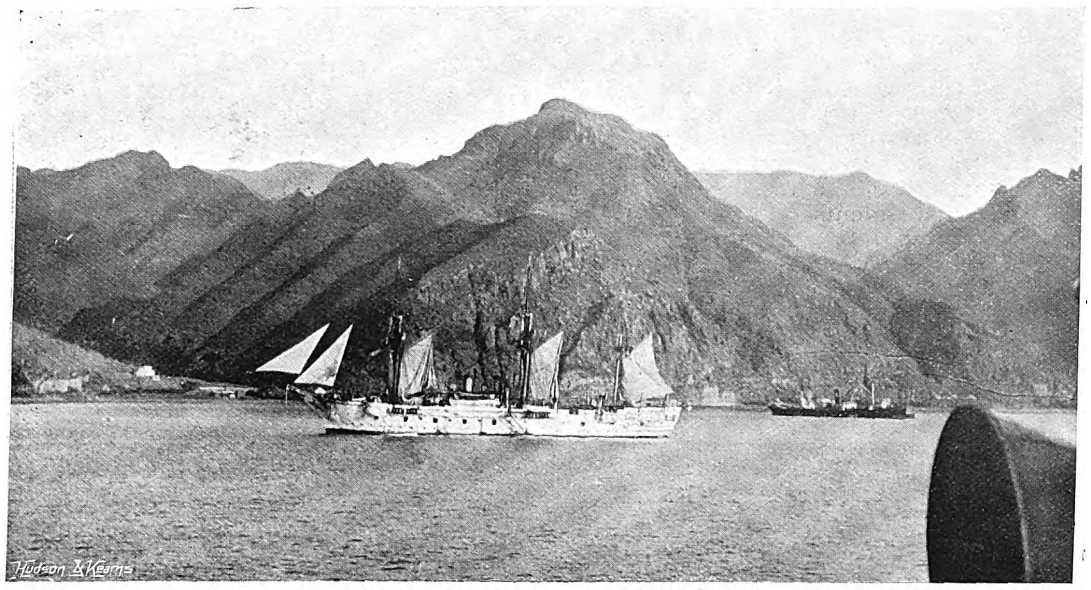
To South Africa with the Sixth Division.



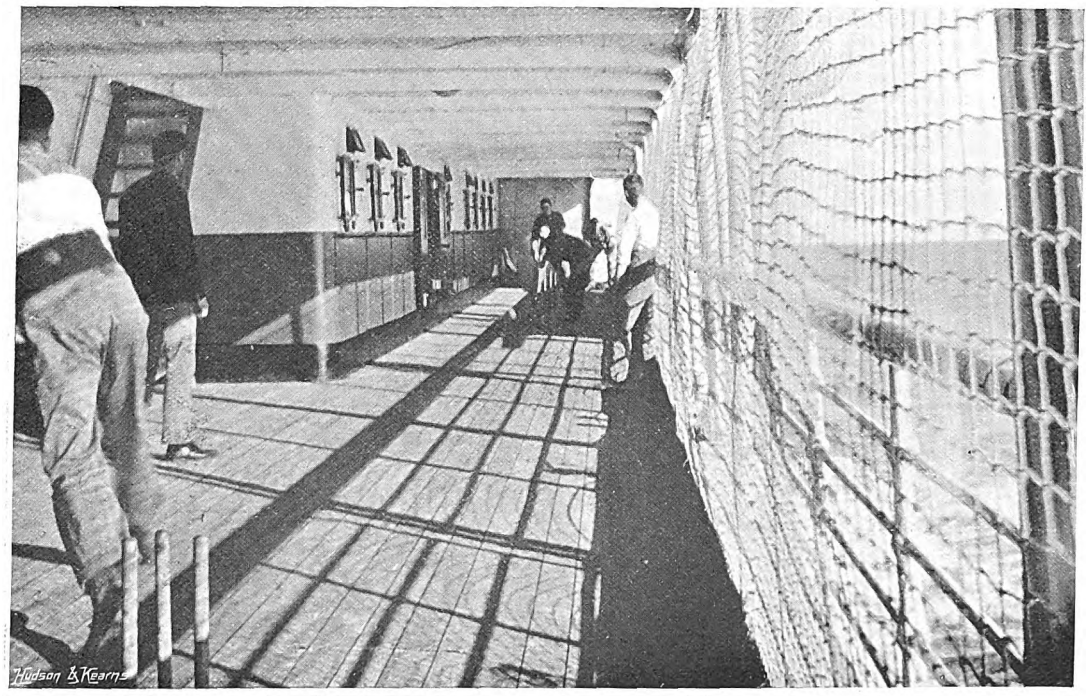
AT ANCHOR AT TENERIFFE.
A Welcome Halt by the Way.

OF all the gallant troops who are maintaining the honour of the British flag and fighting for justice and right in South Africa, none have been more "in the thick of it" than the Sixth Division. Under Lieutenant-General T. Kelly-Kenny, C.B., they pressed hard on the retreating Cronje, and compelled him to fight the series of rear-guard actions which led to the surrounding of the redoubtable Boer general, and ultimately to his capitulation with the whole of his forces. That his men deserve the admiration due to a plucky defence may be admitted, but no one at all acquainted with warfare will fail to recognise the strain imposed upon the Sixth Division by the continuous fighting. To say that our men responded to it in the most gallant manner is only to say that they are British troops; but the good work they have done so recently lends more than ordinary interest at the present moment to the accompanying series of pictures, illustrative of scenes and incidents in the journey of the division to South Africa.

It necessarily takes some short time for landsmen to shake down on board ship and to recover from the effects of that tribute which the sea has such an unpleasant knack of exacting. In a shorter time, however, than the majority of people would expect, everything settles down into working order, and life goes on with little to vary its routine. Monotony, indeed, is the bane of existence on board a transport, and while everything is carefully done to dispel it as far as possible, each trifling incident is brought out into strong relief. Practically there are two halting-places on the way to South Africa—Teneriffe or Las Palmas and St. Helena—and each affords a welcome halt, perhaps even an opportunity for going ashore. At Teneriffe the half-extinct volcano, which constitutes the Peak, and which is visible at a distance of some 150 miles, is of course an attraction. The ascent is difficult, but the view from the summit is one of peculiar beauty. On all sides stretches the vast expanse of the Atlantic, while the whole archipelago of the Canaries is within view.

Of course on board a transport physical drill is carried out to a certain extent. It serves a double purpose—it gives the men occupation, and to some extent it keeps them in health and condition. Games, too, occupy a prominent place, and among them cricket is the great favourite. The transport of the present day is a very different vessel from the rickety craft which were formerly considered good enough for the conveyance of troops, and the extensive decks of the commodious passenger steamers which are now taken up as transports afford plenty of room for the game of cricket in the modified form in which it is

THE LAST OF AN OLD FRIEND.
Throwing a Dead Charger Overboard.



From Photos. *GOOD CRICKET ON BOARD.* *By a Military Officer.*
"A Hit—A Palpable Hit."

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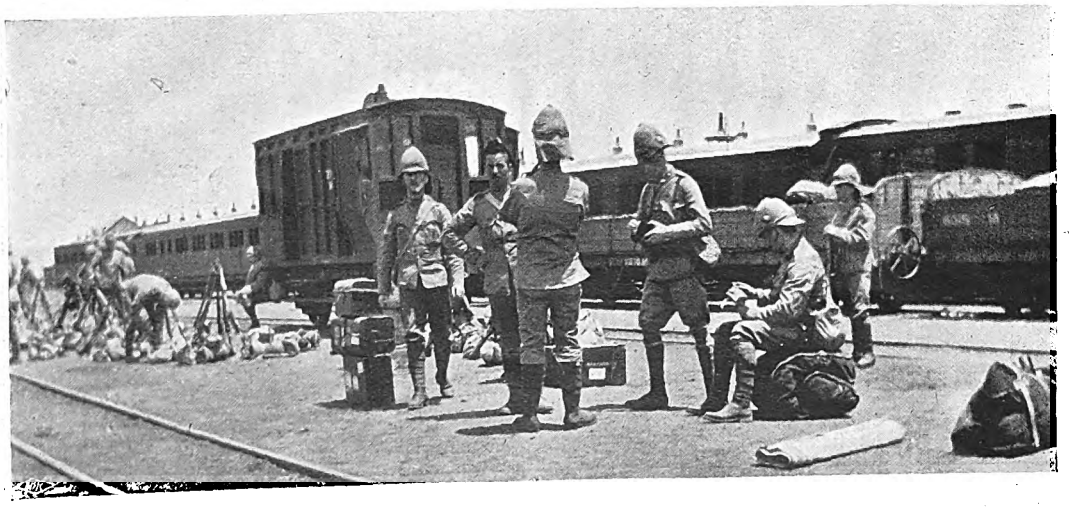
played on board ship. The extent to which any event, too, becomes clothed with exaggerated importance was well instanced during the progress of the Sixth Division to South Africa by the great excitement on board the ship when Major-General Knox's charger died and was thrown overboard. Every man who had an opportunity crowded to the side to see the last of what was universally regarded as an old friend, and General Knox is to be condoled with at the loss of a favourite.

There is not much that is of interest at St. Helena, where the only town and port is James Town. Supplies of all kinds are exceedingly dear, and the climate is unpleasantly hot, most of the inhabitants living on the higher and cooler parts of the island. Longwood, where Napoleon resided, stands on the plateau in the interior of the island. After the great Frenchman's death, the house was uninhabited for a long while, and the room in which he died was, at one time at least, converted into a cart-house and stable. Nevertheless, St. Helena is another welcome halt on the long journey of some 6,000 miles.

THE TRANSPORT CALLS AT ST. HELENA.
James Town, the Capital of the Island.

The Sixth Division consists of the 12th Brigade under Major-General R. A. P. Clements, D.S.O., A.D.C., and the 13th Brigade under Major-General Knox. It was sent to the front when Lord Roberts organised the force under his own command. Naauwpoort, which is shown in the last of our illustrations, is an important junction on the railway on the road towards Colesberg. It is situated on the Midland system of the Colony, about 270 miles from Port Elizabeth, and its value lies in the fact that it is at Naauwpoort that the railway running through Colesberg to the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and therefore to Bloemfontein and Pretoria, is connected with the railway running from Cape Town to Rhodesia, by way of Kimberley and Mafeking, and thus passing along the Western Border of the two South African Republics. The connection is made by means of a line running from Naauwpoort to De Aar Junction, both places of which a good deal has been recently heard, and both of strategical importance in relation to any advance to the northward of the boundaries of Cape Colony. Under these circumstances, it is natural that both troops and stores of all kinds should have been accumulated there in preparation for the advance. The Boers were completely checkmated in their efforts to attack our communications, and the appearance of the Sixth Division with the forces on the Modder, crossing the drifts seized by General French's cavalry, and pursuing Cronje to his Sedan, must have come upon them as a very dispiriting surprise. Nothing in the conduct of the war has been so admirably managed as the rapid transfer of the cavalry and the Sixth Division from one frontier to the other.

ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS AT THE CAPE.
A Warm Greeting and a Hearty Cheer.



UNLOADING AT NAAUWPOORT JUNCTION.
Collecting Material to Send to the Front.

From Photos. *By a Military Officer.*

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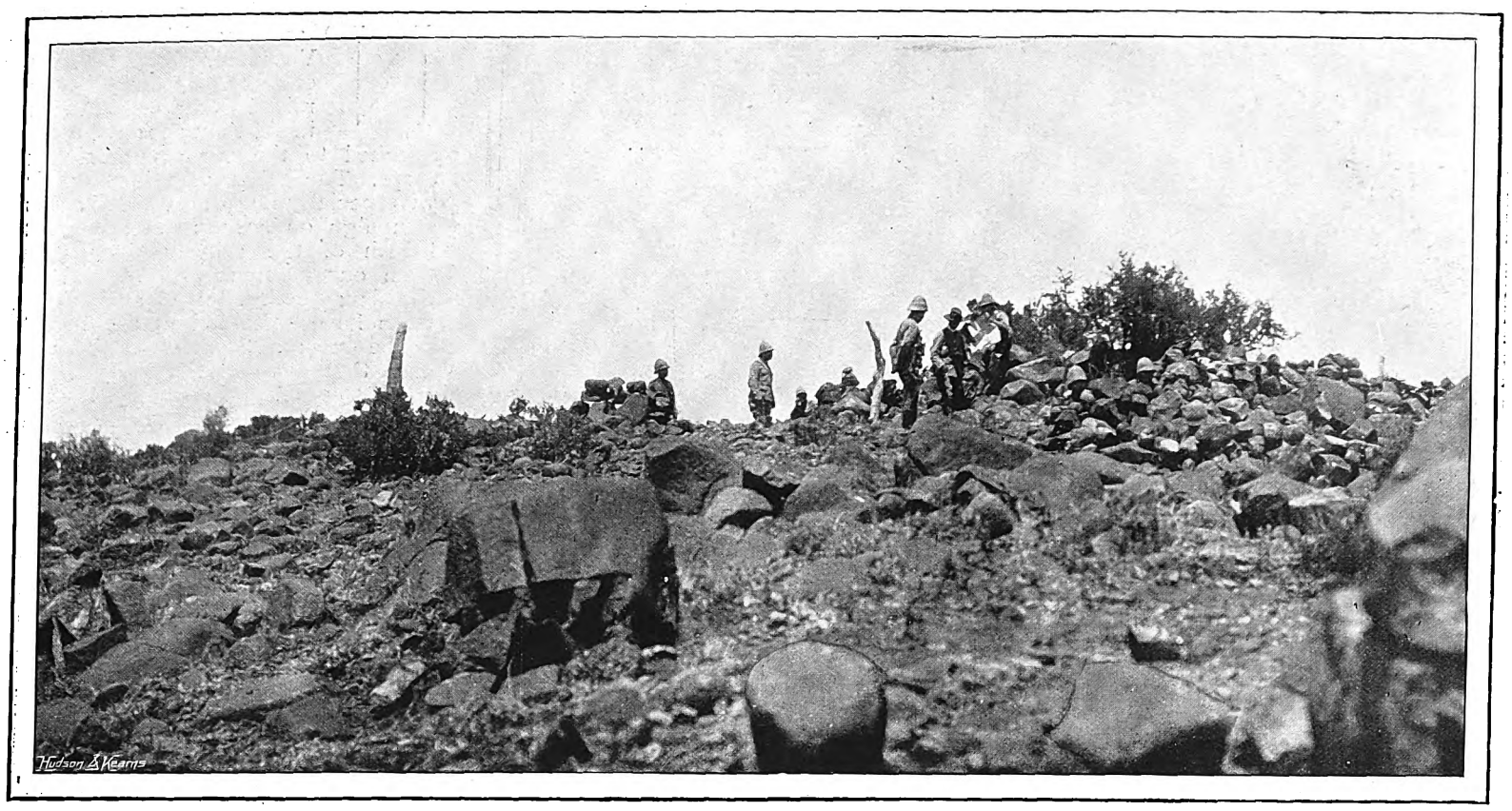
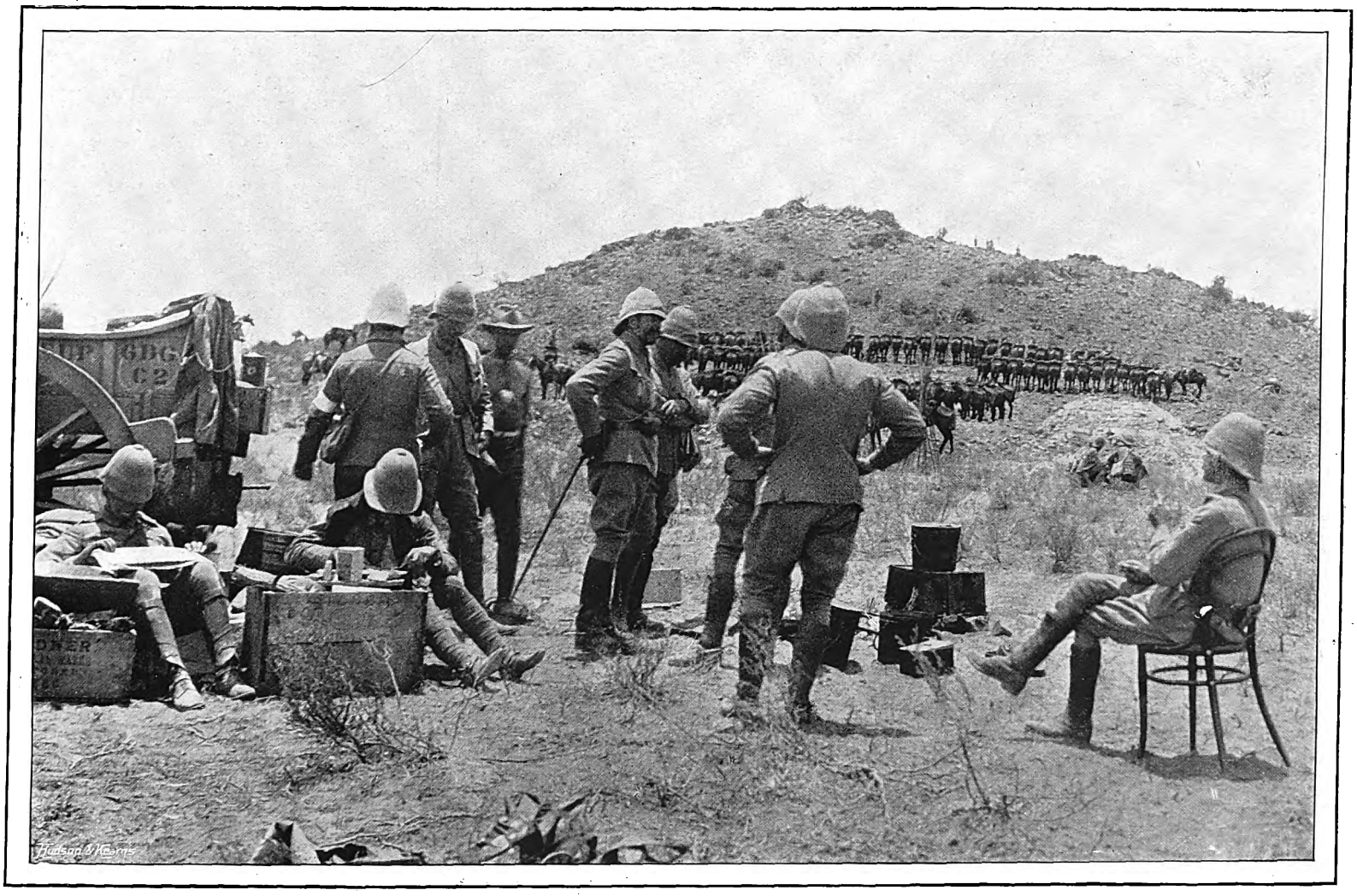
On the Orange River Frontier.



A TYPICAL SOUTH AFRICAN KOPJE—A POSITION NEAR COLESBERG.

The above gives a most excellent idea of one of those kopjes of which we now hear so much, and is one of those occupied by our troops near Colesberg. The officer in the centre is Colonel Porter, who commands the 6th Dragoon Guards, better known as the Carabiniers. The colonel and his regiment are now with French pushing on to Bloemfontein, and the former commands one of that general's brigades which did sterling work in the recent operations.



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TAKING IT EASY—A HALT WITH GENERAL BRABAZON.

Until Roberts called it away, the bulk of French's Cavalry Division was with the Naauwpoort Column, and our illustration shows a halt of the headquarters staff of General Brabazon, who is the officer in the centre of the picture. As we see, the welcome cup of tea is being prepared, and one at least is refreshing himself with food for the mind as well as the body, so far as a several days' old newspaper can supply mental pabulum.

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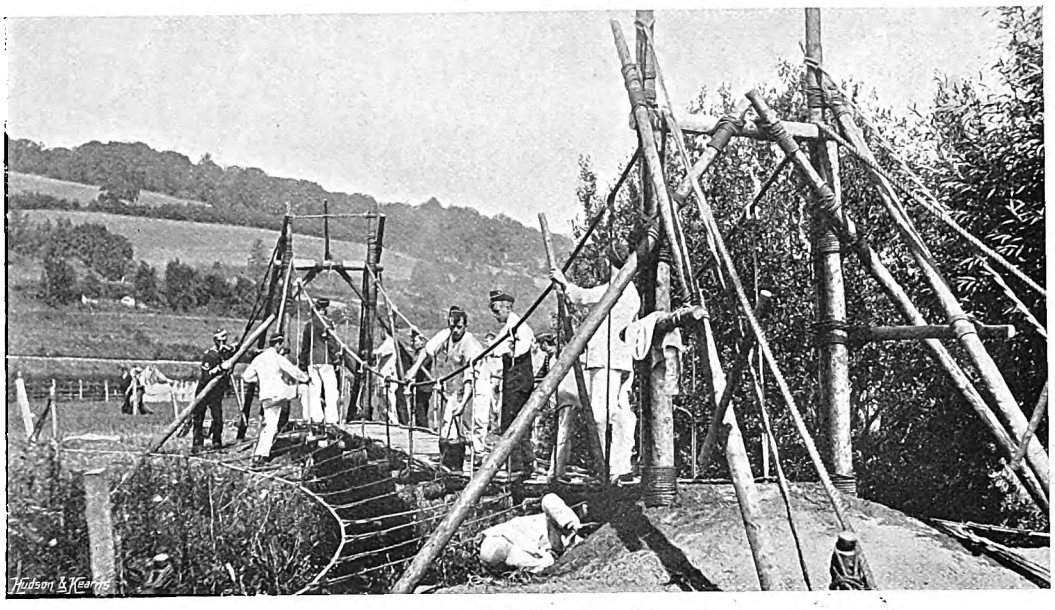
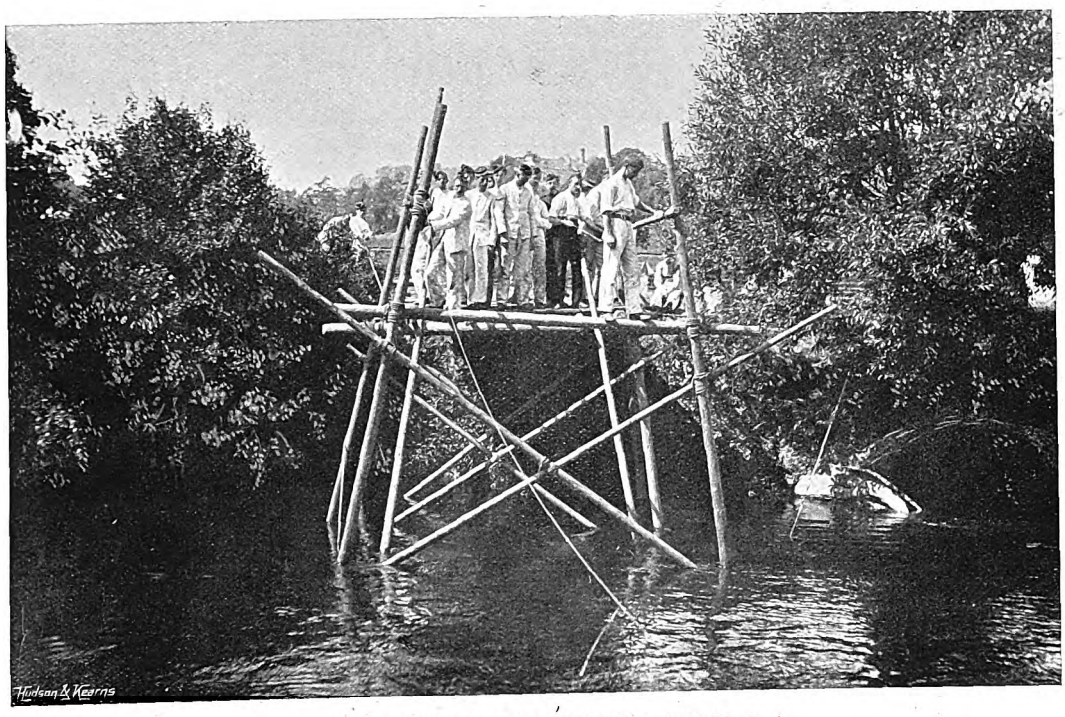
Volunteer Engineers for Roberts.



A MILITARY SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



PREPARATIONS FOR BRIDGING WORK.

Photos. Copyright. READY FOR THE FINISHING TOUCHES. Lewis.

No more useful classes of Volunteers have left this country, or have been raised in South Africa itself, than those who are attached to the various Engineer corps. The Railway Engineers play an especially important part in this campaign on account of the great length of the railway lines that form our communications, and of the damage that large portions of them have sustained at the hands of the enemy. So much is this the case that a special Pioneer Railways Corps has been raised from amongst the railway employés in South Africa, and is now some 700 strong. As readers of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED know, the two railway companies of the Royal Engineers are, in war-time, supplemented by the Volunteer Engineer corps affiliated to the great railway lines, and a large proportion of whose men are Reservists enlisted for the R.E., and who have been discharged to the Reserve until wanted for war. Both these and the men of the Post Office Volunteers who form the telegraph Reservists for the Royal Engineers have been illustrated and written about in these columns. Another departure has now been made, for the various Volunteer Royal Engineer Corps, excepting, of course, the submarine miners, are sending out detachments of officers with picked men to the front. Of these there are in all twenty in Great Britain, hailing from as far north as Aberdeen and as far south as Devonshire. Our illustrations show the men of the Devon and Somerset Royal Engineers, one of the corps which are furnishing sections for service in South Africa. This fine corps has its headquarters at Exeter. It is commanded by Colonel T. J. Scoones, V.D., and has for its honorary colonel the veteran Field-Marshal Sir J. L. A. Simmons, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., the Colonel-Commandant of the Corps of Royal Engineers, a distinguished honour for a corps that well deserves it. Our illustrations depict the men of the corps engaged in bridge-building, and speak for themselves. It would be very hard to overrate the usefulness to the troops these Volunteer contingents will be. As we know now, it was the sapping work done by the Royal Engineers that contributed in no small measure to the reduction of Cronje's stronghold in the bed of the Modder River, and work of like kind will have to be many times done before the Union Flag flies over Pretoria. Moreover, bridge-building is an especially useful art in this war, for South Africa, and especially Natal, boasts of many streams which, when flooded, are deep and dangerous. If it had not been for his Engineers, Buller's task of crossing the Tugela would have been far more difficult. The splendid work our Engineers have done under fire has been commented on more than once, and we may feel sure that the high reputation the "sappers" have always held will be worthily maintained by their Volunteer comrades.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1899.

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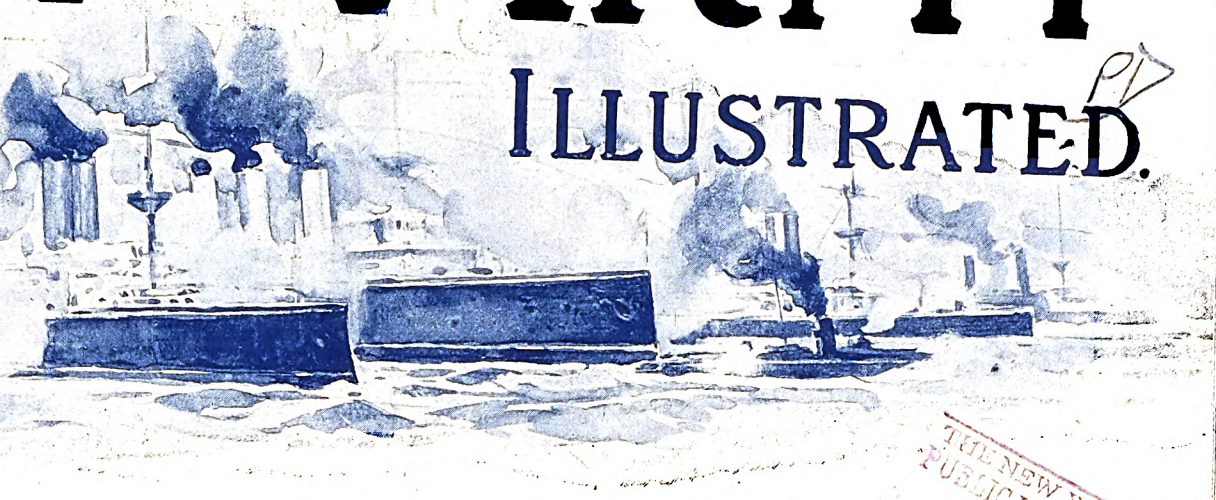
NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.



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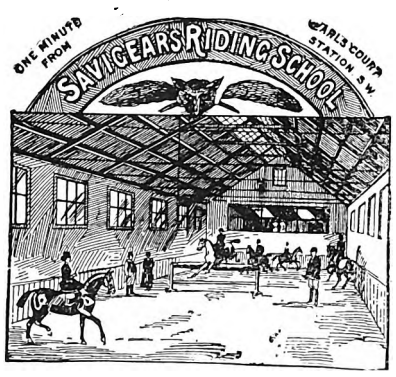

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For September Contains:

The Purple Terror.

By Fred. M. White. The purple terror is an orchid to be found only in the terrible Cuban swamps. The story, which Mr. White unfolds with thrilling power, relates the terrible adventures of a party of orchid-hunters.

A Peep into "Punch."

By John Holt Schooling. The cream of Mr. "Punch's" wit is here given in a further instalment of forty-one pictures and jokes that would make a cat laugh.

Stories of the Sanctuary Club.

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace. III.—The Diana Sapphire. Yet another enthralling mystery of the Sanctuary Club, in which a sapphire of amazing size and beauty plays a strange part.

The Southern Cross Antarctic Expedition.

By Sir George Newnes, Bart. Illustrated with photographs taken during the expedition. Most people know that Sir George Newnes has sent an expedition to the Antarctic regions, but no one has yet been told of the progress of the expedition—how it landed at Cape Adair, within 200 miles of the South Pole, and what adventures it has met with. This article describes the various incidents and adventures encountered on the journey, and the photographs are most interesting.

A Master of Craft.

By W. W. Jacobs. Chapters IX. and X. Artistic, clever, and excruciatingly funny. Mr. Jacobs is surpassing himself.

The Assassin of the Empress.

By Ben H. Ridgely, U.S. Consul at Geneva. The first absolutely authentic record of the assassination of the Empress of Austria. Mr. Ridgely describes from personal knowledge the daily life of that archfiend Lucheni, and also relates how the Empress met with her sad fate through her fondness for a cup of chocolate.

An Amateur Buddha.

By John Foster Fraser. Mr. Fraser, who, of course, is well known as having ridden round the world on a bicycle, tells an amusing story of how several British residents in India were hoaxed by one of their own party, who at their instance masqueraded as an amateur Buddha.

Water Polo.

By Albert H. Broadwell. This is an article of exceptional novelty, illustrated with a complete set of amazing snap shots of water-polo players in the water. They are, in the opinion of experts, the finest water-polo pictures ever taken.

Hilda Wade.

By Grant Allen. VII.—The Episode of the Stone that Looked About It. Hilda Wade has an exciting brush with Matabele braves, but saves her life by means of a bicycle—and Hubert's devotion.

Animal Actualities.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd. Mr. Shepherd's drawings are funnier than ever, and need no recommendation at our hands. "Strand" readers will know what to expect.

The Event of the Day.

A Story of a Regatta. By Neil Wynn Williams. Mr. Williams tells a story, the plot of which is as original as it is thrilling. The principal actors are a hippopotamus, the rider of a water-tricycle, and a crowd of regatta pleasure-seekers. We will not spoil the story by making further disclosures.

The Youngest Engine Driver in the World.

By George Dollar. Hume Gibson Richards, otherwise known as "Brownie, Engine-Driver," aged four, is the greatest little man on the railways of America—what he does not know about a locomotive is not worth knowing; and as to driving it—phew!—read for yourselves.

The Seven Dragons.

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Fourth Week.]

THE QUARTERS OF THE INFANTRY REGIMENTS.

	Battn.	
Grenadier G'ds †	1. Col. V. Hatton, C.B.	Windsor
	2. Lieut.-Col. F. Lloyd, D.S.O.	Chelsea
	3. Lieut.-Col. E. M. S. Crabbe	Gibraltar
Coldstream G'ds †	1. Lieut.-Col. A. E. Codrington	Gibraltar
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. R. Stopford	Wellington Bar'ks
	3. Lieut.-Col. V. J. Dawson	Tower of London
Scots Guards †	1. Col. A. H. Paget	Chelsea
A.	2. Col. I. R. Jones	Wellington Bar'ks.
Royal Scots (1st)	1. Lieut.-Col. E. P. Morgan-Payler.	Belfast
	2. Lieut.-Col. T. F. Ross	Poona
Queen's (Rl. West Surrey Reg., 2nd)	1. Col. J. S. Collins	Gharial, Punjab
	2.*Lt.-Col. E. O. F. Hamilton	Portsmouth
The Buffs (East Kent Reg., 3rd)	1. Col. A. E. Ommanney	Kamptee
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. A. Hickson	Brighton
King's Own (Rl. Lancaster 4th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. Rowlandson	Singapore
	2. Lieut.-Col. M. E. Crofton	Lichfield
Northumberland Fusiliers (5th).	1. Lt.-Col. C. G. C. Money, C.B.	For Natal
	2. Lt.-Col. R. L. A. Pennington	Portsmouth
Ryl. Warwickshire Regiment (6th).	1. Lt.-Col. W. E. G. Forbes, C.B.	Madras
	2. Lieut.-Col. M. Q. Jones, C.B.	Colchester
B.	3. Lieut.-Col. A. W. F. Jackson	Malta
Royal Fusiliers (7th).	1. Lieut.-Col. R. P. B. Rodick	Nusseerabad
	2.*Lieut.-Col. G. C. Donald	Aldershot
B.	3. Lieut.-Col. J. E. Briggs	Gibraltar
King's (Liverpool Regiment, 8th).	1. Lieut.-Col. L. S. Mellor	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. S. H. Harrison	Enniskillen
Norfolk Regiment (9th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. L. Govan	Bombay
	2. Lieut.-Col. L. H. Phillips	Fermoy
Lincolnshire Reg. (10th).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. R. Lowth, C.B.	Secunderabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. R. Roberts	Aldershot
Devonshire Reg. (11th).	1. Col. J. H. Yule	For South Africa
	2.*Lieut.-Col. G. M. Bullock	Aldershot
Suffolk Regiment (12th)	1. Lieut.-Col. A. J. Watson	Dover
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. R. Townley	Quetta
Somersetshire L.I. (13th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. A. Walsh	Rawal Pindi
	2. Lieut.-Col. E. J. Gallwey	Portland
West Yorkshire Regiment (14th).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. Grant-Dalton	Kurrachee
	2.*Col. F. W. Kitchener	Aldershot
East Yorkshire Regiment (15th).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. S. Allen	Belgaum
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. W. Ward	Templemore
Bedfordshire Reg. (16th).	1. Lieut.-Col. W. H. Riddell	Mooltan
	2. Col. W. H. Young	Dublin
Leicestershire Reg. (17th).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. D. Carleton	Ladysmith, Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. W. McKinstry	Curragh
Royal Irish Reg. (18th).	1.*Lt.-Col. H. W. N. Guinness	Buttevant
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. B. Forster	Mhow
Yorkshire Reg. (19th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. Bowles	Bradford
	2. Lt.-Col. C. J. Spottiswoode	Dagshai
Lancashire Fus. (20th).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. L. E. May	Malta
	2. Lt.-Cl. C. J. Blomfield, D.S.O.	Chatham
B.	3. Lieut.-Col. R. G. Bruxner-Randall.	Malta
Royal Scots Fus. (21st).	1. Lt.-Col. A. H. Abercrombie	Peshawur
	2.*Lieut.-Col. E. E. Carr	Aldershot
Cheshire Regiment (22nd).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. W. Bromfield	Secunderabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. F. Curteis	Limerick
Royal Welsh Fus. (23rd).	1.*Lieut.-Col. C. C. H. Thorold	Pembroke Dock
	2. Col. R. B. Mainwaring, C.M.G.	Hong Kong
South Wales Borderers (24th).	1. Lt.-Col. H. G. Mainwaring	Chakrata
	2. Col. R. A. P. Clements, D.S.O., A.D.C.	Dublin
K.O. Scottish Borderers (25th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. W. Godfray	Dublin
	2. Lieut.-Col. G. T. W. Hewat	Cawnpore
Cameronians (Sct. Rifles, 26th-90th)	1. Lieut.-Col. S. H. Lomax	Lucknow
	2.*Lieut.-Col. E. Cooke	Glasgow
Royal Inniskilling Fus. (27th-108th)	1.*Lt.-Col. T. M. G. Thackeray	Mullingar
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. M. Greenfield	Dalhousie
Gloucestershire Reg. (28th-61st).	1. Lieut.-Col. E. P. Wilford	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. F. Lindsell	Aldershot
Worcestershire Reg. (29th-36th).	1. Lieut.-Col. O. H. Oakes	Plymouth
	2. Lieut.-Col. F. S. Allen	Bermuda
East Lancashire Reg. (30th-59th).	1. Lieut.-Col. A. J. A. Wright	Jersey
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. G. Watson	Ranikhet
East Surrey Reg. (31st-70th).	1. Lt.-Col. W. J. H. Frodsham	Jhansi
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. H. W. Harris	Woking
Duke of Cornwall's L.I. (32nd-46th).	1. Col. C. F. A. Turnbull	Lucknow
	2. Lt.-Col. W. Aldworth, D.S.O.	Devonport
D. of Wellington's (W. Riding Reg., 33rd-76th).	1. Lt.-Col. G. E. Lloyd, D.S.O.	Dover
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. E. Belfield	Bangalore
Border Regiment (34th-55th).	1. Col. T. H. E. Hinde	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. S. Wood	Bareilly
Royal Sussex Reg. (35th-107th).	1. Lieut.-Col. B. D. A. Donne	For Malta
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. C. Young	Sealkote
Hampshire Reg. (37th-67th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. R. Parkinson	Cherat, Punjab
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. E. Briggs	Cork
South Staffords're Reg. (38th-80th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. C. Savage	Kinsale
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. Moore	Thayetmyo, Burma
Dorsetshire Reg. (39th-54th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. J. J. Kentish	Nowshera, Punjab
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. H. Law	Shorncliffe
South Lancashire Reg. (40th-82nd)	1. L.-C. W. McCarthy-O'Leary	Preston
	2. L.-C. A. F. G. Richardson	Jubbulpore
Welsh Regiment (41st-69th).	1. Lieut.-Col. R. J. F. Banfield	Aldershot
	2. Lieut.-Col. F. S. L. Penno	Ahmednugger
The Black Watch (Ryl. Highland's 42nd-73rd).	1. Lieut.-Col. E. G. Grogan	Sitapur
	2.*Lieut.-Col. J. H. C. Coode	Aldershot
Oxfordshire L.I. (43rd-52nd).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. A. Strachan	Devonport
	2. Col. F. H. Plowden	Ferozepore
Essex Regiment (44th-56th).	1. Lieut.-Col. T. E. Stephenson	Warley
	2. Lieut.-Col. T. Stock	Shwebo, Burma
Sherwood F'r'sters (Derbyshire Rg., (45th-95th).	1. Col. H. L. Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O.	Crete
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. D. Bulpett	Aden
Loyal North Lancashire Regim't. (47th-81st).	1. Lieut.-Col. R. G. Kekewich	Cape Town
	2. Lt.-Col. B. A. Satterthwaite	For Malta
Northamptonshire Reg. (48th-58th).	1. Lieut.-Col. W. B. Capper	Fyzabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. C. Denny	Aldershot
Rl. Berkshire Reg. (49th-66th).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. C. Carter	Portsmouth
	2. Lt.-Col. C. Evans-Gordon	Natal
Queen's Own (Ryl. West Kent Reg., 50th-97th).	1. L.-C. C. W. H. Evans, D.S.O.	Rangoon
	2. Lt.-Col. E. A. W. S. Grove	For Egypt
King's Own L.I. (51st-105th).	1. L.-C. Sir H. A. W. Johnson, Bart.	Sheffield
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. St. L. Barter	Mauritius
King's (Shropshire L.I., 53rd-85th).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. H. Collette	Poona
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. Spens	Aldershot
Middlesex Reg. (57th-77th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. G. White	Welling'n, Madras
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. W. Hill	Woolwich
King's Royal Rifle Corps (60th).	1. Lieut.-Col. R. H. Gunning	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. Gore-Browne	For South Africa
	3.*L.-C. R. G. Buchanan-Riddell	Kilkenny
	4. Lieut.-Col. E. W. Herbert	Cork
Wiltshire Regim't. (62nd-99th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. M. Carter	Quetta
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. C. Harford	Guernsey
Manchester Reg. (63rd-96th).	1. Lieut.-Col. A. E. R. Curran	Natal
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	2. Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hunt	Aldershot
Royal Irish Rifles (83rd-86th).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. Haggard	Dum Dum
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. A. Eagar	Belfast
Ryl. Irish Fusiliers (87th-89th).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. R. C. Carleton	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. Reeves	Colchester
Connaught Ran's (88th-94th).	1.*Lieut.-Col. L. G. Brooke	Athlone
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. E. Harman	Meerut
Argyll & Sutherl'd H'rs (91st-93rd).	1.*Lieut.-Col. J. H. Campbell	Dublin
	2. Lieut.-Col. G. L. J. Goff	Ranikhet
Leinster Regiment (100th-109th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. Martin	Halifax, N.S.
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Ryl. Munster Fus. (101st-104th).	1. Lieut.-Col. E. S. Evans	South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. P. S. Druitt	Dinapore
Royal Dublin Fus. (102nd-103rd).	1.*Lieut.-Col. G. A. Mills	Curragh
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. D. Cooper	Maritzburg, Natal
Rifle Brigade †	1. Lieut.-Col. C. H. B. Norcott	Parkhurst
	2. Lt.-Col. C. T. E. Metcalfe	For South Africa
	3. Lieut.-Col. W. R. Kenyon-Slaney.	Kuldana
	4. Lieut.-Col. A. R. Pemberton	Dublin
West India Reg.	1. Lieut.-Col. A. L. Bayley	Sierra Leone
	2. Lieut.-Col. D. M. Allen	Jamaica
	3. Lieut.-Col. A. Bor	St. Helena
Hong Kong Reg.	Lieut.-Col. J. M. A. Retallick	Hong Kong
Chinese Regiment	1. Lieut.-Col. H. Bower	Wei-hai-Wei
West African Reg.	L.-C. G. G. Cunningham, D.S.O.	
B.C. Africa Rifles	1. Lieut.-Col. W. H. Manning	Central Africa
	2. Major H. E. J. Brake, R.A.	Mauritius
Provisional Batt.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. Kelly	Shorncliffe

A. 3rd Battalion about to be formed. *B.* 4th Battalion in course of formation.

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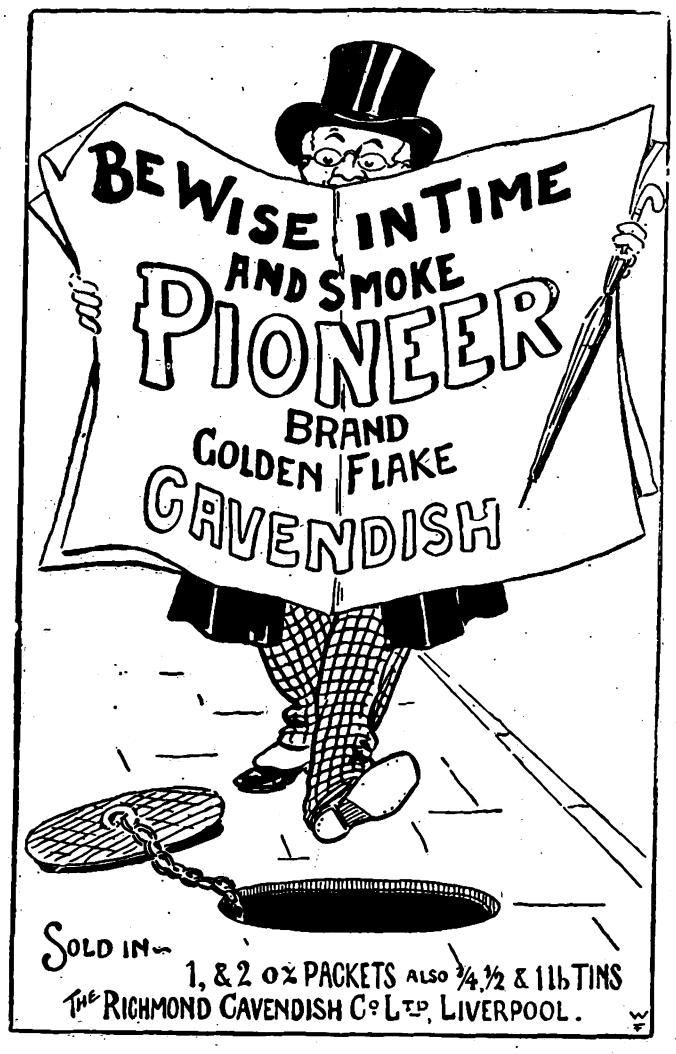

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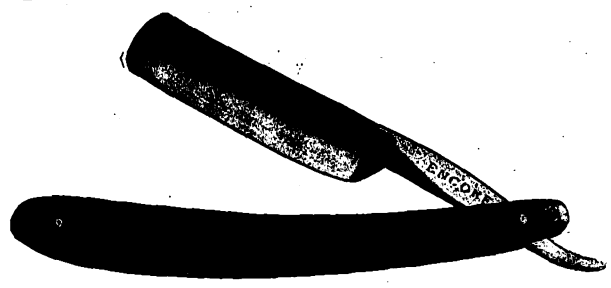

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☞ Officers are earnestly requested to send at once their special services to the Editor.

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MY DEAR BETTY,—I very much sympathise with Mrs. N——, who you say has just come home without any dresses that she can possibly wear. It is always so tiresome to be obliged to rush about and get clothes directly you arrive in England; and it is doubly tiresome when it happens to be just between seasons, as it is now, and when, therefore, it is doubtful what are to be the prevailing fashions.

Of one thing, however, Mrs. N—— may feel assured, namely, that she may with safety choose fur before all other trimmings for her dresses. Not only will she find it most becoming, as it gives such an appearance of comfort on a cold day, but it is prophesied that such trimmings will be very much worn this winter, not only out of doors, but by the fireside as well. Even tea-gowns will be furnished with fur. Narrow bands will edge the skirts and outline the revers and high collars, and it will also be used alternately with insertions of white or cream-coloured lace, or with ruchings of chiffon and mousseline de soie. A fantastic combination this of delicate materials and fur, but the contrast is very effective, and no combination of colour or material can astonish us nowadays, I imagine. As for a dress to wear on her motor-car, tell Mrs. N—— that I send her the enclosed sketch, made on purpose for her. It was suggested by a French model, which is modified in the picture, the original not being altogether worthy of admiration, though it had good ideas. In it the coat hung loosely in front, whilst the skirt was ungracefully and unnecessarily short. The sketch I send you shows the coat semi-tight-fitting, whilst the only trimming is of stitched leather strappings, which give an exceedingly neat finish to the whole. The costume when carried out in dark grey waterproof covert coating is of the most useful description for any country wear.

FOR THE LATEST CRAZE

I had one letter from India this mail which gave me a dreadful account of the plague in Poona. It was, said my correspondent, raging worse than ever, and was of a particularly virulent type, the patients turning black and dying in a few hours, just as they did in the terrible plague in Florence. But India is a large country, and whilst the post brings such ghastly reports from one district, from another it brings nothing but gossip and accounts of balls and theatricals and polo and other amusements. Doris's long letter, for instance, begins with an enthusiastic account of "My Friend the Prince," which she says was a tremendous success in Simla, and everyone agreed that never before had a play of the kind been better acted. People who were severe in their criticism of "The Liars" were loud in their praise of this performance, which was received throughout with so much laughter that no other applause was needed to show how thoroughly the audience—which included the Viceroy and Lady Curzon—appreciated the play and the acting. Doris gives me a full list of the cast, which will no doubt interest you, as you are sure to find some familiar names therein. I therefore copy it for your benefit. It runs as follows: Matthew Jannaway, the retired market gardener, Sir H. Melliss; Pink Jannaway, Captain A. J. H. Swiney, R.E.; Pansy Jannaway, Miss Gouldney; Poppy Jannaway, Mrs. Ouseley; Gilberte Picard, a singing girl, Mrs. Swiney; H.R.H. Prince Maurice of Pannonia, Captain R. J. Marker, A.D.C.; H.R.H. Princess Brunhilde of Pannonia, Miss Barry; Baron Hertzlein, Colonel F. M. Rundall; Ambrose Pinning, a young barrister, Mr. A. Williams; the Hon. Peto Godolphin, Captain R. G. T. Baker Carr, A.D.C.; Shottery, Mr. W. D. Braithwaite; Bennett, Miss Beadon; John, footman, Mr. W. D. Fisher; and James, footman, Mr. A. W. F. Knox. Everyone was looking forward to seeing Captain Holland once more as Wilding in "Captain Swift," a part in which he had such tremendous success in 1891 and 1892. Mrs. Bingley, who as Miss Way appeared in the cast of 1891, was last week to play Stella Darbisher; whilst amongst others were to appear General Beresford Lovett, Mr. Hailey, Captain Macready, Captain Wilkieson, Mrs. Tyler, Miss King, and Miss Gordon. There has been plenty of dancing, too, at Simla. Lady Lockhart gave two very successful "At Homes" last month, and Mrs. Becher gave a little dance, which was most enjoyable. At the latter all the guests were asked to appear in dresses or wearing symbols representing the name of a book. Miss Turner won the first prize for the best dress, which illustrated the title "Heart of Princess Osca," while Miss Fanshawe as "Unaddressed Letters" was awarded the prize for the dress that was most difficult to guess. When Doris wrote, she was also looking forward to the Royal Engineers' and Royal Artillery ball, and the Masonic ball, which was fixed for the 10th, so there was no lack of fun at Simla for the moment. At Bangalore there was a very pretty wedding last month, at St. Mark's Church, when Miss Mabel Alice Petley, eldest daughter of Captain E. F. Wallace Petley, C.I.E., R.N., was married to Captain Douglas Henry McDonnel Graves, Indian Medical Service, 20th Madras Infantry. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion with lilies, roses, and chrysanthemums, all arranged by the bride's friends.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful dress of satin duchesse made with a Court train. It was elaborately trimmed with chiffon and orange blossoms.

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and lover's knots in jewelled passementerie. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Cook and Miss Cowdell, who both wore dresses of white alpaca trimmed with pale blue and white chiffon sashes, whilst their hats were wreathed with pink roses.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Stuart held a reception at Goldburn, where the latter received the guests wearing a handsome costume of dark blue silk, whilst Miss Claudie Stuart was dressed in pink. The presents, which were numerous, were on view, and people chatted away in the large marquees erected for the occasion until the departure of the bride and bridegroom for Kotagiri, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride's travelling dress was white voile worn over blue silk, and a Leghorn hat trimmed with carnations and white feathers.

There was tremendous interest shown in the Bangalore polo tournament, which came off towards the end of August. The opposing teams in the first match were those of the West Riding Regiment and the Golconda Lancers, Mr. Bally, Captain Turner, Mr. Whish, and Mr. Coode playing for the former. The Golcondas won the game by seven goals and three subsidiaries to two goals.

The next match was between the 19th Hussars, with Mr. Holdford, Mr. Franks, Mr. Archer Shee, and Major Marsh, against the 4th Hussars, with Mr. Savory, Mr. Caldbeck, Mr. Rotheram, and Major Kincaid-Smith, the latter winning by five goals and three subsidiaries to three goals and three subsidiaries.

The final tie was played off between the Golconda Lancers and the 4th Hussars, the former winning by six goals and three subsidiaries to two subsidiaries. During the play both Mr. Savory and Mr. Rotheram had nasty spills, but they were not hurt so badly that they could not continue playing. The greatest excitement was shown by the native crowd, and Mrs. Crawford presented the challenge cup to the winners amidst much enthusiasm.

And yet another wedding I must tell you about, one that took place at Kingstown on the 12th, between Captain Moore, R.A.M.C., and Miss Helen Catherine Georgina, daughter of Mr. George Whitla, of Corrig Castle, Kingstown, County Dublin. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a dress of ivory satin made with a transparent yoke and sleeves of tucked chiffon, whilst the bodice was trimmed with orange blossom and myrtle. Her bouquet was of most lovely white roses, lilies, white heather, and orange blossoms.

There were two bridesmaids, Miss Helen Gould and Miss M. Dooner. They both wore dresses of cream muslin, turquoise blue sashes, and black velvet picture hats with white plumes. Their gold arrow brooches and bouquets were the gifts of the bridegroom.

The service over, Mrs. Whitla received a large number of guests at Corrig Castle, amongst those present being Mr. and Mrs. Whitla, Sir E. Hudson and Lady Hudson Kinahan, Dr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. W. Moore, Mr. and Miss Casey, Sir Francis Brady, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Butler-Ievers, etc. Later in the afternoon the bride and bridegroom left for Scotland, the former wearing a dress of cornflower blue voile trimmed with lace, and a cornflower toque.

Plymouth has been exceedingly quiet lately, the regiments having been on Salisbury Plain and the ships at the Manœuvres. Now, however, people are beginning to come back, and the place is getting rather more lively. Last week the annual sports came off at the Naval Barracks. The weather was everything to be desired, the bands of the "Impregnable" and "Vivid" played during the afternoon, and there were some very amusing events, so I imagine the 4,000 people who were present must have had a very good time.

The officers' enclosure was filled with officers and their friends, though many people were conspicuous by their absence, not having returned from their summer visits. Captain and Mrs. Grenfell received the guests, amongst whom were Admiral and Lady Fairfax, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Jackson, the latter wearing a pretty dress of which the prevailing colour was puce, Colonel and Mrs. Oakes, and Colonel and Mrs. Clarke.

There was much excitement concerning the ladies' bicycle race, which was won, though not without a struggle, by Miss Amy Richards. The officers' 100-yds. flat race was won by Dr. Gaskell, R.N.

Here in London we still think and talk of little else but the Rennes court-martial, and the dastardly behaviour of the judges. No matter where one goes, the matter is discussed on all sides, and in pretty forcible language too. But by far the bitterest invective I have heard was volubly poured out by a Frenchman, whose horror and disgust at his own countrymen were very satisfying to hear.

Yours affectionately,
CONSTANCE.

**** Communications, enquiries, and other correspondence relating to matters referred to in the above letter should be addressed to the Editor at this office, with "Fashions" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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Awdry, R. A., Esq., April 16, 1897.
Accountant-General of the Navy.
Bacon, Commander R. H. S., February 21, 1896.
Baker, Commander C. J., July 23, 1898.
Barlow, Captain C. J., January 31, 1896.
Barrow, Captain A., March 20, 1896.
Battenberg, Prince Louis of, March 26, 1898.
Bedford, Rear-Admiral Sir F., August 7, 1896.
Beresford, Vice-Adml. Lord C., Jan. 17, 1896.
Bickford, Captain A. K., October 30, 1896.
Bridge, Vice-Admiral C. A. G., Nov. 27, 1896.
Brock, Captain E. E., January 31, 1896.
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Clanwilliam, Admiral Earl of, May 1, 1896.
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Kerr, Vice-Admiral Right Hon. Lord W. T., December 20, 1895, and March 20, 1896.
Lambert, Mr. G. T., April 16, 1897.
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Lambton, Captain Hon. H., April 23, 1898.
Lang, Captain W. M., May 14, 1897.
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Leiningen, Admiral Prince of, Sept. 3, 1897.
Limpus, Commander A. H., June 18, 1898.
Luard, Admiral Sir W. G., November 26, 1897.
Lyons, Admiral Sir A. M., November 13, 1896.
Macartney, Mr. W. G. E., April 16, 1897.
Parliamentary and Financial Secretary to the Admiralty.
McClintock, Admiral Sir F. L., Dec. 11, 1896.
Macgregor, Sir Evan, April 16, 1897.
Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty.
Miller, Captain, May 7, 1898.
Miller, Mr. G. W., April 16, 1897.
Director of Naval Stores.
Milne, Admiral Sir A., March 20, 1896.
Molyneux, Vice-Adml. Sir R. H. M., Feb. 5, 1897.
Mundy, Commander G. H. B., Sept. 4, 1896.
Neville, Captain G., June 4, 1898.
Nicholas, Lieutenant J., April 23, 1898.
Nicholson, Admiral Sir H. F., June 18, 1898.
Norbury, Sir H. F., March 18, 1898.
Medical Director-General of the Navy.
Ogilvy, Lieutenant F. C. A., June 18, 1898.
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Rawson, Rear-Admiral Sir H. H., Jan. 8, 1897.
Rice, Rear-Admiral E., October 1, 1897.
Riddle, Captain D. M., January 7, 1898.
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Stewart, Admiral Sir W. H., April 30, 1897.
Talbot, Commander H., July 9, 1898.
Thursby, Commander C. F., Sept. 17, 1898.
Wells, Vice-Admiral R., February 21, 1896.
Wells, Midshipman G. A., February 21, 1896.
Wharton, Rear-Adml. Sir W. J. L., Mar. 18, 1897.
White, Sir W., April 16, 1897, and June 11, 1898.
Chief Constructor of the Navy.
Williams, Commander P. H., March 20, 1896.
Williamson, Mr. J., April 16, 1897.
Director of Dockyards.
Wilson, Rear-Admiral A. K., May 14, 1898.
Wolfe, Captain G. C. B., October 16, 1896.
York, Captain the Duke of, December 20, 1895, June 4, 1898, and July 2, 1898.
Yorke, Mr. H. F. R., April 16, 1897.
Director of Victualling to the Navy.

THE ARMY.

Abadie, Major-General H. R., October 1, 1897.
Ames, Captain O. H., December 24, 1897.
Ardagh, Major-General Sir J. C., Oct. 2, 1896.
Ashley, Lieutenant C. J., April 17, 1896.
Bagot, Colonel C. H., February 19, 1897.
Bally, Colonel J. F., August 6, 1897.
Bengough, Major-Gen. H. M., October 16, 1896.
Bere, Mr. H. De la, September 10, 1898.
Director of Royal Army Clothing Factory.
Blennerhasset, Lt.-Col. B. M., March 19, 1897.
Brackenbury, Gen. Sir H., September 4, 1896.
Bridge, Colonel C. H., January 31, 1896.
Bridge, Lt.-Col. T. F. D., September 24, 1897.
Bridgman, Col. Hon. F. C., February 25, 1898.
Brodrick, Hon. St. J., September 10, 1898.
Late Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War.
Browne, General Sir S. J., April 16, 1897.
Cambridge, Field-Marshal the Duke of, December 20, 1895.
Cameron, General Sir W. G., March 5, 1897.
Campbell, Maj.-Gen. B. B. D., January 31, 1896.
Campbell, Captain C. F., September 10, 1897.
Cantan, Lieutenant H. T., February 19, 1897.
Carew, Colonel R. T., December 20, 1895.
Chapman, General E. F., April 2, 1898.
Chelmsford, General Lord, July 10, 1896.
Combe, Major-General B. A., August 21, 1896.
Connaught, General A. W. P. A., Duke of, Jan. 3, 1896, Oct. 16, 1896, and August 27, 1898.
Davies, Lieut.-General H. F., March 26, 1898.
Davis, General Sir J., July 9, 1897.
Dickson, General Sir C., May 28, 1897.
Donaldson, Mr. H. F., September 10, 1898.
Chief Mechanical Engineer of Ordnance Factories.
Drury-Lowe, General Sir D. C., May 1, 1896.
Dunne, General J. H., April 16, 1898.
East, Lt.-Gen. Sir C. J., November 12, 1897.
Edwards, Colonel E. N., April 9, 1897.
Ewart, General Sir J. A., February 19, 1897.
Fairtlough, Lieut.-Col. F. H., January 8, 1897.
Falmouth, Major-General Viscount E. E. T., June 4, 1898.
Fox, Colonel G. M., June 5, 1896.
Gatacre, Major-General Sir W. F., July 2, 1898
Geary, Lieutenant-General H. le, April 9, 1898.
Gipps, General Sir R., September 3, 1897.
Giraud, Surg.-Maj.-Gen. C. H., March 19, 1897.
Glyn, Lieutenant-General J. P. C., April 23, 1898.
Goldsmid, Colonel A. E. W., October 30, 1896.
Gordon, Lt.-Col. J. C. F., September 10, 1897.
Gough, General Sir H. H., June 11, 1897.
Gray, Lieut.-Col. H. W., April 9, 1897.
Greaves, General Sir G. R., September 17, 1897.
Grenfell, Lieut.-Gen. Sir F. W., Nov. 27, 1896.
Hamilton, Major H. I. W., October 30, 1896.
Hannay, Lieut.-Colonel O. C., June 12, 1896.
Harrison, General Sir R., February 5, 1897.
Heathcote-Amory, Lieut. H., Dec. 20, 1895.
Heriot, Colonel M., February 25, 1898.
Hewett, Lieut.-General E. O., June 26, 1896.
Hildyard, Maj.-Gen. H. C. T., August 13, 1898.
Hunter, Major-General A., May 28, 1898.
Jeffreys, Brig.-Gen. P. D., November 26, 1897.
Jeune, Right Hon. Sir F. H., Sept. 10, 1898.
Judge-Advocate-General to the Army.
Johnstone, Captain W. E., October 2, 1896.
Jones, General Sir H. S., July 16, 1898.
Kenny, Maj.-Gen. T. Kelly, October 16, 1896, and October 30, 1896.
Kirchhoffer, Lt.-Col. R. B., December 24, 1897.
Kitchener, General Sir H. H., April 17, 1896.
Knowles, Maj.-Gen. C. B., January 22, 1897.
Knox, Sir R. H., September 10, 1898.
Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War.
Lansdowne, Marquis of, September 10, 1898.
Secretary of State for War.
Lockhart, Gen. Sir W. S. A., October 29, 1897.
Low, Lieut.-General Sir R. C., April 3, 1896.
Lowther, Lieutenant H. C., December 11, 1896.
Lumsden, General Sir H. B., July 24, 1896.
Lysons, General Sir D., March 20, 1896.
Macdonald, Col. Rt. Hon. J. H., July 30, 1898.
MacNeill, Maj.-Gen. Sir J. C., April 30, 1897.
Marshall, Colonel G. H., August 6, 1897.
Massey, Lieut.-Gen. W. G. D., June 18, 1898.
Meiklejohn, Brig.-Gen. Sir W. H., Dec. 24, 1897.
Menzies, Lieut.-Colonel Duncan, April 9, 1897.
Methuen, Lieut.-Gen. Lord, January 3, 1896.
Milman, Major-General G. B., January 31, 1896
Mitford, Lieut.-Colonel W. K., April 9, 1897.
Montmorency, Major-General Viscount R. H. Frankfort de, September 18, 1896.
Murdoch, Lieut.-Col. J. F. B., January 22, 1897.
Murray, Colonel R. H., April 30, 1898.
Nash, Surg.-General W., March 19, 1897.
Olpherts, General Sir W., March 4, 1898.
Phayre, General Sir R., August 7, 1896.
Pollok, Lieut.-Colonel R. M., July 16, 1897.
Pulteney, Major W. P., December 11, 1896.
Raines, General Sir J. A. R., August 20, 1897.
Ramsden, Lieutenant C. J., April 30, 1898.
Richardson, Lieut.-Col. G. L. R., June 5, 1896.
Robb, Lieut.-Colonel F. S., October 30, 1896.
Roberts, Lieut.-Colonel H. R., October 15, 1897.
Roberts, Field-Marshal Lord, January 31, 1896, and June 12, 1896.
Rose, Major-General E. L., December 24, 1897.
Ross, Captain R. J., May 29, 1896.
Sawle, Col. F. A. Graves, December 20, 1895.
Seymour, Lt.-Gen. Lord W., October 16, 1896, and November 13, 1896.
Simmons, Fld.-Mar. Sir J. L. A., March 6, 1896.
Sorel-Cameron, Lt. G. C. M., October 11, 1896.
Stevenson, Lieut.-General N., April 2, 1897.
Stewart, Major-Gen. R. M., August 6, 1897.
Stewart, Fld.-Mar. Sir D. M., October 15, 1897.
Stirling, Lieut.-General Sir W., March 18, 1898.
Stransham, General Sir A. B., June 12, 1896.
Sutton, Captain H. C., June 4, 1898.
Swaine, Major-General L. V., October 16, 1896.
Talbot, Major-Gen. R. A. J., October 16, 1896.
Templer, Lt.-Colonel J. L. B., January 21, 1898.
Tod, Captain G. R., May 21, 1896.
Vandeleur, Lieut. C. F. S., January 22, 1897.
Vincent, Colonel Sir C. H., May 15, 1896.
Wales, Field-Marshal Prince of, June 5, 1896.
Walker, Lt.-Gen. Sir Forestier, Feb. 18, 1898.
Walter, Quartermaster J. A., March 29, 1896.
Warren, Lieut.-Gen. Sir C., December 11, 1896.
Williams, Mr. J. P., September 10, 1898.
Financial Secretary to the War Office.
Willis, Captain H. R. J., January 31, 1896.
Wilson, Major-General Sir C., May 14, 1897.
Wilson, Captain H. H., October 30, 1896.
Wilson, Mr. G. D. A. Fleetwood, Sept. 10, 1898.
Assistant Under-Secretary of State for War.
Winter, Lieut.-Colonel S. H., January 31, 1896.
Wolseley, Field-Marshal Right Hon. Viscount, December 20, 1895.
Wolseley, Major-General Sir G. B., May 7, 1898.
Wood, Major-General E. A., October 30, 1896.
Wood, General Sir H. E., January 17, 1896.
Wright, Colonel W. P., December 24, 1897.
Yorke, Colonel F. A., June 26, 1896.

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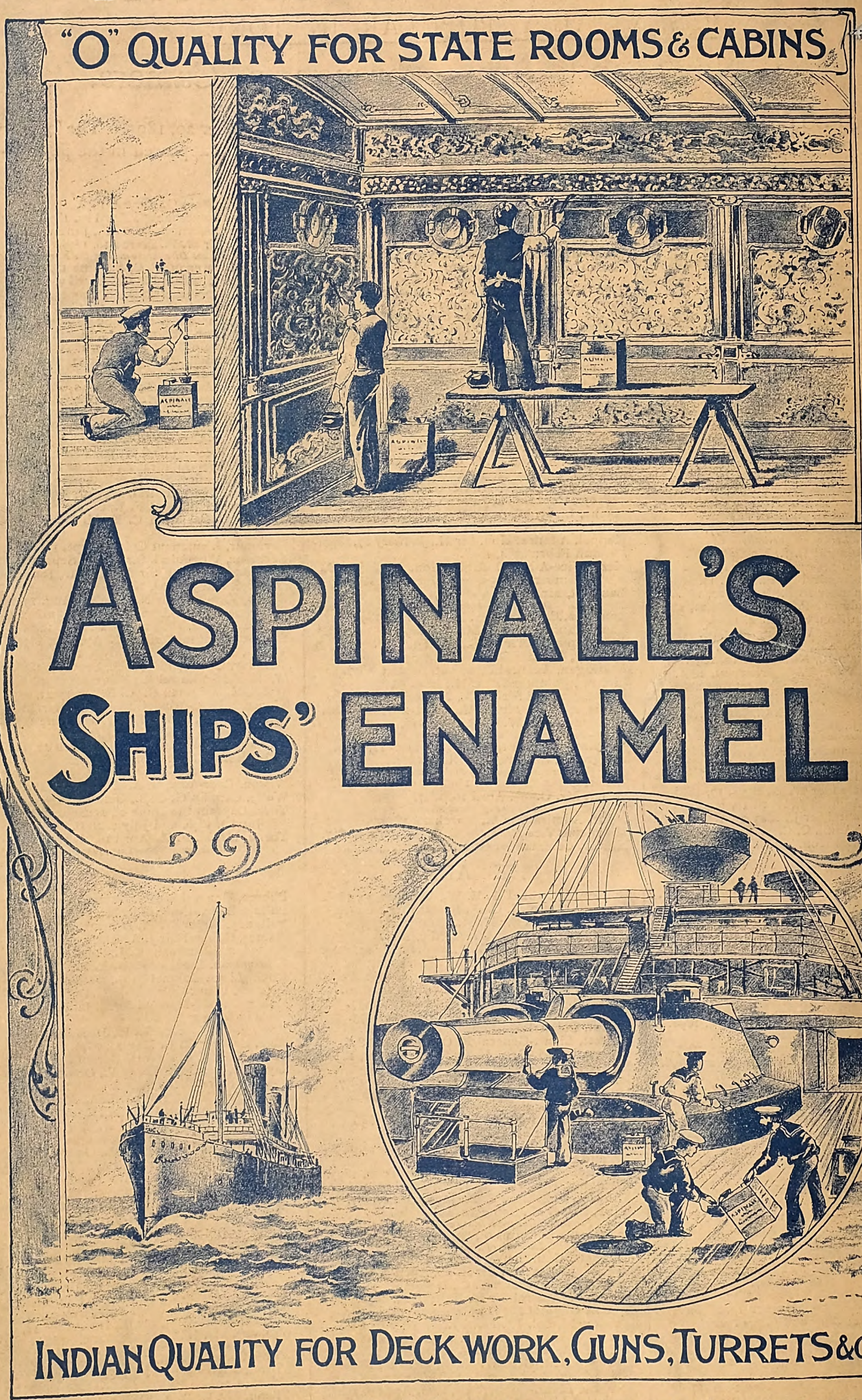

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1899.

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(Of "The Army and Navy Gazette")
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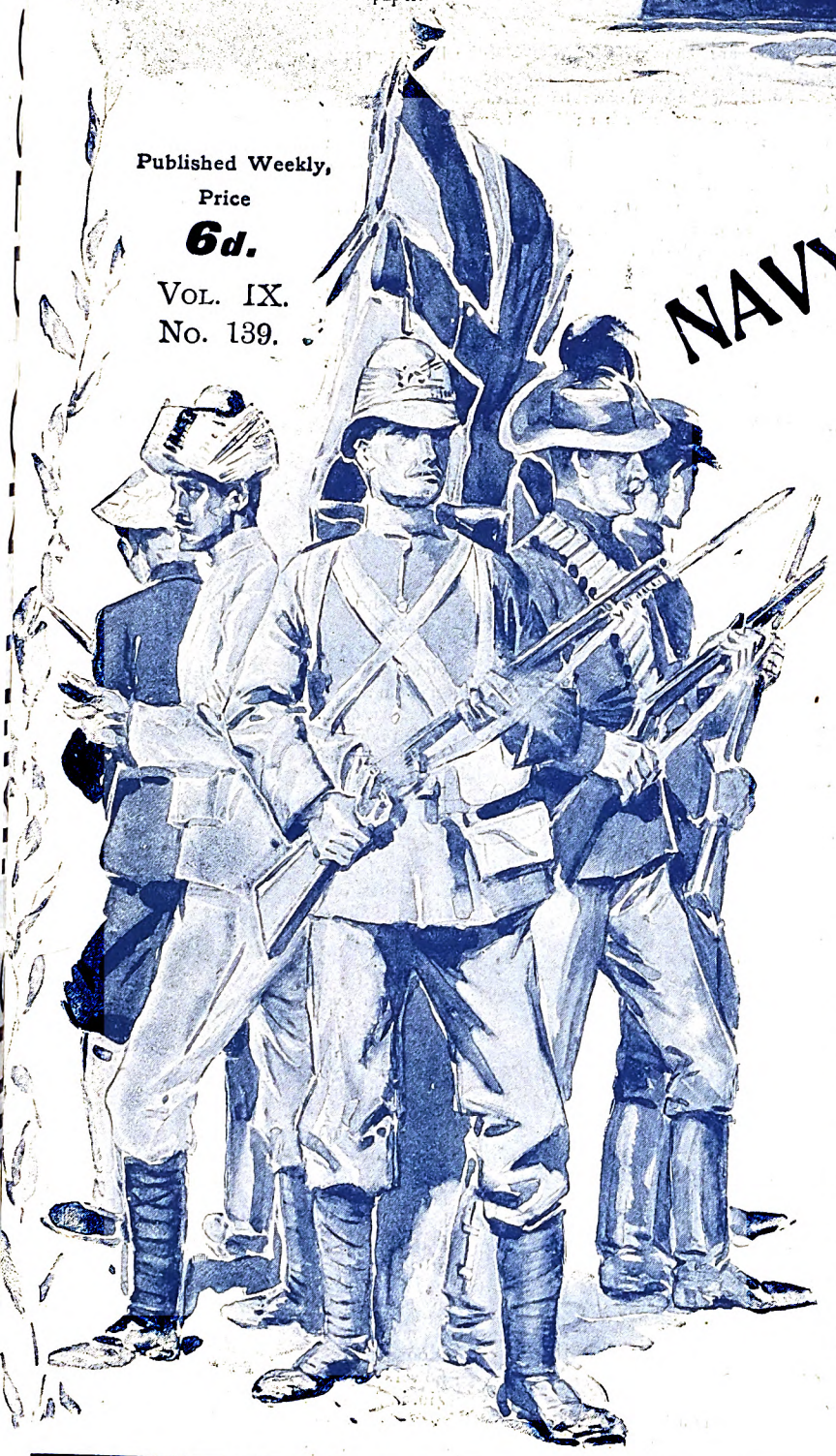

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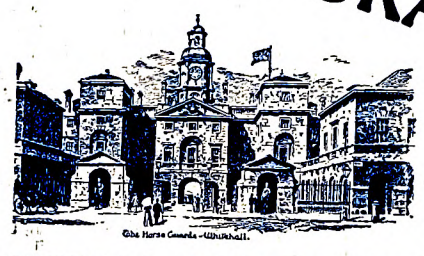

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The Century Book of Gardening.

This is a Fac-simile Page taken from Part 2 of this very successful new Publication:—

C. Viorna, from North America, bearing drooping purple flowers with yellow interiors in June, which are followed by hairy seed-vessels.

C. virginiana, a North American plant, producing panicles of small white and fragrant blossoms from June to August.

C. Vitalba (*Old Man's Beard or Traveller's Joy*).—The well-known wild Clematis that garlands trees and hedges with its scented flowers during the summer, and with its smoke-grey seed-vessels, which have earned it its colloquial name, in the late autumn and winter.

C. Viticella, a speciescommon over Southern Europe and Western Asia. There are several varieties of this Clematis, of which C. v. cærulea bears blue flowers; C. v. purpurea, purple; C. v. tenuifolia, crimson; and C. v. plena, double purple. The flowers are large and drooping, and produced from June to September.

The large-flowered Clematises, which are seen so frequently in our gardens to-day, belong to the Jackmani, Florida, Patens, Lanuginosa, and Viticella groups. Varieties belonging to the Jackmani and Viticella groups flower on the young wood, and at the end of the year should be cut down to within about a foot of the ground. Lanuginosa and its varieties should be very sparingly pruned, merely cutting out weak growths, while varieties of the Florida and Patens groups require no pruning except such as is necessary for the removal of dead wood. The following are some of the best varieties of the different groups. Of the Jackmani section, which takes its rise from the Clematis of that name, itself a hybrid between C. Viticella and one of the large-flowered Japanese species, Gipsy Queen, velvety purple; the type, which is the commonest purple Clematis in our gardens; its white variety, C. Jackmani alba; Madame Grange, crimson-violet; Mrs. Baron Viellard, lilac-rose; Mrs. Hope, satiny mauve, with darker bar running up the middle of the petals; and Rubro-violacea, a purple-maroon, are all good. Of the Lanuginosa group, some of the varieties of which produce flowers a foot in diameter, Alba Mayna, pure white; Daniel Deronda, violet-blue; Fairy Queen, pale flesh with pink bar; Grand Duchess, white, flushed rose; La France, violet-purple; Gloire de St. Julien, mauve-white; Marie Lefebvre, mauve with dark bar; and William Kenneth, lavender, are handsome flowers. Of the Patens group, fine varieties are: Aureliana, porcelain blue; Fair Rosamond, white with claret bar; Lady Londesborough, silver-grey with darker bar; Lord Londesborough, deep mauve; Miss Bateman, white with chocolate anthers; Mrs. Crawshay, pink with bronze bar; Mrs. George Jackman, satin white with cream bar; and Stella, light violet with deep red bar. Of the Florida section, all of which are double flowers, Duchess of Edinburgh and Lucy Lemoine, both white, sweetly scented; Countess of Lovelace, lilac-blue; Aurora, pink, shaded mauve; Elaine, light violet; Enchantress, white and rose; and John Gould Veitch, lavender-blue, are good representatives of the group. Of the Viticella section, four named varieties may be mentioned as worthy of notice: Ascotensis, azure blue; Earl of Beaconsfield, rich purple; Lady Bovill, blue-grey; and rubra grandiflora, cherry red.

LARGE WHITE CLEMATIS

Amongst the shrubby and sub-shrubby species, the following are the most widely known: C. aromatica, or C. cærulea odorata, with scented violet-blue flowers 2in. in diameter, and growing to a height of 4ft.; C. æthusifolia, from China, flowers white and bell-shaped, height, 5ft.; C. crispa, an evergreen North American species, bearing pale lilac pendant flowers, and growing to a height of 6ft.; C. Davidiana, from China, bearing blue flowers, and growing from 2ft. to 4ft. high; C. integrifolia, from Hungary, drooping blue flowers 3in. to 4in. in diameter, and attaining a height of 2ft.; C. ochroleuca, a native of the United States, flowers yellowish-white, growing 1ft. to 2ft. high; C. recta, or erecta, bearing corymbs of scented white flowers, and growing to a height of 2ft. to 3ft.—this is an Hungarian species, of which there is a double variety; C. tubulosa, from China, bearing slender tubed blue flowers somewhat similar in shape to those of the Wood Hyacinth, and growing to a height of from 2ft. to 3ft.

Of course it would not be desirable to crowd all these forms into a single garden, unless a mere collection were desired. The varieties of the groups mentioned, particularly the Jackmani and others, are generally very handsome when fully established. If only one Clematis were required, C. Jackmani is as useful as any, the rich purple colour of the flowers showing to conspicuous

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Vol. IX.—No. 139. Saturday, September 30th, 1899.

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Lieut. H. S. Povntz, 99th Infantry...	1450
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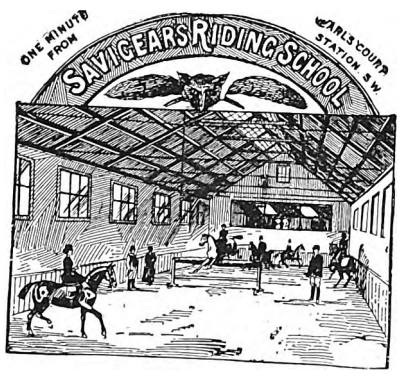

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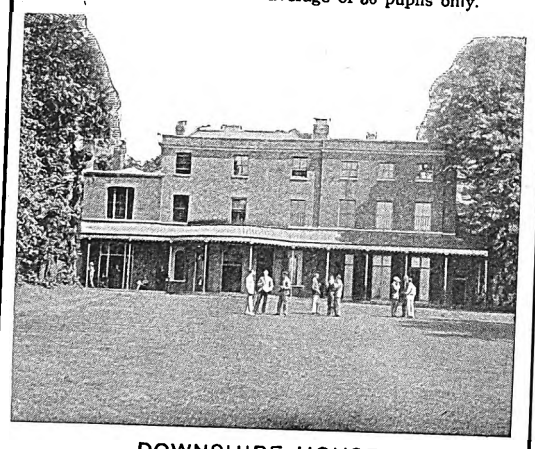

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WILLIAM H. THEOBALD, *Secretary*.

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A New Hydro, and the Best.

By MICHAEL MOSCOW.

HYDROS have helped materially in maintaining the soundness of the British constitution, in a physical if not a political sense, though in this latter regard it is a truism that the healthy digestion of the Englishman has played no mean part in the proud pre-eminence that he enjoys in the comity of nations. However, I deal not now with the questions of dominancy of race, but simply with what appeals to most of us, in accord with the laws of self-preservation—the subject of personal hygiene.

In the early sixties, hydropathy was an experiment. To-day, in its larger significance of hydrotherapy, it is a great success; nay, more, it is an actual necessity in the exigencies of modern life-conditions. In these days people work at high-pressure, mentally and muscularly, and become jaded, "out of sorts," and, in a word, sufferers from *malaise*. Medicine availeth little; and hence it is that a restorative course hydrotherapeutic is "indicated," to use the physician's phrase. Little wonder is it, then, that palatial establishments have sprung into prosperous existence all over the country, from the Far North to the Sunny South, establishments modestly calling themselves Hydros, but which might well be dubbed Halls of Health. The newest of these, and unquestionably one of the best, is the CLIFTON GRAND SPA and HYDRO, just recently opened, and now in full and comfortable operation.

Clifton is a place that needs not the artful adventitious aid of imagination in the describing of its many advantages—unlike some other towns that have been "made" by master minds exuberant in poetic expression. Statistics, yes, dry statistics, tell the tale of its salubrity in full measure. A general death-rate of 13·2 in 1897 as compared with 19·1 for thirty-three large towns of England and Wales, and a zymotic rate of 1·0 against 2·8 testify to the health of the place. A grand air, balmy, benign, yet bracing; an equable temperature; a wealth of sunshine; and a romantic situation make Clifton an ideal residence for the seeker after health and recuperation. Another advantage of the place is its convenience of access from all parts of the Kingdom. The Midland, London and North Western, and Great Western Railways all serve Bristol with capital trainage, the latter Company, indeed, bringing London within two-and-a-half hours by a speedy and comfortable service of express trains. Nowadays, time is really the measure of distance; and time is money, as we all know.

DRAWING ROOM

Hence it was a right excellent idea to choose the Down of Clifton as the site of the GRAND SPA and HYDRO. The spot selected lies a hundred yards or so from the famous Suspension Bridge, and over against the historic hot-wells Spring, and the top-most station of the Rocks Railway. The Grand Pump Room, opened a few years ago, immediately adjoins, and, indeed, now forms part of the establishment. Below, and on either side, lies the Gorge of the Avon, while opposite are Leigh Woods, Nightingale Valley, and away in the distance a spur of the Mendip Hills. A more enchanting position could not have been found, but we must leave it to enter the Hydro and see what science and art besides Nature can do for the betterment of our bodies and the sequential solace of our souls.

The residential part of the house is everything that heart could wish. All the rooms are big and airy, bright and sunny, except a few that are reserved for those who prefer less spacious quarters and subdued lighting. The public apartments open upon the beautiful scenery of the Avon, and are fitted and furnished with everything that modern methods can suggest. Even the smoke-room is a Moorish miracle of art, while science finds play in the billiard-room, where a couple of fine tables by Thurston tempt the *cue*-rious. Cosy corners abound, even the landing being provided with luxurious couches and chairs, though there is no "getting up stairs" unless you so desire, a passenger elevator being provided.

The way to an Englishman's heart is popularly supposed to be through his digestive apparatus; but whether this be so or not, the fact remains that the *cuisine* at Clifton Spa and Hydro is simply capital. A clever *chef* commands the kitchen, and caters equally for the man blessed with a hearty appetite (he soon gets one at Clifton!) and the dyspeptic who needs special care in the administration of his diet scale. The table is at once liberal, refined, appropriate, and ample. There is nothing of the semi-starvation that is unfortunately too common at some Hydros, as I have experienced to my exasperation of soul and exhaus ion of body. Oh! those Sunday suppers at certain Scotch Spas! "A few parritch" and a "whee ie" of dry cheese, washed down with water, followed by a night of sleeplessness aggravated by a morbid craving to eat the soap! But at Clifton they are merciful as well as magnificent. Do you wake in the night and think you need sustenance, you have but to touch an electric bell, and lo! you are served with a cup of hot cocoa and a rusk. Or, on your way to the bath, fortifiers are supplied in the shape of hot fluid foods with biscuits, and so forth—often a necessary thing with those who are not over strong.

The baths themselves are quite unique. No pains or expense have been spared to this end. The best Continental systems have been observed, and in some cases improved upon, the result being that every approved method of treatment is here procurable, from the saline and effervescent baths of Nauheim to the Aix-douche, from electricity to the pack, from the Turkish to the Russian. And the installation is further excellent from the fact that it is all in duplicate. The ladies have an equally complete hydropathic fitment; and it thus becomes possible for all the members of a family to take their baths at the same hour instead of, as at many places, at odd times—to the disturbance of pleasure plans to be enjoyed together.

The whole establishment is under the medical supervision of the resident physician, Dr. C. J. Whitby, who brings his long experience at other Hydros to bear in the administration of the curative resources of the place. The peculiar needs of every patient are carefully observed, and the method of treatment prescribed and directed. Thus, no one is left to the rule of thumb treatment of the ordinary Hydro, but each case receives its own special care, with all the skill that modern medicine and applied science can ensure.

The famous water at the Hot-wells, for centuries in high repute for its excellent qualities, is freely "on tap" on every floor of the Hydro, in addition to being the *raison d'être* of the Grand Pump Room—the finest in the country. The water is anything but a nauseous tipple. It is, in fact, very much like the popular table waters of Germany—soft, refreshing, and palatable.

A word about the charges. For the modest sum of two-and-a-half guineas per week, one can have full board, an excellent bedroom, attendance, the run of the establishment, and the use of the general and hydropathic baths, including the Turkish and Russian baths, but excepting, of course, the electric and Weir-Mitchell Treatment, which involve some extra cost.

How it is done at the price is "one of those things that no fellah can understand," as Sothern used to say; but, like Mr. Maskelyne's magic box, the solution of the mystery is open to all. £500 reward is *not* offered; but a stay at CLIFTON GRAND SPA and HYDRO, like virtue, brings its own reward—in this case in the shape of increased health and happiness; a combination we all desire, and seldom get. It is compassable at Clifton. *Verbum sat sapientis!*

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

SHIPS IN RESERVE, AND THOSE BEING BUILT.

SHIPS NOT IN COMMISSION.

Achilles, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Active, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Æolus, *cr.*	Devonport
Agamemnon, *B.*	Devonport
Ajax, *B.*	Chatham
Albatross, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Amphitrite, *cr.*	Chatham
Andromache, *cr.*	Chatham
Apollo, *cr.*	Chatham
Archer, *cr.*	Chatham
Arethusa, *cr.*	Chatham
Argonaut, *cr.*	Chatham
Ariadne, *cr.*	Chatham
Ariel, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Audacious, *B.*	Chatham
Avon, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Barham, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Basilisk, *sloop*	Sheerness
Belleisle, *c.d.s.*	Devonport
Bellerophon, *B.*	Devonport
Bellona, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Bittern, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Blake, *cr.*	Devonport
Blanche, *cr.*	Devonport
Blenheim, *cr.*	Chatham
Boadicea, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Brilliant, *cr.*	Chatham
Bullfinch, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Calypso, *cr.*	Devonport
Cambrian, *cr.*	Devonport
Camperdown, *B.*	Portsmouth
Canopus, *B.*	Portsmouth
Chamois, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Charger, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Charybdis, *cr.*	Devonport
Cheerful, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Condor, *sloop*	Sheerness
Conflict, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Coquette, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Cordelia, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Cossack, *cr.*	Chatham
Cyclops, *c.d.s.*	Sheerness
Cynthia, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Daring, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Decoy, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Desperate, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Diana, *cr.*	Chatham
Dreadnought, *B.*	Chatham
Dryad, *t.g.b.*	Chatham
Edgar, *cr.*	Devonport
Edinburgh, *B.*	Chatham
Europa, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Fairy, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Formidable, *B.*	Portsmouth
Forth, *cr.*	Devonport
Fox, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Gibraltar, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Gipsy, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Gladiator, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Glatton, *c.d.s.*	Portsmouth
Goliath, *B.*	Chatham
Gorgon, *c.d.s.*	Devonport
Grasshopper, *t.g.b.*	Chatham
Hardy, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Hasty, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Havock, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Hawke, *cr.*	Chatham
Hecate, *c.d.s.*	Devonport
Hercules, *B.*	Portsmouth
Hermes, *cr.*	Devonport
Highflyer, *cr.*	Devonport
Hornet, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Hydra, *c.d.s.*	Sheerness
Immortalité, *cr.*	Sheerness
Imperieuse, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Implacable, *B.*	Devonport
Inflexible, *B.*	Portsmouth
Intrepid, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Invincible, *B.*	Portsmouth
Iris, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Iron Duke, *B.*	Portsmouth
Juno, *cr.*	Devonport
Latona, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Leopard, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Leven, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Locust, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Magpie, *g.b.*	Devonport
Mercury, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Mermaid, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Mersey, *cr.*	Chatham
Minerva, *cr.*	Chatham
Naiad, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Narcissus, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Nelson, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Neptune, *B.*	Portsmouth
Nightingale, *g.b.*	Chatham
Ocean, *B.*	Devonport
Opossum, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Orlando, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Osprey, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Pallas, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Pelican, *sloop*	Devonport
Perseus, *cr.*	Sheerness
Phœbe, *cr.*	Devonport
Pique, *cr.*	Devonport
Prometheus, *cr.*	Sheerness
Pyramus, *cr.*	Chatham
Rainbow, *cr.*	Devonport
Ranger, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Rapid, *cr.*	Devonport
Rattlesnake, *t.g.b.*	Portsmouth
Redbreast, *g.b.*	Chatham
Retribution, *cr.*	Devonport
Robin, *g.b.*	Chatham
Rosario, *sloop*	Sheerness
St. George, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Salmon, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Sappho, *cr.*	Chatham
Satellite, *cr.*	Sheerness
Scout, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Scylla, *cr.*	Chatham
Sirius, *cr.*	Devonport
Skate, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Skipjack, *t.g.b.*	Chatham
Snapper, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Spartan, *cr.*	Devonport
Spartiate, *cr.*	Pembroke D.
Speedwell, *t.g.b.*	Devonport
Speedy, *t.g.b.*	Sheerness
Spider, *t.g.b.*	Devonport
Spitfire, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Starfish, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Sturgeon, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Sultan, *B.*	Portsmouth
Sunfish, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Superb, *B.*	Chatham
Surly, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Swiftsure, *B.*	Portsmouth
Swordfish, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Sybille, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Sylvia, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Teazer, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Temeraire, *B.*	Devonport
Terpsichore, *cr.*	Chatham
Thames, *cr.*	Devonport
Thistle, *g.b.*	Devonport
Triumph, *B.*	Devonport
Vindictive, *cr.*	Chatham
Vulture, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Warrior, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Wild Swan, *sloop*	Devonport
Wizard, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Zebra, *t.b.d.*	Chatham

SHIPS BUILDING.

Aboukir, *cr.*	Glasgow
Africa, *cr.*	Glasgow
Albion, *B.*	Blackwall
Arab, *t.b.d.*	Clydebank
Bacchante, *cr.*	Glasgow
Bedford, *cr.*	Glasgow
Bramble, *g.b.*	Liverpool
Brazen, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
Britomart, *g.b.*	Liverpool
Bulwark, *B.*	Devonport
Cornwallis, *B.*	Blackwall
Cressy, *cr.*	Glasgow
Dove, *t.b.d.*	Hull
Drake, *cr.*	Pembroke
Duncan, *B.*	Blackwall
Electra, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
Espiegle, *sloop*	Sheerness
Essex, *cr.*	Pembroke
Euryalus, *cr.*	Barrow
Exmouth, *B.*	Birkenhead
Express, *t.b.d.*	Birkenhead
Falcon, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
Fantome, *sloop*	Sheerness
Fervent, *t.b.d.*	Paisley
Glory, *B.*	Birkenhead
Greyhound, *t.b.d.*	Newcastle
Hogue, *cr.*	Barrow
Hyacinth, *cr.*	Glasgow
Implacable, *B.*	Devonport
Irresistible, *B.*	Chatham
Kent, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Kestrel, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
King Alfred, *cr.*	Barrow
Lee, *t.b.d.*	Sunderland
Leviathan, *B.*	Glasgow
Lively, *t.b.d.*	Birkenhead
London, *B.*	Portsmouth
Monmouth, *cr.*	Glasgow
Mutine, *sloop*	Birkenhead
Myrmidon, *t.b.d.*	Jarrow
Orwell, *t.b.d.*	Birkenhead
Ostrich, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
Otter, *t.b.d.*	Barrow
Pandora, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Petrel, *t.b.d.*	Jarrow
Pioneer, *cr.*	Chatham
Racehorse, *t.b.d.*	Newcastle
Recruit, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
Rinaldo, *cr.*	Birkenhead
Roebuck, *t.b.d.*	Newcastle
Russell, *B.*	Jarrow
Shearwater, *sloop*	Sheerness
Spiteful, *t.b.d.*	Jarrow
Sprightly, *t.b.d.*	Birkenhead
Stag, *t.b.d.*	Chiswick
Success, *t.b.d.*	Sunderland
Sutlej, *cr.*	Glasgow
Syren, *t.b.d.*	Jarrow
Venerable, *B.*	Chatham
Vengeance, *B.*	Barrow
Vestal, *sloop*	Sheerness
Viper, *t.b.d.*	Newcastle
Vixen, *t.b.d.*	Barrow
Zephyr, *t.b.d.*	Paisley
Royal Yacht	Pembroke

Battle-ship No. 1	Chatham
,, No. 2	Devonport
Third-class Cruiser No. 1	Portsmouth
,, ,, No. 2	Chatham
,, ,, No. 3	Devonport

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. cr. Cruiser
t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat

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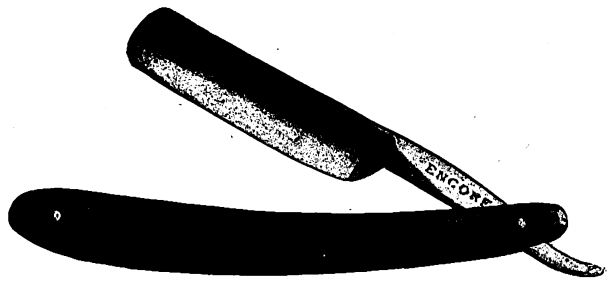

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MY DEAR BETTY,—I quite agree with you that the choice of dresses to send out to friends at the other side of the world needs the greatest deliberation. It is also a most thankless task—in most cases, at least. You spend hours of thought on the matter; you use all the imagination you possess in picturing the wearer that is to be in this or that material, or colour, or style of dress; you choose the dress, send it out, and the letter of polite thanks you receive in return shows you in every line that your labour has been in vain. Probably your friend has some preconceived ideas of her own; these she has not stated clearly, with the result that you have made a mistake, and you vow a vow, that will soon be broken, that never again will you choose anything at all for any one of your friends or relations in the Far East.

To add to the difficulties of individual taste, you are also generally asked to send out a dress that is capable of renovation when required. No one in these days likes to appear in exactly the same toilette too often, and it is impossible for most people to be always sending home for entirely new dresses. Nowadays this want is not a difficult one to meet. So many of the dresses are made on a solid material, such as satin or panne, and then elaborately trimmed with chiffon or crêpe de chine or pailletted tulle, and these can easily be altered or retrimmed.

Paillettes are to be as much worn as ever; used with care they do add much to the beauty of an evening dress, but when they are overdone they are odious, and a woman has to be particularly well-bred-looking to stand them. In "Hearts are Trumps" is a scene showing us many smart women at an evening party, and here we see these glittering ornaments as they should and as they should not be used. Many of the dresses are adorned with these fashionable spangles. One of the guests is entirely in black, but her costume has the appearance of scale armour, so closely are the paillettes laid on, to the entire absence of all grace or prettiness. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, on the other hand, has a beautiful dress that shows with what good effect such things can be used. It is a dress that is difficult to describe, as it is made of clouds of draperies and fluffiness. In it are blended many shades of pink. The material is chiffon, of which layer upon layer forms the skirt, veiling a foundation of pink satin, and embroidered with a beautiful design of vine leaves. The polonaise is of a lighter shade of pink embroidered with mother-o'-pearl paillettes, and strewn with tiny ruchings of the chiffon. The bodice is draped, whilst a knot of black tulle on the left shoulder gives the strong contrast so much seen in evening dresses in the last few months.

The drawing I send you is from a Paris model, so you can be sure of its absolute novelty. Made over soft rose-coloured satin, it has a polonaise of embroidered gauze, and is decorated with butterflies of painted and jewelled gauze of the most delicate pink, shading into yellow. At each shoulder is fastened a butterfly, and in the front of the bodice is another, whilst two more hold together the polonaise, beneath which appear deep flounces of lace. The dress is of course made with a long train, which is finished off with bands of embroidery.

AN ABSOLUTE NOVELTY.

I hear that Miss Kathleen Royle's wedding, which came off lately at Emanuel Church, Mannamead, was a very pretty one. The bride is the only daughter of Captain Royle, D.S.O., R.N., of the "Trafalgar," and the bridegroom Major Alexander Cadell, 38th Dogras, son of Lieutenant-General Cadell, R.E., of the Pinnacles, Plymouth. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of rich white satin trimmed with chiffon and Honiton lace, whilst a design of lover's knots was worked on the skirt. Her train was carried by Master Vernon Royle, who was dressed as a Bluejacket, and wore a pearl pin, the gift of the bride. Miss Royle's jewels were a necklace of pearls and pearl and diamond pins, all of which were the gifts of the bridegroom, as was also her bouquet of lilies, gardenias, and tuberoses. The best man was Mr. I. K. Tovey, R.A., and there were eight bridesmaids, all of whom were children. Each wore a Princess frock of white silk and a wreath of marguerites, and received from the bridegroom a gold and turquoise merrythought brooch and a basket of marguerites. After the ceremony Mrs. Royle held a reception, when the band of the "Impregnable" played during the afternoon, and at five o'clock the bride and bridegroom left for Exeter *en route* for Scotland, the former wearing a fawn-coloured coat and skirt made with a waistcoat of pale blue satin and lace and a fawn toque trimmed with forget-me-nots and blue chiffon.

Amongst those present at the church and reception were Captain Bromley, R.N., and Mrs. Bromley, Captain Graham, R.N., and Mrs. Graham, Colonel and Mrs. Oakes, Inspector-General and Mrs. Fisher, Lady Anne Cosserat, Sir Henry

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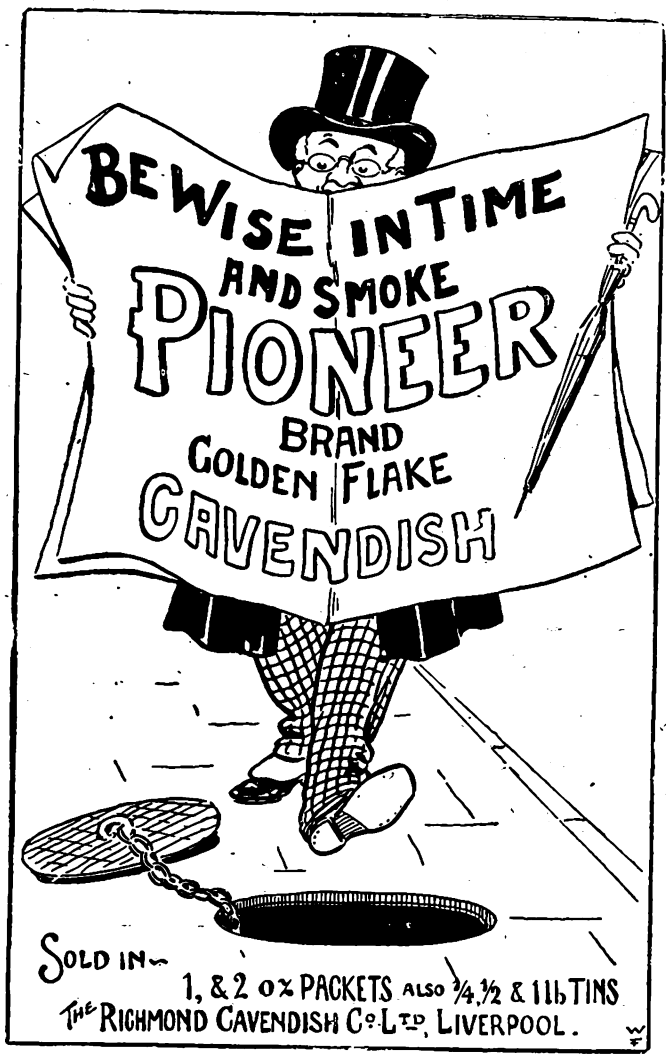

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and Lady Waring, Colonel and Mrs. Burlton, Colonel and Mrs. Swiney, etc. The presents were very numerous and handsome, and included a silver coffee service presented by brother officers of the bridegroom.

I should have much greater pleasure in describing to you the weddings that take place amongst your Naval and Military acquaintances if there were something novel about the bride's dress on which I could dilate. True it is that the fashion changes in the way of trimmings, and this year there was a decided innovation in the lace trains that were so often seen; but the eternal white satin goes on for ever, only varied now and again by the brocade, which, to my mind, is not nearly so pretty. However, there is one thing to be said for the regulation dress—that it is most becoming, and there was never a bride yet who was not described as looking lovely on her wedding day.

And now I will tell you of another wedding in which the white satin appeared, and very prettily made, too, being draped with lovely Brussels lace. The veil was also of lace, worn over a coronet of orange blossoms. This was worn by Miss Anne Marguerite Prendergast, daughter of Colonel Lennox Prendergast, who on the 19th was married to Mr. John Ogilvie Forbes, of Boyndlie, Aberdeenshire.

The wedding took place at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Chelsea, which was beautifully decorated, and the service was choral. The bridesmaids all wore pink and white dresses trimmed with lace. They had large picture hats to match, and wore gold and pearl brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom.

A reception was afterwards held at 22, Grosvenor Gardens, but owing to both families being in mourning, only intimate friends and relations were present. Early in the afternoon the bride and bridegroom left for Oxford, the bride wearing a dress of brown cloth, with a cape and hat to match.

Autumn is undoubtedly upon us now. It is no use attempting to shut our eyes to the fact, and one by one our summer amusements have to go. Bertha writes that they are all deploring the close of the first season of the Portsmouth Polo Club, where they had such enjoyable afternoons throughout the summer. As I daresay you know, the club grounds are at Hilsea, only four miles out of Southsea, and yet they are so pretty and countryfied that they might be miles away from any town.

As a final entertainment the club gave a gymkhana last week, which was most successfully carried out. Sir Baker Russell and Captain Alexander were most energetic in making all the arrangements, and their efforts were not in vain, for everyone seemed to be having a good time. The grounds looked more than usually pretty on this particular afternoon, as there were a great many people present, all of whom were very smartly dressed, and chiefly in bright summer dresses. The proceedings began with a ladies' driving competition, an event which always attracts a great deal of interest. On this occasion it was won without any difficulty by Miss Greenwood. Amongst others who competed were Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Churchward, Mrs. Baring, and Mrs. Phillips. The Mathematical Stakes caused very much amusement. Each competitor had to be nominated by a lady, the latter having to do a sum and hand it to her nominee, who rode with it to the winning-post. Under such conditions sums are not easy to do, so much merriment was caused by the anxious faces of the competitors, and finally Captain Levita won, having been nominated by Lady Baker Russell. Many other events followed, and then Lady Baker Russell gave away the prizes, dressed in a pretty costume of black and white.

Amongst those who were present, Bertha tells me of Lady Hughes, who wore a light-coloured coat and skirt and a large hat with roses; Mrs. Kinloch, who was in cream; Mrs. Phillips, in a red costume with a large black hat; Miss Howell, in white with pale blue; Mrs. Burhey, in pink; Miss Edden, in a pale green coat and skirt with a white hat; Miss Lynch Staunton, in black and white; Mrs. C. Williams, in a blue skirt with a white silk blouse; and the Misses Long, one in a white costume, and the other a blue coat and skirt. Admiral and Mrs. de Kantzow were there, as also General and the Misses Napier, Captain and Mrs. Dowell, Major, Mrs., and Miss Laurence Gordon, Miss Learmouth, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Dalrymple, Colonel and Mrs. Twyne, and Mrs. Bonham Carter.

The Annual Sports of the Royal Military Academy came off last week, when Mr. A. H. du Boulay was the most successful competitor, taking the silver challenge bugle and miniature and Major-General Lloyd's prize for the winner of the greatest number of marks. The Quarter-mile Invitation Strangers' Cup Handicap, for the Eardley Wilmot Cup, was won by Mr. J. M'Lean, while the Handicap Flat Race, open to former winners of the bugle, was won by Major Dalbiac, and Captain Woodcock came in second.

Yours affectionately,

CONSTANCE.

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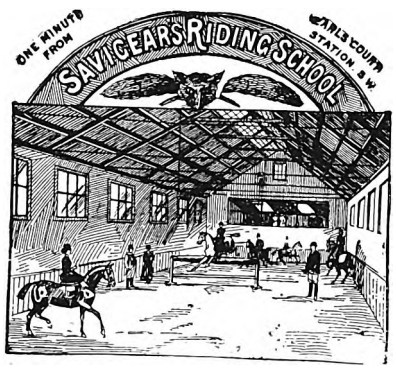

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NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand W.C., 7.45 p.m. "With Flying Colours."
AVENUE, W.C., 8 p.m. "An Interrupted Honeymoon."
COMEDY, Panton St., W.
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "Wheels within Wheels."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C. New play in October.
DRURY LANE, W.C. "Hearts are Trumps."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "An American Citizen."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C.
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "The Degenerates."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "Man and His Makers." Wed. and Sat. 2 p.m.
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "El Capitan." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W. "The Moonlight Blossom."
PRINCESS'S, W.
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.30 p.m. H.M.S. "Pinafore."—"Trial by Jury."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Prince of Borneo."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C.
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "La Poupée." Thurs. 2.30 p.m.
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "Hands Across the Sea."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The Cuckoo." Saturday 2.30.
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E. "The Belle of New York."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Tommy Atkins."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "In London Town." Thurs. 2.30.
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E. "Soldiers of the Queen, or, Briton and Boer," 7.45 p.m., and Wed. 2.0. p.m.
GRAND, Fulham, S.W. "Miss Chiquita." Wed. 2.30 p.m.
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. "How London Lives."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's). "A Runaway Girl."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E. "The Tyranny of Tears."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E. "Why Smith Left Home."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "The Geisha."
PARKHURST, Holloway, N.
PAVILION, 85, Whitechapel Road, E.
ROYAL, Stratford, E. "The Luck of Life."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "My Girl."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W. "The Silver King."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junct'n, S.W. "How London Lives."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Drink."
TERRISS'S, Rotherhithe, S.E.

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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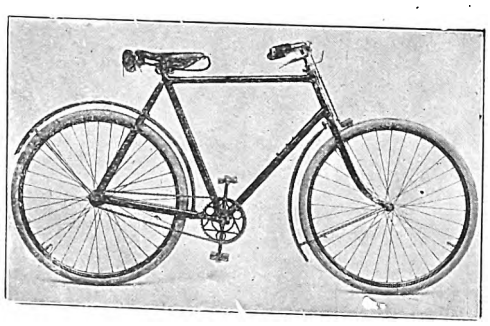

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Each Article is fully Illustrated and each Picture fully described.

The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Royal Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

First Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. h.d.s. Harbour Defence Ship. d.v. Despatch Vessel. y. Yacht. sur.v. Surveying Vessel. d.s. Depot-ship. r.g.b. River Gun-boat. t.d.s. Torpedo Depot-ship.

Abyssinia, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Alacrity, *d.v.*	Com. A. H. Smith-Dorrien	China
Alert, *sloop*	Com. H. Savile	North America
Algerine, *sloop*	Com. E. J. W. Slade	China
Amphion, *cr.*	Capt. Frank Finnis	Pacific
Andromeda, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Burr, C.M.G.	Mediterranean
Anson, *B.*	Capt. W. Wilson	Mediterranean
Ardent, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. F. E. Walters	Mediterranean
Astræa, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. Paget	Mediterranean
Assaye, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. O. U. Coates	East Indies
Aurora, *cr.*	Capt. E. H. Bayly	China
Banshee, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. H. L. Watts-Jones	Mediterranean
Barfleur, *B.*	Capt. Hon. S. C. J. Colville, C.B. (Rear-Al. C. C. P. Fitzgerald)	China
Barracouta, *cr.*	Com. R. H. Peirse	C. of Good Hope
Barrosa, *cr.*	Com. W. F. Tunnard	C. of Good Hope
Beagle, *sloop*	Com. Hon. H. A. S. Stanhope	S. E. C. of America
Bonaventure, *cr.*	Ct. R. A. J. Montgomerie, C.B.	China
Boomerang, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Boxer, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. J. Twiselton-Wykeham-Fiennes	Mediterranean
Brisk, *cr.*	Com. R. B. S. Wrey	China
Bruizer, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. M. L. Hulton	Mediterranean
Buzzard, *sloop*	Com. L. F. G. Tippinge	North America
Cæsar, *B.*	Capt. E. H. Gamble	Mediterranean
Centurion, *B.*	Capt. J. R. Jellicoe (Vice-Adml. Sir E. H. Seymour, K.C.B.).	China
Cockatrice, *g.b.*	Com. H. N. Rolfe	Danube
Columbine, *y.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Williamson	North America
Comus, *cr.*	Commodore G. A. Giffard	North America
Crescent, *cr.*	Capt. C. J. G. Sawle (Vice-Adl. Sir F. G. D. Bedford, K.C.B.).	North America
Cruiser, *sloop*	Com. L. G. Tufnell	Mediterranean
Daphne, *sloop*	Com. C. W. Winnington-Ingram.	China
Dart, *sur.v.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. Parry	Australia
Devastation, *B.*	Capt. F. S. Inglefield	Gibraltar
Dido, *cr.*	Capt. G. Neville	Mediterranean
Doris, *cr.*	Ct. R. C. Prothero (Rear-Adml. Sir R. H. Harris, K.C.M.G.).	C. of Good Hope
Dragon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Lambert	Mediterranean
Dwarf, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. F. Shakespear.	C. of Good Hope
Earnest, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Baird	Mediterranean
Eclipse, *cr.*	Capt. P. W. Bush (Rear-Admiral H. D. Bosanquet).	East Indies
Egeria, *sur.v.*	Com. M. H. Smyth	Pacific
Empress of India *B*	Capt. H. H. Dyke	Mediterranean
Endymion, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Callaghan	China
Esk, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Chadwick.	China
Fame, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. J. B. Keyes	China
Fearless, *cr.*	Com. H. R. P. Floyd	Mediterranean
Flora, *cr.*	Commodore R. L. Groome	S. E. C. of America
Foam, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Forte, *cr.*	Capt. E. P. Jones	C. of Good Hope
Griffon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. Hon. H. G. Brand	Mediterranean
Halcyon, *t.g.b.*	Com. S. W. A. H. Gray	Mediterranean
Handy, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Harrier, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. P. Walter	Mediterranean
Hart, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Hazard, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. P. V. Lewes, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Hebe, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Taylor.	Mediterranean
Herald, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Harvey	River Zambesi
Hermione, *cr.*	Capt. R. S. D. Cumming	China
Hibernia, *d.s.*	Com. W. Ricketts (Rear-Adml. R. M. Lloyd, C.B.).	Malta Reserves
Hood, *B.*	Capt. A. C. Corry.	Mediterranean
Hotspur, *h.d.s.*	Com. C. S. Elliot.	Bermuda
Humber, *store-ship*	Com. H. J. Davison.	China
Hussar, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. M. R. Hill	Mediterranean
Icarus, *sloop*	Com. G. F. S. Knowling	Pacific
Illustrious, *B.*	Capt. Sir R. Poore, Bart.	Mediterranean
Imogene, *d.v.*	Com. E. J. Bain	Mediterranean
Indefatigable, *cr.*	Capt. F. L. Campbell	North America
Iphigenia, *cr.*	Capt. H. N. Dudding	China
Isis, *cr.*	Capt. G. M. Henderson	Mediterranean
Karrakatta, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Harbord.	Australia
Katoomba, *cr.*	Capt. H. W. S. Gibson	Sydney Reserves
Lapwing, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Lambert	East Indies
Leander, *cr.*	Capt. F. F. Fegen	Pacific
Liffey, *d.s.*	Staff-Com. P. H. Wright	Coquimbo
Linnet, *g.b.*	Com. W. W. Smythe	China
Lizard, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Watson	Australia
Magdala, *h.d.s.*	Capt. H. L. Fleet.	Bombay Reserves
Magicienne, *cr.*	Capt. W. B. Fisher	C. of Good Hope
Marathon, *cr.*	Capt. J. G. M. Field.	East Indies
Melita, *sloop*	Com. I. M. Fraser, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Melpomene, *cr.*	Capt. J. Denison	East Indies
Mildura, *cr.*	Capt. H. Leah	Australia
Mohawk, *cr.*	Com. F. H. P. W. Freeman	Australia
Monarch, *B.*	Capt. R. D. B. Bruce	Simon's Bay
Mosquito, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. L. Cox	River Zambesi
Nymphe, *sloop*	Com. R. B. Farquhar	Mediterranean
Orion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Orlando, *cr.*	Capt. J. H. T. Burke	China
Partridge, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Hunt	C. of Good Hope
Peacock, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. S. G. Douglas	China
Pearl, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. C. Goodrich	North America
Pegasus, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cochran	S. E. C. of America
Penguin, *sur.v.*	Capt. J. W. Combe	Australia
Phaeton, *cr.*	Capt. F. G. Kirby	Pacific
Pheasant, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. G. Smith.	Pacific
Philomel, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. Bearcroft	C. of Good Hope
Phœnix, *sloop*	Com. R. P. Cochran.	China
Pigeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. H. Moubray.	East Indies
Pigmy, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. E. Green	China
Plassy, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Plover, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. V. de M. Cowper	China
Polyphemus, *ram*	Com. E. L. Lang	Mediterranean
Pomone, *cr.*	Capt. E. A. Simons	East Indies
Porpoise, *cr.*	Com. A. H. D. Ravenhill	Australia
Powerful, *cr.*	Capt. Hon. Hedworth Lambton	(For Cape)
Proserpine, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Marx	North America
Psyche, *cr.*	Ct. F. C. Pelly	North America
Pylades, *cr.*	Com. R. G. O. Tupper	Australia
Quail, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. H. Rymer	North America
Racoon, *cr.*	Com. G. H. Hewett	East Indies
Rambler, *sur.v.*	Com. H. E. P. Cust	West Indies
Ramillies, *B.*	Capt. W. des V. Hamilton	Mediterranean
Rattler, *g.b.*	Lt.-Com. Hon. G. A. Hardinge.	China
Redpole, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. F. H. Booth.	China
Renown, *B.*	Capt. D. McN. Riddel (Vice-Admiral Sir J. A. Fisher, K.C.B.).	Mediterranean
Revenge, *B.*	Capt. C. J. Briggs (Rear-Admiral Sir G. H. U. Noel, K.C.M.G.).	Mediterranean
Ringarooma, *cr.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Ringdove, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. F. Ayscough	Australia
Rocket, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Royal Arthur, *cr.*	Capt. C. G. Dicken (Rear-Adml. H. L. Pearson).	Australia
Royal Oak, *B.*	Capt. W. H. B. Graham	Mediterranean
Royal Sovereign, *B.*	Capt. M. P. O'Callaghan	Mediterranean
Rupert, *h.d.s.*	Com. A. B. G. Grenfell.	Alexandria
Salamander, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. C. Villiers	Mediterranean
Sandfly, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Sandpiper, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. C. Carr	China
Scorpion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Snipe, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Oldham	China
Sparrow, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. D. Wilkin, D.S.O.	C. of Good Hope
Sparrowhawk, *t.b.d*	(Reserve Esquimault)	Pacific
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Thetis, *cr.*	Capt. W. S. Rees	Mediterranean
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Torch, *sloop*	Com. H. Preedy	Australia
Tribune, *cr.*	Capt. R. S. Rolleston	North America
Tyne, *supply-ship*	Com. K. Wade.	Mediterranean
Undaunted, *cr.*	Capt. A. C. Clarke	China
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Warspite, *cr.*	Capt. T. P Walker (Rear-Adml. Beaumont).	Pacific
Waterwitch, *sur.v.*	Lieut.-Com. W. P. Dawson	China
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Widgeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. F. Gurney	C. of Good Hope
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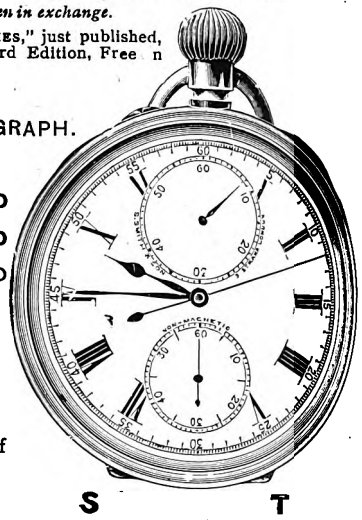

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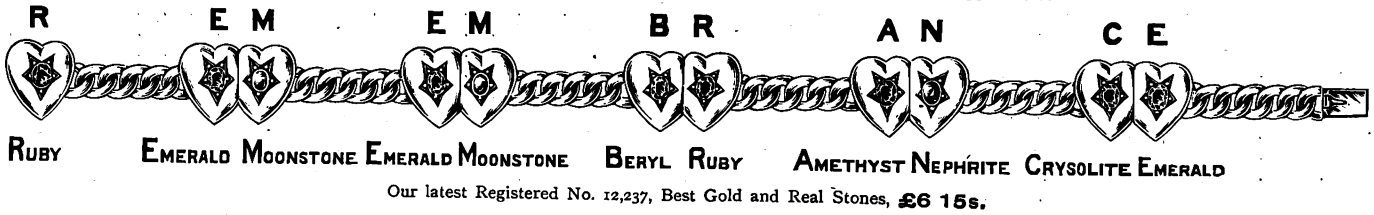

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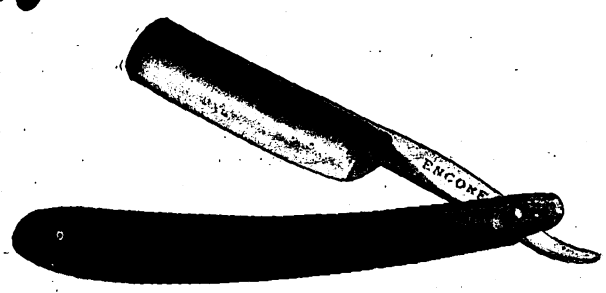

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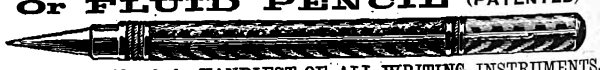
5/-  **5/-**

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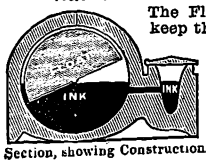

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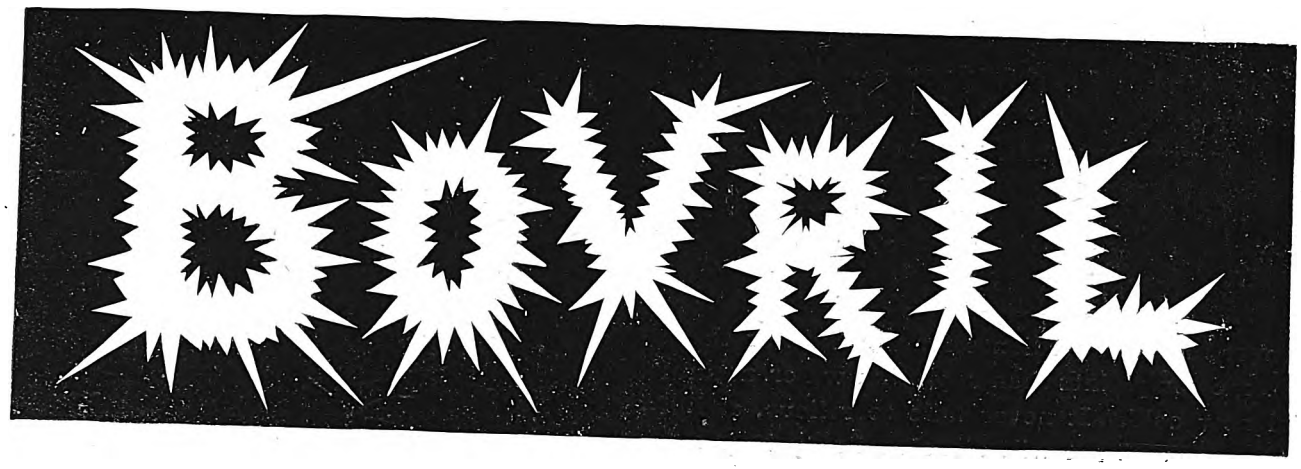

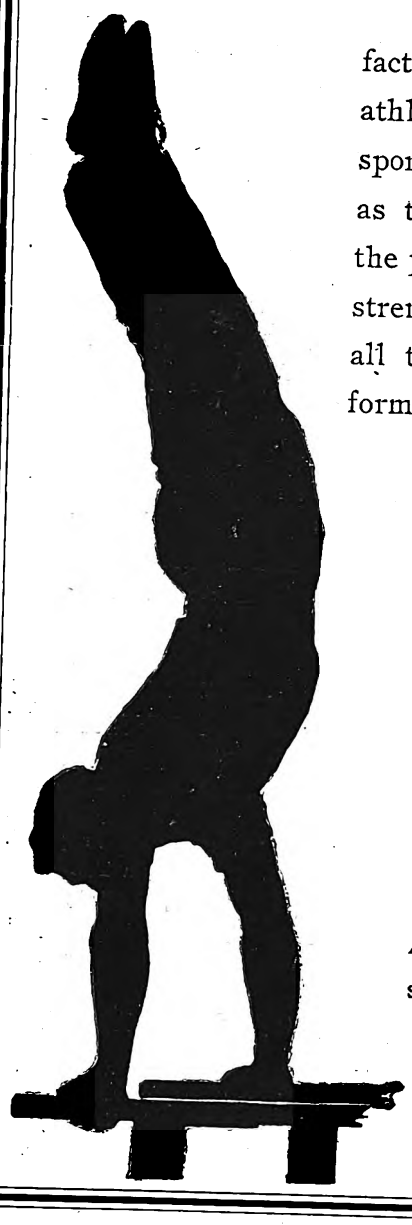

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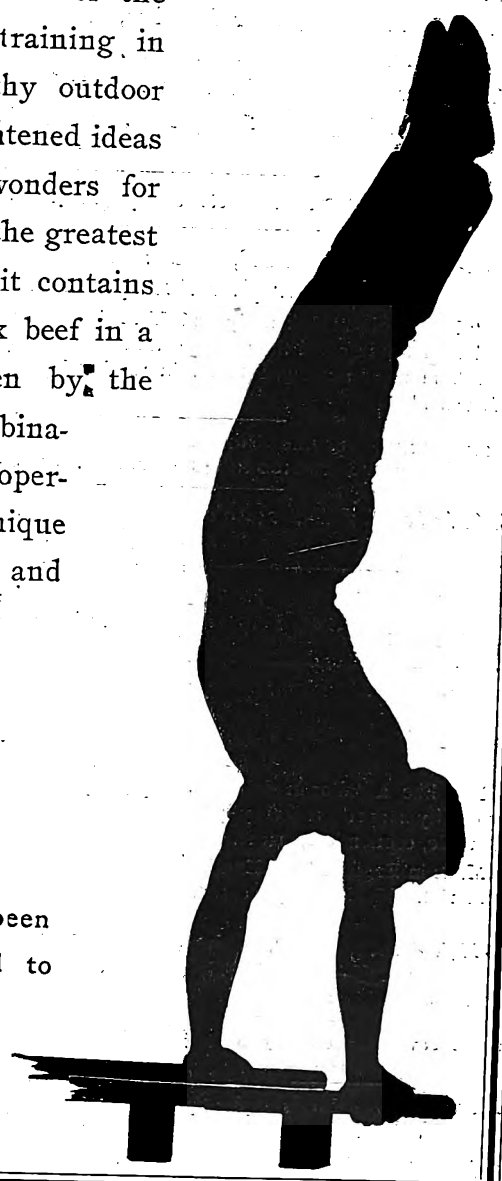

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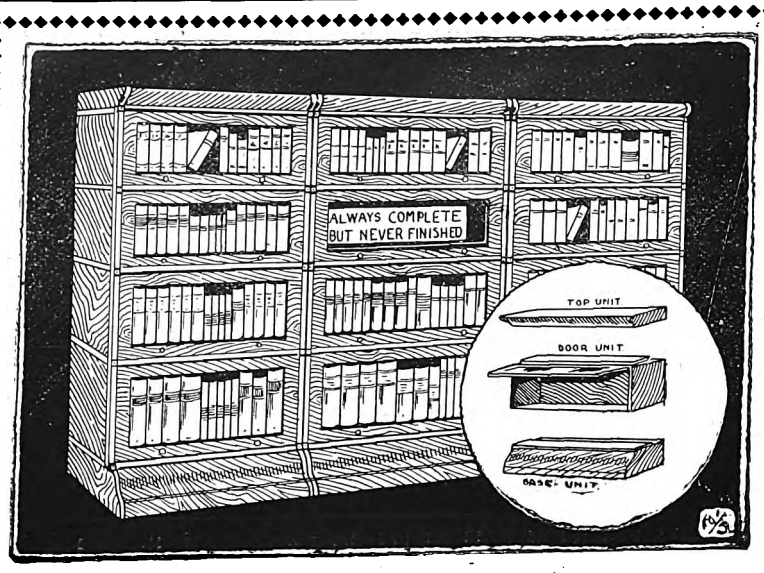

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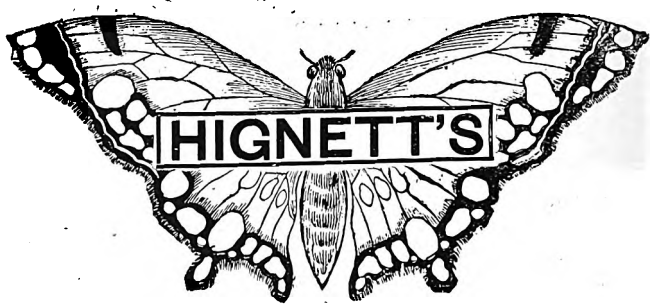

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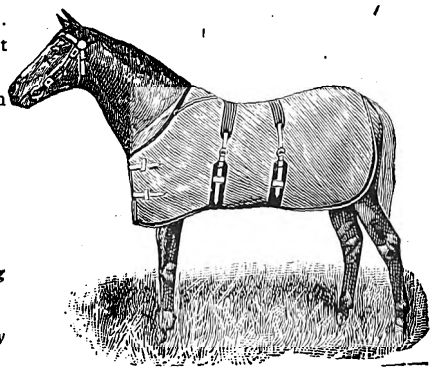

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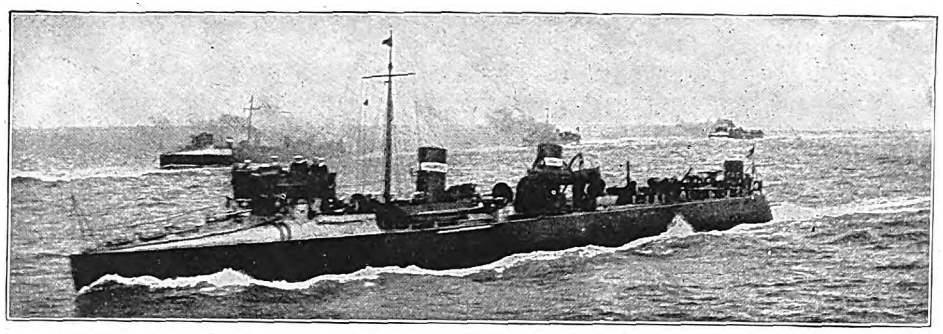

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MY DEAR BETTY,—Long before you get this we shall, I suppose, know whether we are to have peace or war. What a relief it will be to have the matter really settled, after the weeks of suspense and excitement we have gone through. Everyone will be delighted, even though if war be declared it will mean months of anxiety to many. But to most people anything is preferable to uncertainty.

Saturday mornings at Waterloo are always periods of fuss and excitement when the Cape mail is starting. But last Saturday the bustle and confusion was indescribable. The train was crammed, and the platform crowded to the utmost with friends come to bid a last farewell to those who were going out, these farewells being said in tones not unmixed with envy by those brother officers who only wished they had had the good fortune to be sent where possibilities of fame lay before them.

Doris writes to me that she will go off to the Cape in a fortnight to rejoin her husband if, after all, the matter ends without war. So she is busy preparing her outfit in her usual practical matter-of-fact manner. She philosophically says she must either waste her time in worrying or in buying clothes, and of the two she thinks the latter the preferable. She is certainly a splendid soldier's wife, for no matter what sudden moves or times of anxiety she may experience, she always pretends to be cheerful, which is an infinite blessing to all belonging to her.

One of the things she has bought for her prospective journey is a really lovely tea-gown, in which it would be difficult for any woman not to look well. It is of crêpe de chine known as Rose du Barry, made over silk of the same colour. The bodice is cut low, and the dress hangs straight from the décolletage to the feet, being only caught into the waist with a band of velvet. A drapery of old lace reaches from the shoulders to the edge of the skirt, and is just brought forward at the waist, after which it falls away at each side in a natural graceful sweep. It was an old shawl belonging at one time to her great-grandmother that Doris used for this purpose, fastening one corner to the back, whilst two more were brought forward as I have described, the other reaching to the end of the train. I mention this, as you say Molly asks you to tell her how to use her old lace. She is very fortunate to have had such a legacy just now, as lace is much worn, and it is always so becoming to young and middle-aged and old alike. Fichus one continually sees just now, not left to hang in the negligé manner usually suggested by the word fichu, but arranged just below the shoulders, and then brought across the bust to be fastened on one side in some graceful manner, with a diamond star, an old paste buckle, or other quaint ornaments. But to go back to the tea-gown, which I have not finished describing. The sleeves are made of jewelled chiffon enriched with empiécements of painted and jewelled gauze; the same trimming, with the addition of knots and straps of velvet, finishing the décolletage, whilst the tiniest ruches of chiffon on the skirt complete a very charming costume.

A REALLY LOVELY TEA-GOWN.

Molly is also getting a lovely dress of white cloth, a picture of which I shall send you very soon. I recommend these fine white cloths to your notice, for any of your friends going to Cairo and other sunny places this year. For though I believe they are to be worn in England they do not seem to me to be in keeping with our usual grey winters, except for very smart occasions indoors. But for a bright sunny atmosphere they are charming, and they are also very becoming to anyone with a good complexion.

Poor Esther! I truly sympathise with her, for I know what it is to suffer from cold hands when bicycling on winter days, with the wind biting, and the thermometer below freezing point. One gets delightfully warm in every other way, but one is conscious of nothing but just those poor aching fingers. And one longs to dismount, leave the machine anywhere that is safe, and walk, or drive, or do anything rather than go on in this miserable state. It is only pride that makes one stick to the saddle.

I quite agree with Esther that ordinary gloves are of no use, and those that are fur-lined are too clumsy to be comfortable. But I think she will find real luxury in those fur arrangements that are fastened to the handles of the bicycle. Into them you slip your hands, and there you are warm and happy, with all your sufferings at an end. If Esther has any fur lying by that she wants to utilise, here is her opportunity, for these bicycling muffs are perfectly easy to make. She would find she could put them together in an hour or so, without giving any trouble to herself whatever.

Esther's second question concerning a present for Jack, who is just off to South Africa, is a still more serious matter. Men are the most impossible creatures to give presents to, their wants are so few, and those few are often rather large ones. And when the man happens to be a brother, too, it is worse still, for he is sure to criticise it quite honestly, if he does not happen to appreciate what you give him. You are fairly safe with a pipe or cigarette-case; but even those pall after a time, and then there is so little to fall back upon.

Why does not Esther venture to give her brother one of those housewives that are so useful both for men and women alike when they are travelling. They are to be had in every variety of size and shape; but the small, compact ones that

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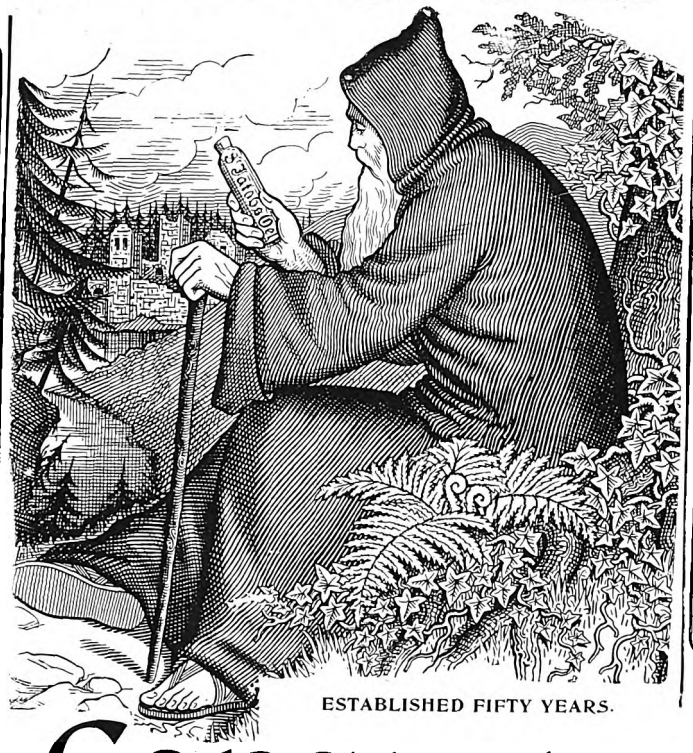

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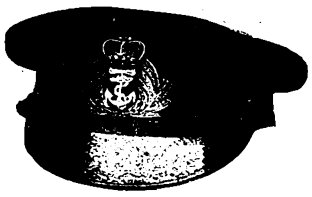

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contain everything that one can possibly want for sewing and mending are really delightful, and they are things that men who are stationed away from civilisation appreciate. You can get them with thimbles to wear on the thumb, too—though why men should be so awkward as to use them in that impossible manner I never could imagine.

As I was walking along Bond Street this morning I met Maud, who looked very well, though rather distracted. She showed me a whole list of things she had to buy for her cousin, and as they had all to go out by next mail she was in a terrific hurry. However, she could not resist stopping to have a little gossip, and she was full of the engagement of Miss Daisy Leiter, of which her cousin had told her in her last letter. Miss Leiter, as of course you know, is Lady Curzon's sister, and she is engaged to be married to Mr. Colin Campbell, of the Central India Horse. Maud was full of the landslip, too, and of all the latest news from India, so there was every likelihood of her shopping not being finished in time had I not been obliged to hurry away to do business of my own. So she gave me Alice's letter, and told me to retail to you any news that might interest you.

From Secunderabad I hear that the anniversary of the fall of Khartoum was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. The Lincoln Regiment gave a ball the night before, which was a very brilliant success, whilst the day itself was kept as a general holiday, and in the afternoon the regiment gave a great display of sports.

Two nights earlier Lady Plowden had a fancy-dress dance at the Bolarum Residency, which she gave as a farewell entertainment on her departure for England. It was a very brilliant scene, for the most lovely dresses were worn. The hostess herself appeared as the Empress Josephine, wearing a dress of yellow and white satin, with a very long train, which hung straight from the shoulders. Captain Appleton, as Robinson Crusoe, was also a signal success, though his sheepskin, which completely enveloped him, must have been exceedingly hot. Then there were the usual peasants and princes and gentlemen of bygone centuries; but in all cases the ideas were very carefully carried out, the result being a gorgeous crowd that was well worth seeing. The decorations, too, were lovely; so that altogether the evening was one that will long be remembered by all who were present.

Have you ever seen "A Happy Pair"? It is a capital play for amateur actors—if they are clever, I should add, for everything depends on the smartness and life with which it is played. The first time I saw it was at Winchester, when it took everyone by storm, so brightly was it acted. And now I hear of its forming part of the entertainment at an "At Home" given by Lady Low at Poona the other day. It was capitally acted by Miss Adam and Mr. Grayson, R.A., and made a very charming finish to an exceedingly attractive programme, for the evening began with some capital music, played by the amateur band which Sir Robert Low conducted. Mr. Duncan followed with a comic song, Mrs. Muir Mackenzie also sang, and Mrs. Edgerley played solos on the piano. Then about the same time the Poona Junior Polo Tournament came off before a large number of spectators. The first match was between the Royal Artillery A Team and the Poona Gymkhana, which ended in favour of the gunners with four goals and three subsidiaries to their opponents' one goal. The players on the winning side were Mr. Montressor, Mr. Bond, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Newman, whilst for the Gymkhana there played Captain Grey, Mr. Jay, Captain Wilkinson, and Mr. Williams. This match was followed by one between the 20th Hussars and the 1st Madras Lancers, which ended in victory for the Hussars by six goals and five subsidiaries to one goal and one subsidiary.

A very big bazaar has just been held in Portsmouth to provide funds for the furnishing of the new wing of the hospital built to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee. The Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were amongst the patrons, and the Navy and Army were also well represented by the two stalls held respectively by Lady Culme-Seymour and Lady Baker Russell. All the stall-holders were dressed in costumes of bygone centuries, and the Town Hall was arranged to represent Olde Portsmouth, so it was altogether a very pretty sight. Lady George Willis opened the bazaar, which proved a great success, Madame Voyer, the palmist, adding no little to the attractions, as it is a weakness with most of us to wish to peer into the book of fate, which it is so impossible to open. And yet it is strange what curious coincidences one sometimes hears of, in the most unexpected things coming true that have been prophesied. And it is just these coincidences credulous people remember, forgetting all the other cases in which the prophets have been entirely wrong.

Yours affectionately,

CONSTANCE.

**** Communications, enquiries, and other correspondence relating to matters referred to in the above letter should be addressed to the Editor at this office, with "Fashions" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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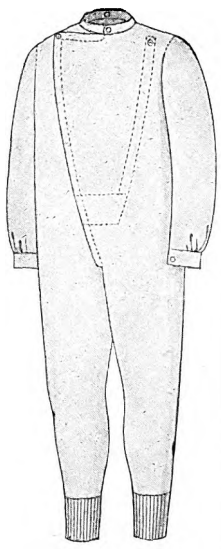

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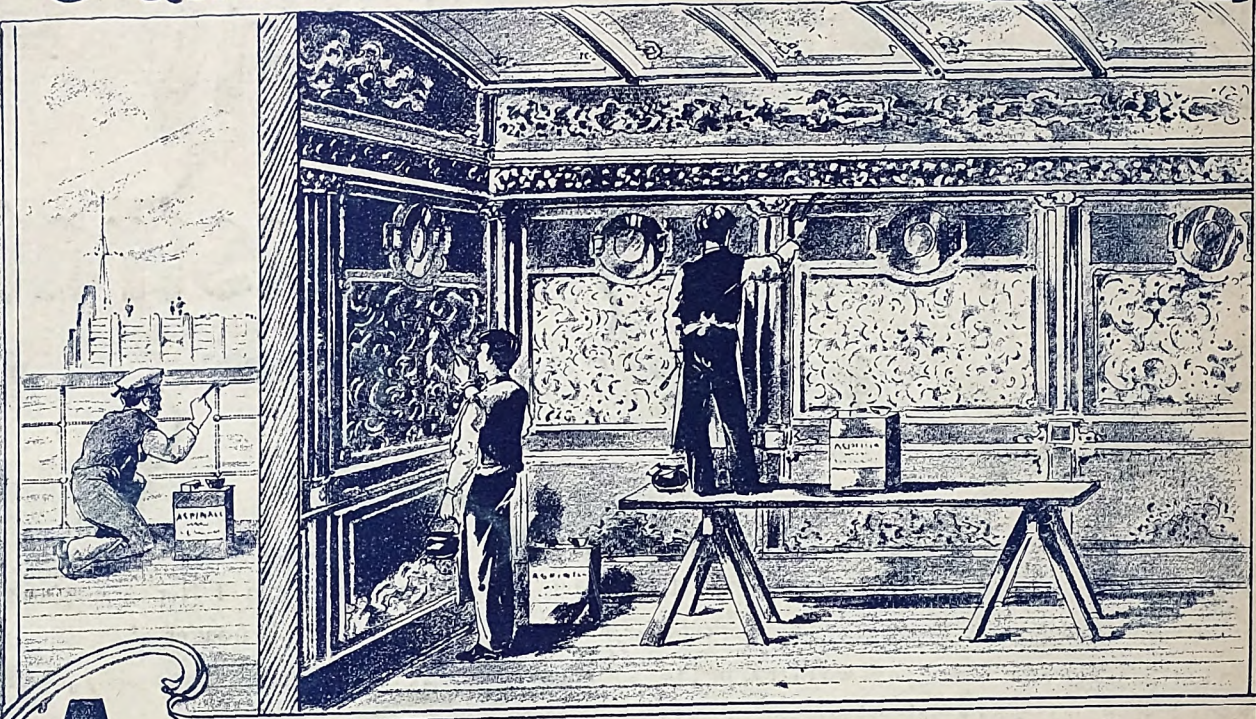

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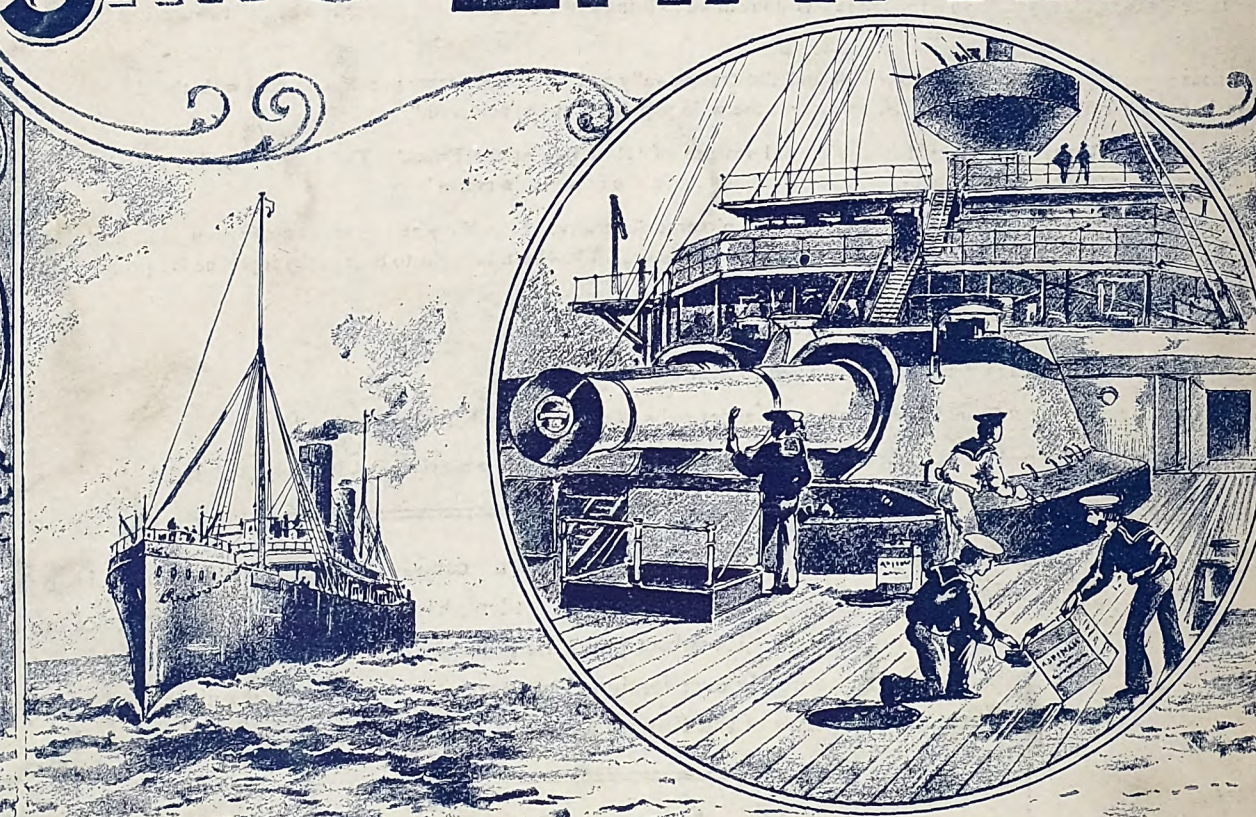

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14th, 1899.

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COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
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DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C. New play in October.
DRURY LANE, W.C. "Hearts are Trumps."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Christian."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m.
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LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "Man and His Makers." Wed. and Sat. 2 p.m.
LYRIC, W., 8 30 p.m. "El Capitan." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
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PRINCE OF WALES'S, W. "The Moonlight Blossom."
PRINCESS'S, W.
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.30 p.m. H.M.S. "Pinafore."—"Trial by Jury."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Prince of Borneo."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C.
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "La Poupée." Thurs. 2.30 p.m.
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "Lost in London."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "La Poupée." Saturday 2.30.
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E. "The Belle of New York."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. "Lord and Lady Algy."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Tommy Atkins."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "The Derby Winner." Thurs. 2.30.
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E. "The Skirt Dancer."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W. "An American Citizen." Wed. 2.30 p.m.
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. "The Greek Slave."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's). "Sporting Life."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7,30 p.m. "The White Heather."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E. "The Manœuvres of Jane."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E. "Sins of the Fathers."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "The Runaway Girl."
PAVILION, 85, Whitechapel Road, E.
ROYAL, Stratford, E. "The Luck of Life."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The Belle of New York."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W. "A Life of Pleasure."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junct'n, S.W. "A Runaway Girl."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
TERRISS'S, Rotherhithe, S.E.

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI Strand W.C., 8 p.m.

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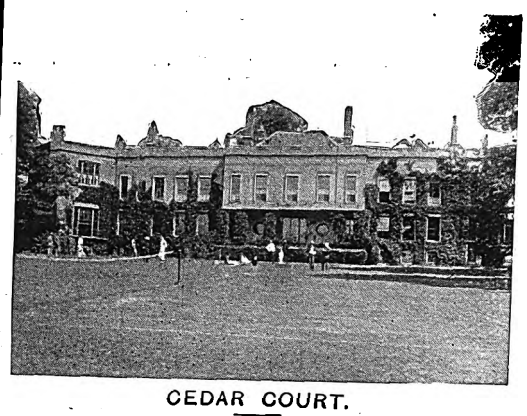

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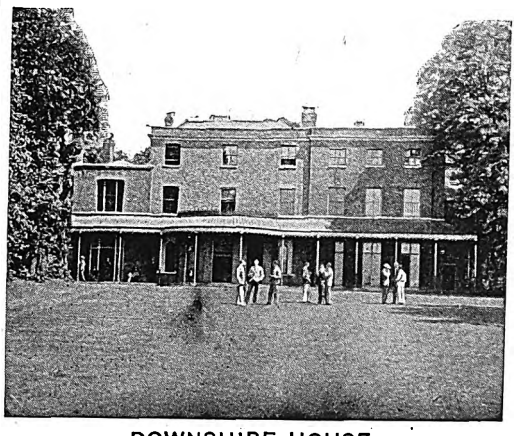

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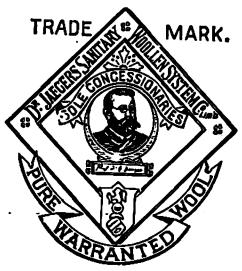

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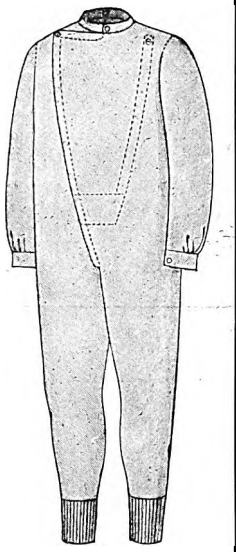

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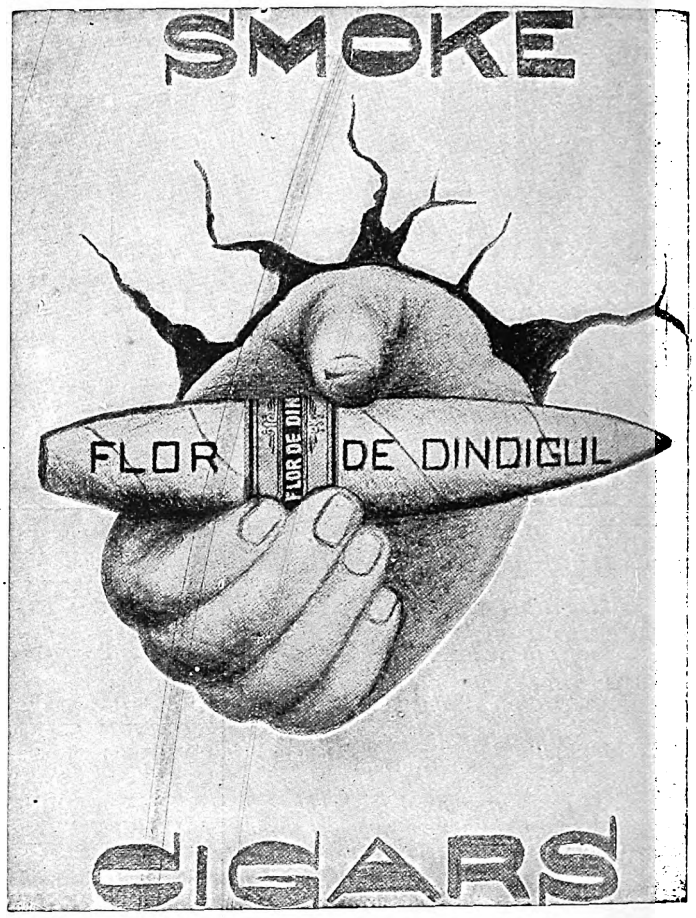

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Second Week.] THE CAVALRY, ROYAL ARTILLERY, AND ROYAL ENGINEERS.

CAVALRY.

1st Life Guards . .	Lieut.-Col. C. N. Miles. . . .	Windsor
2nd " . .	Lieut.-Col. A. D. Neeld . . .	Regent's Park
Royal Horse Gds.	Col. J. F. Brocklehurst, M.V.O.	Hyde Park
1st Dragoon Gds.	Lieut.-Col. H. M. Owen . . .	Dublin
2nd "	Lieut.-Col. J. Lambert . . .	York
3rd "	Lieut.-Col. U. G. C. de Burgh .	Dundalk
4th "	Lieut.-Col. G. D. F. Sulivan . .	Rawul Pindi
5th "	Col. R. S. S. Baden-Powell . .	Natal
6th "	Lieut.-Col. T. C. Porter . . .	Shorncliffe
7th "	Lieut.-Col. W. H. M. Lowe . .	Colchester
1st Dragoons .	Lieut.-Col. J. F. Burn-Murdoch	Hounslow
2nd " . .	Lt.-Col. Hon. W. P. Alexander.	Edinburgh
3rd Hussars . . .	Lt.-Col. W. N. Wogan-Browne.	Lucknow
4th " . . .	Lieut.-Col. W. A. Ramsay . .	Bangalore
5th Lancers . . .	Col. J. F. M. Fawcett	Maritzburg, Natal
6th Dragoons . .	Lt.-Col. H. C. Page-Henderson	Curragh
7th Hussars . . .	Lieut.-Col. Hon. R. T. Lawley .	Norwich
8th " . . .	Lieut.-Col. P. L. Clowes . . .	Curragh Camp
9th Lancers . . .	Lieut.-Col. B. Gough	Natal
10th Hussars . .	Lieut.-Col. R. B. W. Fisher . .	Aldershot
11th " . .	Lieut.-Col. E. R. Courtenay. .	Meerut
12th Lancers . .	Lt.-Col. D. S. W., Earl of Airlie	Aldershot
13th Hussars . .	Lieut.-Col. H. J. Blagrove . .	Aldershot
14th " . .	Lieut.-Col. G. H. C. Hamilton .	Newbridge
15th " . .	Lieut.-Col. J. R. P. Gordon . .	Meerut
16th Lancers . .	Lieut.-Col. H. L. Aylmer. . .	Umballa
17th " . .	Lieut.-Col. M. G. Neeld . . .	Ballincollig
18th Hussars . .	Lieut.-Col. B. D. Moller . . .	Ladysmith, Natal
19th " . .	L.-C. C. B. H. Wolseley-Jenkins	Natal
20th " .	Lieut.-Col. H. G. P. Beauchamp	Mhow
21st Lancers. .	L.-C. W. G. Crole Wyndham, C.B.	Egypt

ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

Royal Horse Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.	Battery.	Battery.
A.—Meerut	H.—Meerut	O.—Aldershot
B.—Lucknow	I.—Umballa	P.—Aldershot
C.—Mhow	J.—Bangalore	Q.—Newbridge
D.—Umballa	K.—Rawul Pindi	R.—Aldershot
E.—Aldershot (for [India)	L.—Trimulgherry	S.—Kirkee (for home)
F.—Sealkote	M.—Woolwich	T.—Ipswich
G.—St. John's Wood	N.—Woolwich	U.—Newbridge

Royal Field Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.	Battery.	Battery.
1.—Kirkee	33.—St. Thomas' [Mount	64.—Weedon
2.—Shorncliffe	34.—Ahmedabad	65.—Woolwich
3.—Campbellpore	35.—Kurrachee	66.—Aldershot
4.—Aldershot	36.—Nusseerabad	67.—Natal
5.—Fermoy	37.—Woolwich	68.—Hilsea
6.—Aldershot	38.—Woolwich	69.—Natal
7.—Aldershot	39.—Hilsea	70.—Bareilly
8.—Christchurch	40.—Bangalore	71.—Mooltan
9.—Limerick	41.—Lucknow	72.—Bellary
10.—Woolwich	42.—Natal	73.—Dorchester
11.—Meean Meer	43.—Shorncliffe	74.—Newcastle
12.—Jullundur	44.—Colchester	75.—Natal
13.—Natal	45.—St. Thomas' Mt.	76.—Athlone
14.—Aldershot	46.—Dinapore	77.—Coventry
15.—Meerut	47.—Ferozepore	78.—Woolwich
16.—Kirkee	48.—Barrackpore	79.—Cahir
17.—Woolwich	49.—Belgaum	80.—Nowgong
18.—Natal	50.—Agra	81.—Trowbridge
19.—Exeter	51.—Rawul Pindi	82.—Exeter
20.—Ipswich	52.—Jubbulpore	83.—Colchester
21.—Natal	53.—Natal	84.—Newcastle
22.—Mhow	54.—Meerut	85.—Clonmel
23.—Secunderabad	55.—Saugor	86.—Newcastle
24.—Peshawur	56.—Egypt	87.—Seaforth
25.—Bangalore	57.—Meean Meer	88.—Weedon
26.—Shorncliffe	58.—Kamptee	89.—Hilsea
27.—Neemuch	59.—Woolwich	90.—Longford
28.—Athlone	60.—Allahabad	91.—Waterford
29.—Kirkee	61.—Woolwich	92.—Birmingham
30.—Fyzabad	62.—Natal	93.—Cahir
31.—Hyderabad	63.—Bristol	94.—Leeds
32.—Jhansi		95.—Leeds

Royal Garrison Artillery.

MOUNTAIN DIVISION.

Battery.	Battery.	Battery.
1.—Lundi Kotal	5.—Kalabagh	8.—Darjeeling
2.—Khyra Gali	6.—Jutogh	9.—Mandalay
3.—Bara Gali	7.—Quetta	10.—Natal
4.—Newport, Mon.		

EASTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Dover).

Depôt No. 1, Dover. No. 2, Great Yarmouth.

Co.	Co.	Co.
1.—Calcutta	11.—Gibraltar	21.—Sheerness
2.—St. Helena	12.—Mooltan	22.—(H.) Sheerness
3.—Rangoon (for	13.—Bombay	23.—Shoeburyness
4.—Kurrachee[Aden)	14.—Isle of Wight	24.—Delhi
5.—Malta (for	15.—Dover	25.—Hong Kong
6.—Dover [Bermuda)	16.—Egypt [Bermuda)	26.—(S.T.) Bombay
7.—(S.T.) Dover (for	17.—Malta (for	27.—Sheerness
8.—Aden [India)	18.—Gibraltar	28.—Landguard Fort
9.—Allahabad	19.—Gibraltar [Malta)	29.—Leith Fort
10.—Shoeburyness	20.—Gibraltar (for	

SOUTHERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Portsmouth).

Depôt No. 1, Fort Rowner, Gosport. No. 2, Seaforth Barracks, Liverpool.

Co.	Co.	Co.
1.—Malta	14.—Cork Harbour	28.—Weymouth
2.—Gibraltar	15.—(S.T.)Ft. Grange,	29.—Barrackpore
3.—Portsmouth	16.—Malta [Gosport	30.—Portsmouth
4.—Portsmouth	17.—Malta	31.—Malta
5.—Agra	18.—Aden	32.—Cork Harb'r (for [Gibraltar)
6.—Roorkee	19.—Malta	33.—Thobba
7.—Weymouth	20.—(S.T.) Fort [Fareham	34.—Trincomalee
8.—Bermuda (for [Halifax, N.S.)	21.—Portsmouth	35.—Singapore
9.—Roorkee	22.—Jamaica	36.—Gibraltar
10.—Portsmouth (for [Malta)	23.—Quetta	37.—Ceylon
11.—Roorkee	24.—(H.) Campbell- [pore	38.—Hong Kong
12.—Singapore	25.—Hong Kong	39.—Golden Hill, [Isle of Wight
13.—Golden Hill, [Isle of Wight	26.—Gibraltar	40.—Cork Harbour
	27.—Malta	41.—Portsmouth

WESTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Devonport).

Depôt No. 1, Citadel, Plymouth. No. 2, Scarborough.

Co.	Co.	Co.
1.—St. Lucia	12.—Jersey	22.—Rangoon
2.—Pembroke Dock	13.—Devonport	23.—C. of Good Hope
3.—Bermuda (for [Halifax, N.S.)	14.—C. of Good Hope	24.—Malta
4.—Ferozepore	15.—(S.T.) Ft. Efford, [Plymouth	25.—Quetta
5.—Rawul Pindi	16.—Aden	26.—Mauritius
6.—Dunbar	17.—Devonport	27.—Pembroke Dock
7.—Jhansi	18.—Bombay	28.—Londonderry
8.—Mauritius	19.—Esquimault	29.—Fort Bovisand, [Plymouth
9.—(H) Secunderab'd	20.—Halifax, N.S. (for [Jamaica)	ROYAL MALTA ART'Y. Malta
10.—Devonport	21.—Bermuda	
11.—Fort St. George		

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3rd (F.) Bermuda	36th (F.) Bermuda	
4th (Sub.) Gosport	37th (Fd.) Curragh	COAST BATTALION (Submarine Miners):
5th (F.) Portsmouth	38th (Fd.) Shorncliffe	
6th (F.) Gibraltar	39th (Sub.) Sheerness	Sect.
7th (Fd.) S. Africa	40th (Sub.) Halifax, [N.S.	1 (Tyne) N. Shields
8th (Ry.) S. Africa	41st (F.) Hdqrs. and ½ Co. Ceylon; ½ Co. Singapore	2 (Severn) Cardiff
9th (F.) Chatham	42nd (F.) Malta	3 (Clyde) Greenock
10th (Ry.) S. Africa	43rd (F.) Mauritius	4 (Humber) Paull
11th (Fd.) Aldershot	A (D.) Chatham	5 (Tees) Middlesbr'gh
12th (Fd.) Aldershot	B (D.) Chatham	6 (Tay) Broughty [Ferry
13th (Sur.) Clifton, [Bristol	C (D.) Chatham	7 (Forth) Leith, ["Dido," hulk
14th (Sur.) Dublin	D (D.) Chatham	8 (Mersey) Liverpool
15th (F.) Gibraltar	E (D.) Chatham	9 (Falmouth) Falm'th
16th (Sur.) Bedford	F (D.) Chatham	10 (Weym'th) Weym'th
17th (Fd.) Aldershot	G (D.) Chatham	
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20th (F.) Gibraltar	H Army Hqrs., India	Hong Kong (Sub.) [Hong Kong
21st (Sub.) Felixstowe	TELEGRAPH BATN.:	Ceylon (Sub.) [Trincomalee
22nd (Sub.) I. of Wight	1st Div., Aldershot	Mauritius (Sub.) [Mauritius
23rd (Fd.) Natal	2nd Div., 28, Newgate [Street	W. India (Sub) Jamaica
24th (F.) Malta		W. India (Fort.) ½ Co. Jamaica, 1 Sect. Sierra Leone, 1 Sect. St. Lucia.
25th (F.) Hong Kong	BRIDGING BATN.:	
26th (Fd.) Salisbury [Plain	A Troop, Aldershot	
27th (Sub.) Bermuda	B Troop, Aldershot	
28th (Sub.) Malta		
29th (F.) Cape Town	Field Troop, Aldershot	
30th (Sub.) Plymouth		
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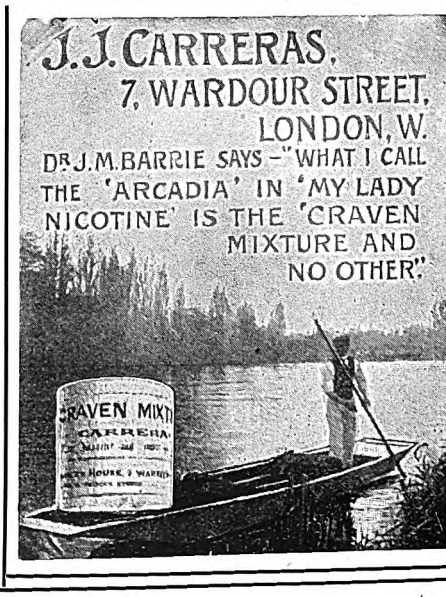

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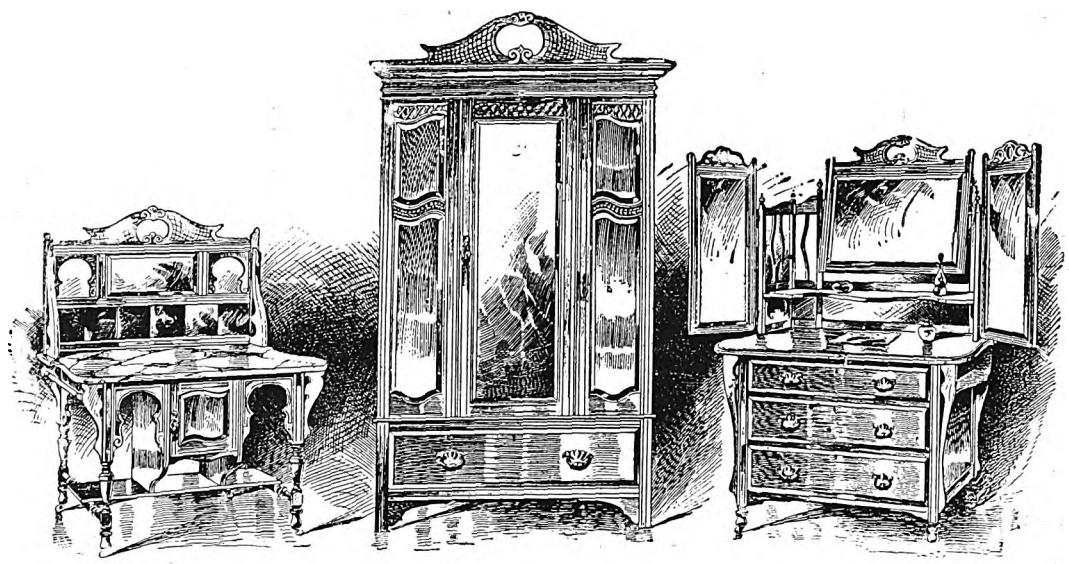

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My dear Betty,—How odd it seems in these days to be staying in a place where the newspaper does not arrive until five in the afternoon, and where no one seems to take much notice of it when it does arrive. That is the kind of place in which to spend a holiday and forget there are such things as daily papers, and dream that there is no world beyond the big fields that stretch far away to the horizon. But to stay there at the present moment, when we live in eager anticipation of any news that may arrive from South Africa, is certainly trying, particularly when it is considered rather affected for a woman to show a real interest in foreign affairs of any sort. I don't suppose you ever find yourself in such an out-of-the-way, old-world sort of spot. And indeed it is not often that I have experienced such a state of things in England. However, for three days last week I did enjoy this unusual sensation of absolute retirement from the world and all excitement, except that of the very turbulent weather. The wind blew unceasingly, the rain came down with remorseless energy, the roads were turned into river beds, and it was only a cheerful fire and a lively house party that kept us all from becoming gloomy and morose, except when we went out. Then, indeed, there was a certain pleasurable excitement in battling with the wind and rain, untrammelled by umbrellas, which would have been perfectly useless, and got up in mackintoshes and short skirts that no rain could penetrate, no mud destroy. Mrs. N—— was one of the party, and, as I need not tell you, she at once compared that rain with the rain in the tropics. During her six months' stay "in the tropics" she seems to have gone through more experiences of the discords of Nature than most people meet with in years. Earthquakes, tornadoes, and the most unprecedented thunder-storms seem to have dogged her steps in the cruellest manner. I am generally careful that the conversation shall not get round to the subject of such physical disturbances, of which I am a little tired; but this time it was not to me that she was talking, and I only caught the well-known phrase when I was walking just in front of her. And I was rather grateful to her then, as it reminded me of the mackintosh about which Sylvia asked me. There is no doubt, you may tell her, that she should take a light one out to Jamaica with her. She will find she will always want one with her when out riding, for storms of rain come up so quickly and unexpectedly that to have some such protection at hand becomes an absolute necessity.

For riding, nothing could be better than the new-shaped coats which I saw at Cording's. They are made in light mackintosh material, and are cut so that they just reach the saddle on one side, and completely cover the skirt and the stirrup on the other. They are fitted with two very small straps, which are to be fastened to two tiny buttons are sewn on the habit in such a manner that they would never be noticed when not in use. Thus equipped, Sylvia would find she could defy any storm of rain; but should she dislike the ordinary mackintosh material, she can have one of these coats made to order in any fine tweed she chooses, which would then be submitted to the proper process to make it thoroughly waterproof.

As it may be useful to her, I send Sylvia a sketch of a nice mackintosh for walking, made in a shape that is very becoming to a smart figure. It can be had in cravenette, or any other light waterproof material, made double-breasted, fastened with large buttons, and finished with a velvet collar and cuffs. Then there is the Talma coat, which is double-breasted, with the sleeve put in right up to the neck, after the manner of some of the men's mackintoshes. It has a deep pocket on each side, and a slit through which the dress can easily be held up, and which can be buttoned up when not in use. The Talma coat I saw was very light indeed, and made in a pretty green shower-proof material, but it can be had in waterproof cloth or tweed if desired. Marl twists, for instance, are charming for the purpose. One coat in this material was very nice. It had the bodice lined with mauve silk, a strap across the back, and two more to draw in the sleeves at the wrists. But enough of mackintoshes, which I know will bore you, though in self-defence I must say that Sylvia begged me for hints when we last met. Bertha tells me she went the other night to such a jolly little dance given by Colonel Pengelly and the officers of the Royal Marine Artillery at the Eastney Barracks. There were about 250 people present, all of whom seemed to enjoy themselves enormously, Colonel Pengelly, Major Gaitskell, and the other officers being indefatigable in looking after their guests. Dancing took place in the messroom, which always makes a capital ballroom, and the band, of course, was everything that could be desired. Amongst those present were Mrs. Pengelly, who wore a pretty dress of pink and black; Miss Pengelly, who was in white; Mrs. Nicholls, in white and pale green; Miss Berger, in black satin; Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, the latter in a very pretty pink costume trimmed with roses; Major and Mrs. Wynyard, the latter wearing black satin and lace; Miss Hulbert and Miss Crookenden, in white; Miss Russell, whose white dress was relieved by trails of red roses; and Mrs. Robilliard, in mauve with black lace.

A MACKINTOSH FOR SYLVIA.

Alice still writes me the brightest, happiest letters from Simla. I know her sister thought that long before this Alice would be weary of the life out there, and be longing for the

(Continued on page x.)

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A New Hydro, and the Best.

By MICHAEL MOSCOW.

HYDROS have helped materially in maintaining the soundness of the British constitution, in a physical if not a political sense, though in this latter regard it is a truism that the healthy digestion of the Englishman has played no mean part in the proud pre-eminence that he enjoys in the comity of nations. However, I deal not now with the questions of dominancy of race, but simply with what appeals to most of us, in accord with the laws of self-preservation—the subject of personal hygiene.

In the early sixties, hydropathy was an experiment. To-day, in its larger significance of hydrotherapy, it is a great success; nay, more, it is an actual necessity in the exigencies of modern life-conditions. In these days people work at high-pressure, mentally and muscularly, and become jaded, "out of sorts," and, in a word, sufferers from *malaise*. Medicine availeth little; and hence it is that a restorative course hydrotherapeutic is "indicated," to use the physician's phrase. Little wonder is it, then, that palatial establishments have sprung into prosperous existence all over the country, from the Far North to the Sunny South, establishments modestly calling themselves Hydros, but which might well be dubbed Halls of Health. The newest of these, and unquestionably one of the best, is the CLIFTON GRAND SPA and HYDRO, just recently opened, and now in full and comfortable operation.

DRAWING ROOM

Clifton is a place that needs not the artful adventitious aid of imagination in the describing of its many advantages—unlike some other towns that have been "made" by master minds exuberant in poetic expression. Statistics, yes, dry statistics, tell the tale of its salubrity in full measure. A general death-rate of 13·2 in 1897 as compared with 19·1 for thirty-three large towns of England and Wales, and a zymotic rate of 1·0 against 2·8 testify to the health of the place. A grand air, balmy, benign, yet bracing; an equable temperature; a wealth of sunshine; and a romantic situation make Clifton an ideal residence for the seeker after health and recuperation. Another advantage of the place is its convenience of access from all parts of the Kingdom. The Midland, London and North Western, and Great Western Railways all serve Bristol with capital trainage, the latter Company, indeed, bringing London within two-and-a-half hours by a speedy and comfortable service of express trains. Nowadays, time is really the measure of distance; and time is money, as we all know.

Hence it was a right excellent idea to choose the Down of Clifton as the site of the GRAND SPA and HYDRO. The spot selected lies a hundred yards or so from the famous Suspension Bridge, and over against the historic hot-wells Spring, and the top-most station of the Rocks Railway. The Grand Pump Room, opened a few years ago, immediately adjoins, and, indeed, now forms part of the establishment. Below, and on either side, lies the Gorge of the Avon, while opposite are Leigh Woods, Nightingale Valley, and away in the distance a spur of the Mendip Hills. A more enchanting position could not have been found, but we must leave it to enter the Hydro and see what science and art besides Nature can do for the betterment of our bodies and the sequential solace of our souls.

The residential part of the house is everything that heart could wish. All the rooms are big and airy, bright and sunny, except a few that are reserved for those who prefer less spacious quarters and subdued lighting. The public apartments open upon the beautiful scenery of the Avon, and are fitted and furnished with everything that modern methods can suggest. Even the smoke-room is a Moorish miracle of art, while science finds play in the billiard-room, where a couple of fine tables by Thurston tempt the *cue*-rious. Cosy corners abound, even the landing being provided with luxurious couches and chairs, though there is no "getting up stairs" unless you so desire, a passenger elevator being provided.

The way to an Englishman's heart is popularly supposed to be through his digestive apparatus; but whether this be so or not, the fact remains that the *cuisine* at Clifton Spa and Hydro is simply capital. A clever *chef* commands the kitchen, and caters equally for the man blessed with a hearty appetite (he soon gets one at Clifton!) and the dyspeptic who needs special care in the administration of his diet scale. The table is at once liberal, refined, appropriate, and ample. There is nothing of the semi-starvation that is unfortunately too common at some Hydros, as I have experienced to my exasperation of soul and exhaus ion of body. Oh! those Sunday suppers at certain Scotch Spas! "A few parritch!" and a "wheenie" of dry cheese, washed down with water, followed by a night of sleeplessness aggravated by a morbid craving to eat the soap! But at Clifton they are merciful as well as magnificent. Do you wake in the night and think you need sustenance, you have but to touch an electric bell, and lo! you are served with a cup of hot cocoa and a rusk. Or, on your way to the bath, fortifiers are supplied in the shape of hot fluid foods with biscuits, and so forth—often a necessary thing with those who are not over strong.

The baths themselves are quite unique. No pains or expense have been spared to this end. The best Continental systems have been observed, and in some cases improved upon, the result being that every approved method of treatment is here procurable, from the saline and effervescent baths of Nauheim to the Aix-douche, from electricity to the pack, from the Turkish to the Russian. And the installation is further excellent from the fact that it is all in duplicate. The ladies have an equally complete hydropathic fitment; and it thus becomes possible for all the members of a family to take their baths at the same hour instead of, as at many places, at odd times—to the disturbance of pleasure plans to be enjoyed together.

The whole establishment is under the medical supervision of the resident physician, Dr. C. J. Whitby, who brings his long experience at other Hydros to bear in the administration of the curative resources of the place. The peculiar needs of every patient are carefully observed, and the method of treatment prescribed and directed. Thus, no one is left to the rule of thumb treatment of the ordinary Hydro, but each case receives its own special care, with all the skill that modern medicine and applied science can ensure.

The famous water at the Hot-wells, for centuries in high repute for its excellent qualities, is freely "on tap" on every floor of the Hydro, in addition to being the *raison d'être* of the Grand Pump Room—the finest in the country. The water is anything but a nauseous tipple. It is, in fact, very much like the popular table waters of Germany—soft, refreshing, and palatable.

A word about the charges. For the modest sum of two-and-a-half guineas per week, one can have full board, an excellent bedroom, attendance, the run of the establishment, and the use of the general and hydropathic baths, including the Turkish and Russian baths, but excepting, of course, the electric and Weir-Mitchell Treatment, which involve some extra cost.

How it is done at the price is "one of those things that no fellah can understand," as Sothern used to say; but, like Mr. Maskelyne's magic box, the solution of the mystery is open to all. £500 reward is *not* offered; but a stay at CLIFTON GRAND SPA and HYDRO, like virtue, brings its own reward—in this case in the shape of increased health and happiness; a combination we all desire, and seldom get. It is compassable at Clifton. *Verbum sat sapientis!*

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time when she could come home and see her friends. But she need not have been uneasy, for Alice has always been able, without an effort, to adapt herself to every change in her surroundings that she has had to experience. Is it a trait, do you think, that she has inherited from a long line of military ancestors? I sometimes think it must be so. But however it may have arisen, it has been a decidedly useful gift to her, and has many a time stood her in good stead since she threw in her fortunes with those of that very ardent soldier Dick.

Therefore, whilst she is at Simla, and gaiety is the order of the day, Alice gives herself up to it all with a will, enjoying every ball and party that comes in her way, and in her brightness and liveliness she makes everyone else enjoy them too. For such high spirits are very infectious, unless one is well inoculated with cynicism and misanthropy.

Her last amusement has been to help at the large bazaar in aid of the Mayo School, a bazaar which she writes was delightfully arranged and so very pretty. It was opened by Lady Curzon, and at the several stalls presided Lady Gaselee, Lady Melliss, Mesdames Rivaz, Franklin, Beresford Lovett, Tyler, Duperier, Wilkie, Hendley, and many others too numerous to be mentioned in detail.

Alice also gives a glowing account of the ball at Simla which was given by the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery at the beginning of the month. The ballroom, she says, was beautifully decorated, guns and miniature bridges giving a particular character to the scene. The guests, who numbered about 500, were received by General Turner, R.E., and Mrs. Turner, and General Tyler, R.A., and Mrs. Tyler, whilst amongst those present were Lady Curzon and the Misses Leiter, Sir William and Lady Lockhart, and Sir George and Lady Luck.

Alice speaks, too, of helping in another big bazaar, which was to come off this week in aid of the proposed sanatorium, and after that she said the season would be practically over.

Immense interest—Bob tells me—was shown in the final match of the Poona junior polo tournament, played between the Royal Artillery from Kirkee and the 20th Hussars from Mhow. The game was very exciting, he said, and both teams played splendidly throughout. For the Gunners there played Mr. Montressor, Mr. Bond, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Newman, and for the Hussars Mr. Percy Smith, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Goring, and Mr. Lee, whilst Major Kirk and Mr. Luard acted as umpires. The match ended in favour of the Gunners with fifteen goals and one subsidiary to the Hussars' three goals and one subsidiary.

In the Nasik golf tournament Mrs. Macdonald has been doing very well, winning the Royal West India Golf Club silver medal, with a score of 89, whilst Miss Fredoux won the second prize with 100. Mrs. Montgomery carried off the handicap prize with 81, and Miss Plunkett came second with 116 less 18.

Amongst other events in the tournament was the competition for the cup presented by the Governor. For this there were a good many entries, but the match had not been finished when my correspondent wrote. In the handicap foursomes, Mr. Kelly and Captain Hicks defeated Captain Rogers and Mr. Young by 6 up and 4 to play.

To come back to London and its doings, I need hardly tell you that Miss Eveline Rothschild's wedding was a very pretty one, and it had an additional interest to those who had never before witnessed a Jewish marriage ceremony. It is also unnecessary to tell you that the bridegroom was Mr. Clive Behrens, R.H.A., and that the wedding took place at the Jewish Synagogue in St. Petersburgh Place.

I never saw anything prettier than the decorations of the synagogue, the huge palms, the wreaths and masses of white flowers, and the trails of smilax contrasting well with the rich red of the canopy under which the bride and bridegroom stood during the ceremony. The bride wore a beautiful dress of white satin draped with a tablier of Brussels lace, whilst the long Court train was bordered with the same rich lace, and lined with spotted net. On the head was a wreath of myrtle, from which hung a net veil bordered with Brussels lace. She was attended by six bridesmaids, Lady Sybil Primrose, Lady M. Bathurst, Miss Henrique, Miss Montefiore, Miss Behrens, and Miss Adeane, who all wore dresses of silk in a lovely shade of blue, made with yokes of chiffon and Valenciennes lace. Their bodices were trimmed with tiny tucks separated by rows of hem-stitching, and their hats, in the large picture fashion, were trimmed with bunches of red roses, which matched the flowers in their lovely bouquets. Two small pages—Lord Apsley and Master H. Smith—also attended the bride, wearing charmingly quaint costumes.

Lady Rothschild subsequently held a reception in Piccadilly, where the beautiful presents were shown in the large drawing-room. They numbered 1,000, and included a beautiful bracelet from the Prince of Wales.

Yours affectionately, CONSTANCE.

**** Communications, enquiries, and other correspondence relating to matters referred to in the above letter should be addressed to the Editor at this office, with "Fashions" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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Cæsar, March 4, 1898.
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Torpedo-boats.

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St. Vincent, March 6, 1896.
Scorpion, September 3, 1897.
Seaflower, June 18, 1898.
Sealark, November 13, 1896.
,, June 18, 1898.
Sultan, March 26, 1898.
Terror, September 3, 1897.
Victoria & Albert, May 13, 1899.
,, ,, June 3, 1899.
,, ,, Sept. 2, 1899.
Waterwitch, October 29, 1898.

FOREIGN VESSELS.

American.

Baltimore, March 11, 1899.
Boston, March 11, 1899.
Brooklyn, May 7, 1898.
Charleston, March 11, 1899.
Columbia, May 7, 1898.
,, May 21, 1898.
Cushing, June 18, 1898.
Detroit, March 11, 1899.
Indiana, May 7, 1898.
Katahdin, June 18, 1898.
Marblehead, June 4, 1898.
Massachusetts, August 13, 1898.
Miantonomoh, June 18, 1898.
Minneapolis, March 12, 1897.
,, August 13, 1898.
New Orleans, June 4, 1898.
New York, May 7, 1898.
Olympia, March 11, 1899.
Oregon, May 21, 1898.
Petrel, March 11, 1899.
Philadelphia, April 15, 1899.
Porter, June 18, 1898.
St. Louis, May 21, 1898.
St. Paul, October 22, 1898.
San Francisco, March 12, 1897.
,, ,, June 4, 1898.
Sheridan, May 6, 1899.
Stiletto, June 18, 1898.
Terror, June 18, 1898.
Texas, August 13, 1898.

Argentine.

Buenos Aires, May 14, 1898.

Austrian.

Ferdinand Max, November 12, 1897.
Kaiser Franz Josef, March 12, 1897.
Kaiserin Elisabeth, Nov. 12, 1897.
Kaiserin Maria Theresia, March 12, 1897.

Brazilian.

Marechal Floriano, Aug. 19, 1899.
Quinze de Novembro, Aug. 16, 1898.

Chilian.

Blanco Encalada, May 28, 1898.
Esmeralda, April 30, 1898.
Nueve de Julio, May 28, 1898.
O'Higgins, May 14, 1898.

French.

Amiral Charner, March 12, 1897.
Aquilon, October 29, 1898.
Bayard, April 9, 1898.
Bouvines, October 29, 1898.
Bugeaud, March 12, 1897.
Catinat, October 29, 1898.
Charles Martel, March 12, 1897.
D'Assas, April 29, 1899.
D'Entrecasteaux, April 9, 1898.
Descartes, April 9, 1898.
Dupuy de Lome, March 12, 1897.
Foudre, March 12, 1897.
,, August 20, 1898.
Gustave Zede, May 6, 1899.
Gymnote, May 6, 1899.
Hoche, March 12, 1897.
Jaureguiberry, March 12, 1897.
Jean Bart, April 9, 1898.
Jeanne D'Arc, June 24, 1899.
Jemmapes, October 29, 1898.
Linois, March 12, 1897.
Massena, October 29, 1898.
Nielly, April 8, 1899.
Pascal, April 9, 1898.
Sfax, June 24, 1899.
Surcouf, October 29, 1898.
Torpedo-boats—
No. 64, March 18, 1899.
No. 178, March 18, 1899.
No. 216, March 18, 1899.
Trehouart, October 29, 1898.
Valmy, October 29, 1898.
Vauban, April 9, 1898.
Wattignies, March 12, 1897.

German.

Baden, June 10, 1899.
Comoran, March 4, 1898.
,, June 17, 1899.
Deutschland, March 4, 1898.
Falke, March 25, 1899.
Gefion, March 4, 1898.
Hagen, October 1, 1898.
Hohenzollern, September 17, 1897.
Irene, March 4, 1898.
Kaiser, March 4, 1898.
Kaiserin Augusta, March 12, 1897
,, ,, March 4, 1898.
Kurfurst Wilhelm, Sept. 17, 1897.
,, ,, June 10, 1899.
Odin, October 1, 1898.
Prinzess Wilhelm, March 4, 1898.

Greek.

Spetsai, March 12, 1897.

Italian.

Andrea Doria, March 12, 1897.
Elba, April 1, 1899.
Liguria, March 12, 1897.
Marco Polo, March 12, 1897.
Piemonte, April 2, 1898.
Re Umberto, March 12, 1897.
Savoia, May 6, 1899.
,, May 13, 1899.
Sicilia, March 12, 1897.
Stromboli, March 12, 1897.
,, April 1, 1899.

Japanese.

Akebono, July 15, 1899.
Asahi, April 1, 1899.
Idzumi, April 2, 1898.
Kasagi, April 8, 1899.
Shinonome, July 15, 1899.
Takasago, June 25, 1898.
Tatsuta, May 14, 1898.
Yashima, April 2, 1898.
Yoshino, April 2, 1898.

Norwegian.

Harald Haarfagre, June 25, 1898.
Tordenskjold, June 25, 1898.

Russian.

Dmitri Donskoi, April 23, 1898.
Ermak, April 22, 1899.
Georgei Pobiedonosets, March 12, 1897.
Grosiastchy, March 12, 1897.
Lissoi Veliky, April 23, 1898.
Moskva, April 23, 1898.
Pamyat Azova, April 23, 1898.
Rossia, April 23, 1898.
Rurik, April 23, 1898.
Standart, September 17, 1897.

Spanish.

Alfonso XIII., August 20, 1898.
Carlos V., June 25, 1898.
Columbia, May 21, 1898.
El Solitario, May 14, 1898.
Furor, June 4, 1898.
Infanta Maria Teresa, June 11, 1898.
Isla de Luzon, May 21, 1898.
Lepanto, June 25, 1898.
Normannia, May 21, 1898.
Pluton, June 4, 1898.
Princesa de Asturias, June 25, 1898.
Reina Mercedes, August 26, 1899.
Terror, May 14, 1898.
Vitoria, May 14, 1898.
Vizcaya, April 23, 1898.

Turkish.

Fuad, March 12, 1897.
Stamboul, February 5, 1897.

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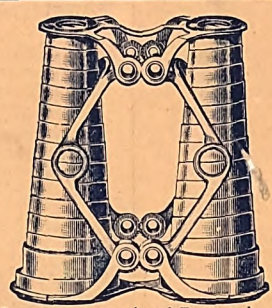

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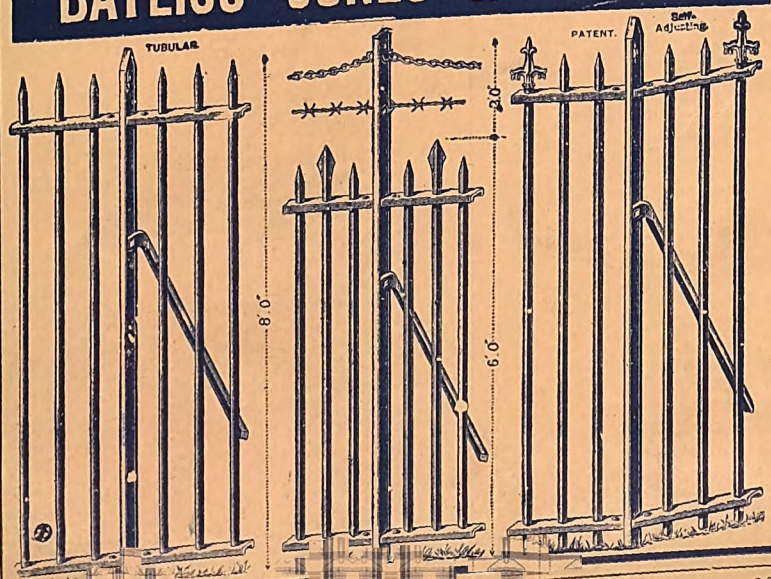

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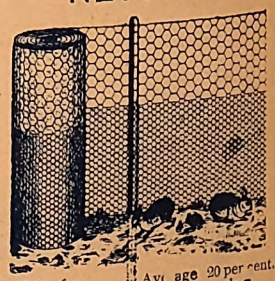

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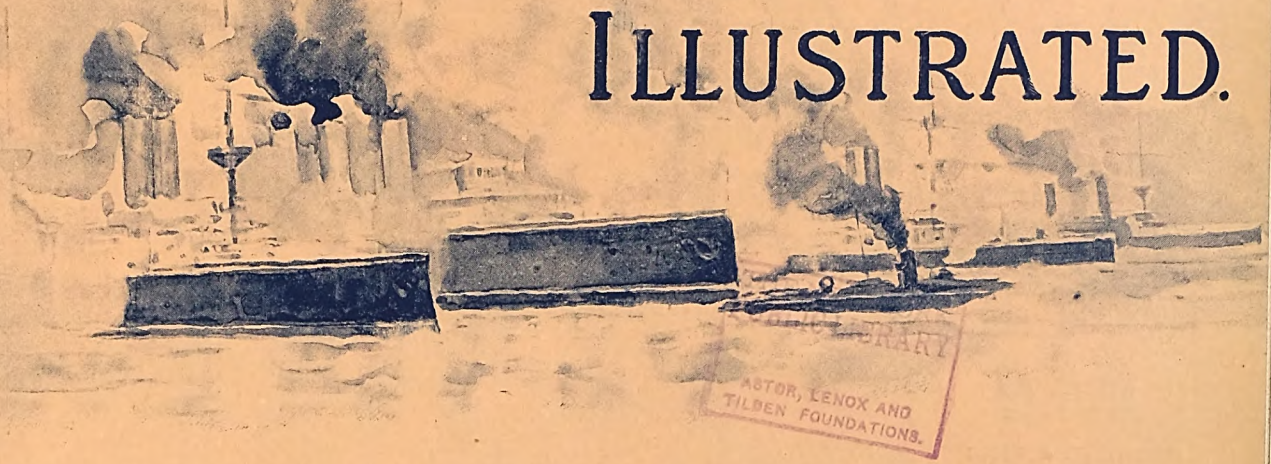

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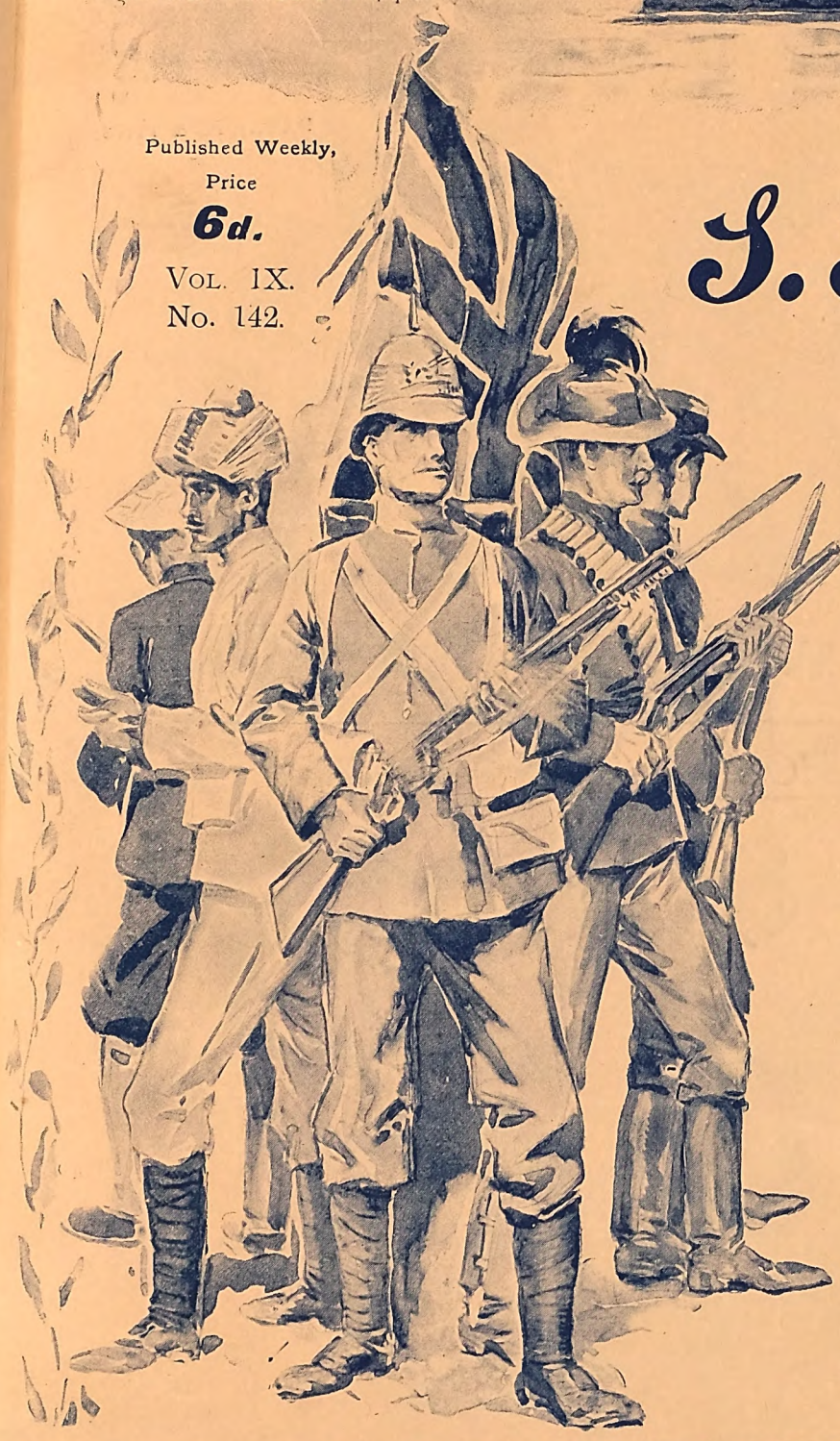

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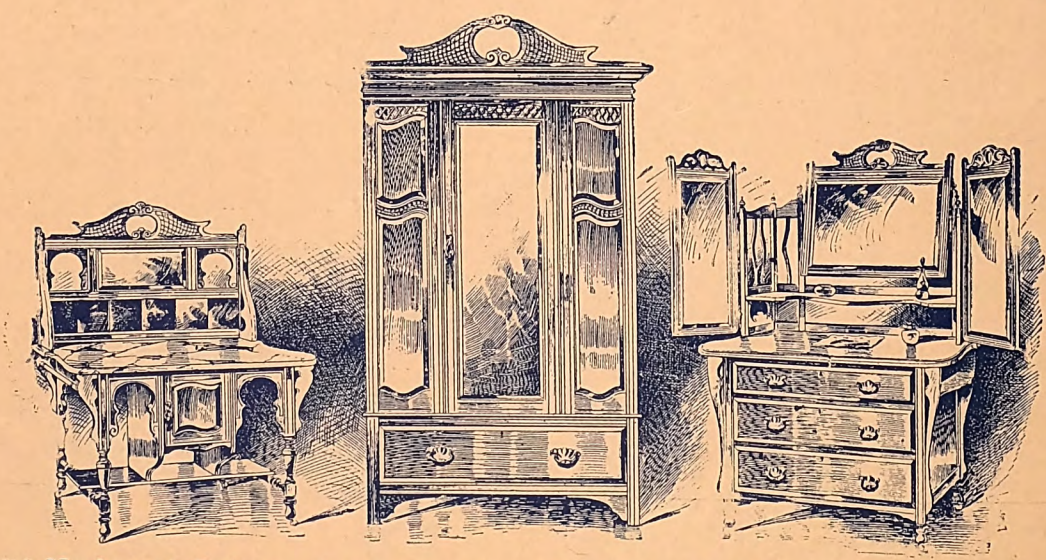

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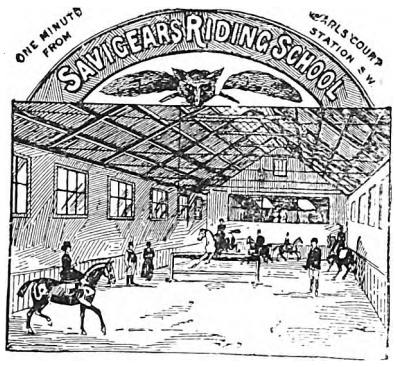

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MILITIA COMPETITIVE, September, 1899.

		Marks.
*1st UNIVERSITY.—	A. E. M. Ward	1843

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		Marks.
*1st ARTILLERY.—	C. H. Clark	1792

(After a few months' reading.)

*20th Infantry.—	L. J. Le Fleming	1582
35th "	A. Moore	1485
38th "	J. C. Hooper	1463
*72nd "	W. B. Mitford	1310
*76th "	A. J. M. Gordon	1280

*1st trial direct.
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NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand W.C., 7.45 p.m. "With Flying Colours."
AVENUE, W.C., 8 p.m. "An Interrupted Honeymoon."
COMEDY, Panton St., W.
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C. New play in October.
DRURY LANE, W.C. "Hearts are Trumps."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Christian."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "Man and His Makers." Wed. and Sat. 2 p.m.
LYRIC, W., 8 30 p.m. "El Capitan." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W. "The Moonlight Blossom."
PRINCESS'S, W.
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.30 p.m. H.M.S. "Pinafore."—"Trial by Jury."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Prince of Borneo."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C.
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "The Runaway Girl." Thurs. 2.30 p.m.
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Great Ruby."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "Carl Rosa Opera Company." Saturday. 2.30.
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E. "Orlando Dando."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. "A Greek Slave."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "La Poupée."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Paul Jones." Thurs. 2.30.
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E. "Two Little Vagabonds."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W. "The Belle of New York." Wed. 2.30.
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. "The Manœuvres of Jane.'
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's). "Sporting Life."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "The White Heather."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E. "The Circus Girl."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E. "Don Quixote."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "Gay Parisienne."
ROYAL, Stratford, E. "The Life We Lead."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The White Heather."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W. "The Mariners of England."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junct'n, S.W. "Lights o' London."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "On Active Service."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI Strand W.C., 8 p.m.

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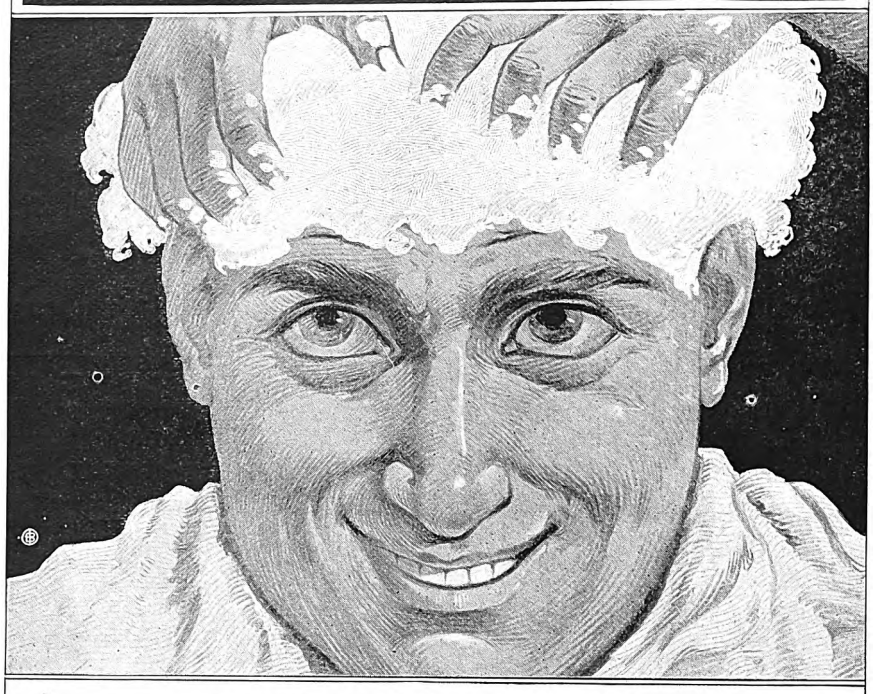

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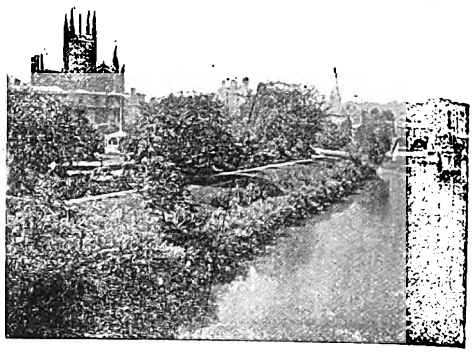

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Third Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN HOME WATERS.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. h. Hulk. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. g.v. Gun Vessel. y. Yacht. T. Tender. s.s. Survey Ship. d.s. Depot-ship. P. Portsmouth. D. Devonport. C. Chatham. S. Sheerness. i. Instructional Torpedo Flotilla. c.g. Coast Guard. p.g. Port Guard. W.I. Whale Island.

Agincourt, *cr.*	Com. D. St. A. Wake	*T.* to Boscawen
Alarm, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. Powley	*T.* to Galatea, *c.g.*
Albacore, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. W. Steward	Ireland
Alberta, *y.*	Staff-Capt. G. A. Broad	*T.* to Victoria and [Albert
Alexandra, *B.*	Capt. Count F. C. Metaxa, A.D.C. (Vice-Adml. Sir Compton E. Domvile, K.C.B.).	Portland, *c.g.*
Algiers, *h.*	Capt. G. L. Atkinson, A.D.C. (Rear-Adml. S. C. Holland).	Medway Reserve *C.*
Antelope, *t.g.b.*	Com. O. A. Stokes	Portishead (R.N.R)
Arrogant, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. E. Protheroe	Channel Squadron
Asia, *h.*	Capt. A. A. C. Parr (Rear-Admiral P. Aldrich).	Portsmouth [Reserves
Australia, *cr.*	Capt. J. M. McQuhae, C.B.	S'th'pton Wr., *c.g.*
Bat, *t.b.d.*	Com. A. L. Duff	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Benbow, *B.*	Capt. R. P. Humpage	Greenock, *c.g.*
Black Prince, *cr.*	Com. W. J. Grogan	Queenstown (boys)
Blonde, *cr.*	Com. C. H. Dare	Iceland (fisheries)
Boscawen, *h.*	Capt. T. H. M. Jerram	Portland (boys)
Britannia, *h.*	Capt. Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe, C.B., C.M.G.	Dartmouth (cadets)
Briton, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. A. C. Spearman	Inverness (R.N.R.)
Caledonia, *h.*	Com. J. G. Hewitt	Queensferry (boys)
Calliope, *cr.*	Capt. H. P. Routh	*T.* to Northampton
Cambridge, *h.*	Capt. R. W. Craigie.	Gunnery School, *D.*
Champion, *cr.*	Capt. F. O. Pike	Training Squad.
Circe, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. G. S. Q. Carr, C.M.G.	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Cleopatra, *cr.*	Capt. R. K. McAlpine	Training Squad.
Clyde, *h.*	Com. J. P. Montgomery	Aberdeen (R.N.R.)
Collingwood, *B.*	Capt. H. C. Bigge	Bantry, *c.g.*
Colossus, *B.*	Capt. S. A. Johnson.	Holyhead, *c.g.*
Conqueror, *B.*	. . . . .	*T.* to Cambridge
Crane, *t.b.d.*	Com. C. G. Treherne	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Curacoa, *cr.*	Com. H. Lyon.	*T.* to Northampton
Curlew, *g.v.*	. . . . .	*T.* to Cambridge
Cygnet, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. E. F. Kerr	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Dædalus, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. B. C. Barber	Bristol (R.N.R.)
Defiance, *h.*	Capt. F. T. Hamilton	Torpedo School, *D.*
Diadem, *cr.*	Capt. H. S. F. Niblett	Channel Squadron
D. of Wellingt'n, *h.*	Capt. J. L. Hammet	Depôt Ship, *P.*
Durham, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. W. F. Forrest	Leith (R.N.R.)
Eagle, *h.*	Com. C. E. Gladstone	Liverpool (R.N.R.)
Elfin, *y.*	Staff-Com. J. E. Tully.	*T.* to Victoria and [Albert
Enchantress, *y.*	Staff-Com. P. D. Ouless	Admiralty Yacht, *P*
Excellent	Capt. W. H. May, M.V.O.	Gunnery Sch., *W.I.*
Fawn, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. K. Laird	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Ferret, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. S. A. Perry-Ayscough	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Fire Queen, *y.*	Staff-Capt. T. Hawkins Smith	*T.* to Victory
Flirt, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Thomas	*T.* to Victory
Flying Fish, *t.b.d.*	Com. A. G. Meredyth	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Furious, *cr.*	Capt. L. E. Wintz	Channel Squadron
Galatea, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cross	Hull, *c.g.*
Gauges, *h.*	Com. W. V. Anson	Harwich (boys)
Gleaner, *t.g.b.*	Com. F. H. Peyton	Gravesend (R.N.R)
Gossamer, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. G. T. Cole	*T.* to Melampus, *c.g.*
Hannibal, *B.*	Capt. Sir B. W. Walker, Bart., C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Haughty, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. La T. Leatham	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Hearty, *g.b.*	Com. H. G. King Hall, D.S.O.	North Sea (fish'rs)
Hecla	Com. W. J. Scullard (N)	Torpedo Depôt, *P.*
Hero, *B.*	Com. W. de Salis.	*T.* to Excellent
Howe, *B.*	Captain E. H. M. Davis, C.M.G. (Rear-Adml. A. P. M. Lake).	Queenstown, *p.g.*
Hunter, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. Robert G. Corbett	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Impregnable, *h.*	Capt. A. C. B. Bromley	Devonport (boys)
Indus, *h.*	Capt. W. Marrack (Rear-Adml. T. S. Jackson).	D'nport Reserves
Jackal, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Tancred	Coast of Scotland [(fisheries)
Janus, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Corbett	*T.* to Pembroke
Jaseur, *t.g.b.*	Com. W. Carey	*T.* to Vernon
Jason, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. Bruce.	Particular Service
Jupiter, *B.*	Capt. J. Durnford, C.B., D.S.O.	Channel Squadron
Kite, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. P. W. Hope.	*T.* to Excellent
Landrail, *g.v.*	. . . . .	*T.* to Wildfire
Leda, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. V. Maud	*T.* to Australia, *c.g*
Liberty, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. C. H. Morgan	*T.* to Lion
Lightning, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. L. C. O. Mansergh	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Lion, *h.*	Com. E. G. Shortland.	Devonport (boys)
Lynx, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. Holland.	*T.* to Vivid
Magnet, *tug.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Webber	*T.* to Victory
Magnificent, *B.*	Capt. J. Ferris (Rear-Adml. A. D. Fanshawe).	Channel Squadron
Majestic, *B.*	Capt. G. Le C. Egerton, C.B. (Vice-Admiral Sir H. H. Rawson, K.C.B.).	Channel Squadron
Mallard, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. G. Webster	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Mars, *B.*	Capt. H. J. May, C.B.	Channel Squadron
Martin, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. S. M. Agnew	*T.* to St. Vincent
Medea, *cr.*	Com. C. G. May	S'th'pton (R.N.R.)
Medusa, *cr.*	Com. A. L. K. Knapton	N. Shields (R.N.R)
Melampus, *cr.*	Capt. R. N. Gresley	Kingstown, *c.g.*
Mermaid, *t.b.d.*	Com. J. M. de Robeck	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Minotaur, *cr.*	Com. E. G. Barton	*T.* to Boscawen
Nautilus, *brig*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. D. Tothill	*T.* to Impregnable
Niger, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. H. Curteis	*T.* to Rodney, *c.g.*
Nile, *B.*	Capt. G. C. Langley	Devonport, *p.g.*
Niobe, *cr.*	Capt A. L. Winsloe	Channel Squadron
Northampton, *cr.*	Capt. H. A. W. Onslow	Recruiting Service
Northumberl'd, *cr.*	Com. C. E. Tower	Depôt Ship, *C.*
Onyx, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. Oliver	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Osborne, *y.*	Capt. C. Windham	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Pactolus, *cr.*	Capt. F. J. Foley	Channel Squadron
Panther, *t.b.d.*	Com. J. I. Graham	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Pelorus, *c.*	Capt. H. C. B. Hulbert	Channel Squadron
Pembroke, *h.*	Capt. A. Macleod.	Medway Res'ves, *C*
Pilot, *brig*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. S. Alderson	*T.* to Impregnable
Porcupine, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. C. P. Beaty-Pownall	*T.* to Pembroke
President, *h.*	Com. A. C. Woods	W.I. Docks (R.N.R)
Prince George, *B.*	Capt. A. Barrow	Channel Squadron
Racer, *sloop*	Com. H. W. Steele (N)	*T.* to Britannia
Raleigh, *cr.*	Commodore E. S. Poe, M.V.O.	Training Squad.
Raven, *g.b.*	Com. A. Meldrum	Channel Islands
Renard, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. H. Eyre	*T.* to Colossus, *c.g.*
Repulse, *B.*	Capt. R. F. O. Foote, C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Research, *s.*	Capt. W. U. Moore	Home Waters
Resolution, *B.*	Capt. C. R Arbuthnot.	Channel Squadron
Rodney, *B.*	Capt. G. W. Russell	Queensferry, *c.g.*
St. Vincent, *h.*	Com. C. F. Thursby	Portsmouth (boys)
Sans Pareil, *B.*	Capt. J. R. E. Pattisson	Sheerness, *p.g.*
Seaflower, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. E. G. H. Gamble	*T.* to Boscawen
Seagull, *t.g.b.*	Com. H. Grant-Dalton	Particular Service
Seahorse, *s.*	Staff-Com. G. S. Keigwin	Home Waters
Seal, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. A. J. Payne	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Severn, *cr.*	Capt. W. L. H. Browne	Harwich, *c.g.*
Shark, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. E. Corbett	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Sharpshooter *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. J. Pocock	Devonport [(Eng'r students)
Spanker, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. H. E. F. Worthington	*T.* to Alexandra, *c.g.*
Star, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. F. W. Kinahan	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Sturgeon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Luce	*T.* to Pembroke
Swordfish, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Tibbets	*T.* to Pembroke
Thrasher, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. T. D. Pratt	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Thunderer, *B.*	Capt. J. E. Blaxland	Pembroke, *p.g.*
Trafalgar, *B.*	Capt. H. L. F. Royle, D.S.O.	Portsmouth, *p.g.*
Traveller, *tug*	Lieut.-Com. R. A. Cathie	*T.* to Vivid
Triton, *s.*	Capt. G. E. Richards	Home Waters
Unicorn, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. E. L. Austen	Dundee (R.N.R.)
Vernon, *h.*	Capt. C. G. Robinson	Torpedo School, *P.*
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Victoria & Albert, *y.*	R.-Adml. Sir J. R. T. Fullerton, K.C.V.O., C.B., A.D.C.	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Victory, *h.*	Capt. F.C. B. Bridgeman (Adml. Sir M. Culme-Seymour, Bart., G.C.B.).	Portsmouth
Violet, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. B. Sparks.	*T.* to Victory
Vivid, *y.*	Capt. H. T. Grenfell (Adml. Sir H. Fairfax, K.C.B.).	Devonport
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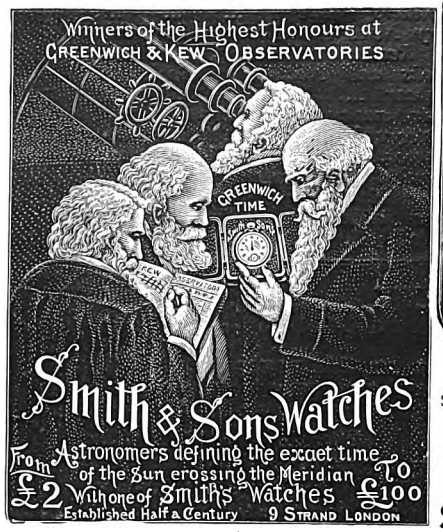

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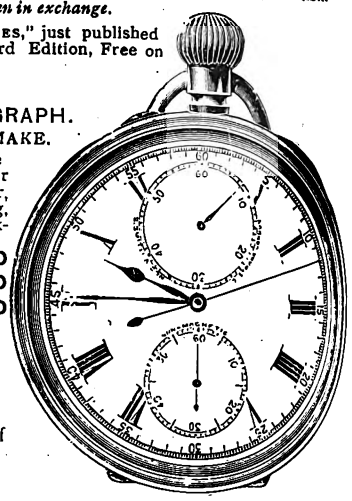

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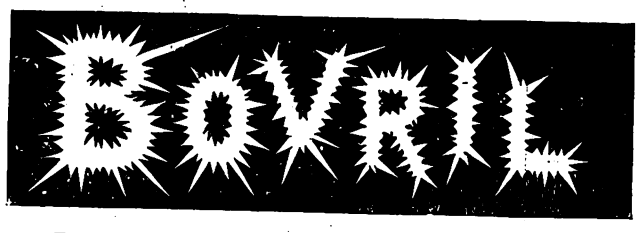

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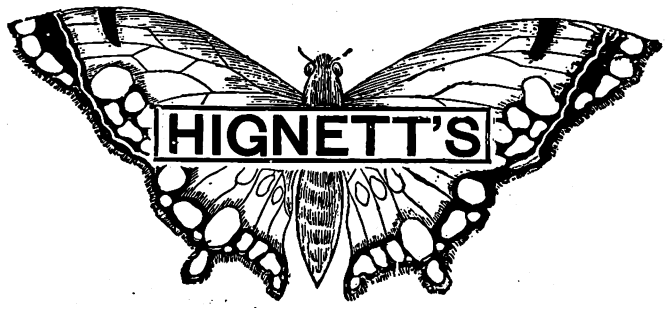

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☞ Officers are earnestly requested to send at once their special services to the Editor.

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My dear Betty,—Last year we saw indications that faced cloths in white or in delicately tinted shades of colour were to be much worn, both for morning and evening dresses. But when the summer appeared it became essentially a season of muslins, lace, and chiffon, the hot weather making for the lightest and thinnest of materials; and the adoption of anything heavier was considered impossible save by the economical. This winter, however, the light-coloured cloths are once again to the fore, their chill appearance relieved by the addition of fur and the generous use of lace, giving that note of femininity which is the characteristic of almost all dress at the moment. The masculine is no more tolerated, except for the hardest wear. Its reign, for the present at any rate, is as much a thing of the past as is the sway of crinolines and chignons. As I said to you a little time ago, I would particularly draw your attention to the white, the blue, and the mastic-coloured cloths as being very useful dresses for Cairo. And as you tell me your cousin is about to start, hoping for a gay winter there, I send you my promised sketch of a suitable costume in this material, and one that is particularly smart. It is braided with silver cord, whilst pieces of green velvet are introduced into the trimming, giving a contrast that is decidedly pleasing to the eye. With it is worn a tight-fitting vest, also braided with silver. You can imagine how charming all this looks when finished with a large white fox boa—one of those beautiful things that make just a perfect setting to a pretty face. The muff matches the boa, and the white hat is trimmed with green velvet and feathers.

The other figure in the sketch is wearing a very fashionable long, semi-fitting coat, trimmed with sable. The collar is of embroidered silk, the pattern of the brocade being outlined with gold tinsel thread. It is a handsome coat and looks very well with such a toque as you see here, the crown of old rose-coloured panne being edged with fur, and a tuft of ospreys finishing it at one side. The sable boa shown in the picture reminds me to tell you how frequently lace is also used with such things just now. I saw one the other day that was made very broad at the back, so as to form quite a deep collar, whilst in front it was very cleverly arranged with a scarf of old lace. Incongruous as this may sound to you, it really was very pretty, this mixture of lace and fur being most attractive, requiring no introduction, for its fascinations are realised at once. Even on a whole dress such a combination is prevalent, and I must commend it to your consideration when you are helping to choose the outfit for your cousin. One such dress I have in my mind was entirely composed of ruches of soft white chiffon alternating with fur, whilst the bodice was gracefully made with a fichu that was fastened at the left shoulder with an old paste buckle. It had the most delightfully fluffy effect, and would just suit Edith, who, you tell me, is not very tall.

TWO WALKING COSTUMES.

And then let me warn you that it is really quite useless for you to fight any more for plainer skirts. Frills have slowly but with much determination made their way. A muslin dress for South Africa had these frills covering the whole skirt from the waist to the feet, the polonaise overskirt just opening up the left side to show the tiny flounces peeping out. Each frill was edged with lace, and I cannot deny that the whole effect was as pretty as it well could be. In cloth straight flounces are used, the whole dress being often covered with them—bodice, sleeves, and skirt. The foundation is, as a rule, in silk or satin, whilst the flounces, when cut in faced cloth, have the edges left raw rather than hemmed. I had just written so far in this letter to you when Esther ran in to ask me to go and choose Christmas cards with her. I was really aghast at the idea. Christmas seems so very far off; but, as she reminded me, we shall very soon be sending our good wishes and our presents to friends in China and Hong Kong. So, it being a lovely morning, I was tempted, and sallied forth with her, and we were very soon engrossed in turning over dozens of boxes of pictures, almanacs, and cards. All these things are even less Christmassy than usual this year, prettiness, and in some cases artistic value, being more considered than the suitability of the subjects. Some of those I liked best were evidently suggested by Wedgwood china, being coloured with that peculiarly lovely shade of blue, and bearing graceful Grecian figures, embossed in white. Most of these cards contained almanacs, which are indeed to be seen in every shape and form this year. I also saw some very well got up cards with black and white sketches, showing sailors and soldiers of every rank in the Navy and Army; whilst lithographs of pictures, chiefly of subjects in the last century, are to be had in profusion, in black and white, in sepia, or in red.

To-night I have been to hear Neufeld lecture at St. James's Hall. The place was packed with a very enthusiastic audience, who listened with intense interest to his tale of imprisonment and sufferings. He told it all so simply and straightforwardly that it appealed to everyone present. It was well illustrated with many limelight pictures. One marvelled as one listened at the power of endurance the man showed, and it seemed astonishing that his dread fear of becoming insane should not have been realised.

The last picture on the sheet was a portrait of the Sirdar. You can imagine with what storms of applause that was received, whilst the lecturer described the never-to-be-forgotten moment

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when he entered his prison and gripped him by the hand. Again and again Neufeld reiterated his praises of this great soldier and of all who were with him, who not only saved one, but thousands of prisoners from torture. It was altogether a most interesting evening, and I am quite sorry you were not with me to enjoy it too. Seeing the man and hearing him lecture made things seem very real that before were perhaps vague and shadowy.

Elsie has just arrived in Bombay, and she tells me she found everyone in a tremendous state of excitement about the departure of the troops for the Transvaal. She grumbles a good deal that she never sees anything of her husband, as he is busy from morning till night looking after the arrangements for the transports, etc. She supposes he likes it, but for her it is very dull, and she will be quite glad when all the fuss is over and they can settle down to a quieter life. You know the way she writes, as if everything had been arranged just to annoy her. She enjoys a little grievance; but really she is perfectly happy all the time, only it is a habit with her that she does not like people to think so.

Later on in the letter Elsie does allow that it was rather exciting going down to see the transports start. There was always a large crowd assembled to give them a hearty cheer as they steamed out, whilst the men on board were all in excellent spirits, singing, and cheering again in return. In every case the work of embarkation was carried on in the most speedy fashion, the scene in the docks being always one of the most indescribable bustle and hard work.

At Calcutta, too, there was much excitement over the departure of the "Nurani" and the "Henzadi," both transports carrying troops to South Africa. But it has been the same everywhere. Even far away from all Naval and Military stations no one talks or thinks of anything else. It is natural, indeed, that such excitement should be so universal, for there is not a man or woman whom one meets in any rank of life who has not a brother, friend, husband, or son either already in the Transvaal or going thither.

The result is that there is an utter cessation of military entertainments in most places. Everyone is far too busy to arrange anything of the sort. So the only dance of which I have news to tell you this week is from Simla. Alice went to it, of course, and she writes that she had a splendid time, and enjoyed every moment of it. It was given at Barnes Court, and was a calico ball, everyone being asked to go in fancy dress, and prizes were given for the costumes that showed the greatest ingenuity and the most originality of idea.

The Misses Leiter were clothed as Puritans, their grey dresses and prim caps suiting them well. The prizes were allotted by ballot, with the result that the first was awarded to Miss King, who was in a charming costume as a Watteau shepherdess, whilst Mrs. Mansfield won the second as Gainsborough's Mrs. Hallet. Amongst the men Captain Tod won the first honours as "The Game of Bridge."

Miss Violet Vivian's wedding was very smart and very pretty indeed. St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was most beautifully decorated for the occasion with palms and white flowers, and the ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Wakefield, Archdeacon of London, and Prebendary Webb-Peploe. The bride, as you know, is the daughter of the late Lord Swansea, and sister of the present peer, and the bridegroom Captain Douglas Campbell, of the Seaforth Highlanders.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Odo R. Vivian, wore a lovely dress of white satin Duchesse veiled with white chiffon and draped with Brussels lace. The bodice was made with a transparent chemisette of the Brussels lace, whilst chiffon was arranged prettily about it, and the long plain sleeves were of white satin.

There were ten bridesmaids, the Misses Vivian, sisters of the bride, Miss Evelyn Campbell, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Clarice Vivian, Miss Heneage, Miss Beatrice Loyd, and Miss Thorold, cousins of the bride. The bridesmaids' dresses were very lovely, being made of white satin with polonaises of lace, whilst the bodices were finished with fichus of chiffon and lace. Streamers of chiffon strewn with bunches of violets hung from the waist, and the hats were of violet velvet trimmed with ostrich feathers, with strings that, coming from the back of the hat, were brought round to the front of the bodice, where they were caught and fastened with a bunch of violets. Their bouquets were of white flowers, violets and bog myrtle, and they wore curb chain bracelets, both bouquets and bracelets being the gifts of the bridegroom.

The wedding presents were very beautiful, and included a handsome silver bowl from Lieutenant-Colonel Munro and the officers of the Seaforth Highlanders.

Yours affectionately,

CONSTANCE.

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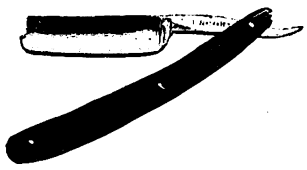

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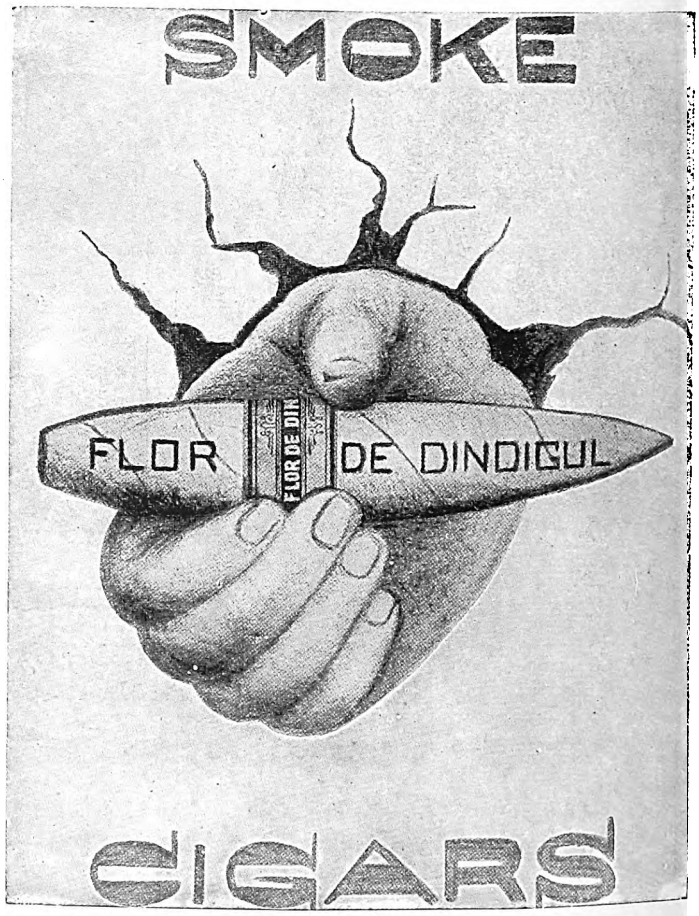

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Aldrich, Rear-Admiral Pelham, August 12, 1899.
Alington, Rear-Admiral A. H., January 31, 1896.
Andoe, Rear-Admiral H. G., November 12, 1897.
Andrews, Surgeon O. W., May 6, 1899.
Anstruther, Commander R. H., Oct. 15, 1898.
Avalon, Admiral Lord Hood of, March 5, 1897.
Awdry, R. A., Esq., April 16, 1897.
Accountant-General of the Navy.
Bacon, Commander R. H. S., February 21, 1896.
Bainbridge, Captain J. H., October 1, 1898.
Baker, Commander C. J., July 23, 1898.
Barlow, Captain C. J., January 31, 1896.
Barrow, Captain A., March 20, 1896, and July 22, 1899.
Battenberg, Prince Louis of, March 26, 1898, and April 1, 1899.
Bayly, Captain E. F., April 8, 1899.
Bedford, Rear-Admiral Sir F., August 7, 1896, April 22, 1899, and June 24, 1899.
Beresford, Vice-Adml. Lord C., Jan. 17, 1896.
Bickford, Captain A. K., October 30, 1896.
Bird, Lieutenant F. G., October 15, 1898.
Bosanquet, Rear-Admiral D. H., June 24, 1899.
Bourke, Commodore M. A., December 31, 1898.
Bridge, Vice-Admiral C. A. G., Nov. 27, 1896.
Bridgeman, Captain F. C. B., October 22, 1898.
Bridson, Commander J. R., November 26, 1898.
Brock, Captain E. E., January 31, 1896.
Bromley, Captain A. C., October 30, 1896.
Brough, Captain J., October 16, 1896.
Browning, Commander M. E., August 13, 1898.
Brownrigg Lieut.-Commander, Feb. 4, 1899.
Buckle, Vice-Admiral C. E., August 6, 1897.
Buller, Vice-Admiral Sir A., October 16, 1896, and September 16, 1899.
Burke, Captain J. H. T., May 13, 1899.
Burr, Captain J. Leslie, June 3, 1899.
Campbell, Captain C., February 21, 1896.
Campbell, Commander H. H., June 4, 1898, and June 24, 1899.
Carden, Commander S. H., February 21, 1896.
Carey, Commander E E., October 30, 1896.
Carpenter, Captain A., October 8, 1898.
Carr, Rear-Admiral H. J., April 2, 1898, and August 5, 1899.
Chamberlain, Mr. M. P., April 16, 1897.
Civil Lord of the Admiralty.
Charlton, Com. R. E. F. B., May 13, 1899.
Chaytor, Lieutenant W. C., March 18, 1899.
Cherry, Captain G. H., December 31, 1898.
Christian, Commander A. H., June 17, 1899.
Church, Rear-Admiral E. J., May 28, 1898.
Clanwilliam, Admiral Earl of, May 1, 1896.
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Cleveland, Vice-Admiral H. F., Sept. 17, 1897.
Coke, Commander C. H., November 12, 1898.
Colmore, Commander R. B., March 20, 1896.
Colomb, Vice-Admiral P. H., January 21, 1898.
Colville, Captain Hon. S., June 4, 1898.
Corner, Lieutenant F. W., June 18, 1898.
Cotton, Lieut. R. G. A. Stapleton, Nov. 5, 1898.
Cullen, Commander P., November 12, 1897.
Culme-Seymour, Admiral Sir M., Jan. 3, 1896, July 21, 1896, Oct. 22, 1898, and Sept. 16, 1899.
Cumming, Captain R., November 12, 1897.
Dale, Vice-Admiral A. T., February 21, 1896.
Davy, Lieutenant E. G., November 5, 1898.
Delmege, Surgeon, M.D., November 5, 1898.
Deverell, Commander G. S., August 12, 1899.
Domville, Vice-Admiral Sir C., October 2, 1896.
Douglas, Rear-Admiral A. L., April 8, 1899.
Dowell, Admiral Sir W. M., September 4, 1896.
D'Oyly, Lieutenant W. H., September 16, 1899.
Drummond, Vice-Admiral E. C., Jan. 22, 1897.
Dundas, Commander C. H., March 4, 1899.
Durnford, Captain J., September 24, 1898, October 22, 1898, and September 16, 1899.
Durston, Sir A. J., July 9, 1898.
Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy.
Edinburgh, Duke of, July 1, 1899.
Ellis, Lieut. E. H. F. Heaton, May 27, 1899.
Ethelston, Commander A. P., April 23, 1898.
Everett, Lieutenant A. F., March 26, 1898, and April 1, 1899.
Fairfax, Admiral Sir H., July 10, 1896, and June 10, 1899.
Fanshawe, Rear-Admiral A. D., Aug. 19, 1899.
Fawckner, Commander W. B., Sept. 17, 1898.
Fellowes, Rear-Admiral J., April 16, 1898.
Fisher, Vice-Admiral Sir J., May 29, 1896, April 22, 1899, and June 3, 1899.
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Fremantle, Lieutenant S. R., August 13, 1898.
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Gaunt, Commander E. F. A., Nov. 27, 1896.
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Gwyne, Mr. T., April 16, 1897.
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Hall, Commander H. King, Sept. 16, 1899.
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Napier, Commander Trevylyan, Sept. 16, 1899.
Neville, Captain G., June 4, 1898.
Nicholas, Lieutenant J., April 23, 1898.
Nicholson, Admiral Sir H. F., June 18, 1898.
Nicholson, Sub.-Lieut. E. H. M., Oct. 15, 1898.
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Ogilvy, Lieutenant F. C. A., June 18, 1898.
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Pike, Captain F. O., December 31, 1898.
Pocklington, Captain A. J., December 31, 1898.
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Prothero, Captain R. C., July 8, 1899.
Rawson, Rear-Admiral Sir H. H., January 8, 1897, January 7, 1899, and April 1, 1899.
Rex, Lieutenant C. G., June 24, 1899.
Rice, Rear-Admiral E., October 1, 1897.
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Rickard, Secretary H. H., October 22, 1898.
Riddle, Captain D. M., January 7, 1898.
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Seymour, Lieutenant Culme, Sept. 17, 1898.
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Stephenson, Vice-Adml. Sir H. F., July 9, 1897, February 4, 1898, March 25, 1898, and December 31, 1898.
Stewart, Admiral Sir W. H., April 30, 1897.
Streatfield, Lieutenant P., June 24, 1899.
Sturdee, Commander F. C. D., March 25, 1899.
Talbot, Commander H., July 9, 1898.
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Tudor, Commander F. C., May 6, 1899.
Tuffnell, Commander L. G., Sept. 16, 1899.
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Wells, Midshipman G. A., February 21, 1896.
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Williams, Commander A. H. G., May 27, 1899.
Williamson, Mr. J., April 16, 1897.
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Wilson, Rear-Admiral A. K., May 14, 1898.
Windham, Captain C., November 5, 1898.
Winslow, Captain A. L., June 17, 1899.
Wintz, Captain L. E., November 26, 1898.
Wolfe, Captain G. C. B., October 16, 1896.
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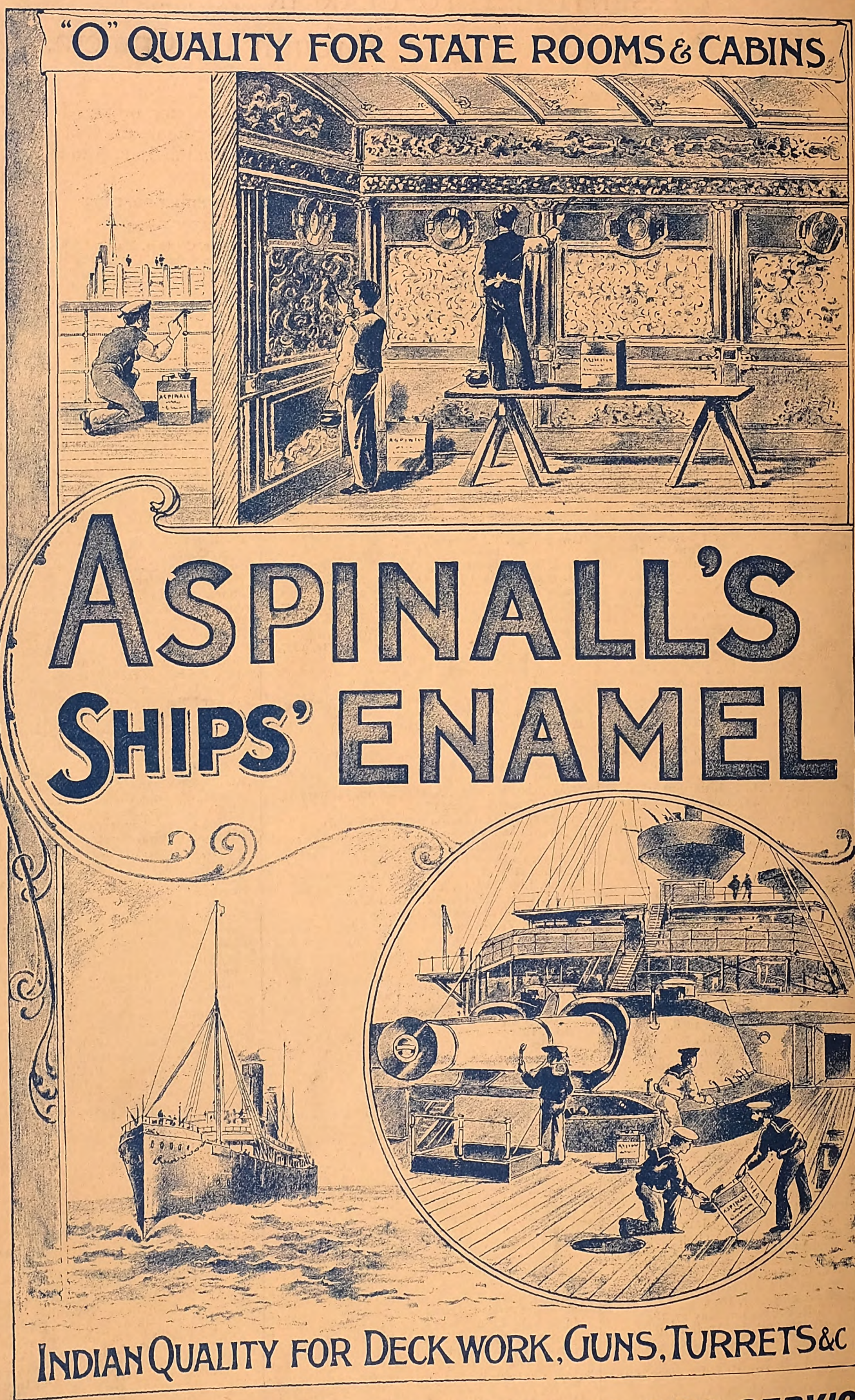

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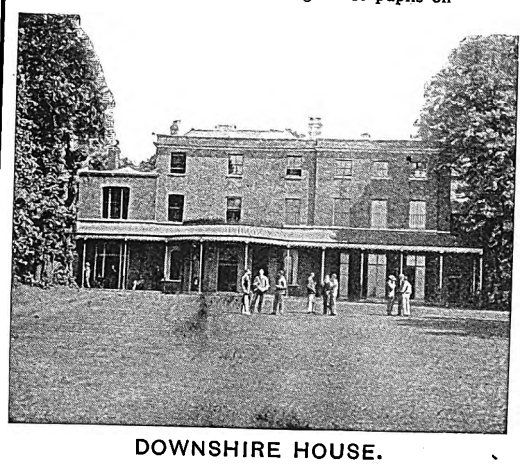

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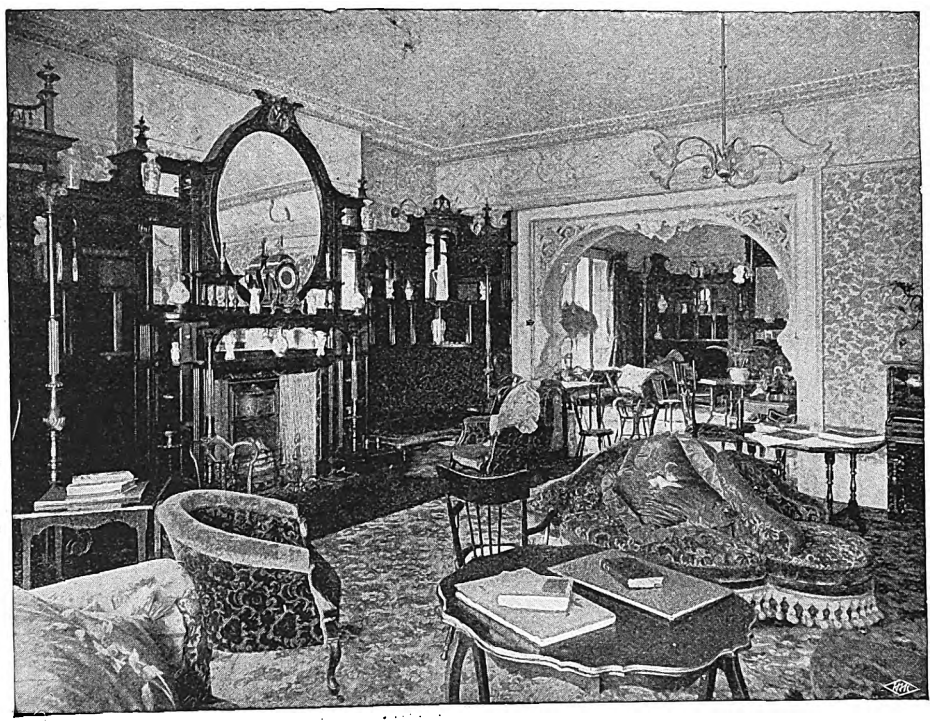
A New Hydro, and the Best.

By MICHAEL MOSCOW.

HYDROS have helped materially in maintaining the soundness of the British constitution, in a physical if not a political sense, though in this latter regard it is a truism that the healthy digestion of the Englishman has played no mean part in the proud pre-eminence that he enjoys in the comity of nations. However, I deal not now with the questions of dominancy of race, but simply with what appeals to most of us, in accord with the laws of self-preservation—the subject of personal hygiene.

In the early sixties, hydropathy was an experiment. To-day, in its larger significance of hydrotherapy, it is a great success; nay, more, it is an actual necessity in the exigencies of modern life-conditions. In these days people work at high-pressure, mentally and muscularly, and become jaded, "out of sorts," and, in a word, sufferers from *malaise*. Medicine availeth little; and hence it is that a restorative course hydrotherapeutic is "indicated," to use the physician's phrase. Little wonder is it, then, that palatial establishments have sprung into prosperous existence all over the country, from the Far North to the Sunny South, establishments modestly calling themselves Hydros, but which might well be dubbed Halls of Health. The newest of these, and unquestionably one of the best, is the CLIFTON GRAND SPA and HYDRO, just recently opened, and now in full and comfortable operation.



DRAWING ROOM

Clifton is a place that needs not the artful adventitious aid of imagination in the describing of its many advantages—unlike some other towns that have been "made" by master minds exuberant in poetic expression. Statistics, yes, dry statistics, tell the tale of its salubrity in full measure. A general death-rate of 13·2 in 1897 as compared with 19·1 for thirty-three large towns of England and Wales, and a zymotic rate of 1·0 against 2·8 testify to the health of the place. A grand air, balmy, benign, yet bracing; an equable temperature; a wealth of sunshine; and a romantic situation make Clifton an ideal residence for the seeker after health and recuperation. Another advantage of the place is its convenience of access from all parts of the Kingdom. The Midland, London and North Western, and Great Western Railways all serve Bristol with capital trainage, the latter Company, indeed, bringing London within two-and-a-half hours by a speedy and comfortable service of express trains. Nowadays, time is really the measure of distance; and time is money, as we all know.

Hence it was a right excellent idea to choose the Down of Clifton as the site of the GRAND SPA and HYDRO. The spot selected lies a hundred yards or so from the famous Suspension Bridge, and over against the historic hot-wells Spring, and the top-most station of the Rocks Railway. The Grand Pump Room, opened a few years ago, immediately adjoins, and, indeed, now forms part of the establishment. Below, and on either side, lies the Gorge of the Avon, while opposite are Leigh Woods, Nightingale Valley, and away in the distance a spur of the Mendip Hills. A more enchanting position could not have been found, but we must leave it to enter the Hydro and see what science and art besides Nature can do for the betterment of our bodies and the sequential solace of our souls.

The residential part of the house is everything that heart could wish. All the rooms are big and airy, bright and sunny, except a few that are reserved for those who prefer less spacious quarters and subdued lighting. The public apartments open upon the beautiful scenery of the Avon, and are fitted and furnished with everything that modern methods can suggest. Even the smoke-room is a Moorish miracle of art, while science finds play in the billiard-room, where a couple of fine tables by Thurston tempt the *cue*-rious. Cosy corners abound, even the landing being provided with luxurious couches and chairs, though there is no "getting up stairs" unless you so desire, a passenger elevator being provided.

The way to an Englishman's heart is popularly supposed to be through his digestive apparatus; but whether this be so or not, the fact remains that the *cuisine* at Clifton Spa and Hydro is simply capital. A clever *chef* commands the kitchen, and caters equally for the man blessed with a hearty appetite (he soon gets one at Clifton!) and the dyspeptic who needs special care in the administration of his diet scale. The table is at once liberal, refined, appropriate, and ample. There is nothing of the semi-starvation that is unfortunately too common at some Hydros, as I have experienced to my exasperation of soul and exhaustion of body. Oh! those Sunday suppers at certain Scotch Spas! "A few parritch" and a "whee ie" of dry cheese, washed down with water, followed by a night of sleeplessness aggravated by a morbid craving to eat the soap! But at Clifton they are merciful as well as magnificent. Do you wake in the night and think you need sustenance, you have but to touch an electric bell, and lo! you are served with a cup of hot cocoa and a rusk. Or, on your way to the bath, fortifiers are supplied in the shape of hot fluid foods with biscuits, and so forth—often a necessary thing with those who are not over strong.

The baths themselves are quite unique. No pains or expense have been spared to this end. The best Continental systems have been observed, and in some cases improved upon, the result being that every approved method of treatment is here procurable, from the saline and effervescent baths of Nauheim to the Aix-douche, from electricity to the pack, from the Turkish to the Russian. And the installation is further excellent from the fact that it is all in duplicate. The ladies have an equally complete hydropathic fitment; and it thus becomes possible for all the members of a family to take their baths at the same hour instead of, as at many places, at odd times—to the disturbance of pleasure plans to be enjoyed together.

The whole establishment is under the medical supervision of the resident physician, Dr. C. J. Whitby, who brings his long experience at other Hydros to bear in the administration of the curative resources of the place. The peculiar needs of every patient are carefully observed, and the method of treatment prescribed and directed. Thus, no one is left to the rule of thumb treatment of the ordinary Hydro, but each case receives its own special care, with all the skill that modern medicine and applied science can ensure.

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Fourth Week.]

THE QUARTERS OF THE INFANTRY REGIMENTS.*

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	2.	Lieut.-Col. F. Lloyd, D.S.O.	Chelsea
	3.	Lieut.-Col. E. M. S. Crabbe	For South Africa
Coldstream G'ds	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. E. Codrington	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. R. Stopford	For South Africa
	3.	Lieut.-Col. V. J. Dawson	Tower of London
Scots Guards	1.	Col. A. H. Paget	For South Africa
	A.	2. Col. I. R. Jones	Wellington Bar'ks.
Royal Scots (1st)	1.	Lieut.-Col. E. P. Morgan-Payler.	Belfast
	2.	Lieut.-Col. T. F. Ross	Poona
Queen's (Rl. West Surrey Reg., 2nd)	1.	Col. J. S. Collins	Gharial, Punjab
	2.	Lt.-Col. E. O. F. Hamilton	For South Africa
The Buffs (East Kent Reg., 3rd)	1.	Col. A. E. Ommanney	Kamptee
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. A. Hickson	Brighton
King's Own (Rl. Lancaster 4th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. Rowlandson	Singapore
	2.	Lieut.-Col. E. W. Yeatherd	Lichfield
Northumberland Fusiliers (5th).	1.	Lt.-Col. C. G. C. Money, C.B.	Cape Colony
	2.	Lt.-Col. R. L. A. Pennington	For South Africa
Ryl. Warwickshire Regiment (6th).	1.	Lt.-Col. W. E. G. Forbes, C.B.	Madras
	2.	Lieut.-Col. M. Q. Jones, C.B.	Colchester
	B.	3. Lieut.-Col. A. W. F. Jackson	Malta
Royal Fusiliers (7th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. R. P. B. Rodick	Nusseerabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. C. Donald	For South Africa
	B.	3. Lieut.-Col. J. E. Briggs	Gibraltar
King's (Liverpool Regiment, 8th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. L. S. Mellor	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. S. H. Harrison	Enniskillen
Norfolk Regiment (9th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. L. Govan	Bombay
	2.	Lieut.-Col. L. H. Phillips	Fermoy
Lincolnshire Reg. (10th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. R. Lowth, C.B.	Secunderabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. R. Roberts	Aldershot
Devonshire Reg. (11th).	1.	Col. J. H. Yule	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. M. Bullock	For South Africa
Suffolk Regiment (12th)	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. J. Watson	Dover
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. R. Townley	Quetta
Somersetshire L.I. (13th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. A. Walsh	Rawal Pindi
	2.	Lieut.-Col. E. J. Gallwey	For South Africa
West Yorkshire Regiment (14th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. Grant-Dalton	Kurrachee
	2.	Col. F. W. Kitchener	For South Africa
East Yorkshire Regiment (15th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. F. Garnett	Belgaum
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. W. Ward	Templemore
Bedfordshire Reg. (16th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. H. Riddell	Mooltan
	2.	Col. W. O. Cavenagh	Dublin
Leicestershire Reg. (17th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. D. Carleton	Ladysmith, Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. W. McKinstry	Curragh
Royal Irish Reg. (18th).	1.	Lt.-Col. H. W. N. Guinness	Buttevant
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. B. Forster	Mhow
Yorkshire Reg. (19th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. Bowles	Bradford
	2.	Lt.-Col. C. J. Spottiswoode	Dagshai
Lancashire Fus. (20th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. L. E. May	Crete
	2.	Lt.-Cl. C. J. Blomfield, D.S.O.	Chatham
	B.	3. Lieut.-Col. R. G. Bruxner-Randall.	Malta
Royal Scots Fus. (21st).	1.	Lt.-Col. A. H. Abercrombie	Peshawur
	2.	Lieut.-Col. E. E. Carr	For South Africa
Cheshire Regiment (22nd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. W. Bromfield	Secunderabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. F. Curteis	Limerick
Royal Welsh Fus. (23rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. C. H. Thorold	For South Africa
	2.	Lt.-Col. Hon. R. H. Bertie	Hong Kong
South Wales Borderers (24th).	1.	Lt.-Col. H. G. Mainwaring	Chakrata
	2.	Col. R. A. P. Clements, D.S.O., A.D.C.	Dublin
K.O. Scottish Borderers (25th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. W. Godfray	Dublin
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. T. W. Hewat	Cawnpore
Cameronians (Sct. Rifles, 26th-90th)	1.	Lieut.-Col. S. H. Lomax	Lucknow
	2.	Lieut.-Col. E. Cooke	For South Africa
Royal Inniskilling Fus. (27th-108th)	1.	Lt.-Col. T. M. G. Thackeray	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. M. Greenfield	Dalhousie
Gloucestershire Reg. (28th-61st).	1.	Lieut.-Col. E. P. Wilford	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. F. Lindsell	Aldershot
Worcestershire Reg. (29th-36th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. O. H. Oakes	Plymouth
	2.	Lieut.-Col. F. S. Allen	Bermuda
East Lancashire Reg. (30th-59th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. J. A. Wright	Jersey
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. G. Watson	Ranikhet
East Surrey Reg. (31st-70th).	1.	Lt.-Col. W. J. H. Frodsham	Jhansi
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. H. W. Harris	For South Africa
Duke of Cornwall's L.I. (32nd-46th).	1.	Col. C. F. A. Turnbull	Lucknow
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. Aldworth, D.S.O.	For South Africa
D. of Wellington's (W. Riding Reg., 33rd-76th).	1.	Lt.-Col. G. E. Lloyd, D.S.O.	Dover
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. E. Belfield	Bangalore
Border Regiment (34th-55th).	1.	Col. T. H. E. Hinde	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. S. Wood	Bareilly
Royal Sussex Reg. (35th-107th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. B. D. A. Donne	Malta
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. C. Young	Sealkote
Hampshire Reg. (37th-67th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. R. Parkinson	Cherat, Punjab
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. E. Briggs	Cork
South Staffords're Reg. (38th-80th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. C. Savage	Kinsale
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. Moore	Thayetmyo, Burma
Dorsetshire Reg. (39th-54th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. J. J. Kentish	Nowshera, Punjab
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. Law	Shorncliffe
South Lancashire Reg. (40th-82nd)	1.	L.-C. W. McCarthy-O'Leary	Preston
	2.	L.-C. A. F. G. Richardson	Jubbulpore
Welsh Regiment (41st-69th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. R. J. F. Banfield	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. F. S. L. Penno	Ahmednugger
The Black Watch (Ryl. Highland's 42nd-73rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. E. G. Grogan	Sitapur
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	2.	Col. F. H. Plowden	Ferozepore
Essex Regiment (44th-56th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. T. E. Stephenson	Warley
	2.	Lieut.-Col. T. Stock	Shwebo, Burma
Sherwood F'r'sters (Derbyshire Rg., (45th-95th).	1.	Col. H. L. Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O.	Crete
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Northamptonshire Reg. (48th-58th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. B. Capper	Allahabad
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Rl. Berkshire Reg. (49th-66th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. C. Carter	Portsmouth
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	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. St. L. Barter	Mauritius
King's (Shropshire L.I., 53rd-85th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. Collette	Poona
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. Spens	For South Africa
Middlesex Reg. (57th-77th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. G. White	Welling'n, Madras
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King's Royal Rifle Corps (60th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. R. H. Gunning	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. G. Grimwood	Natal
	3.	L.-C. R. G. Buchanan-Riddell	For South Africa
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Wiltshire Regim't. (62nd-99th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. C. Harford	Quetta
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. M. Carter	Guernsey
Manchester Reg. (63rd-96th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. E. R. Curran	Natal
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North Staffords're Reg. (64th-98th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. T. Currie, C.B.	Subathu
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. E. Bradley	Newry
York & Lancaster Reg. (65th-84th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. J. Kirkpatrick	York
	2.	Col. H. Boughey	Agra
Durham Light I. (68th-106th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. L. Woodland	For South Africa
	2.	Lt.-Col. A. de B. V. Paget	Mandalay
Highland Light I. (71st-74th).	1.	Col. F. M. Reid	For South Africa
	2.	Lt.-Col. R. D. B. Rutherford	Ceylon
Seaforth Highl'rs (72nd-78th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. A. Campbell	Egypt
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. W. Hughes-Hallett, D.S.O.	For South Africa
Gordon Highl'rs (75th-92nd).	1.	Lt.-Col. G. T. F. Downman	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. H. Dick-Cunyngham, V.C.	Natal
Q.O. Cameron H'rs (79th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. T. F. A. Watson-Kennedy.	Egypt
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hunt	Aldershot
Royal Irish Rifles (83rd-86th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. Haggard	Dum Dum
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. A. Eagar	For South Africa
Ryl. Irish Fusiliers (87th-89th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. R. C. Carleton	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. Reeves	For South Africa
Connaught Ran's (88th-94th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. L. G. Brooke	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. E. Harman	Meerut
Argyll & Sutherl'd H'rs (91st-93rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. H. Campbell	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. L. J. Goff	Ranikhet
Leinster Regiment (100th-109th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. Martin	Halifax, N.S.
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. G. Glancy	Barbados
Ryl. Munster Fus. (101st-104th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. E. S. Evans	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. P. S. Druitt	Dinapore
Royal Dublin Fus. (102nd-103rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. A. Mills	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. D. Cooper	Maritzburg, Natal
Rifle Brigade	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. B. Norcott	For South Africa
	2.	Lt.-Col. C. T. E. Metcalfe	Cape Frontier
	3.	Lieut.-Col. W. R. Kenyon-Slaney.	Kuldana
	4.	Lieut.-Col. A. R. Pemberton	Dublin
West India Reg.	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. L. Bayley	Sierra Leone
	2.	Lieut.-Col. D. M. Allen	Jamaica
	3.	Lieut.-Col. A. Bor	St. Helena
Hong Kong Reg.		Lieut.-Col. J. M. A. Retallick	Hong Kong
Chinese Regiment	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. Bower	Wei-hai-Wei
West African Reg.		L.-C. G. G. Cunningham, D.S.O.	
B.C. Africa Rifles	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. H. Manning	Central Africa
	2.	Major H. E. J. Brake, R.A.	Mauritius
Provisional Batt.		Lieut.-Col. C. H. Kelly	Shorncliffe

A. 3rd Battalion about to be formed. *B. 4th Battalion in course of formation.*

* *The disposition of all our Forces in South Africa is given in every number of the "Navy and Army Illustrated."*

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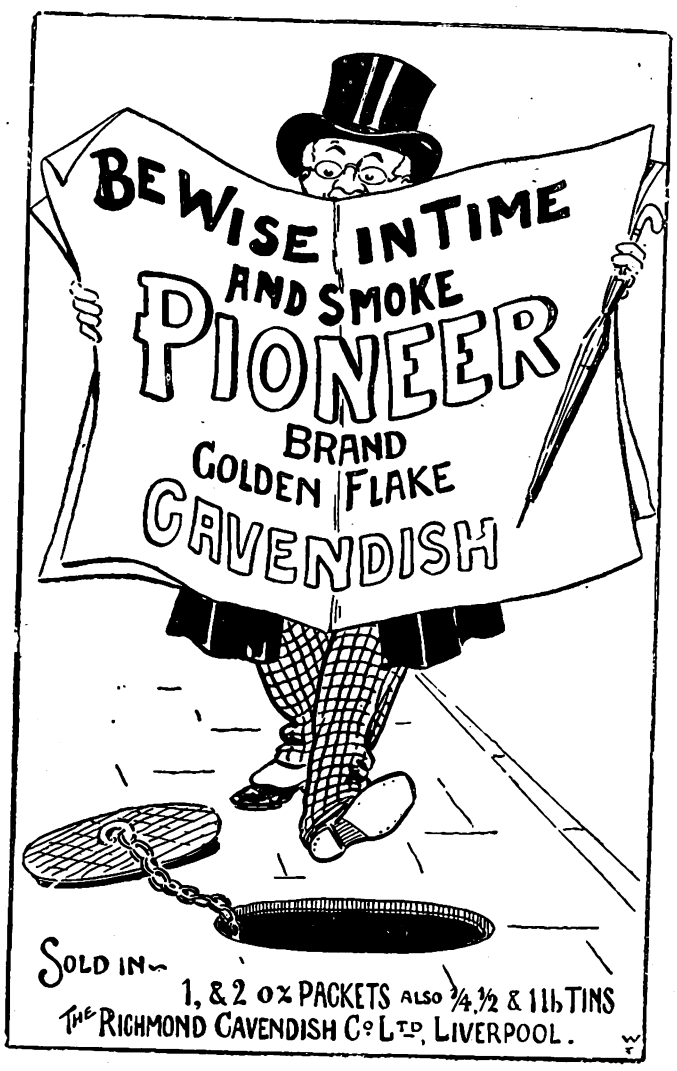

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My dear Betty,—Was there ever a season in the year when you were not busy buying clothes for yourself, or, as is more frequently the case, choosing them for one or other of your numerous friends scattered all over the known world. You are apt to call yourself an idler, yet it always seems to me that your occupation is as arduous as any of the recognised professions women can enter. You have gained a character for good nature, and now you have to live up to it, or become a bitter disappointment to "all who knew you." At this moment, you say, your thoughts are chiefly concentrated on hats, on the important questions as to the shape they should take, the material of which they should be made, and the size they should attain, in order to be fashionable. To take the last question first. It is quite imperative that hats should be very large, or very small, and if small that they should take the form of a toque. The medium-sized hat must not be worn. It is not to be seen on anyone who wishes to be well dressed, nor, indeed, I may say in passing, are bonnets. For a long time now our mothers and grandmothers, who are old-fashioned enough to like to dress in a manner that they consider suitable to their age, have been lamenting deeply at this stern decree. They wander round all the shops in London, only to return home in despair; and then sadly they try to compose their minds to face the adoption of the juvenile toque.

As to the shape of these toques, they can really be turned and twisted just to suit the particular style of each wearer. Some are neat, trim little arrangements, fitting the head closely like a crown of fur or velvet. Others are twisted and crumpled up in the most fantastic fashion. Many have high narrow crowns, and these last are likely to be favourites, giving as they do the height which is needed to make any headgear becoming to the average woman.

The materials used are panne, velvet, fur, or felt, and combinations of the same. The one that is here sketched for you is composed of white fox, trimmed with a knot of green velvet, and finished with an osprey fastened on one side with a quaint antique jewelled ornament; it is decidedly pretty, as are all these white fox toques. All fur enhances the beauty of a good complexion, but white fox seems to have this power in a greater degree than its brethren, sable, mink, ermine, or chinchilla, all of which are so much seen just now. Another very smart toque is of hairy felt in a light shade of brown, and trimmed with ostrich feathers in a contrasting and darker brown. In the front is an upright ribbon bow fastened with an old paste buckle, and from the latter rises a bird of Paradise plume. Another is of crumpled felt trimmed with velvet and ostrich feathers. The felt is white, and the velvet an emerald green, which perhaps sounds rather heavy-looking, but in reality it is exceedingly pretty, and very smart too.

WHITE FOX TOQUE.

The large hats are chiefly of felt or velvet. The latter are stitched all over, after the manner so much in vogue just now. To my mind, it spoils the effect of the velvet, taking off just the softness which is its charm. But as fashion decrees the stitching is to prevail, I suppose we must bow our heads and submit. Some of the large velvet hats are lined with folds of white chiffon or soft silk, and sometimes with long ostrich feathers. Nothing could be prettier. At other times these linings are in pink, or other delicate colours which may suit the wearer better than white. But nothing is in better taste than the pure white. Faint old-world tints of velvet are also used for the hats themselves; so you see there is a great variety in the choice of millinery set before you, such a variety, indeed, that I have been tempted to discourse to you too long on this subject, and I must hurry on to tell you my news.

You have known for a very long time now that Bertha has been extremely interested in the Royal Seamen and Marines' Orphan Home and Schools, and she is always planning some work or other to help on their funds. This morning I had a long letter from her telling me of the annual ball which is given in aid of the institution, under the special patronage of the Lords of the Admiralty, and which she generally thinks it is her duty to attend. It came off last week at Southsea, in the Esplanade Assembly Rooms, and in every way it was a great success. Mr. Goschen was there, also Admiral Douglas, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord William Kerr, Sir Baker Russell and Lady Baker Russell, Sir Michael Culme-Seymour and Lady Culme-Seymour, Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich, and numbers of Naval and Military officers attached to the port and garrison. Lady Culme-Seymour's dress of black velvet was draped with old guipure, and she wore diamond ornaments and tiara. Her daughter, Mrs. Napier, was also in black, with the bodice arranged with turquoise velvet and lace. Lady Baker Russell wore white corded silk trimmed with lace. Lady Tuson was in black and pink brocade. Miss Hallowes wore a lovely dress of grey satin, brocaded with pink rosebuds, and the bodice was arranged with rose-coloured chiffon. Mrs. Isherwood was in black embroidered with silver, and diamond ornaments. Many other dresses Bertha described to me, but I leave them to tell you of the "At Home" given by Major-General R. M. Stewart and the officers of the Royal Artillery stationed at Portsmouth, Gosport, and Hilsea.

This was also a great success. It took place at the Town Hall, Portsmouth, and no fewer than 2,000 people were present. The Artillery band, as you may imagine, was much

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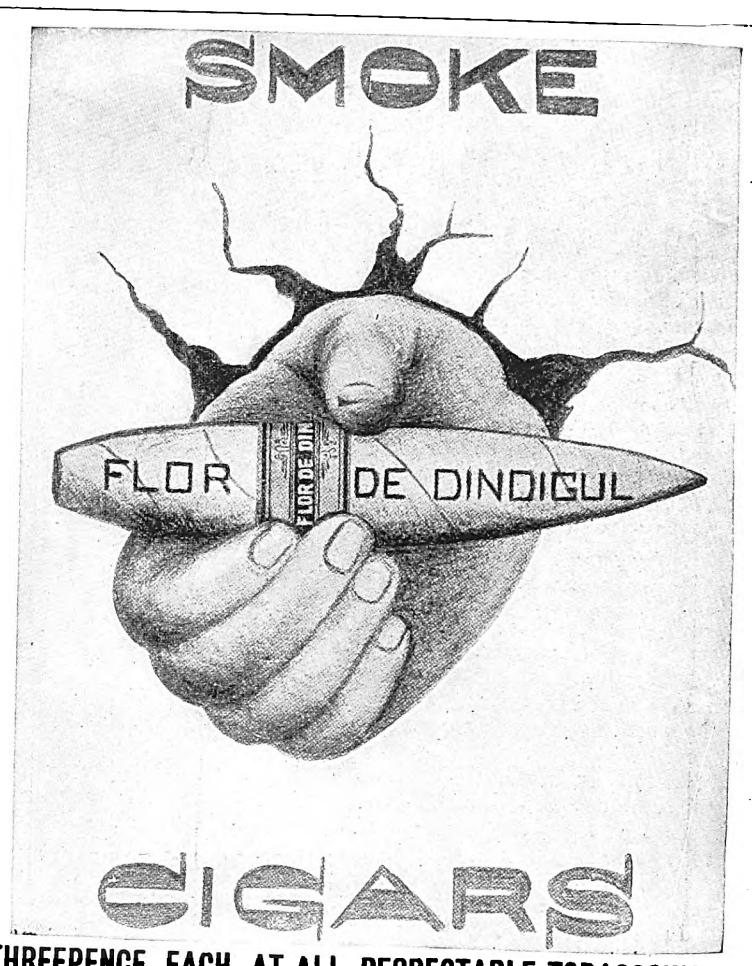

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appreciated, and "Rule, Britannia!" which opened the programme, was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. Tea was served in the Mayor's banqueting-room, and at long tables in the corridors. All the arrangements were in the hands of Captain Rosseter, Major Block, Major Wynyard, Captain Grepe, and Captain Strange, who certainly did all they could to make the afternoon enjoyable.

Bertha also tells me that she went over to Southampton to see Sir Redvers Buller and his staff embark. Of course the crowd there was tremendous, and the enthusiasm very great. The country certainly seems to have gone quite mad over this war, and our troops have no cause for complaint in the hearty farewells with which they have all been sent off. And you should have seen the people crowding round Chelsea and Wellington Barracks when the Reserves were coming in. Each man might have been some entirely new description of soldier, judging from the interest he excited.

You and all women of Great Britain can show very real interest in these men who have gone to fight for their country, by sending a contribution to the National Red Cross Society, for which the *Ladies' Field* has, with the approval of Lord Wantage, opened a subscription list. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to the secretary of the *Ladies' Field* and the National Red Cross Society, and crossed "Capital and Counties Bank." The funds thus subscribed will help to supply two hospital railway trains for the transport of the sick and wounded in the Transvaal, and provide for the employment of a hospital ship for their conveyance from Natal to the Cape and home.

No matter how small the amount, any subscription will be gratefully received. And I expect many women will be glad to feel that they can in this way help, if it be only a little, to relieve the terrible sufferings that must be always the accompaniment of war, however "glorious."

Indeed, in one way or another, there is a very great deal that everyone can do just now to show that their sympathy with our soldiers and their families goes deeper than the surface, and is not merely worked up by the excitement of the moment.

Yesterday I was talking to the secretary of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, who told me how greatly they are in need of funds in the present emergency. It is easy to understand this. For if you realise how many men will soon be serving in South Africa, you may have a vague idea of the enormous number of women and children who must be in great need of help and support. And it is to give such help and support when husbands and fathers are on active service that the association exists.

It is, as you know, by no means a new society, hastily got together to meet the demands of the moment, but it is of long standing, and a recognised national society, with the Queen as patron, and the Princess of Wales as president, whilst it numbers the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and the Duke of Connaught amongst its trustees. It is the association, too, to which Sir Redvers Buller hoped the canteens of the various regiments proceeding abroad would make liberal allowances. So you see that it is not only supported by ladies of high degree, but also by generals and commanding officers.

But though the society is of such long standing and well recognised, you can understand that its funds are not so boundless that they can, without extra assistance, do all that will be required of them on an occasion like the present. So a special appeal has been issued, with the sanction of the Princess of Wales and the council—an appeal that you may have seen in the daily papers—asking for extra subscriptions and donations. Thus, my dear Betty, you can render great assistance by taking a collecting card, by getting up entertainments for the support of the association, by asking the clergy of the churches and chapels in your neighbourhood to give offertories for the same purpose, or by sending money of your own straight to the office, 23, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W. In any of these ways you can help, and you will then know that you are doing something to alleviate the distress amongst our soldiers' wives, whether they are married "on the strength," "off the strength," or whether their husbands are in the Reserve, and now serving with the colours.

Oddly enough, after talking yesterday to the secretary, to-day I had a visit from a friend who is doing a great deal for the society at Weybridge. She came to ask me to call your attention to the special appeal, and to ask you to give all the assistance you can. One word more and I shall have done. Don't forget if you send any subscriptions to the treasurer, Colonel James Gildea, at the office in Queen Anne's Gate, that cheques and postal orders should be crossed "Coutts and Co."; and remember every penny will be of use.

Yours affectionately,

CONSTANCE.

*** *Communications, enquiries, and other correspondence relating to matters referred to in the above letter should be addressed to the Editor at this office, with "Fashions" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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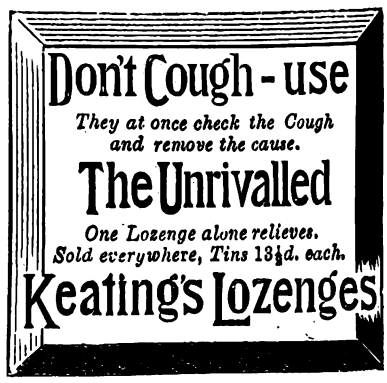

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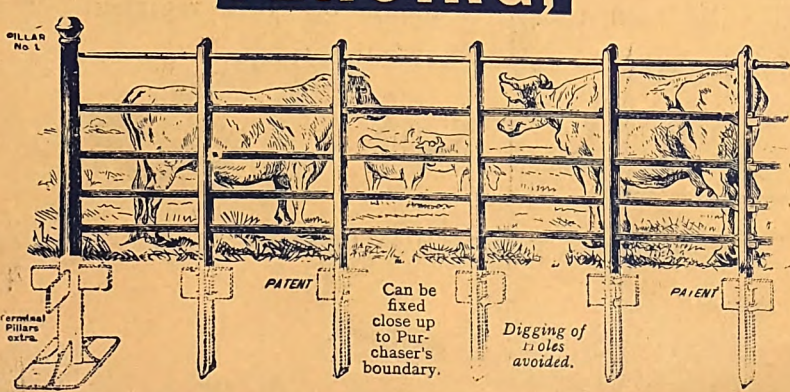

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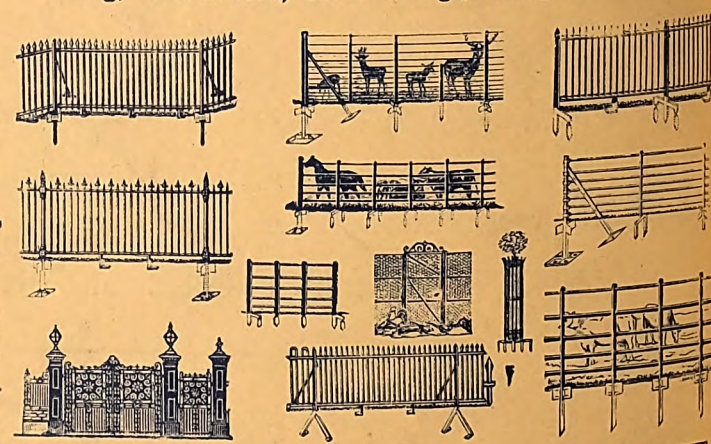

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ATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4th, 1899.

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Vol. IX.—No. 144. **Saturday, November 4th, 1899.**

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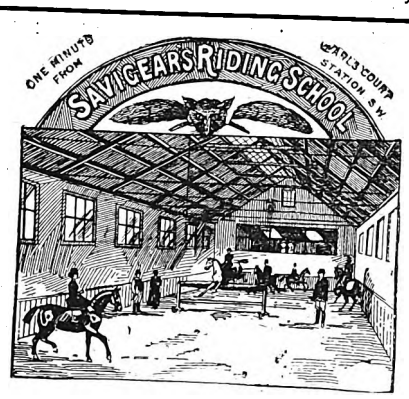

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P. MICHELLI, Secretary.

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LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand W.C., 7.45 p.m. "With Flying Colours."
AVENUE, W.C., 8 p.m. "An Interrupted Honeymoon."
COMEDY, Panton St., W.
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. "Hearts are Trumps."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Christian."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Sign of the Cross."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "El Capitan." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8 p.m. "The Moonlight Blossom."
PRINCESS'S, W.
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.30 p.m. H.M.S. "Pinafore."—"Trial by Jury."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Prince of Borneo."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "Capt. Birchell's Luck."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "Sporting Life."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Great Ruby."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The White Heather." Sat. 2.30.
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "Two Little Vagabonds."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. "Paul Jones."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Derby Winner."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "In Old Kentucky." Thurs. 2.30.
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E. "Lost in London."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Adventure of Lady Ursula." Wed. 2.30.
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m. "A Greek Slave."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "The Great Ruby."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 8 p.m. "The Three Musketeers."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E. "Serving the Queen."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "Sweet Nancy."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Sins of the Fathers."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The Tyranny of Tears."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Thou Shalt not Kill."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junct'n, S.W., 8 p.m. "Little Miss Nobody."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "My Jack."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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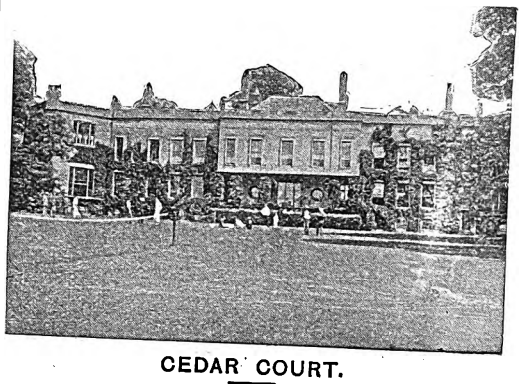

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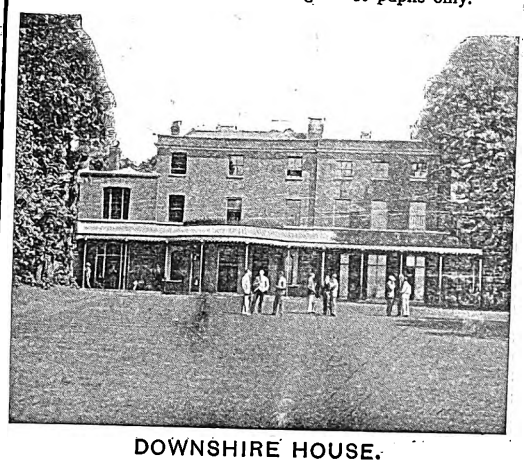

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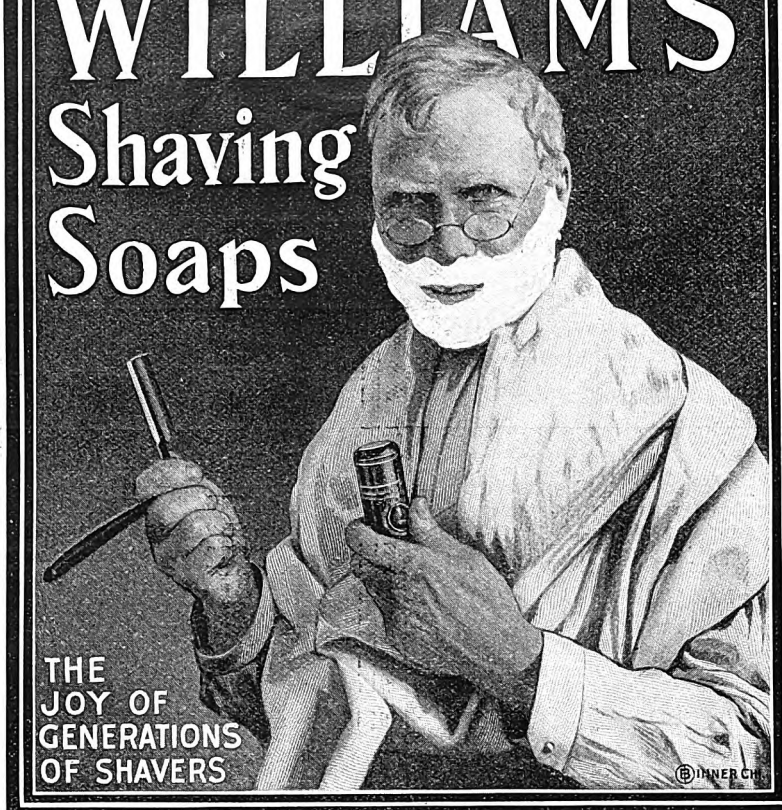

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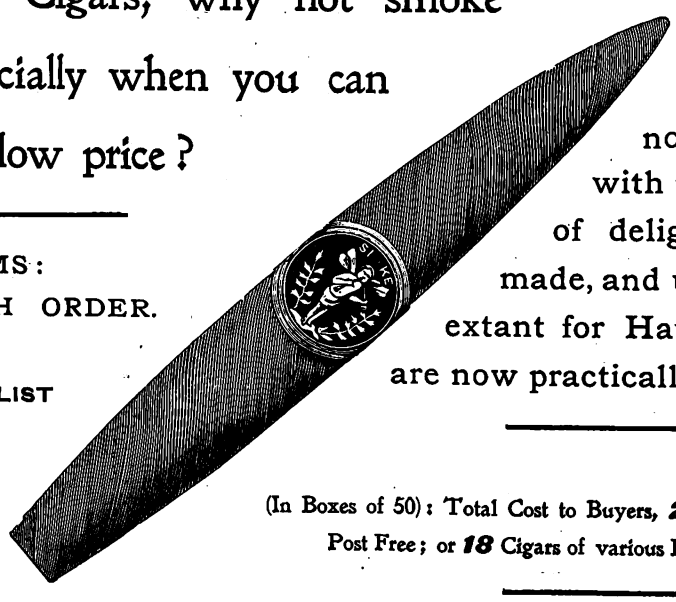

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Royal Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

First Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. h.d.s. Harbour Defence Ship. d.v. Despatch Vessel. y. Yacht. sur.v. Surveying Vessel. d.s. Depot-ship. r.g.b. River Gun-boat. t.d.s. Torpedo Depot-ship.

Abyssinia, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Alacrity, *d.v.*	Com. A. H. Smith-Dorrien	China
Alert, *sloop*	Com. H. Savile	North America
Algerine, *sloop*	Com. E. J. W. Slade	China
Amphion, *cr.*	Capt. Frank Finnis	Pacific
Andromeda, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Burr, C.M.G.	Mediterranean
Anson, *B.*	Capt. W. Wilson	Mediterranean
Ardent, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. F. E. Walters	Mediterranean
Astræa, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. Paget	Mediterranean
Assaye, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. O. U. Coates	East Indies
Aurora, *cr.*	Capt. E. H. Bayly	China
Banshee, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. H. L. Watts-Jones	Mediterranean
Barfleur, *B.*	Capt. Hon. S. C. J. Colville, C.B. (Rear-Al. C. C. P. Fitzgerald)	China
Barracouta, *cr.*	Com. R. H. Peirse	C. of Good Hope
Barrosa, *cr.*	Com. W. F. Tunnard	C. of Good Hope
Beagle, *sloop*	Com. Hon. H. A. S. Stanhope	S. E. C. of America
Bonaventure, *cr.*	Ct. R. A. J. Montgomerie, C.B.	China
Boomerang, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Boxer, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. J. Twiselton-Wykeham-Fiennes	Mediterranean
Brisk, *cr.*	Com. R. B. S. Wrey	China
Bruizer, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. M. L. Hulton	Mediterranean
Buzzard, *sloop*	Com. L. F. G. Tippinge	North America
Cæsar, *B.*	Capt. E. H. Gamble	Mediterranean
Centurion, *B.*	Capt. J. R. Jellicoe (Vice-Adml. Sir E. H. Seymour, K.C.B.).	China
Cockatrice, *g.b.*	Com. H. N. Rolfe	Danube
Columbine, *y.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Williamson	North America
Comus, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Giffard	North America
Crescent, *cr.*	Capt. C. J. G. Sawle (Vice-Adl. Sir F. G. D. Bedford, K.C.B.).	North America
Cruiser, *sloop*	Com. L. G. Tufnell	Mediterranean
Daphne, *sloop*	Com. C. W. Winnington-Ingram.	China
Dart, *sur.v.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. Parry	Australia
Devastation, *B.*	Capt. F. S. Inglefield	Gibraltar
Dido, *cr.*	Capt. G. Neville	Mediterranean
Doris, *cr.*	Ct. R. C. Prothero (Rear-Adml. Sir R. H. Harris, K.C.M.G.).	C. of Good Hope
Dragon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Lambert	Mediterranean
Dwarf, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. F. Shakespear	C. of Good Hope
Earnest, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Baird	Mediterranean
Eclipse, *cr.*	Capt. P. W. Bush (Rear-Admiral H. D. Bosanquet).	East Indies
Egeria, *sur.v.*	Com. M. H. Smyth	Pacific
Empress of India *B*	Capt. H. H. Dyke	Mediterranean
Endymion, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Callaghan	China
Esk, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Chadwick	China
Fame, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. J. B. Keyes	China
Fearless, *cr.*	Com. H. R. P. Floyd	Mediterranean
Flora, *cr.*	Commodore R. L. Groome	S. E. C. of America
Foam, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Forte, *cr.*	Capt. E. P. Jones	C. of Good Hope
Griffon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. Hon. H. G. Brand	Mediterranean
Halcyon, *t.g.b.*	Com. S. W. A. H. Gray	Mediterranean
Handy, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. A. Moreton	China
Harrier, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. P. Walter	Mediterranean
Hart, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Hazard, *t.g.b.*	Com. P. V. Lewes, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Hebe, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Taylor	Mediterranean
Herald, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Harvey	River Zambesi
Hermione, *cr.*	Capt. R. S. D. Cumming	China
Hibernia, *d.s.*	Com. W. Ricketts (Rear-Adml. R. M. Lloyd, C.B.).	Malta Reserves
Hood, *B.*	Capt. A. C. Corry	Mediterranean
Hotspur, *h.d.s.*	Com. C. S. Elliot	Bermuda
Humber, *store-ship*	Com. H. J. Davison	China
Hussar, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. M. R. Hill	Mediterranean
Icarus, *sloop*	Com. G. F. S. Knowling	Pacific
Illustrious, *B.*	Capt. Sir R. Poore, Bart.	Mediterranean
Imogene, *d.v.*	Com. E. J. Bain	Mediterranean
Indefatigable, *cr.*	Capt. F. L. Campbell	North America
Iphigenia, *cr.*	Capt. H. N. Dudding	China
Isis, *cr.*	Capt. G. M. Henderson	Mediterranean
Karrakatta, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Harbord	Australia
Katoomba, *cr.*	Capt. H. W. S. Gibson	Sydney Reserves
Lapwing, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Lambert	East Indies
Leander, *cr.*	Capt. F. F. Fegen	Pacific
Liffey, *d.s.*	Staff-Com. P. H. Wright	Coquimbo
Linnet, *g.b.*	Com. W. W. Smythe	China
Lizard, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Watson	Australia
Magdala, *h.d.s.*	Capt. H. L. Fleet	Bombay Reserves
Magicienne, *cr.*	Capt. W. B. Fisher	C. of Good Hope
Marathon, *cr.*	Capt. J. G. M. Field	East Indies
Melita, *sloop*	Com. I. M. Fraser, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Melpomene, *cr.*	Capt. J. Denison	East Indies
Mildura, *cr.*	Capt. H. Leah	Australia
Mohawk, *cr.*	Com. F. H. P. W. Freeman	Australia
Monarch, *B.*	Capt. R. D. B. Bruce	Simon's Bay
Mosquito, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. L. Cox	River Zambesi
Nymphe, *sloop*	Com. R. B. Farquhar	Mediterranean
Orion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Orlando, *cr.*	Capt. J. H. T. Burke	China
Partridge, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Hunt	C. of Good Hope
Peacock, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. S. G. Douglas	China
Pearl, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. C. Goodrich	North America
Pegasus, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cochran	S. E. C. of America
Penguin, *sur.v.*	Capt. J. W. Combe	Australia
Phaeton, *cr.*	Capt. F. G. Kirby	Pacific
Pheasant, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. G. Smith	Pacific
Philomel, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. Bearcroft	C. of Good Hope
Phœnix, *sloop*	Com. R. P. Cochran	China
Pigeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. H. Moubray	East Indies
Pigmy, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. E. Green	China
Plassy, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Plover, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. V. de M. Cowper	China
Polyphemus, *ram*	Com. E. L. Lang	Mediterranean
Pomone, *cr.*	Capt. E. A. Simons	East Indies
Porpoise, *cr.*	Com. A. H. D. Ravenhill	Australia
Powerful, *cr.*	Capt. Hon. Hedworth Lambton	C. of Good Hope
Proserpine, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Marx	North America
Psyche, *cr.*	Ct. F. C. Pelly	North America
Pylades, *cr.*	Com. R. G. O. Tupper	Australia
Quail, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. H. Rymer	North America
Racoon, *cr.*	Com. G. H. Hewett	East Indies
Rambler, *sur.v.*	Com. H. E. P. Cust	West Indies
Ramillies, *B.*	Capt. W. des V. Hamilton	Mediterranean
Rattler, *g.b.*	Lt.-Com. Hon. G. A. Hardinge.	China
Redpole, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. F. H. Booth.	China
Renown, *B.*	Capt. D. McN. Riddel (Vice-Admiral Sir J. A. Fisher, K.C.B.).	Mediterranean
Revenge, *B.*	Capt. C. J. Briggs (Rear-Admiral Sir G. H. U. Noel, K.C.M.G.).	Mediterranean
Ringarooma, *cr.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Ringdove, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. F. Ayscough	Australia
Rocket, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Royal Arthur, *cr.*	Capt. C. G. Dicken (Rear-Adml. H. L. Pearson).	Australia
Royal Oak, *B.*	Capt. W. H. B. Graham	Mediterranean
Royal Sovereign, *B.*	Capt. M. P. O'Callaghan	Mediterranean
Rupert, *h.d.s.*	Com. A. B. G. Grenfell.	Alexandria
Salamander, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. C. Villiers	Mediterranean
Sandfly, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Sandpiper, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. C. Carr	China
Scorpion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Snipe, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Oldham	China
Sparrow, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. D. Wilkin, D.S.O.	C. of Good Hope
Sparrowhawk, *t.b.d*	(Reserve Esquimault)	Pacific
Sphinx, *s.*	Com. H. A. Phillips.	East Indies
Stork, *sur.v.*	Com. H. J. Gedge	Mediterranean
Surprise, *d.v.*	Com. F. W. F. Hervey	Mediterranean
Swallow, *sloop*	Com. E. F. Inglefield	S. E. C. of America
Swift, *g.b.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Talbot, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Primrose	C. of Good Hope
Tamar, *d.s.*	Commodore F. Powell, C.B.	Hong Kong
Tartar, *cr.*	Com. F. R. W. Morgan	C. of Good Hope
Tauranga, *cr.*	Capt. L. C. Stuart	Australia
Terrible, *cr.*	Capt. Percy Scott	C. of Good Hope
Terror, *d.s.*	Capt. T. MacGill, C.B.	Bermuda
Theseus, *cr.*	Capt. V. A. Tisdall	C. of Good Hope
Thetis, *cr.*	Capt. W. S. Rees	Mediterranean
Thrush, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. W. Pochin	C. of Good Hope
Torch, *sloop*	Com. H. Preedy	Australia
Tribune, *cr.*	Capt. R. S. Rolleston	North America
Tyne, *supply-ship*	Com. K. Wade.	Mediterranean
Undaunted, *cr.*	Capt. A. C. Clarke	China
Urgent, *d.s.*	Commodore W. H. Henderson.	Jamaica
Venus, *cr.*	Capt. Sir A. B. Milne, Bart.	Mediterranean
Victorious, *B.*	Capt. A. Schomberg	China
Virago, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. T. F. Pike	Pacific
Vulcan, *t.d.s.*	Capt. R. W. White	Mediterranean
Wallaroo, *cr.*	Capt. A. M. Farquhar	Australia
Warspite, *cr.*	Capt. T. P Walker (Rear-Adml. Beaumont).	Pacific
Waterwitch, *sur.v.*	Lieut.-Com. W. P. Dawson	China
Whiting, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. Kelly	China
Widgeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. F. Gurney	C. of Good Hope
Wivern, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Woodcock, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. D. R. Watson	China
Woodlark, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. T. R. Barton	China

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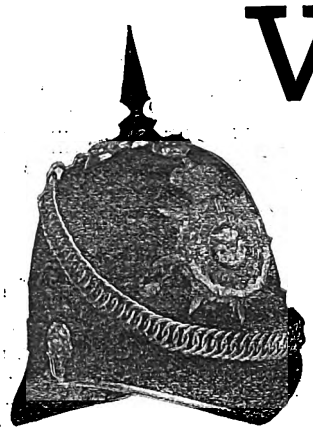

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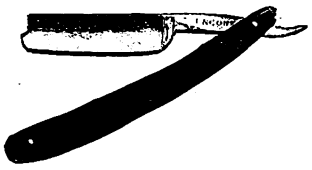

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Battle-fields of the War.

PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

THESE three pictures of scenes in which our soldiers have lately fought so gallantly are exceedingly interesting. The position the late Sir William Symons held at Glencoe was one of great danger, and Brigadier-General Yule could not have retired unimpeded if the gallant general now dead had not made that crippling attack upon the Boers posted on the rough hill our illustration depicts. Up that rugged steep the brave King's Royal Rifles and Dublin Fusiliers dashed, and swept the enemy before them—a brilliant victory for our arms. Long will Britons remember the splendid services of the "Gay Gordons," the Imperial Light Horse, the Devonshires, the Manchesters, and the Artillery at Elandslaagte. It was a glorious victory, won also to extricate General Yule from the position at Glencoe and Dundee. In the ranks of the Gordons are many gaps, and it is easy to see from our picture how difficult was the ground our soldiers crossed. The position of the Boers was strong, and their guns were well served by German gunners, but the dash and devotion of our soldiers carried them over that broken ground, and they stormed the defence and captured the guns and many of the enemy, while the cavalry rode through and through the fugitives. Never was victory more complete.

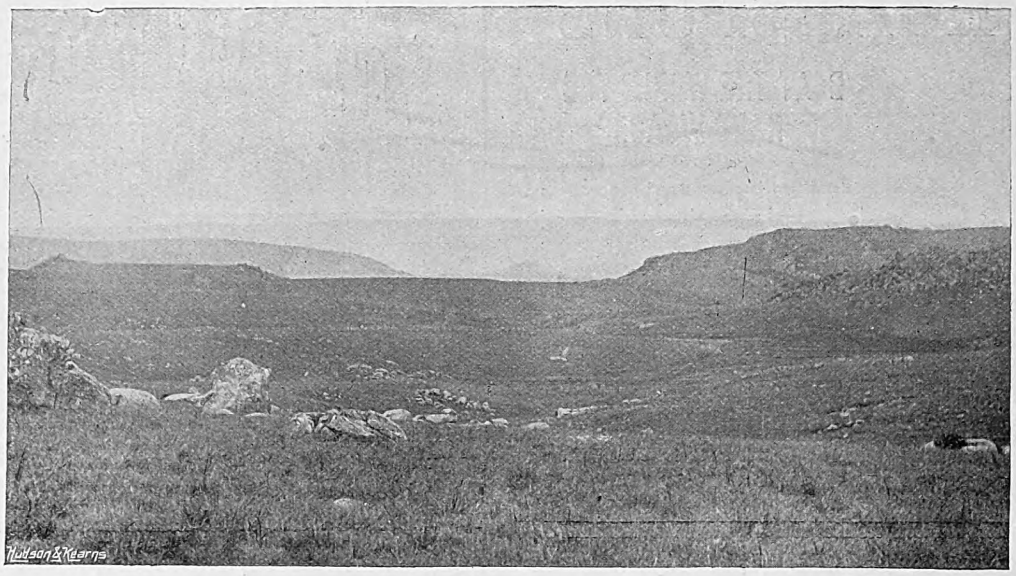

Photo. Copyright. ELANDSLAAGTE, OCTOBER 21. "Navy & Army."
On the Battle-field: A Typical Boer Fighting Ground.

Our last picture is of Colonel Baden-Powell's headquarters at Mafeking. Information came slowly through from that beleaguered town, but every scrap of news told of the vigorous courage of its garrison. Not many more than a handful of men formed that garrison, and yet a gallant sortie inflicted a terrible loss upon the enemy; and they were, as one may say, "hoist with their own petard" when they pounded with their shells that truck of dynamite. Then came news that Mafeking was on fire, but though its neighbour, the Baralong village, would burn like a torch, there does not seem to be much that is inflammable at Mafeking.

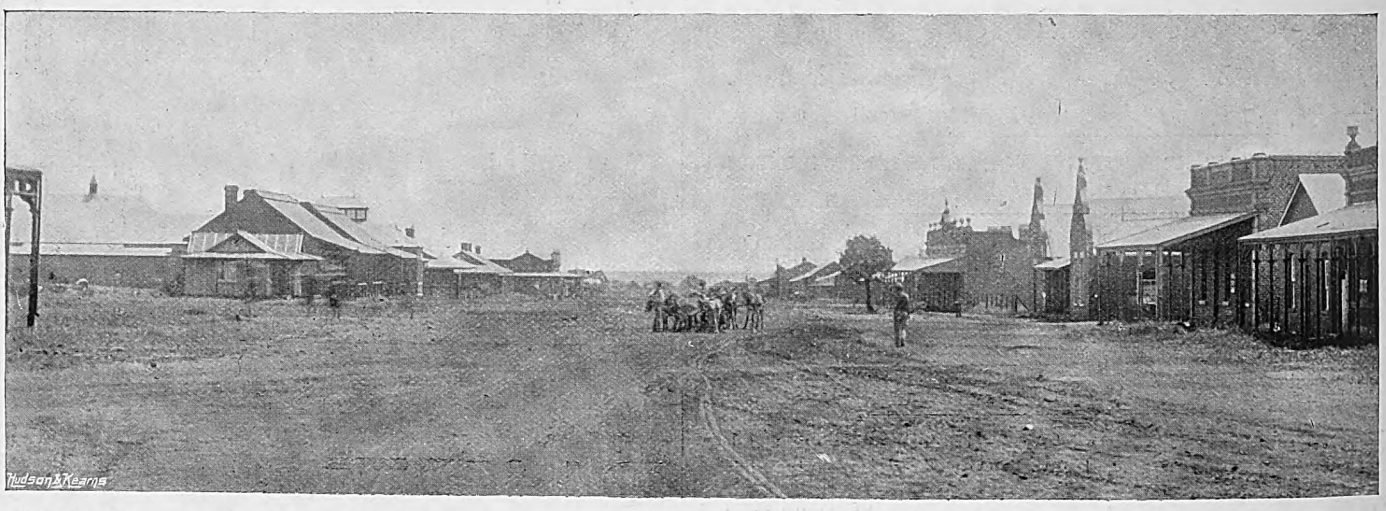

Photo. Copyright. Temple.
BADEN-POWELL'S HEADQUARTERS—AT MAFEKING: THE OLD POST ROAD.

If Boer statements are to be trusted, Commandant Cronje brought up heavy guns for the purpose of bombarding the place, and these caused the outbreak. But those who are defending the town do not appear to consider their situation as desperate as has been made out.

The defence of the place will belong to the romance of our military annals.

Photo. Copyright. GLENCOE, OCTOBER 20. "Navy & Army."
The Hill on which was Planted the Boer Artillery.

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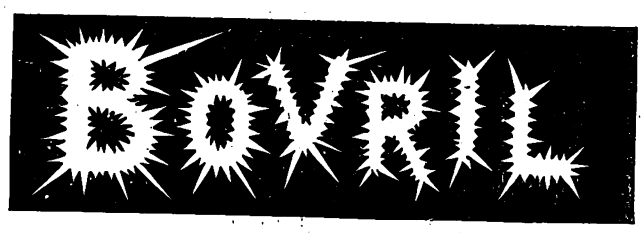

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BE SURE YOU GET IT.

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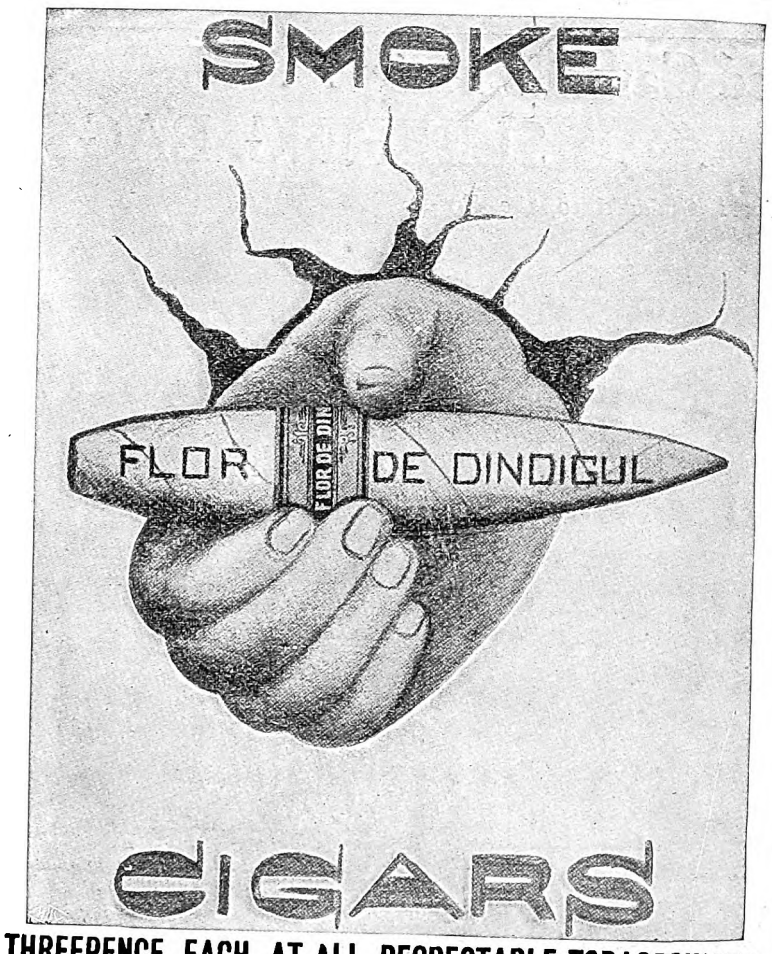

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For the Sweethearts and Wives of Our Sailors and Soldiers.

My dear Betty,—Last week I wrote to you about the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, with which is incorporated the Soldiers' Help Society. As the former does all it can to help the wives and families when the husbands and fathers are on active service, so the latter is always employed in helping the men when they are discharged. It is now especially busy in building convalescent homes and homes of rest for these discharged soldiers. The foundation-stone of the first is to be laid at Bisley in December by Princess Christian, Lady Pirbright having given five or six acres of land for the home, whilst on November 13 a large ball is to take place in the Grosvenor Rooms, Grand Hotel, Birmingham, the funds proceeding from which are to go towards the establishment of such buildings in Warwickshire. This ball should be a great success, as it is under the patronage of Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Sutherland, General Swaine, Lord Leigh, and many other people of note.

The work the Soldiers' Help Society does covers an enormous amount of ground, and it is most interesting to anyone to whom such undertakings appeal. And as it grows it is hoped that it may materially and beneficially affect the recruiting in this country. More of all this I will tell you later, if you care to hear about it. For the present, I know your sympathies are more with the men on the Active List than with those who are discharged. But these convalescent homes will, when built, be invaluable for those time-expired soldiers who return out of health through wounds or fever from a campaign like the present.

Another society of which I have been asked to tell you is the War Employment Bureau, 101, Fleet Street, which is an immediate outcome of the present needs. Its object is to find employment for the wives and families of Reservists called out to join the colours in South Africa. The council first aim at providing this employment in the neighbourhood of the homes of the Reservists, but when necessary the women will be helped to find it elsewhere.

Many large employers of labour have already been asked to send in their names, if willing to give preferential employment to such candidates. And in nearly every case a cordial reply has been received. To many more an appeal has been made through the Press, and before you get this letter the list of firms responding will probably have been published.

Of course it is a very great matter that the homes of these Reserve men should not be broken up in their absence To help in maintaining them the War Employment Bureau exists. Lord Wolseley has given his absolute approval to the scheme. "Anything which is done should be done quickly," he truly says. This applies, indeed, to everything that is being done to relieve the present distress. And from the way people are working it seems to be very well realised.

On Friday week I went to see the Duke of Connaught inspect the Scots Guards at Chelsea Barracks. It would have been interesting, as are all these inspections of troops about to proceed to the Transvaal; but when the atmosphere is so thick that you can scarcely see 20-yds. in front of you, the effect, as you may imagine, is somewhat spoiled. This was the case on Friday. Only the men quite near to me could I see, so excepting for the march past it really was very disappointing.

Next day, long before the sun rose, people were up and hurrying away to see the Guards off from Waterloo and Nine Elms Stations. It was a repetition of the farewell scenes that have continually taken place during the last few weeks. And again the fog was thick and cold, and again it did not damp the enthusiasm of the men and of their numerous well-wishers.

Last week I had no space to tell you of the festivities that attended the launching of the "Bulwark" at Plymouth. Esther tells me they had a most glorious day for it, "as warm as summer," so the thousands of people who crowded the slopes of Mount Wise and every other available point of view enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Lady Fairfax performed the ceremony, and the officers of the "Nile," "Cambridge," and "Impregnable" gave large "At Homes," which were particularly delightful entertainments, as each ended with dancing.

Esther says she will not have many festivities to tell me about this winter. For from Plymouth, as from every other garrison, all the men have gone forth to the war, and the relations left behind will be too anxious to think of amusing themselves to any great extent.

Yours affectionately, Constance.

*** *Communications, enquiries, and other correspondence relating to matters referred to in the above letter should be addressed to the Editor at this office, with "Fashions" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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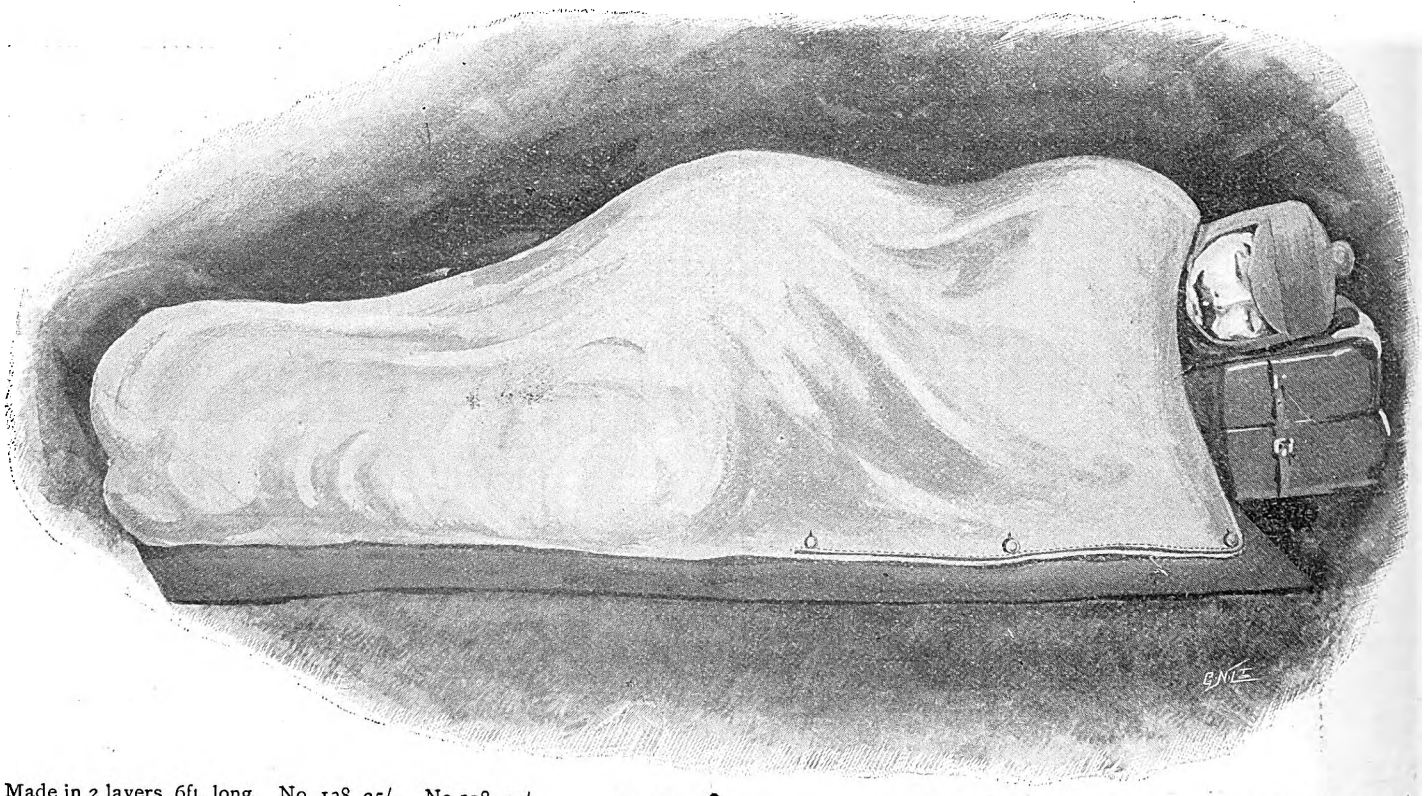

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CAVALRY.

Regular Troops.

1st Life Guards, January 31, 1896.
,, ,, March 20, 1896.
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2nd Life Guards, April 3, 1896.
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3rd Dragoon G'ds, Oct. 16, 1896.
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7th Dragoon G'ds, July 16, 1898.
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Bermuda Militia Artillery.

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Surrey, July 16, 1897.
Tyne and Tees, July 22, 1899.
South Wales, August 5, 1899.

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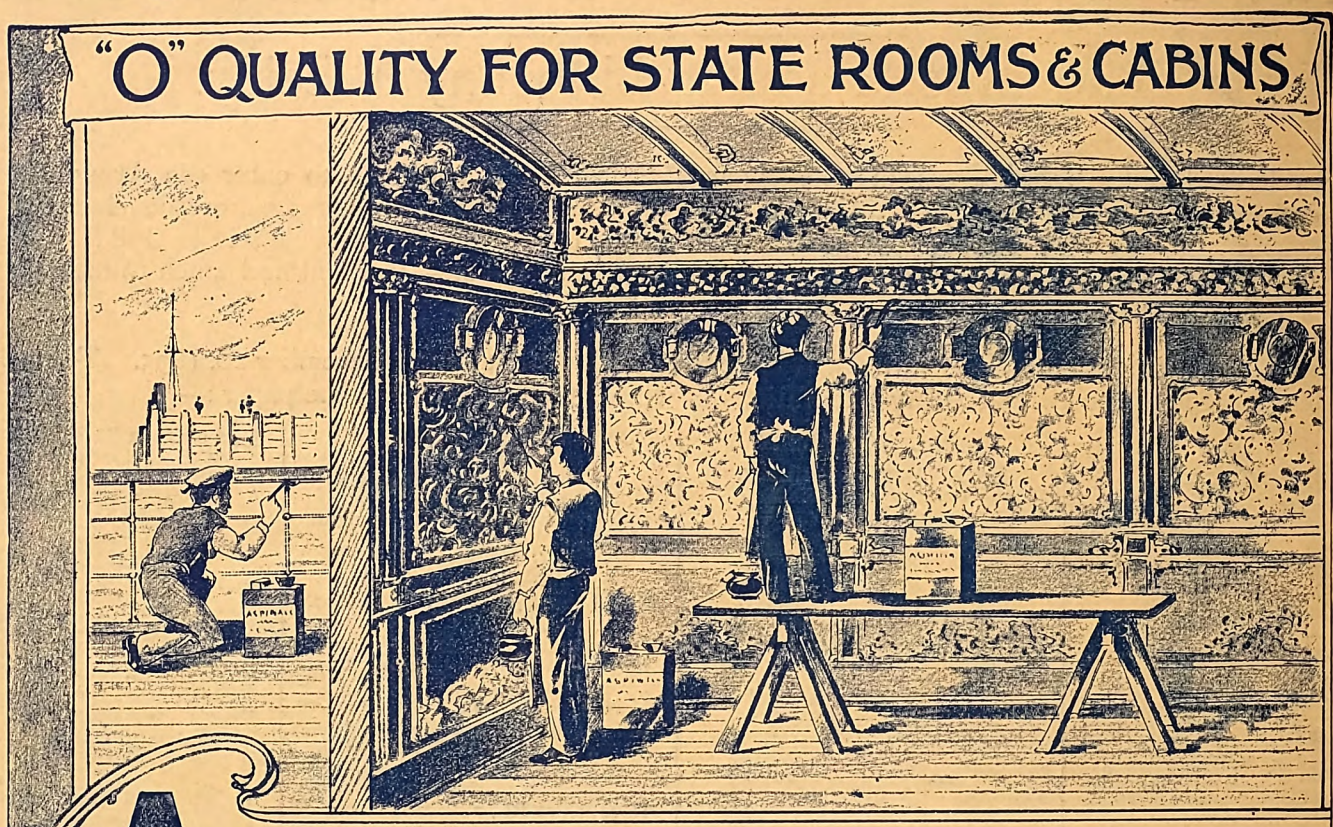

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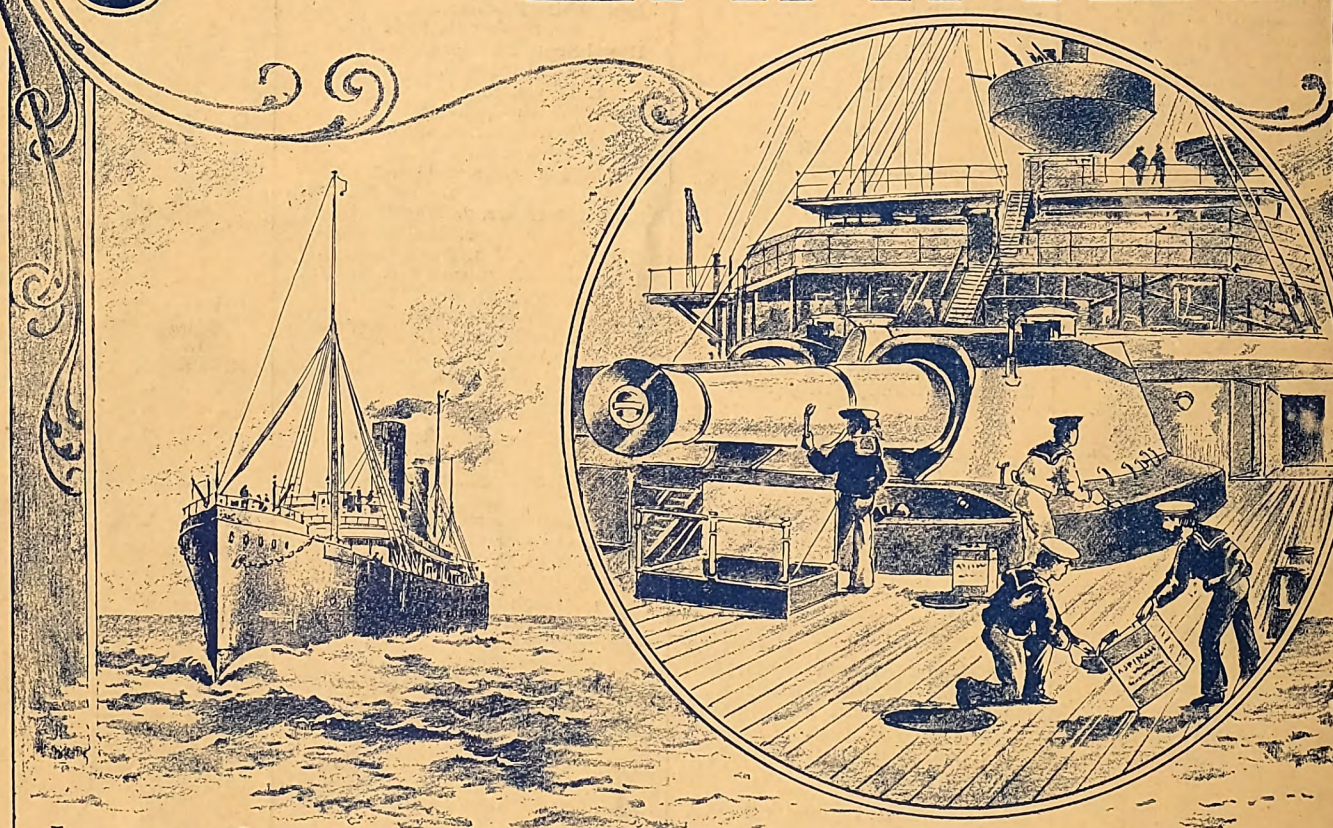

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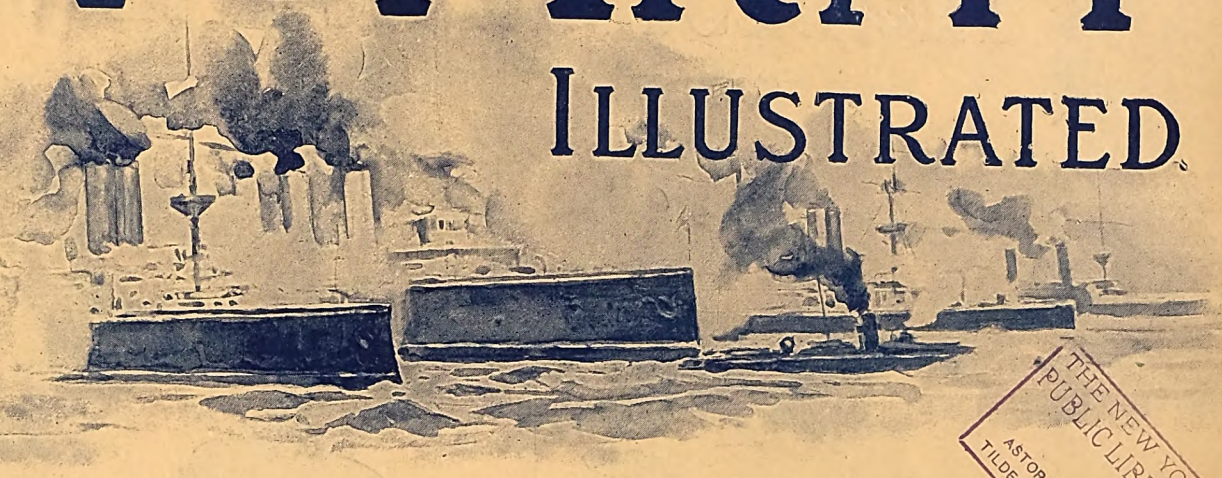

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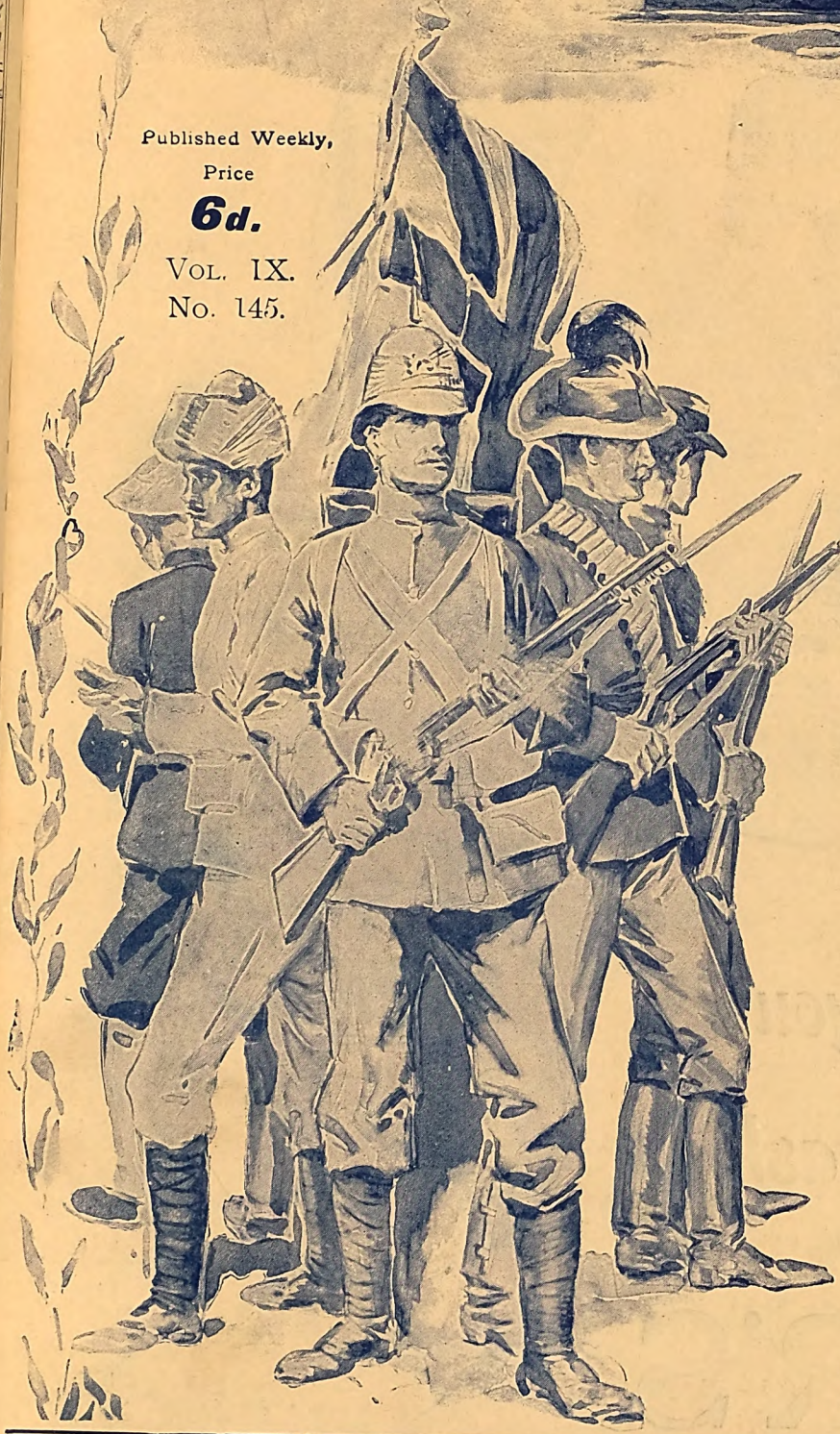

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15th November, Forthcoming Examination.

The date specified is the latest at which applications can be received. They must be made on forms to be obtained, with particulars, from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, London, S.W.

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NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand W.C., 7.45 p.m. "With Flying Colours."
AVENUE, W.C., 8 p.m. "An Interrupted Honeymoon."
COMEDY, Panton St., W.
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. "Hearts are Trumps."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Christian."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Sign of the Cross."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "El Capitan." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8 p.m. "The Moonlight Blossom."
PRINCESS'S, W.
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.30 p.m. H.M.S. "Pinafore."—"Trial by Jury."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Prince of Borneo."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "Capt. Birchell's Luck."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "Little Miss Nobody."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "On Active Service."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "Paul Jones." Sat. 2.30.
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "The Greek Slave."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2 p.m. "Boy Bob."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Human Nature."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. The Compton Comedy Co. Thurs. 2.30.
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E. "The White Heather."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Runaway Girl." Wed. 2.30.
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "A Royal Divorce."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "The Great Ruby."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 8 p.m. "The Liars."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E. "A Soldier and a Man."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "The Circus Girl."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "In Old Madrid."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "Gentleman Joe."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junct'n, S.W., 8 p.m. "Sporting Life."
SURREY, S.E 7.45 p.m. "Driven from Home."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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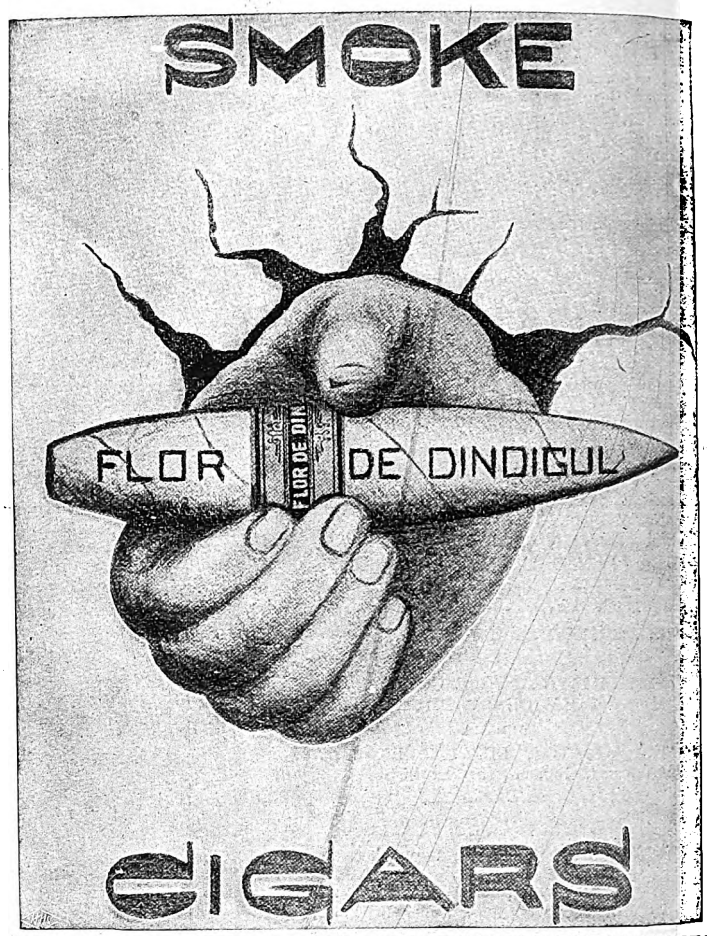

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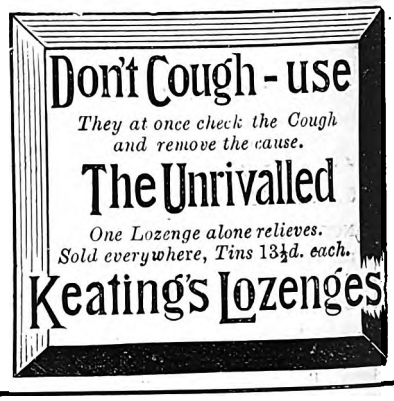

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Second Week.]

THE CAVALRY, ROYAL ARTILLERY, AND ROYAL ENGINEERS.*

CAVALRY.

*1st Life Guards	Lieut.-Col. C. N. Miles.	Windsor
*2nd "	Lieut.-Col. A. D. Neeld	Regent's Park
*Royal Horse Gds.	Col. J. F. Brocklehurst, M.V.O.	Hyde Park
1st Dragoon Gds.	Lieut.-Col. H. M. Owen	Dublin
2nd "	Lieut.-Col. J. Lambert	York
3rd "	Lieut.-Col. U. G. C. de Burgh	Dundalk
4th "	Lieut.-Col. G. D. F. Sulivan	Rawul Pindi
5th "	Col. R. S. S. Baden-Powell	Ladysmith, Natal
6th "	Lieut.-Col. T. C. Porter	For S. Africa
7th "	Lieut.-Col. W. H. M. Lowe	Colchester
1st Dragoons	Lieut.-Col. J. F. Burn-Murdoch	For S. Africa
2nd "	Lt.-Col. Hon. W. P. Alexander.	For S. Africa
3rd Hussars	Lt.-Col. W. N. Wogan-Browne.	Lucknow
4th "	Lieut.-Col. W. A. Ramsay	Secunderabad
5th Lancers	Col. J. F. M. Fawcett	Ladysmith, Natal
6th Dragoons	Lt.-Col. H. C. Page-Henderson	For S. Africa
7th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. Hon. R. T. Lawley	Norwich
8th "	Lieut.-Col. P. L. Clowes	Curragh Camp
9th Lancers	Lieut.-Col. B. Gough	Natal
10th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. R. B. W. Fisher	For S. Africa
11th "	Lieut.-Col. E. R. Courtenay.	Meerut
12th Lancers	Lt.-Col. D. S. W., Earl of Airlie	For S. Africa
13th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. H. J. Blagrove	For S. Africa
14th "	Lieut.-Col. G. H. C. Hamilton	For S. Africa
15th "	Lieut.-Col. J. R. P. Gordon	Meerut
16th Lancers	Lieut.-Col. H. L. Aylmer	Umballa
17th "	Lieut.-Col. M. G. Neeld	Ballincollig
18th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. B. D. Moller	Ladysmith, Natal
19th "	L.-C. C. B. H. Wolseley-Jenkins	Ladysmith, Natal
20th "	Lieut.-Col. H. G. P. Beauchamp	Mhow
21st Lancers	L.-C. W. G. Crole Wyndham, C.B.	Egypt

* A three squadron composite regiment of Household Cavalry goes to South Africa under command of Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Neeld.

ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

Royal Horse Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.
A.—Meerut
B.—Lucknow
C.—Mhow
D.—Umballa
E.—Kirkee
F.—Sealkote
G.—For South Africa
H.—Meerut
I.—Umballa
J.—Bangalore
K.—Rawul Pindi
L.—Secunderabad
M.—Woolwich
N.—Woolwich
O.—For South Africa
P.—For South Africa
Q.—Newbridge
R.—For South Africa
S.—Kirkee (for home)
T.—Ipswich
U.—Newbridge

Royal Field Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.
1.—Kirkee
2.—Shorncliffe
3.—Campbellpore
4.—For South Africa
5.—Athlone
6.—Cawnpore
7.—For South Africa
8.—Christchurch
9.—Limerick
10.—Woolwich
11.—Meean Meer
12.—Jullundur
13.—Natal
14.—For South Africa
15.—Meerut
16.—Kirkee
17.—Woolwich
18.—Natal
19.—Exeter
20.—Ipswich
21.—Natal
22.—Mhow
23.—Secunderabad
24.—Peshawur
25.—Bangalore
26.—Shorncliffe
27.—Neemuch
28.—Athlone
29.—Kirkee
30.—Fyzabad
31.—Hyderabad
32.—Jhansi
33.—St. Thomas' [Mount
34.—Ahmedabad
35.—Kurrachee
36.—Nusseerabad
37.—For South Africa
38.—For South Africa
39.—Hilsea
40.—Bangalore
41.—Lucknow
42.—Natal
43.—Shorncliffe
44.—Colchester
45.—St. Thomas' Mt.
46.—Dinapore
47.—Ferozepore
48.—Barrackpore
49.—Belgaum
50.—Agra
51.—Rawul Pindi
52.—Jubbulpore
53.—Natal
54.—Meerut
55.—Saugor
56.—Egypt
57.—Meean Meer
58.—Kamptee
59.—Woolwich
60.—Allahabad
61.—For South Africa
62.—Natal
63.—For South Africa
64.—Aldershot
65.—For South Africa
66.—For South Africa
67.—Natal
68.—Hilsea
69.—Natal
70.—Bareilly
71.—Mooltan
72.—Bellary
73.—For South Africa
74.—For South Africa
75.—Natal
76.—Athlone
77.—For South Africa
78.—For South Africa
79.—For South Africa
80.—Nowgong
81.—Trowbridge
82.—Exeter
83.—Colchester
84.—Newcastle
85.—Clonmel
86.—Newcastle
87.—Seaforth
88.—Weedon
89.—Hilsea
90.—Longford
91.—Waterford
92.—Birmingham
93.—Cahir
94.—Leeds
95.—Leeds

Royal Garrison Artillery.

MOUNTAIN DIVISION.

Battery.
1.—Lundi Kotal
2.—Khyra Gali
3.—Bara Gali
4.—For South Africa
5.—Kalabagh
6.—Jutogh
7.—Quetta
8.—Darjeeling
9.—Mandalay
10.—Natal

EASTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Dover).
Depôt No. 1, Dover. No. 2, Great Yarmouth.

Co.
1.—Calcutta
2.—St. Helena
3.—Rangoon (for
4.—Kurrachee [Aden)
5.—Malta (for
6.—Dover [Bermuda)
7.—(S.T.) Mooltan
8.—Aden
9.—Allahabad
10.—Shoeburyness
11.—Gibraltar
12.—Mooltan
13.—Bombay
14.—Isle of Wight
15.—Dover
16.—Egypt [Bermuda)
17.—Malta (for
18.—Gibraltar
19.—Gibraltar [Malta)
20.—Gibraltar (for
21.—Sheerness
22.—(H.) Sheerness
23.—Shoeburyness
24.—Delhi
25.—Hong Kong
26.—(S.T.) Bombay
27.—Sheerness
28.—Landguard Fort
29.—Leith Fort

SOUTHERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Portsmouth).
Depôt No. 1, Fort Rowner, Gosport. No. 2, Seaforth Barracks, Liverpool.

Co.
1.—Malta
2.—Gibraltar
3.—Portsmouth
4.—Portsmouth
5.—Agra
6.—Roorkee
7.—Weymouth
8.—Bermuda (for [Halifax, N.S.)
9.—Roorkee
10.—Portsmouth (for [Malta)
11.—Roorkee
12.—Singapore
13.—Golden Hill, [Isle of Wight
14.—Cork Harbour
15.—(S.T.) Ft. Grange, [Gosport
16.—Malta
17.—Malta
18.—Aden
19.—Malta
20.—(S.T.) Fort [Fareham
21.—Portsmouth
22.—Jamaica
23.—Quetta
24.—(H.) Campbell- [pore
25.—Hong Kong
26.—Gibraltar
27.—Malta
28.—Weymouth
29.—Barrackpore
30.—Portsmouth
31.—Malta
32.—Cork Harb'r (for [Gibraltar)
33.—Thobba
34.—Trincomalee
35.—Singapore
36.—Gibraltar
37.—Ceylon
38.—Hong Kong
39.—Golden Hill, [Isle of Wight
40.—Cork Harbour
41.—Portsmouth

WESTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Devonport).
Depôt No. 1, Citadel, Plymouth. No. 2, Scarborough.

Co.
1.—St. Lucia
2.—Pembroke Dock
3.—Bermuda (for [Halifax, N.S.)
4.—Ferozepore
5.—Rawul Pindi
6.—Dunbar
7.—Jhansi
8.—Mauritius
9.—(H) Secunderab'd
10.—Devonport
11.—Fort St. George
12.—Jersey
13.—Devonport
14.—C. of Good Hope
15.—(S.T.) Ft. Efford, [Plymouth
16.—Aden
17.—Devonport
18.—Bombay
19.—Esquimault
20.—Halifax, N.S. (for [Jamaica)
21.—Bermuda
22.—Rangoon
23.—C. of Good Hope
24.—Malta
25.—Quetta
26.—Mauritius
27.—Pembroke Dock
28.—Londonderry
29.—Fort Bovisand, [Plymouth

H. Heavy.

ROYAL MALTA ART'Y.
Malta

S.T. Siege Train.

ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Co.
1st (F.) Cork Harbour
2nd (F.) Egypt
3rd (F.) Bermuda
4th (Sub.) Gosport
5th (F.) Portsmouth
6th (F.) Gibraltar
7th (Fd.) S. Africa
8th (Ry.) S. Africa
9th (F.) Chatham
10th (Ry.) S. Africa
11th (Fd.) for S. Africa
12th (Fd.) Aldershot
13th (Sur.) Clifton, [Bristol
14th (Sur.) Dublin
15th (F.) Gibraltar
16th (Sur.) Bedford
17th (Fd.) for S. Africa
18th (F.) Halifax, N.S.
19th (Sur.) Southamp- [ton
20th (F.) Gibraltar
21st (Sub.) Felixstowe
22nd (Sub.) I. of Wight
23rd (Fd.) Natal
24th (F.) Malta
25th (F.) Hong Kong
26th (Fd.) for S. Africa
27th (Sub.) Bermuda
28th (Sub.) Malta
29th (F.) Cape Town
30th (Sub.) Plymouth
31st (F.) for S. Africa
32nd (F.) Gibraltar
33rd (Sub.) Cork Harb.
34th (Sub.) Gravesend
35th (Sub.) Pembroke [Dock
36th (F.) Bermuda
37th (Fd.) Curragh
38th (Fd.) Shorncliffe
39th (Sub.) Sheerness
40th (Sub.) Halifax, [N.S.
41st (F.) Hdqrs. and ½ Co. Ceylon; ½ Co. Singapore
42nd (F.) Malta
43rd (F.) Mauritius
A (D.) Chatham
B (D.) Chatham
C (D.) Chatham
D (D.) Chatham
E (D.) Chatham
F (D.) Chatham
G (D.) Chatham
M (Sub.) Chatham
N (D.) Chatham
H Army Hqrs., India

TELEGRAPH BATN.:
1st Div., South Africa
2nd Div., 28, Newgate [Street

BRIDGING BATN.:
A Troop, for S. Africa
B Troop, Aldershot
Field Troop, for South [Africa
Field D., R.E. Troops, [Aldershot
Balloon D. and Sect., [South Africa

COAST BATTALION (Submarine Miners):

Sect.
1 (Tyne) N. Shields
2 (Severn) Cardiff
3 (Clyde) Greenock
4 (Humber) Paull
5 (Tees) Middlesbr'gh
6 (Tay) Broughty [Ferry
7 (Forth) Leith, ["Dido," hulk
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9 (Falmouth) Falm'th
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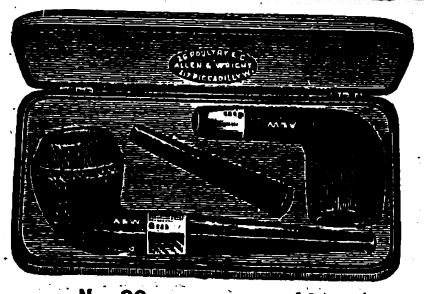

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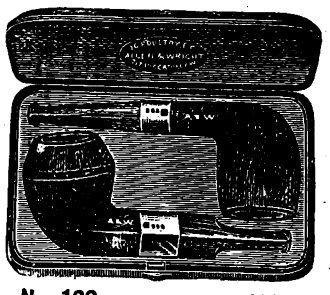

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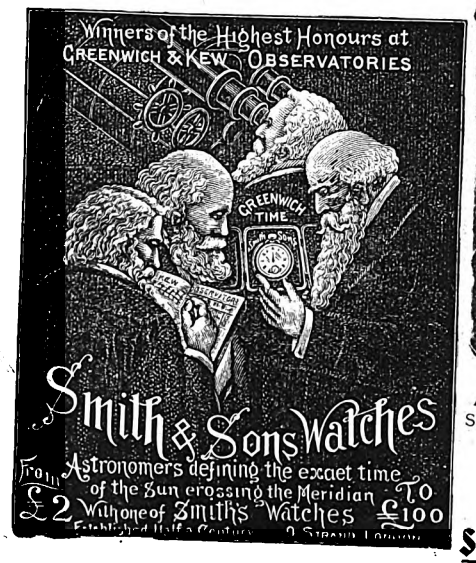

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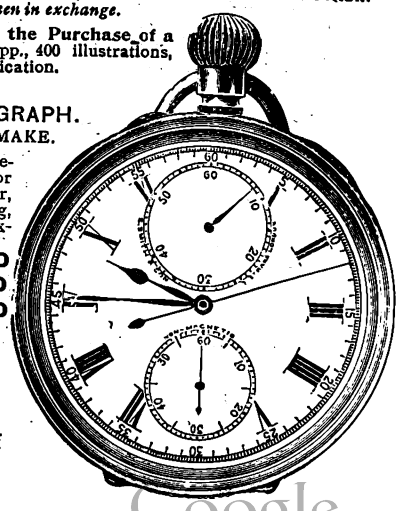

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Battle-fields of the War.

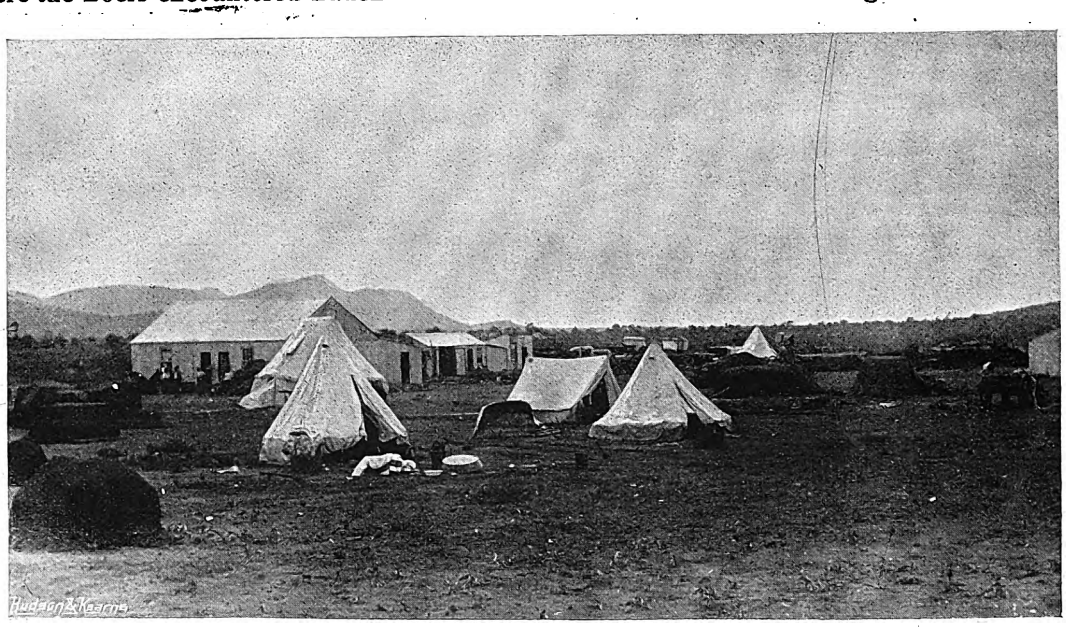
PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

DEFENDING THE CITY OF DIAMONDS.

A Patrol of the Kimberley Horse Returning to Camp.

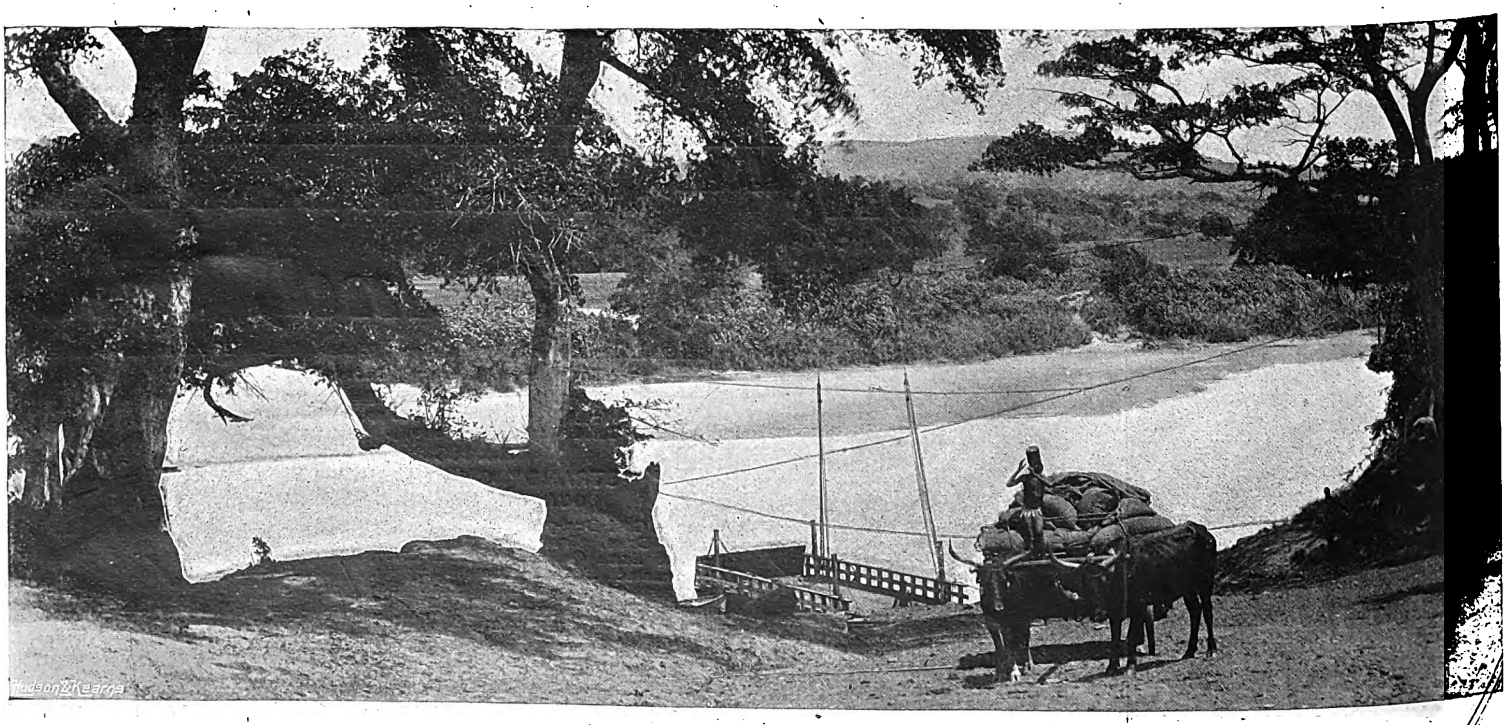
LAST week we were able to give, among what the *Times* calls our "up-to-date war pictures," illustrations of the battle-fields of Glencoe and Elandslaagte, with scenes near Mafeking, where the Boers encountered Baden-Powell's men and the armoured train. This week we are again enabled to give a series of similarly interesting pictures.

Everybody has heard by this time of the famous Diamond Fields Horse, a body of men equipped and maintained principally by the celebrated De Beers Mine at Kimberley, and the majority of the men composing which are drawn from the employés of that company. The manner in which these gallant fellows, with comrades of other corps, Volunteers and Regulars, have stood shoulder to shoulder in the defence of the Diamond City makes a notable picture in the history of the present struggle. A good idea of the material of which the corps is formed may be gathered from our illustration of a patrol returning to camp. These men, indeed, have played their part in rendering Kimberley, in the words of Mr. Rhodes, "as safe as Piccadilly." On October 26 an official telegram received at the War Office stated, "Armoured train got within 1,900-yds. Boer laager, three miles south Crocodile Pool." An engagement ensued, in which considerable damage was done to the Boers, and since that date there have been other engagements close to the spot shown in our illustration. The last illustration portrays a scene on the River Tugela, on which is situated the town of Colenso. Here it is that an important bridge spans the river, and along the banks runs the telegraph wire the cutting of which severed our communication with Ladysmith for a time. The Tugela must play its part in the drama now proceeding in South Africa, as it has done more than once before in the history of Natal.



ON THE RAILWAY NEAR CROCODILE POOL.

The Scene of an Armoured Train Action in Rhodesia.



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ON THE TUGELA IN NATAL—A STRATEGIC POINT OF SOME IMPORTANCE AT PRESENT.

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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
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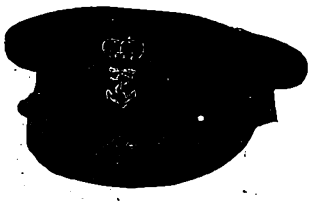

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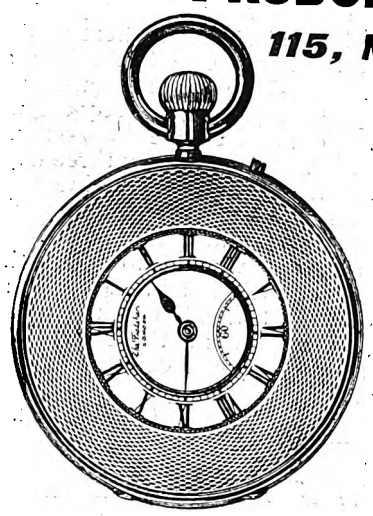

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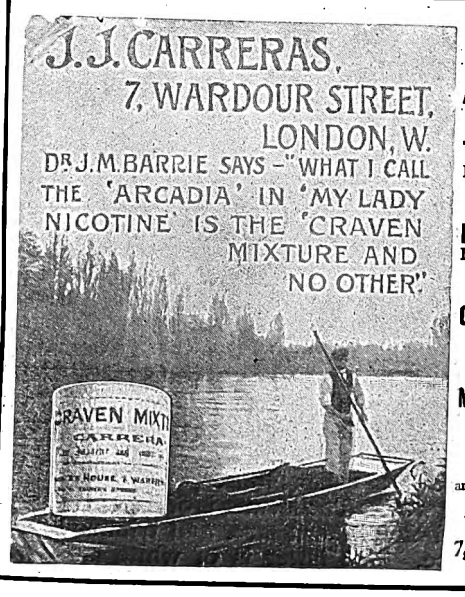

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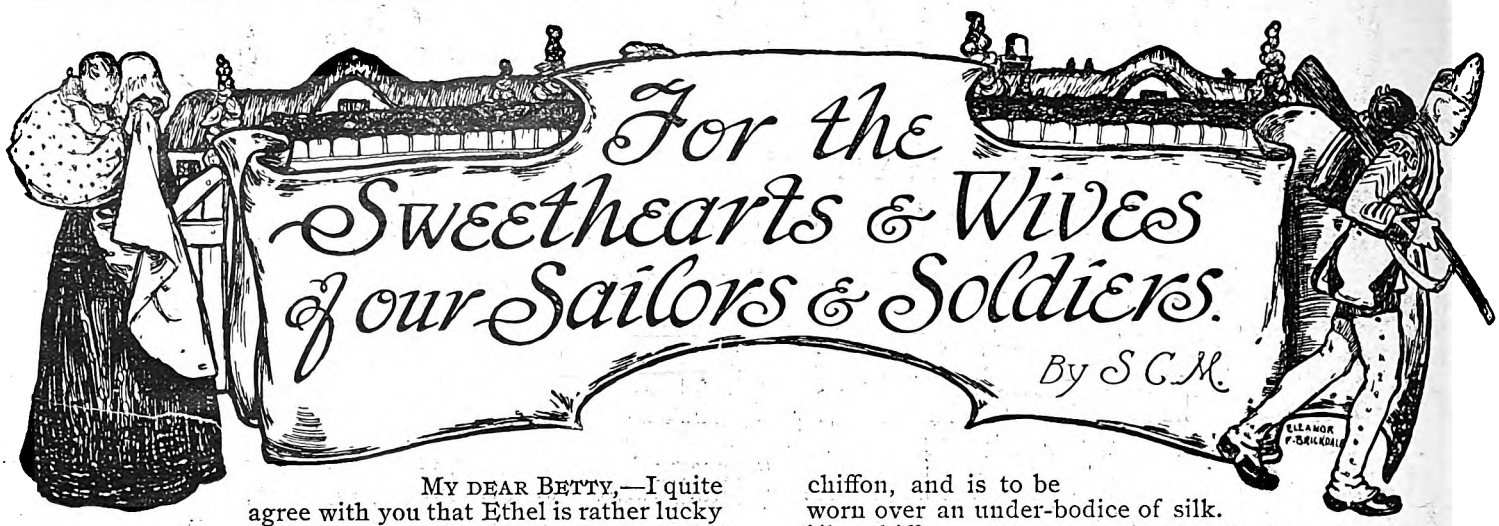

MY DEAR BETTY,—I quite agree with you that Ethel is rather lucky to be going out with her husband to Malta, instead of being left amongst the many sorrowing grass-widows the war has created. But at the same time I can quite understand her ambition that he should be to the front in everything, even if that means present sorrow to herself. It sounds brutal to those who know no ambition—they prefer the happiness that has no history. They may be wise, and they certainly cannot understand the power of the passion for success in life, and they never have much sympathy for it. But that it exists, and is stronger sometimes than love itself, they must see if they observe at all. But to come to Ethel and her blouses, which is to you more important. She should certainly take a great many out with her. They are worn as much as ever; but they must on all occasions harmonise, not contrast, with the skirt. On the voyage, of course, she will find them very useful, but there will be many occasions in Malta itself on which they will be invaluable. All these blouses, she should remember, must be very smart. No work should be spared in making them. Openwork stitching, piping, tucks, insertions, appliqué, all take time and trouble, but they are necessary if the blouse is to reach the standard set by present fashion. The result is so charmingly dainty and picturesque that to the clever amateur dressmaker these blouses must be quite a pleasure to make; professionals are usually too much rushed, I imagine, to enjoy a great expenditure of time in the very minute handwork that all this wealth of decoration implies. I now send you a sketch of three fascinating blouses, which I hope may give you some ideas. You must imagine that the woman in the picture is Ethel, intent on buying her outfit. The shirt she is wearing is of green silk corded. It is made in a comparatively simple fashion, as it is to be worn with a coat and skirt of cloth of the same shade of green. It has bishop sleeves finished with cuffs, which are edged with velvet and trimmed with lace. There is also a narrow vest of velvet fastened with tiny jewelled buttons and edged with bands of écru lace. This might be made in any conceivable shade of silk and velvet, but, as I must again remind you, it is all-important that this should harmonise with the colour of the coat and skirt.

THREE FASCINATING BLOUSES.

On the stands you see two other blouses, one for morning and the other for evening wear. The former is of soft silk, opening over a vest of tucked chiffon and lace, and trimmed with broad insertion and lace. The latter is of white lace over chiffon, and is to be worn over an under-bodice of silk. The chiffon may seem to you unnecessary, but it makes the greatest difference to the effect of the whole, softening it until it is infinitely more becoming. To finish off this blouse there is a loop of cerise velvet arranged in a graceful manner in the centre of the bodice and caught together with pearl ornaments.

Shawl patterns are once more very prevalent, and some of them when carried out in silk are exceedingly pretty. A blouse made in this material was very smart, being greatly improved by the introduction of white silk and pipings. The main part of the bodice was of the shawl-patterned silk, which was cut away for about 5-in. below the neck, and again down the front. It was edged with five rows of piping run quite closely together, and each reflecting some colour in the shawl pattern. The white silk, tucked all over with the tiniest of tucks, was then introduced, giving the appearance of a sort of under-bodice; whilst a long tie of black chiffon, knotted at the neck and again lower down, hung with fringed ends below the waist. These fringed ties you can introduce wherever and however you like, so that you take care to arrange them gracefully. Some are caught together without plan or design; some form a very *negligé* sort of sailor knot; others cut into two are fastened to the collar in little rosettes, and are loosely knotted an inch or two before they reach the waist. All these are just aimless ornaments, but for all that they are decidedly pretty and attractive. Are you one of the people who have been making pyjamas for the soldiers? I was staying in a house last week where no one did anything else but stitch at these grey-blue flannel garments. They were really quite a pretty colour, I can assure you, and I hope the men will appreciate them. There were only three days in which to make them, so you may imagine how everyone stitched. There was hardly time even for the gossip which is supposed always to attend such undertakings.

More voluntary workers are still wanted to assist the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association in distributing funds, etc. Especially in and around London is this need felt; so if you know energetic people in these districts who have not yet taken up any work, you can urge them to start local committees and otherwise busy themselves in this direction. Yours affectionately, CONSTANCE.

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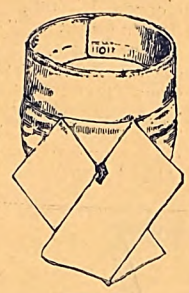

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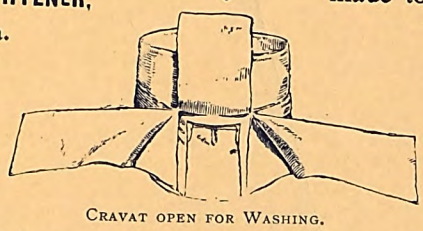

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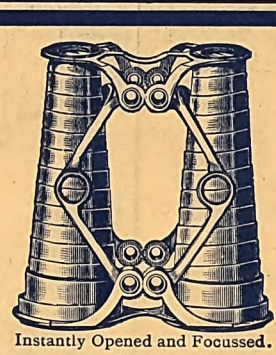

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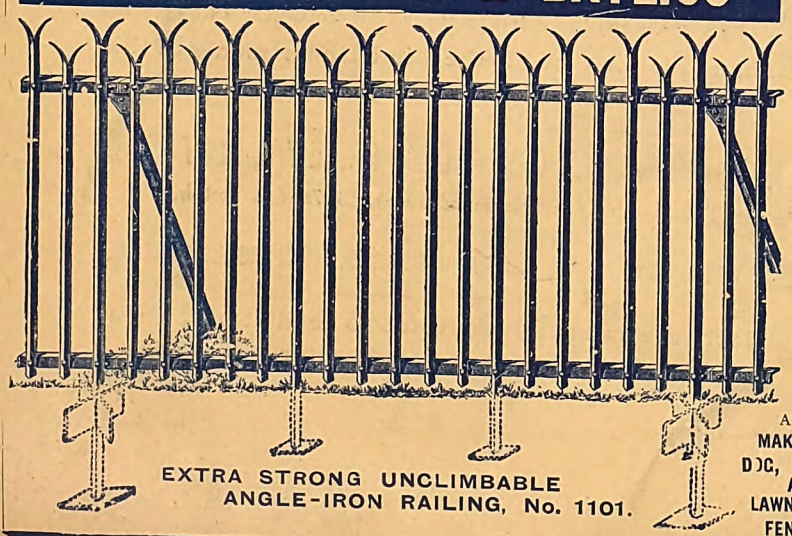

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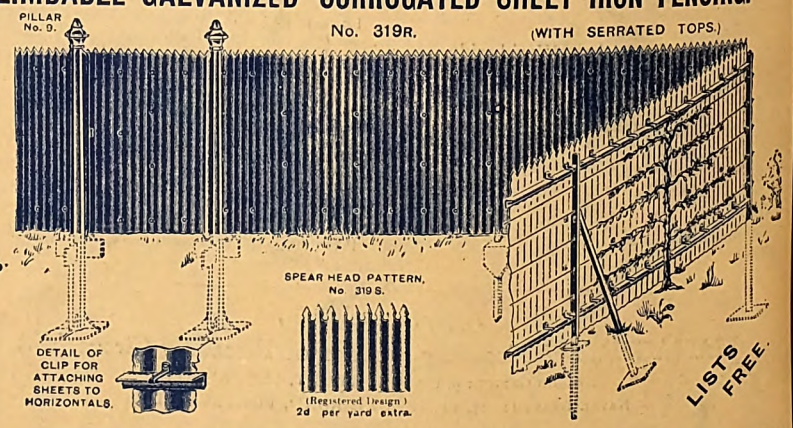

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, 1899.

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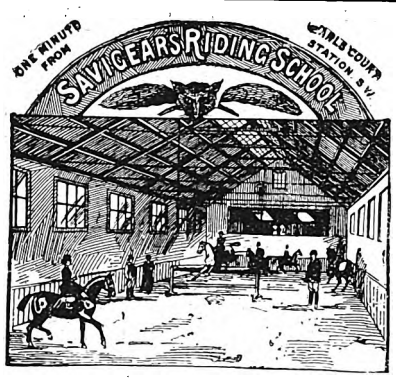

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P. MICHELLI, Secretary.

NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand W.C., 7.45 p.m. "With Flying Colours."
AVENUE, W.C., 8 p.m. "An Interrupted Honeymoon."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "El Capitan."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. "Hearts are Trumps.'
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Christian."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Sign of the Cross."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "El Capitan." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8 p.m. "The Moonlight Blossom."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "In Old Kentucky."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.30 p.m. H.M.S. "Pinafore."—"Trial by Jury."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "Capt. Birchell's Luck."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "A Greek Slave."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "Sons of the Empire."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "Orlando Dando." Sat. 2.30.
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "The Tyranny of Tears."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2 p.m. "The Circus Girl."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Gentleman Joe." Thurs. 2.30.
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E. "The Swiss Express."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Three Musketeers." Wed. 2.30.
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. "The Only Way."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "One of the Best."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Serving the Queen."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 8 p.m. "The Liars."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E. "How London Lives."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "A Woman's Revenge."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "Gentleman Joe."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "One of the Best."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junct'n, S.W., 8 p.m. "Miss Chiquita."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The English Woman."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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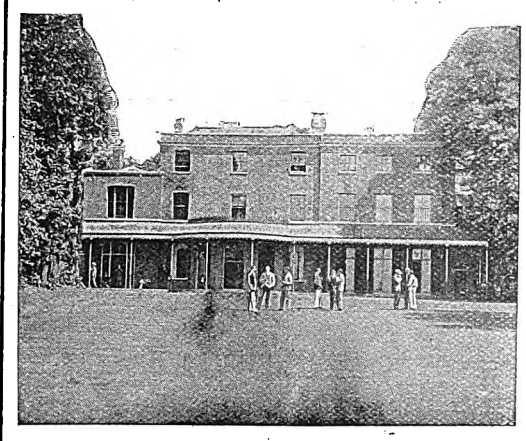

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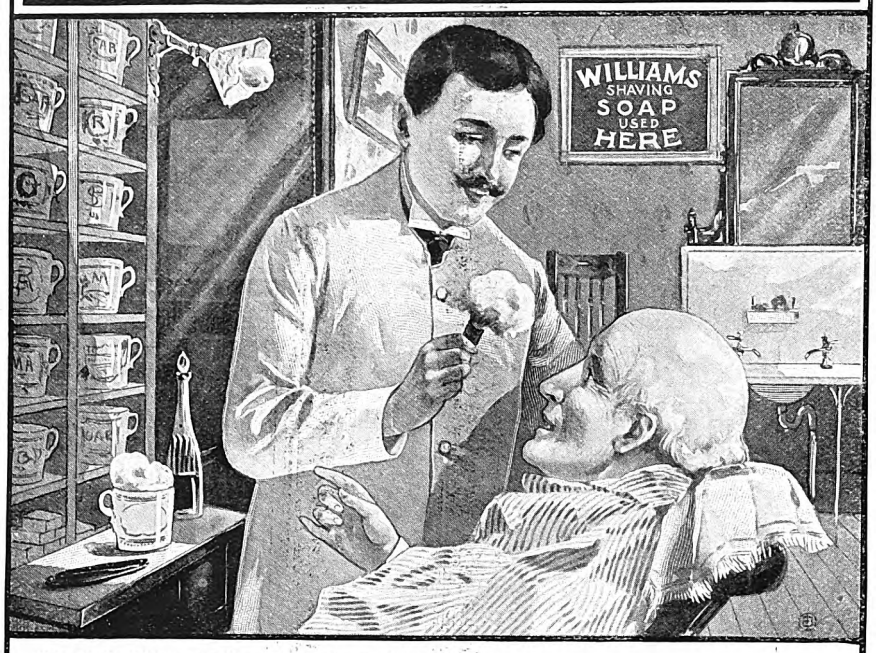

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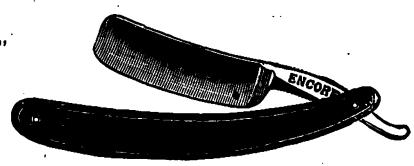

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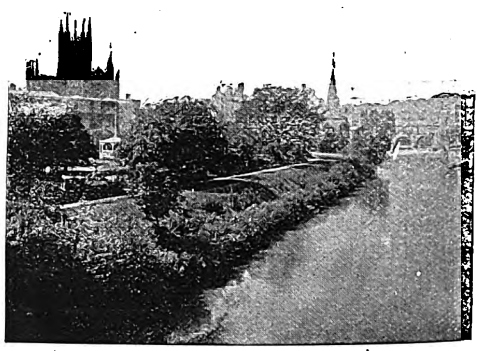

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Third Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN HOME WATERS.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. h. Hulk. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. g.v. Gun Vessel. y. Yacht. T. Tender. s.s. Survey Ship. d.s. Depot-ship. P. Portsmouth. D. Devonport. C. Chatham. S. Sheerness. i. Instructional Torpedo Flotilla. c.g. Coast Guard. p.g. Port Guard. W.I. Whale Island.

Agincourt, *cr.*	Com. D. St. A. Wake	*T.* to Boscawen
Alarm, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. Powley	*T.* to Galatea, *c.g.*
Albacore, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. W. Steward	Ireland [Albert
Alberta, *y.*	Staff-Capt. G. A. Broad	*T.* to Victoria and
Alexandra, *B.*	Capt. Count F. C. Metaxa, A.D.C. (Vice-Adml. Sir Compton E Domvile, K.C.B.).	Portland, *c.g.*
Algiers, *h.*	Capt. G. L. Atkinson, A.D.C. (Rear-Adml. S. C. Holland).	Medway Reserve *C.*
Antelope, *t.g.b.*	Com. O. A. Stokes	Portishead (R.N.R)
Ariel, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. O. G. Webster	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Arrogant, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. E. Protheroe	Channel Squadron
Asia, *h.*	Capt. A. A. C. Parr (Rear-Admiral P. Aldrich).	Portsmouth [Reserves
Australia, *cr.*	Capt. J. M. McQuhae, C.B.	S'th'pton Wr., *c.g.*
Bat, *t.b.d.*	Com. A. L. Duff	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Benbow, *B.*	Capt. R. P. Humpage	Greenock, *c.g.*
Black Prince, *cr.*	Com. W. J. Grogan	Queenstown (boys)
Boscawen, *h.*	Capt. T. H. M. Jerram	Portland (boys)
Britannia, *h.*	Capt. Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe, C.B., C.M.G.	Dartmouth (cadets)
Briton, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. A. C. Spearman	Inverness (R.N.R.)
Caledonia, *h.*	Com. J. G. Hewitt	Queensferry (boys)
Calliope, *cr.*	Capt. H. P. Routh	*T.* to Northampton
Cambrian, *cr.*	Capt. R. K. McAlpine	Training Squadron
Cambridge, *h.*	Capt. R. W. Craigie	Gunnery School, *D.*
Circe, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. G. S. Q. Carr, C.M.G.	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Clyde, *h.*	Com. J. P. Montgomery	Aberdeen (R.N.R.)
Collingwood, *B.*	Capt. F. W. Fisher	Bantry, *c.g.*
Colossus, *B.*	Capt. S. A. Johnson	Holyhead, *c.g.*
Conqueror, *B.*		*T.* to Cambridge
Crane, *t.b.d.*	Com. T. D. W. Napier	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Curacoa, *cr.*	Com. H. Lyon	*T.* to Northampton
Curlew, *g.v.*		*T.* to Cambridge
Cygnet, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. E. F. Kerr	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Dædalus, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. B. C. Barber	Bristol (R.N.R.)
Defiance, *h.*	Capt. F. T. Hamilton	Torpedo School, *D.*
Diadem, *cr.*	Capt. H. S. F. Niblett	Channel Squadron
D. of Wellingt'n, *h.*	Capt. J. L. Hammet	Depôt Ship, *P.*
Durham, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. W. F. Forrest	Leith (R.N.R.)
Eagle, *h.*	Com. C. E. Gladstone	Liverpool (R.N.R.)
Edinburgh, *B.*	Com. W. G. Van Ingen	*T.* to Wildfire [(Gunnery School)
Elfin, *y.*	Staff-Com. J. E. Tully	*T.* to Victoria and [Albert
Enchantress, *y.*	Staff-Capt. P. D. Ouless	Admiralty Yacht, *P*
Excellent	Capt. W. H. May, M.V.O.	Gunnery Sch., *W.I.*
Fawn, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. K. Laird	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Ferret, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. S. A. Perry-Ayscough	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Fire Queen, *y.*	Staff-Capt. T. Hawkins Smith	*T.* to Victory
Flirt, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Thomas	*T.* to Victory
Flying Fish, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. Singer	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Furious, *cr.*	Capt. L. E. Wintz	Channel Squadron
Galatea, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cross	Hull, *c.g.*
Ganges, *h.*	Com. W. V. Anson	Harwich (boys)
Gleaner, *t.g.b.*	Com. F. H. Peyton	Gravesend (R.N.R)
Gossamer, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. G. T. Cole	*T.* to Melampus, *c.g.*
Hannibal, *B.*	Capt. Sir B. W. Walker, Bart., C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Haughty, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. La T. Leatham	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Hearty, *g.b.*	Com. H. G. King Hall, D.S.O.	North Sea [(fisheries)
Hecla	Com. W. J. Scullard (N)	Torpedo Depôt, *P.*
Hero, *B.*	Com. W. de Salis	*T.* to Excellent
Howe, *B.*	Captain E. H. M. Davis, C.M.G. (Rear-Adml. A. P. M. Lake).	Queenstown, *p.g.*
Impregnable, *h.*	Capt. A. C. B. Bromley	Devonport (boys)
Indus, *h.*	Capt. W. Marrack (Rear-Adml. T. S. Jackson).	D'nport Reserves
Jackal, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Tancred	Coast of Scotland [(fisheries)
Janus, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Corbett	*T.* to Pembroke
Jaseur, *t.g.b.*	Com. W. Carey	*T.* to Vernon
Jason, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. Bruce	Particular Service
Juno, *cr.*	Capt. G. H. Cherry	Training Squadron
Jupiter, *B.*	Capt. J. Durnford, C.B., D.S.O.	Channel Squadron
Kite, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. P. W. Hope	*T.* to Excellent
Landrail, *g.v.*		*T.* to Wildfire
Leda, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. V. Maud	*T.* to Australia, *c.g.*
Liberty, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. C. H. Morgan	*T.* to Lion
Lightning, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. L. C. O. Mansergh	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Lion, *h.*	Com. E. G. Shortland	Devonport (boys)
Lynx, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. Holland	*T.* to Vivid
Magnet, *tug.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Webber	*T.* to Victory
Magnificent, *B.*	Capt. J. Ferris (Rear-Adml. A. D. Fanshawe).	Channel Squadron
Majestic, *B.*	Capt. G. Le C. Egerton, C.B. (Vice-Admiral Sir H. H. Rawson, K.C.B.).	Channel Squadron
Mars, *B.*	Capt. H. J. May, C.B.	Channel Squadron
Martin, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. S. M. Agnew	*T.* to St. Vincent
Medea, *cr.*	Com. C. G. May	S'th'pton (R.N.R.)
Medusa, *cr.*	Com. A. L. K. Knapton	N. Shields (R.N.R)
Melampus, *cr.*	Capt. R. N. Gresley	Kingstown, *c.g.*
Mermaid, *t.b.d.*	Com. J. M. de Robeck	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Minerva, *cr.*	Capt. F. O. Pike	Training Squadron
Minotaur, *cr.*	Com. E. G. Barton	*T.* to Boscawen
Nautilus, *brig*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. D. Tothill	*T.* to Impregnable
Nile, *B.*	Capt. G. C. Langley	Devonport, *p.g.*
Niobe, *cr.*	Capt A. L. Winsloe	Channel Squadron
Northampton, *cr.*	Capt. H. A. W. Onslow	Recruiting Service
Northumberl'd, *cr.*	Com. C. E. Tower	Depôt Ship, *C.*
Onyx, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. Oliver	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Osborne, *y.*	Capt. C. Windham	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Pactolus, *cr.*	Capt. F. J. Foley	Channel Squadron
Panther, *t.b.d.*	Com. J. I. Graham	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Pelorus, *c.*	Capt. H. C. B. Hulbert	Channel Squadron
Pembroke, *h.*	Capt. A. Macleod	Medway Res'ves, *C*
Pilot, *brig*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. S. Alderson	*T.* to Impregnable
Porcupine, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. C. P. Beaty-Pownall	*T.* to Pembroke
President, *h.*	Com. A. C. Woods	W.I. Docks (R.N.R)
Prince George, *B.*	Capt. A. Barrow	Channel Squadron
Racer, *sloop*	Com. M. N. Beatty (N)	*T.* to Britannia
Raven, *g.b.*	Com. A. Meldrum	Channel Islands
Renard, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. H. Eyre	*T.* to Colossus, *c.g.*
Repulse, *B.*	Capt. R. F. O. Foote, C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Research, *s.*	Capt. W. U. Moore	Home Waters
Resolution, *B.*	Capt. C. R Arbuthnot	Channel Squadron
Rodney, *B.*	Capt. G. W. Russell	Queensferry, *c.g.*
St. George, *cr.*	Com. E. V. Poe, M.V.O., A.D.C.	Training Squadron
St. Vincent, *h.*	Com. C. F. Thursby	Portsmouth (boys)
Sans Pareil, *B.*	Capt. H. C. Bigge	Sheerness, *p.g.*
Seaflower, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. E. G. H. Gamble	*T.* to Boscawen
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Severn, *cr.*	Capt. W. L. H. Browne	Harwich, *c.g.*
Shark, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. E. Corbett	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Sheldrake, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. H. Curteis	*T.* to Rodney
Spanker, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. H. E. F. Worthington	*T.* to Alexandra, *c.g.*
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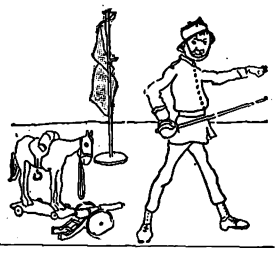

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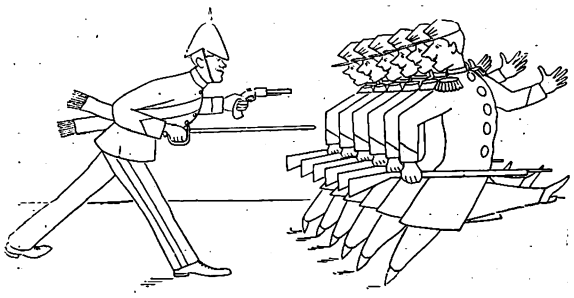

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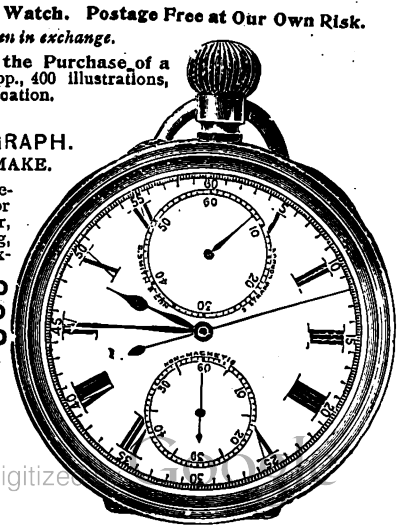

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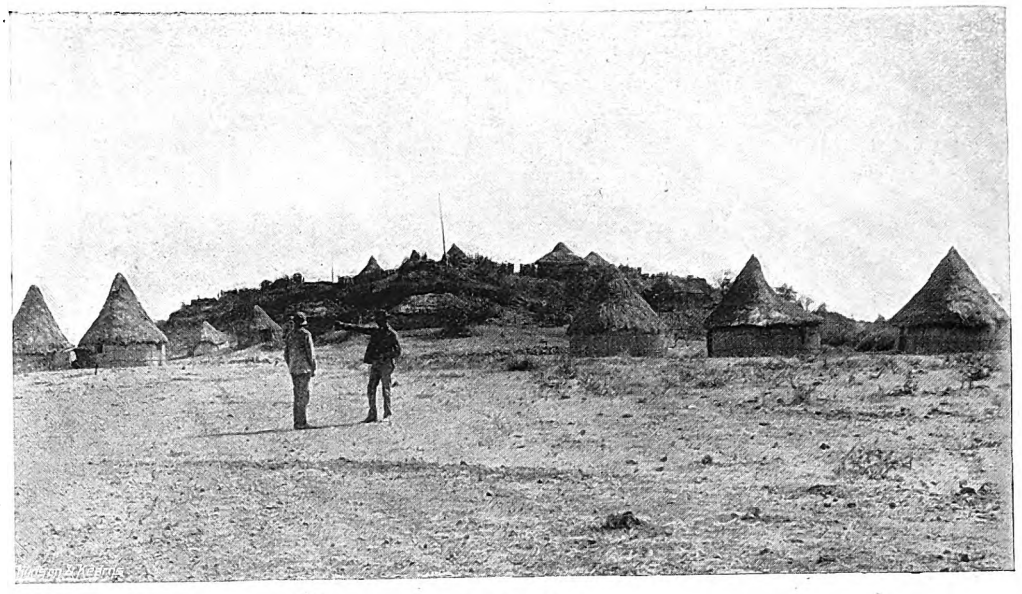
Battle-fields of the War.

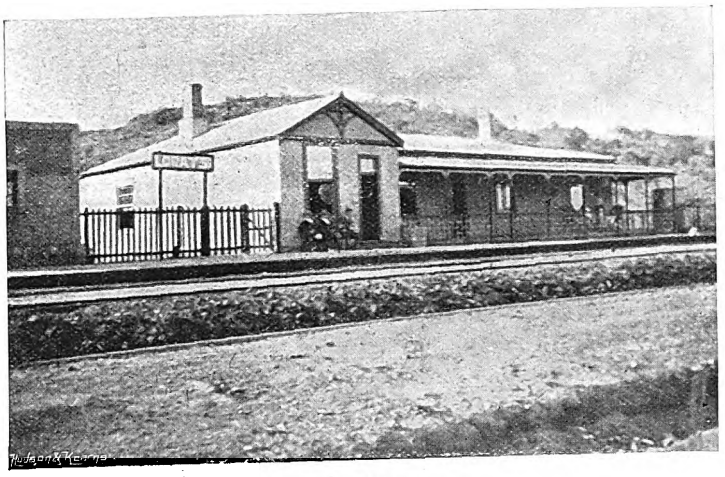
PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

WE are now able to add to our series four pictures of places which are greatly in the public mind. Fort Tuli is the outpost of Rhodesia, on the north side of the Transvaal, beyond the Limpopo, where Colonel Plumer has been keeping the Boers well occupied. His column was formed early in October, and he had an outpost affair at Rhodes's Drift across the Limpopo on October 23, in which Captain Blackburn, of the Cameronians, and three men were killed. Since the communications were cut news has been scanty from the gallant officer, but there have been persistent reports of his advance southward to reinforce Mafeking. At the end of last week news reached London that on November 2 a small convoy of Plumer's column was attacked by the Boers, who captured it, and six men were reported missing. Lobatsi, of which we illustrate the railway station on the Bechuanaland railway, was one of the first places occupied by the Boers, who on October 13 destroyed the railway bridge at Aasvogel Kop near there, thus cutting Plumer's communications with Mafeking.



FORT TULI.
Colonel Plumer's Frontier Post in Rhodesia.

Another illustration is of the market square at the latter place, where Colonel Baden-Powell is making a defence that will long be memorable. There has, perhaps, never been a better example of soldier-like courage and resource than the heroic defenders of Mafeking have displayed in their vigorous sorties and the measures they have taken to resist assault, and all with a light heart that has had a breezy effect even on people at home, who began with some fear for the stout little garrison there. Our last illustration is of one of the most important strategic points—the Orange River bridge between Kimberley and De Aar.



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One of the First Places Occupied by the Boers

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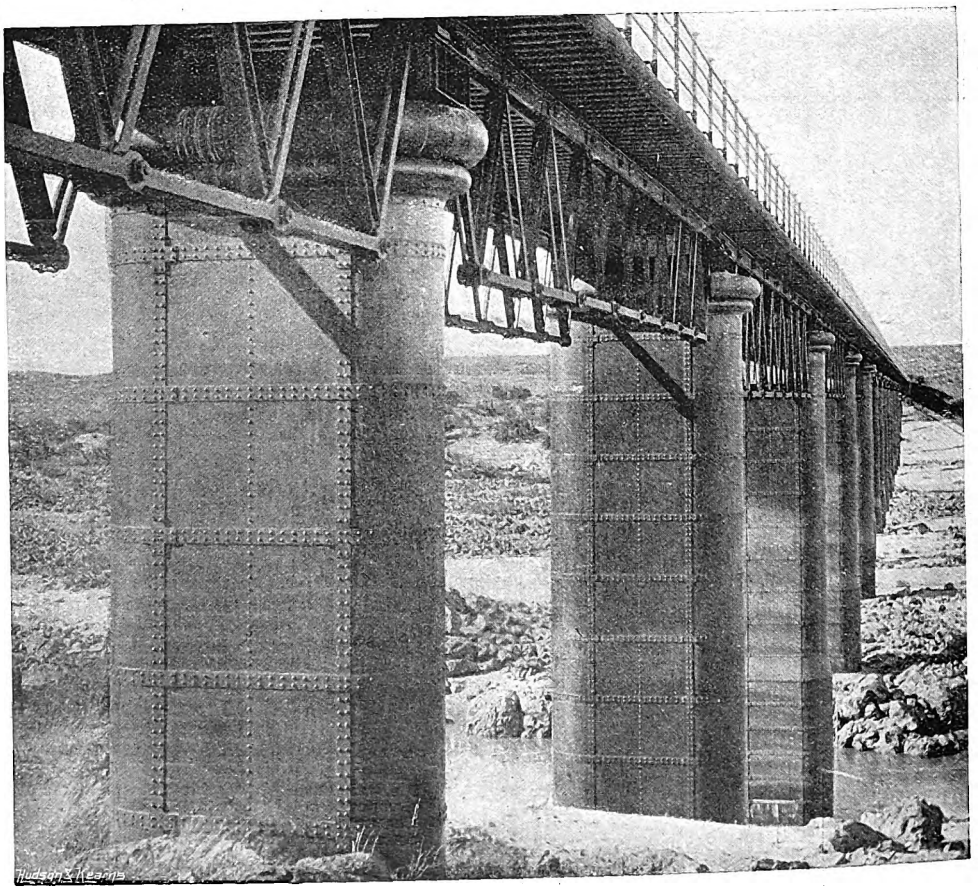

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Colonel Kinkaid, the commandant at Hopetown, believes that the bridge will withstand efforts at demolition. It is constructed of iron girders supported upon eighteen concrete pillars, and is about 300-yds. long. In our illustration the river is low, but now it has risen and is in flood.

Works that are regarded as impregnable have been raised commanding the bridge, Colonel Kincaid having been assisted by Majors Coleridge and Jackson and Captains Mills and Boileau. The plain is a perfect battle-field, and the men are full of fight.

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MY DEAR BETTY,—You will not be surprised to hear that Esther has been with me for the last hour, sitting in my biggest arm-chair, and talking. As I expected, she has come up to town in a hurry, "because she likes to be in the centre of things." She wants to hear the latest news at the very moment it is published. It was too trying to stand dawdling about waiting for the paper every morning, as was inevitable in the country, so she packed up and came to town, and here she will remain—until Christmas, at any rate. I am very glad to see her again, bringing with her so much life and freshness that she is quite invigorating, like a breath of air from the country, which she so despises for the moment; and if Esther does take things in a superficial, light manner, it is rather a relief when everyone else is so serious and anxious. She looks very pretty, too, in her fashionable long sealskin that reaches right to the ground and is beautifully trimmed with sable and ermine. You will see in the sketch I send you how it is made, with the ermine arranged as a high storm-collar and revers as wide, the sable edging them in soft narrow bands and then widening out to form a sort of shaped flounce. It suits her so well, with ruffles of fine old lace about the neck, and a picturesque velvet hat trimmed with a knot of pale blue velvet and a long ostrich feather.

This sort of coat would be capital for anyone going out to a cold station such as Halifax. I cannot imagine anything more delightful than to find oneself sleighing, dressed in luxurious furs of that description. No frost, however severe, no wind, however biting, could do much against such a wealth of warm clothing. For walking, of course it is quite impossible to wear these long coats—they are far too heavy; but there are short tight-fitting ones that are smart and very useful for that purpose. They are seen in sealskin, astrachan, caracule, and mink, and nearly every case they are trimmed with some contrasting fur. To-day I saw one of sealskin trimmed with chinchilla which was charmingly pretty, whilst a black caracule made with open fronts, showing a waistcoat of white caracule, was very becoming. Some of the fur coats are relieved by the introduction of velvet, the latter being let in as a sort of insertion in some cases, just a touch of it on the cuffs and down the front; or, again, it is added as appliqué on the fur. One little coat of black caracule had this appliqué in white velvet, which was finely embroidered with coloured silks. Very smart, indeed, it was, though I did not really admire it; the contrast was too strong; but, when the same fur had green velvet insertions, the mixture was quite worthy of praise, the brightness of the moss-green showing delicately amongst the black, and making a most charming effect. Fur capes are all lined with delicate shades of silk or with white satin. A very handsome arrangement of sable was not only lined with pale mauve, but it had also a yoke of the same colour finely tucked, the yoke itself being surmounted by a high collar of fur.

A FUR COAT.

Esther, in spite of her light-heartedness, has a good many friends at the front, and one or two amongst those at Pretoria. I agree with her that it must be irritating for them to be out of everything until the end of the war, unless they are lucky enough to be exchanged as were a few last week. She was wishing she could send out to them one of Edison's Bell phonographs with all the latest songs from the best musical pieces, with Mrs. Tree reciting "The Absent-minded Beggar" at the Palace, and with just a few of the most inspiriting marches played by their own military bands. It would enliven them no doubt. It would also enliven the Boers, I should imagine, if they suddenly heard some of our most spirited national music poured out in the midst of their own entrenchments. The prisoners might have rather a bad quarter of an hour afterwards.

War news continues to be the one topic of universal interest. I was dining at Prince's an evening or so ago, and almost every scrap of conversation I overheard referred solely to the position of things in South Africa; everybody seemed to have some relation or connection who was either going or had gone out to fight. Prince's is very popular, from a smart point of view, and whilst waiting for my party I devoted myself to the study of the various cloaks and evening wraps, of which there was a great variety, from the long regal-looking garment in black velvet and ermine to the crimson shawl-shaped cape of grebe with pink satin lining. One very effective wrap in seal velvet was composed of three capes, or deep, scantily cut, circular flounces, one above the other; each cape or flounce was decorated with a wavy line of string-coloured coarse lace insertion, and the whole was handsomely finished with a narrow edging of fluffy bear.

Yours affectionately,

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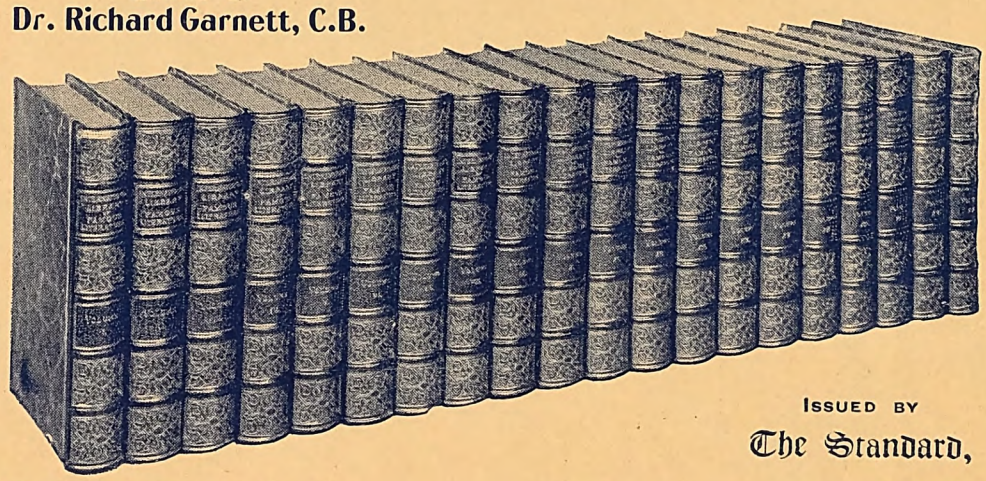

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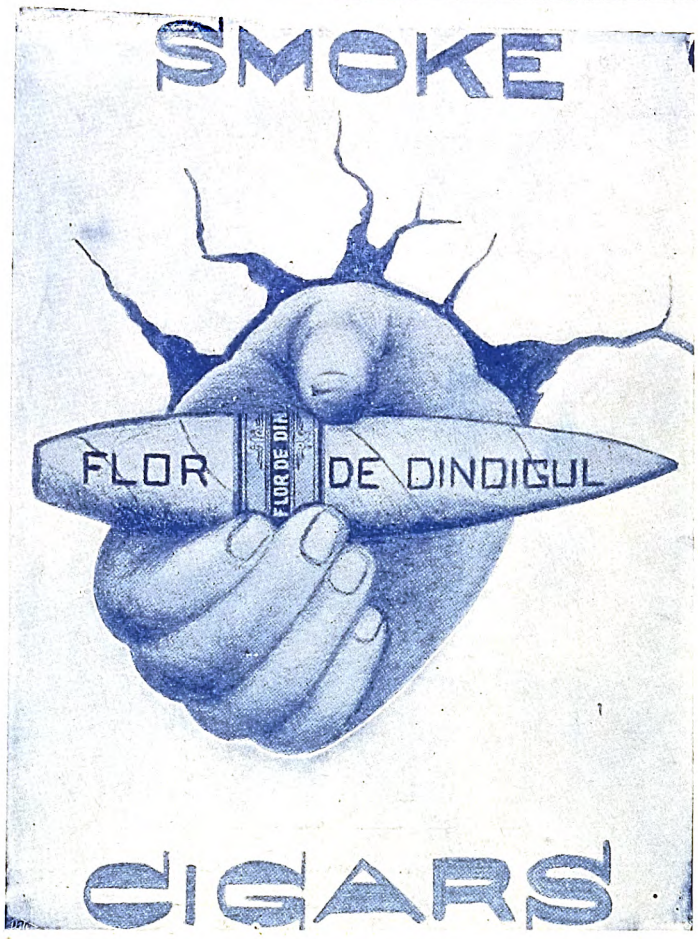

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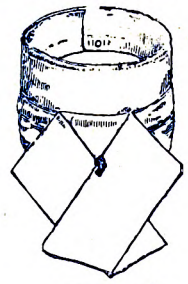

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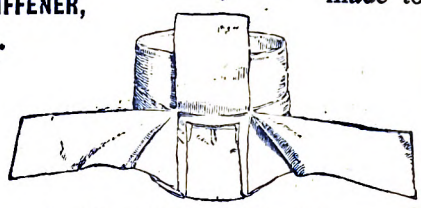

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COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. "Hearts are Trumps."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Christian."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W C., 8 p.m. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Sign of the Cross."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "El Capitan." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8 p.m. "The Canary."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "In Old Kentucky."
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SAVOY, W.C., 8.30 p.m. H.M.S. "Pinafore."—"Trial by Jury."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
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SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "Gay Piccadilly."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "How London Lives."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The Greek Slave." Sat. 2.30.
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "The Swiss Express."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2 p.m. "The Geisha."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Only Way."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Gentleman Joe." Thurs. 2.30.
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E. "The Great Ruby."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 8 p.m. "Charley's Aunt." Wed. 2.30.
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. "The White Heather."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "Rip Van Winkle."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Mohawk Minstrels."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 8 p.m. "Little Miss Nobody."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E. "The Sign of the Cross."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "A Greek Slave."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "A Queen's Vengeance."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "La Poupée."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. Soldiers of the Queen."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Circus Girl."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Sins of the Fathers."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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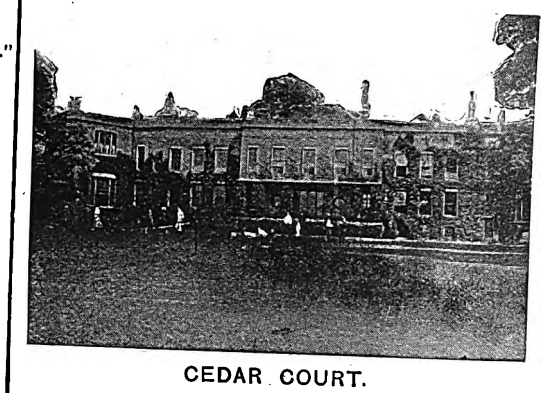

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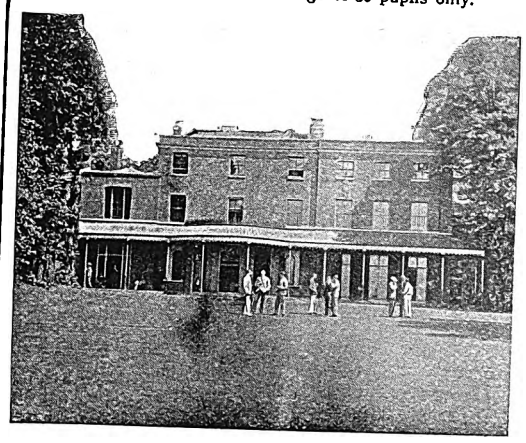

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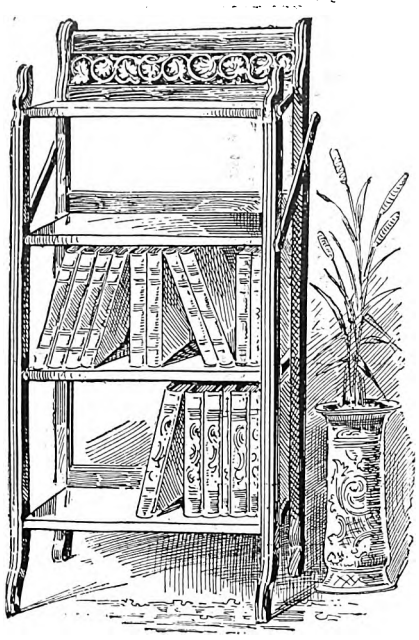

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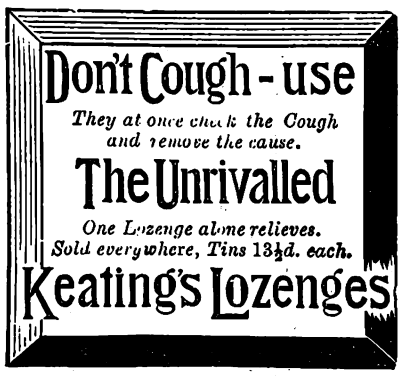

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Fourth Week]

THE QUARTERS OF THE INFANTRY REGIMENTS.*

	Battn.		
Grenadier G'ds	1.	Col. V. Hatton, C.B.	Windsor
	2.	Lieut.-Col. F. Lloyd, D.S.O.	Wellington Bar'ks.
	3.	Lieut.-Col. E. M. S. Crabbe	South Africa
Coldstream G'ds	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. E. Codrington	South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. R. Stopford	Cape Colony
	3.	Lieut.-Col. V. J. Dawson	Tower of London
Scots Guards	1.	Col. A. H. Paget	Cape Colony
	A. 2.	Col. I. R. Jones	Wellington Bar'ks.
Royal Scots (1st)	1.	Lieut.-Col. E. P. Morgan-Payler.	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. T. F. Ross	Poona
Queen's (Rl. West Surrey Reg., 2nd)	1.	Col. J. S. Collins	Gharial, Punjab
	2.	Lt.-Col. E. O. F. Hamilton	Natal
The Buffs (East Kent Reg., 3rd)	1.	Col. A. E. Ommanney	Kamptee
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. A. Hickson	Brighton
King's Own (Rl. Lancaster 4th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. Rowlandson	Singapore
	2.	Col. M. E. Crofton	For South Africa
Northumberland Fusiliers (5th).	1.	Lt.-Col. C. G. C. Money, C.B.	Cape Colony
	2.	Lt.-Col. R. L. A. Pennington	South Africa
Ryl. Warwickshire Regiment (6th).	1.	Lt.-Col. W. E. G. Forbes, C.B.	Madras
	2.	Lieut.-Col. M. Q. Jones, C.B.	For South Africa
	B. 3.	Lieut.-Col. A. W. F. Jackson	Malta
Royal Fusiliers (7th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. R. P. B. Rodick	Nusseerabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. C. Donald	South Africa
	B. 3.	Lieut.-Col. J. E. Briggs	Gibraltar
King's (Liverpool Regiment, 8th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. L. S. Mellor	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. S. H. Harrison	Enniskillen
Norfolk Regiment (9th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. L. Govan	Bombay
	2.	Lieut.-Col. L. H. Phillips	Fermoy
Lincolnshire Reg. (10th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. R. Lowth, C.B.	Secunderabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. R. Roberts	Aldershot
Devonshire Reg. (11th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. W. Park	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. M. Bullock	South Africa
Suffolk Regiment (12th)	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. J. Watson	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. R. Townley	Quetta
Somersetshire L.I. (13th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. A. Walsh	Rawal Pindi
	2.	Lieut.-Col. E. J. Gallwey	South Africa
West Yorkshire Regiment (14th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. Grant-Dalton	Kurrachee
	2.	Col. F. W. Kitchener	Natal
East Yorkshire Regiment (15th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. F. Garnett	Belgaum
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. W. Ward	Templemore
Bedfordshire Reg. (16th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. H. Riddell	Mooltan
	2.	Col. W. O. Cavenagh	Dublin
Leicestershire Reg. (17th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. D. Carleton	Ladysmith, Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. W. McKinstry	Curragh
Royal Irish Reg. (18th).	1.	Lt.-Col. H. W. N. Guinness	Buttevant
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. B. Forster	Mhow
Yorkshire Reg. (19th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. Bowles	For South Africa
	2.	Lt.-Col. C. J. Spottiswoode	Dagshai
Lancashire Fus. (20th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. L. E. May	Crete
	2.	Lt.-Cl. C. J. Blomfield, D.S.O.	For South Africa
	B. 3.	Lieut.-Col. R. G. Bruxner-Randall.	Malta
Royal Scots Fus. (21st).	1.	Lt.-Col. A. H. Abercrombie	Peshawur
	2.	Lieut.-Col. E. E. Carr	Natal
Cheshire Regiment (22nd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. W. Bromfield	Secunderabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. F. Curteis	Limerick
Royal Welsh Fus. (23rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. C. H. Thorold	Natal
	2.	Lt.-Col. Hon. R. H. Bertie	Hong Kong
South Wales Borderers (24th).	1.	Lt.-Col. H. G. Mainwaring	Chakrata
	2.	Col. R. A. P. Clements, D.S.O., A.D.C.	Dublin
K.O. Scottish Borderers (25th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. W. Godfray	Dublin
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. T. W. Hewat	Cawnpore
Cameronians (Sct. Rifles, 26th-90th)	1.	Lieut.-Col. S. H. Lomax	Lucknow
	2.	Lieut.-Col. E. Cooke	South Africa
Royal Inniskilling Fus. (27th-108th)	1.	Lt.-Col. T. M. G. Thackeray	South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. M. Greenfield	Dalhousie
Gloucestershire Reg. (28th-61st).	1.	. . . . .	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. F. Lindsell	Aldershot
Worcestershire Reg. (29th-36th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. O. H. Oakes	Plymouth
	2.	Lieut.-Col. F. S. Allen	Halifax
East Lancashire Reg. (30th-59th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. J. A. Wright	Jersey
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. G. Watson	Ranikhet
East Surrey Reg. (31st-70th).	1.	Lt.-Col. W. J. H. Frodsham	Jhansi
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. H. W. Harris	Natal
Duke of Cornwall's L.I. (32nd-46th).	1.	Col. C. F. A. Turnbull	Lucknow
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. Aldworth, D.S.O.	South Africa
D. of Wellington's (W. Riding Reg., 33rd-76th).	1.	Lt.-Col. G. E. Lloyd, D.S.O.	Dover
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. E. Belfield	Rangoon
Border Regiment (34th-55th).	1.	Col. T. H. E. Hinde	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. S. Wood	Bareilly
Royal Sussex Reg. (35th-107th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. B. D. A. Donne	Malta
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. C. Young	Sealkote
Hampshire Reg. (37th-67th)	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. R. Parkinson	Cherat, Punjab
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. E. Briggs	Cork
South Staffords're Reg. (38th-80th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. C. Savage	Dinsale
	2.	Lieut.-Col. N. S. Allen	Thayetmyo, Burma
Dorsetshire Reg. (39th-54th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. J. J. Kentish	Nowshera, Punjab
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. Law	For South Africa
South Lancashire Reg. (40th-82nd)	1.	L.-C. W. McCarthy-O'Leary	For South Africa
	2.	L.-C. A. F. G. Richardson	Jubbulpore
Welsh Regiment (41st-69th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. R. J. F. Banfield	South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. F. S. L. Penno	Ahmednugger
The Black Watch (Ryl. Highland's 42nd-73rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. E. G. Grogan	Sitapur
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. H. C. Coode	Cape Colony
Oxfordshire L.I. (43rd-52nd).	1.	Lt.-Col. Hon. A. E. Dalzell	Devonport
	2.	Col. F. H. Plowden	Ferozepore
Essex Regiment (44th-56th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. T. E. Stephenson	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. T. Stock	Shwebo, Burma
Sherwood F'r'sters (Derbyshire Rg., (45th-95th).	1.	Col. H. L. Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O.	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. D. Bulpett	Malta
Loyal North Lancashire Regim't. (47th-81st).	1.	Lieut.-Col. R. G. Kekewich	Kimberley
	2.	Lt.-Col. B. A. Satterthwaite	Malta
Northamptonshire Reg. (48th-58th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. B. Capper	Fyzabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. C. Denny	Cape Colony
Rl. Berkshire Reg. (49th-66th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. C. Carter	Portsmouth
	2.	Lt.-Col. C. Evans-Gordon	Natal
Queen's Own (Ryl. West Kent Reg., 50th-97th).	1.	L.-C. C. W. H. Evans, D.S.O.	Aden
	2.	Lt.-Col. E. A. W. S. Grove	Egypt
King's Own Yorks. L.I. (51st-105th).	1.	L.-C. Sir H. A. W. Johnson, Bart.	Sheffield
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. St. L. Barter	Cape Colony
King's (Shropshire L.I., 53rd-85th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. Collette	Poona
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. Spens	South Africa
Middlesex Reg. (57th-77th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. G. White	Welling'n, Madras
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. W. Hill	For South Africa
King's Royal Rifle Corps (60th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. Gore-Browne	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. G. Grimwood	Natal
	3.	L.-C. R. G. Buchanan-Riddell	South Africa
	4.	Lieut.-Col. E. W. Herbert	Cork
Wiltshire Regim't. (62nd-99th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. C. Harford	Quetta
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. M. Carter	Aldershot
Manchester Reg. (63rd-96th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. E. R. Curran	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. T. Reay	Manchester
North Staffords're Reg. (64th-98th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. T. Currie, C.B.	Subathu
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. E. Bradley	Newry
York & Lancaster Reg. (65th-84th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. J. Kirkpatrick	For South Africa
	2.	Col. H. Boughey	Agra
Durham Light I. (68th-106th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. L. Woodland	South Africa
	2.	Lt.-Col. A. de B. V. Paget	Mandalay
Highland Light I. (71st-74th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. R. Kelham	Cape Colony
	2.	Lt.-Col. R. D. B. Rutherford	Ceylon
Seaforth Highl'rs (72nd-78th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. A. Campbell	Egypt
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. W. Hughes-Hallett, D.S.O.	South Africa
Gordon Highl'rs (75th-92nd).	1.	Lt.-Col. G. T. F. Downman	South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. H. Dick-Cunyngham, V.C.	Natal
Q.O. Cameron H'rs (79th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. T. F. A. Watson-Kennedy.	Egypt
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hunt	Gibraltar
Royal Irish Rifles (83rd-86th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. Haggard	Dum Dum
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. A. Eagar	Cape Colony
Ryl. Irish Fusiliers (87th-89th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. R. C. Carleton	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. Reeves	Natal
Connaught Ran's (88th-94th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. L. G. Brooke	South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. E. Harman	Meerut
Argyll & Sutherl'd H'rs (91st-93rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. H. Campbell	South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. L. J. Goff	Ranikhet
Leinster Regiment (100th-109th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. Martin	Halifax, N.S. (for
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. G. Glancy	Barbados [home)
Ryl. Munster Fus. (101st-104th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. E. S. Evans	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. P. S. Druitt	Dinapore
Royal Dublin Fus. (102nd-103rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. A. Mills	South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. D. Cooper	Maritzburg, Natal
Rifle Brigade	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. B. Norcott	South Africa
	2.	Lt.-Col. C. T. E. Metcalfe	Cape Frontier
	3.	Lieut.-Col. W. R. Kenyon-Slaney.	Kuldana
	4.	Lieut.-Col. A. R. Pemberton	Dublin
West India Reg.	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. L. Bayley	Bermuda
	2.	Lieut.-Col. D. M. Allen	Jamaica
	3.	Lieut.-Col. A. Bor	Sierra Leone
Hong Kong Reg.		Lieut.-Col. J. M. A. Retallick	Hong Kong
Chinese Regiment	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. Bower	Wei-hai-Wei
West African Reg.		L.-C. G. G. Cunningham, D.S.O.	
B.C. Africa Rifles	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. H. Manning	Central Africa
	2.	Major H. E. J. Brake, R.A.	Mauritius
Provisional Batt.		Lieut.-Col. C. H. Kelly	Shorncliffe

A. 3rd Battalion about to be formed. *B. 4th Battalion in course of formation.*

** The disposition of all Our Forces in South Africa is given in every number of the "Navy and Army Illustrated."*

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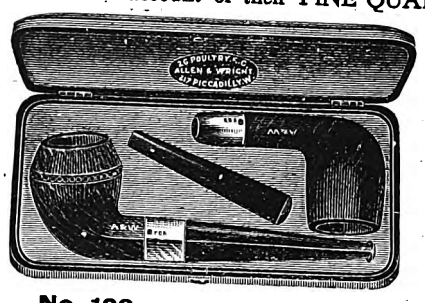

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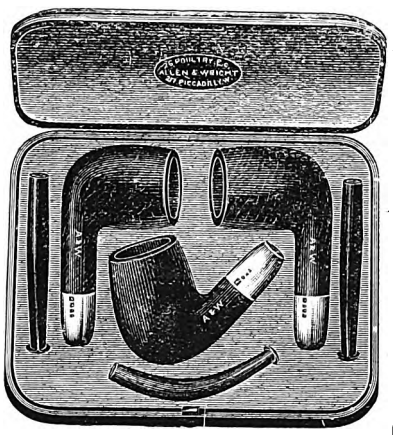

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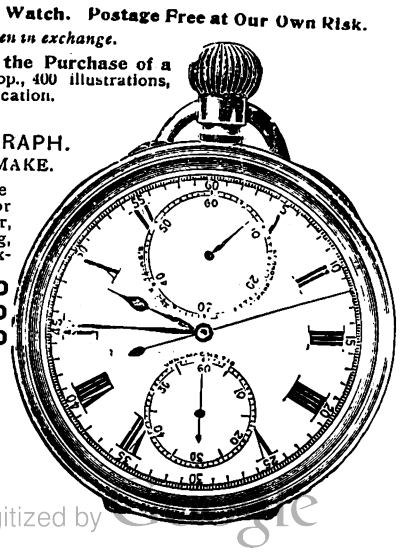

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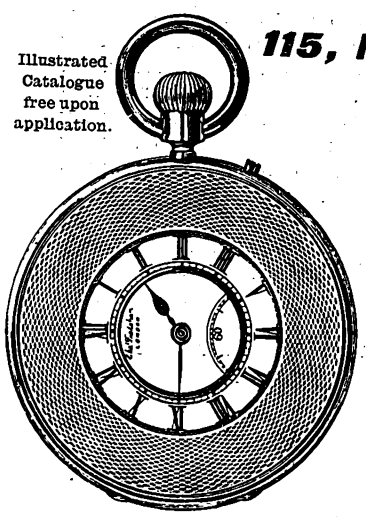

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MY DEAR BETTY,—Here in town, as everywhere else, we are looking forward to a very quiet winter, and a cessation from all balls and other festivities. And, indeed, it is right that it should be so. Nothing would be more unnatural than for English people to be amusing themselves in dancing and other frivolities whilst so great a number of their fellow-countrymen, and many of their friends or relations, are daily in peril of their lives. And this is so strongly felt that nearly all entertainments talked of are those organised for the aid of the wives and families of our soldiers and sailors, or for the support of their widows and orphans.

It is, indeed, very delightful to see how everyone is working so energetically for these ends; and I think many whose hearts are full of anxiety at this time are glad to find work waiting for them to do, work which must appeal to their sympathies as women, and as wives or mothers of soldiers.

In view of all the entertainments arranged for the various funds, I will send you next week a sketch of a dainty bolero, suitable for wearing on such occasions. It is made of tucked chiffon, with tiny pieces of lace inserted here and there, and it is further enriched with those lovely raised roses which are the latest development of painted chiffon. This bolero is charming when worn over a muslin or lace underbodice, whilst it might also give an additional smartness to a white satin blouse. And if the bodice be cut low, a fichu arranged at the neck, and fastened on each side with a pearl ornament, it makes a pretty addition for a theatre or concert. If such a bolero is worn with a skirt made of the beautiful soft white satin that hangs so gracefully, and is entirely destitute of pattern or design, the dress will be found most useful, and it will have the advantage of being easily varied by some little alteration in the bolero or bodice. For Elsie's travelling dress I can recommend nothing better than an Irish homespun, which is quite an ideal material for the most useful, and, in such cases, the indispensable, coat and skirt. If she were careful to choose one not too heavy she would find that she could wear it for over a week on the voyage, as she goes the whole way by sea, and there are many days in Calcutta when such a dress would be most comfortable in the early morning hours. The homespuns are made in every variety of cloths or tweeds, diagonals, checks, or the plain material can be used in every shade and mixture of colours, so that Elsie should have no difficulty in finding one to suit her taste; or, rather, the difficulty is that when so many are pretty it takes a long time to decide where one's choice is to rest. At least, that is what Esther and I found when she brought a quantity of patterns round to me and asked me to help her to choose her new golfing dress. There were a great many greys that I very much liked, and which are of the particular shade, tell her, that would suit Elsie; one delicate light grey would look quite delightful with a white shirt. Then a pale blue tweed would suit the fancy of the moment for light-coloured cloths, whilst if she prefers a louder design, a cream checked with full brown, and showing a thread of soft blue, is one that I would particularly recommend to her. But, after all, such descriptions can help her but little, so I advise her to write to Messrs. Hamilton and Co., the White House, Portrush, Ireland, and they will send her a selection of patterns that will give her a very good estimate of what the Irish can do in this direction.

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The café chantant at Claridge's Hotel on Saturday, organised by Mrs. Brown-Potter for the "Maine" Hospital Ship Fund, was a very brilliant affair, the programme being excellent, and the informal arrangement of the whole event making it particularly enjoyable. Every penny will be needed to maintain the ship in service until the war is over, and upon this our American sisters are determined. The treasurer, Mrs. Ronalds, 7, Cadogan Square, will willingly accept any donations sent to her by her own countrywomen for the purpose.

For the benefit of my friends, I have been making a serious study of the dinner-gowns I have seen during the last few evenings at Prince's Restaurant. First, and in highest favour, is the close-fitting polonaise. Some of the gowns worn without a polonaise were absolutely plain and tight-fitting over the hips. Prince's was very full again on Sunday night.

Yours affectionately,

CONSTANCE.

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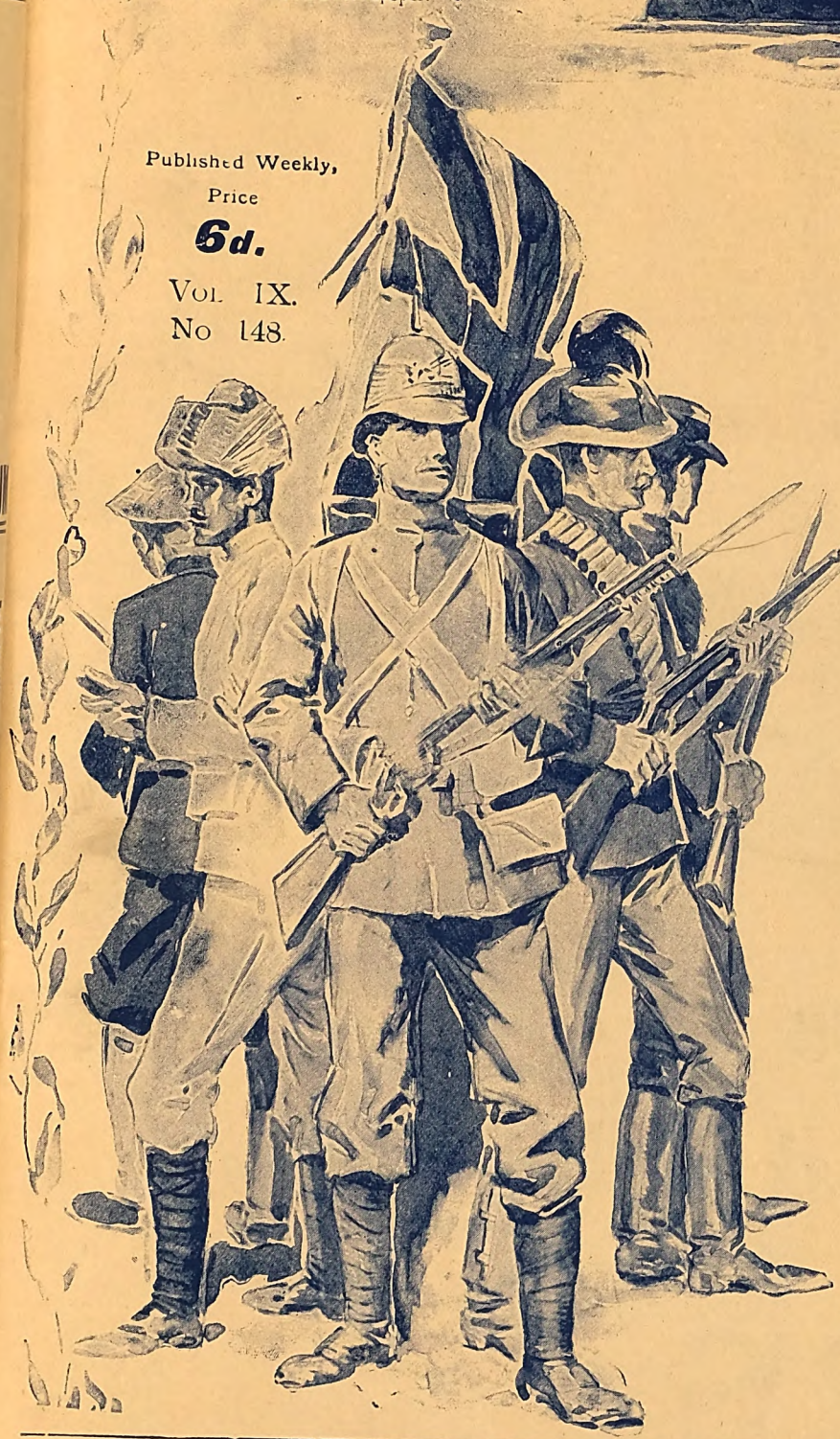

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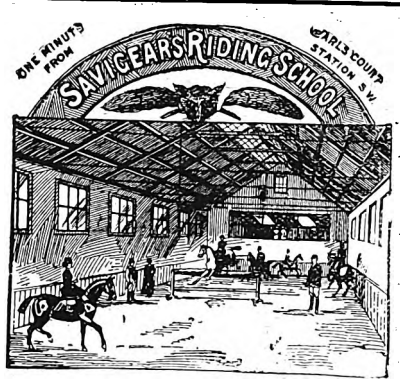

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ADELPHI, Strand W.C., 7.45 p.m. "With Flying Colours."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "El Capitan."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. "Hearts are Trumps."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Christian."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Silver King."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Canary."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "In Old Kentucky."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.30 p.m. H.M.S. "Pinafore."—"Trial by Jury."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Happy Life."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "La Poupee."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "Lady Godiva."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2.30.
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "In Gay Piccadilly."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2 p.m. "The Only Way."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Gay Parisienne."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "The Lights o' London." Thurs. 2.30.
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E. "The Geisha."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 8 p.m. "A Greek Slave." Wed. 2.30
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. "Sporting Life."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "The Circus Girl."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Mohawk Minstrels."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 8 p.m. "The Broken Melody."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E. "Secrets of the Harem."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "A French Maid."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Passions Power."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The Adventures of Lady Ursula."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "The Ladder of Life."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Circus Girl."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "For a Child's Sake."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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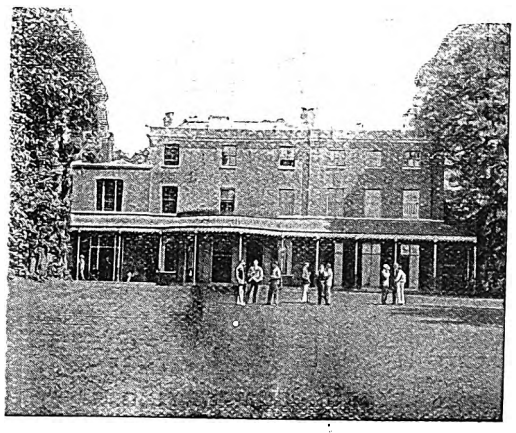

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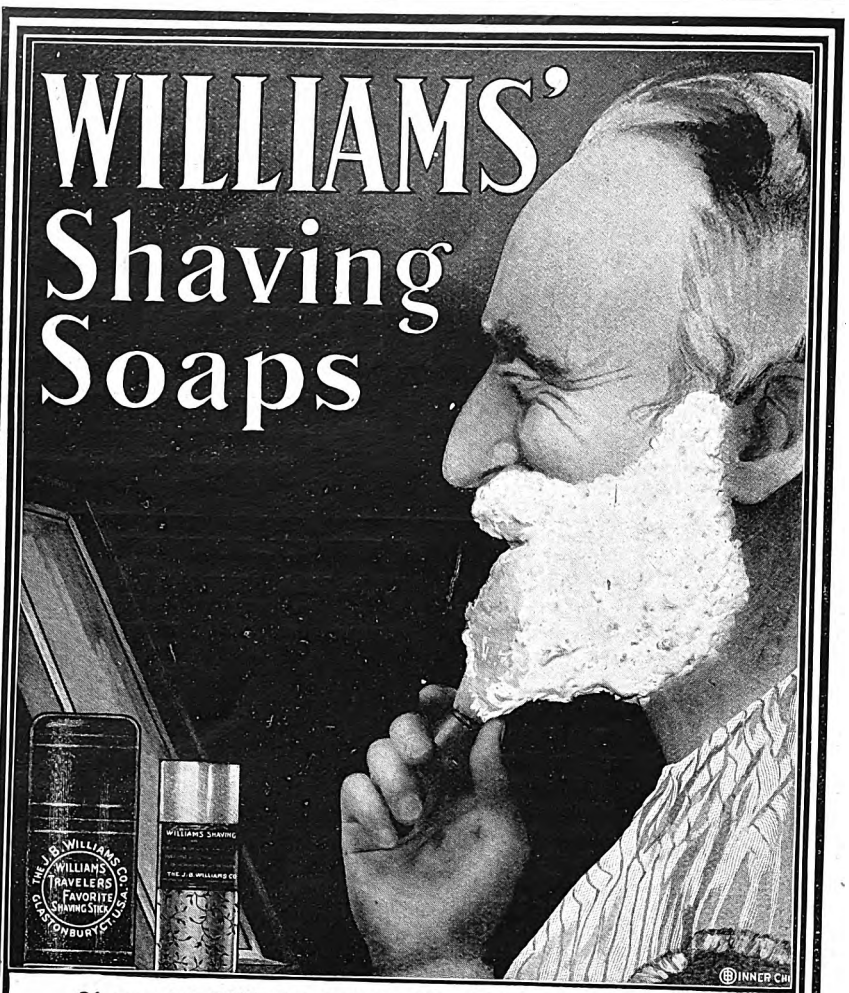

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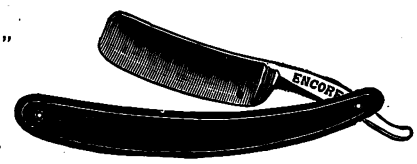

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Royal Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

First Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

B. Battle ship. g.b. Gun boat. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. h.d.s. Harbour Defence Ship. d.v. Despatch Vessel. y. Yacht. sur.v. Surveying Vessel. d.s. Depot-ship. r.g.b. River Gun-boat. t.d.s. Torpedo Depot-ship.

Abyssinia, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Alacrity, *d.v.*	Com. A. H. Smith-Dorrien	China
Alert, *sloop*	Com. H. Savile	North America
Algerine, *sloop*	Com. E. J. W. Slade	China
Amphion, *cr.*	Capt. Frank Finnis	Pacific
Andromeda, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Burr, C.M.G.	Mediterranean
Anson, *B.*	Capt. W. Wilson	Mediterranean
Ardent, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. F. E. Walters	Mediterranean
Astræa, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. Paget	Mediterranean
Assaye, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. O. U. Coates	East Indies
Aurora, *cr.*	Capt. E. H. Bayly	China
Banshee, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. H. L. Watts-Jones	Mediterranean
Barfleur, *B.*	Capt. Hon. S. C. J. Colville, C.B. (Rear-Al. C. C. P. Fitzgerald)	China
Barham, *cr.*	Com. H. L. Tottenham	Mediterranean
Barracouta, *cr.*	Com. R. H. Peirse	C. of Good Hope
Barrosa, *cr.*	Com. W. F. Tunnard	C. of Good Hope
Beagle, *sloop*	Com. Hon. H. A. S. Stanhope	S. E. C. of America
Bonaventure, *cr.*	Ct. R. A. J. Montgomerie, C.B.	China
Boomerang, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Boxer, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. J. Twiselton-Wykeham-Fiennes	Mediterranean
Brisk, *cr.*	Com. R. B. S. Wrey	China
Bruizer, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. M. L. Hulton	Mediterranean
Buzzard, *sloop*	Com. L. F. G. Tippinge	North America
Cæsar, *B.*	Capt. E. H. Gamble	Mediterranean
Canopus, *B.*	Capt. W. H. Fawkes	Mediterranean
Centurion, *B.*	Capt. J. R. Jellicoe (Vice-Adml. Sir E. H. Seymour, K.C.B.).	China
Cockatrice, *g.b.*	Com. H. N. Rolfe	Danube
Columbine, *y.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Williamson	North America
Comus, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Giffard	North America
Crescent, *cr.*	Capt. C. J. G. Sawle (Vice-Adl. Sir F. G. D. Bedford, K.C.B.).	North America
Cruiser, *sloop*	Com. L. G. Tufnell	Mediterranean
Daphne, *sloop*	Com. C. W. Winnington-Ingram.	China
Dart, *sur.v.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. Parry	Australia
Devastation, *B.*	Capt. F. S. Inglefield	Gibraltar
Dido, *cr.*	Capt. G. Neville	Mediterranean
Doris, *cr.*	Ct. R. C. Prothero (Rear-Adml. Sir R. H. Harris, K.C.M.G.).	C. of Good Hope
Dragon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Lambert	Mediterranean
Dwarf, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. F. Shakespear	C. of Good Hope
Earnest, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Baird	Mediterranean
Eclipse, *cr.*	Capt. P. W. Bush (Rear-Admiral H. D. Bosanquet).	East Indies
Egeria, *sur.v.*	Com. M. H. Smyth	Pacific
Empress of India *B*	Capt. H. H. Dyke	Mediterranean
Endymion, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Callaghan	China
Esk, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Chadwick.	China
Fame, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. J. B. Keyes	China
Fearless, *cr.*	Com. H. R. P. Floyd	Mediterranean
Flora, *cr.*	Commodore R. L. Groome	S. E. C. of America
Foam, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Forte, *cr.*	Capt. E. P. Jones	C. of Good Hope
Griffon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. Hon. H. G. Brand	Mediterranean
Halcyon, *t.g.b.*	Com. S. W. A. H. Gray	Mediterranean
Handy, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. A. Moreton	China
Harrier, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. P. Walter	Mediterranean
Hart, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Hazard, *t.g.b.*	Com. P. V. Lewes, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Hebe, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Taylor.	Mediterranean
Herald, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Harvey	River Zambesi
Hermes, *cr.*	Capt. F. H. Henderson	North America
Hermione, *cr.*	Capt. R. S. D. Cumming	China
Hibernia, *d.s.*	Com. W. Ricketts (Rear-Adml. R. M. Lloyd, C.B.).	Malta Reserves
Hood, *B.*	Capt. A. C. Corry.	Mediterranean
Hotspur, *h.d.s.*	Com. C. S. Elliot.	Bermuda
Humber, *store-ship*	Com. H. J. Davison.	China
Hussar, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. M. R. Hill	Mediterranean
Icarus, *sloop*	Com. G. F. S. Knowling	Pacific
Illustrious, *B.*	Capt. Sir R. Poore, Bart.	Mediterranean
Imogene, *d.v.*	Com. E. J. Bain	Mediterranean
Indefatigable, *cr.*	Capt. F. L. Campbell	North America
Iphigenia, *cr.*	Capt. H. N. Dudding	China
Isis, *cr.*	Capt. G. M. Henderson	Mediterranean
Karrakatta, *t.g.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Harbord.	Australia
Katoomba, *cr.*	Capt. H. W. S. Gibson	Sydney Reserves
Lapwing, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Lambert	East Indies
Leander, *cr.*	Capt. F. F. Fegen	Pacific
Liffey, *d.s.*	Staff-Com. P. H. Wright	Coquimbo
Linnet, *g.b.*	Com. W. W. Smythe	China
Lizard, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Watson	Australia
Magdala, *h.d.s.*	Capt. H. L. Fleet.	Bombay Reserves
Magicienne, *cr.*	Capt. W. B. Fisher	C. of Good Hope
Magpie, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. K. Laird	C. of Good Hope (to relieve Sparrow)
Marathon, *cr.*	Capt. J. G. M. Field.	East Indies
Melita, *sloop*	Com. I. M. Fraser, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Melpomene, *cr.*	Capt. J. Denison	East Indies
Mildura, *cr.*	Capt. H. Leah	Australia
Mohawk, *cr.*	Com. F. H. P. W. Freeman	Australia
Monarch, *B.*	Capt. R. D. B. Bruce	Simon's Bay
Mosquito, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. L. Cox	River Zambesi
Nymphe, *sloop*	Com. R. B. Farquhar	Mediterranean
Orion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Orlando, *cr.*	Capt. J. H. T. Burke	China
Partridge, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Hunt	C. of Good Hope
Peacock, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. S. G. Douglas	China
Pearl, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. C. Goodrich	North America
Pegasus, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cochran	S. E. C. of America
Pelorus, *cr.*	Capt. H. C. B. Hulbert	C. of Good Hope
Penguin, *sur.v.*	Capt. J. W. Combe	Australia
Phaeton, *cr.*	Capt. F. G. Kirby	Pacific
Pheasant, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. G. Smith.	Pacific
Philomel, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. Bearcroft	C. of Good Hope
Phœnix, *sloop*	Com. R. P. Cochran.	China
Pigeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. H. Moubray.	East Indies
Pigmy, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. E. Green	China
Plassy, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Plover, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. V. de M. Cowper	China
Polyphemus, *ram.*	Com. E. L. Lang.	Mediterranean
Pomone, *cr.*	Capt. E. A. Simons	East Indies
Porpoise, *cr.*	Com. A. H. D. Ravenhill	Australia
Powerful, *cr.*	Capt. Hon. Hedworth Lambton	C. of Good Hope
Proserpine, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Marx	North America
Psyche, *cr.*	Ct. F. C. Pelly	North America
Pylades, *cr.*	Com. R. G. O. Tupper.	Australia
Quail, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. H. Rymer	North America
Racoon, *cr.*	Com. G. H. Hewett.	East Indies
Rambler, *sur.v.*	Com. H. E. P. Cust.	West Indies
Ramillies, *B.*	Capt. W. des V. Hamilton	Mediterranean
Rattler, *g.b.*	Lt.-Com. Hon. G. A. Hardinge.	China
Redpole, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. F. H. Booth.	China
Renown, *B.*	Capt. D. McN. Riddel (Vice-Admiral Sir J. A. Fisher, K.C.B.).	Mediterranean
Revenge, *B.*	Capt. C. J. Briggs (Rear-Admiral Sir G. H. U. Noel, K.C.M.G.).	Mediterranean
Ringarooma, *cr.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Ringdove, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. F. Ayscough	Australia
Rocket, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Royal Arthur, *cr.*	Capt. C. G. Dicken (Rear-Adml. H. L. Pearson).	Australia
Royal Oak, *B.*	Capt. W. H. B. Graham	Mediterranean
Royal Sovereign, *B.*	Capt. M. P. O'Callaghan	Mediterranean
Rupert, *h.d.s.*	Com. A. B. G. Grenfell.	Alexandria
Sandfly, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Sandpiper, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. C. Carr	China
Scorpion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Snipe, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Oldham	China
Sparrow, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. D. Wilkin, D.S.O.	C. of Good Hope (to be relieved by Magpie)
Sparrowhawk, *t.b.d*	(Reserve Esquimault)	Pacific
Sphinx, *s.*	Com. H. A. Phillips.	East Indies
Surprise, *d.v.*	Com. F. W. F. Hervey	Mediterranean
Swallow, *sloop*	Com. F. W. Keary	S. E. C. of America
Swift, *g.b.*	(Reserve Hong Kong).	China
Tamar, *d.s.*	Commodore F. Powell, C.B.	Hong Kong
Tartar, *cr.*	Com. F. R. W. Morgan	C. of Good Hope
Tauranga, *cr.*	Capt. L. C. Stuart	Australia
Terrible, *cr.*	Capt. Percy Scott	C. of Good Hope
Terror, *d.s.*	Capt. T. MacGill, C.B.	Bermuda
Theseus, *cr.*	Capt. V. A. Tisdall	Mediterranean
Thetis, *cr.*	Capt. W. S. Rees	Mediterranean
Thrush, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. W. Pochin	C. of Good Hope
Torch, *sloop*	Com. H. Preedy	Australia
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Urgent, *d.s.*	Commodore W. H. Henderson.	Jamaica
Venus, *cr.*	Capt. Sir A. B. Milne, Bart.	Mediterranean
Victorious, *B.*	Capt. A. Schomberg	China
Virago, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. T. F. Pike	Pacific
Vulcan, *t.t.s.*	Capt. R. W. White	Mediterranean
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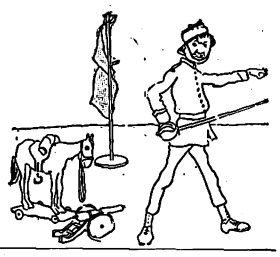

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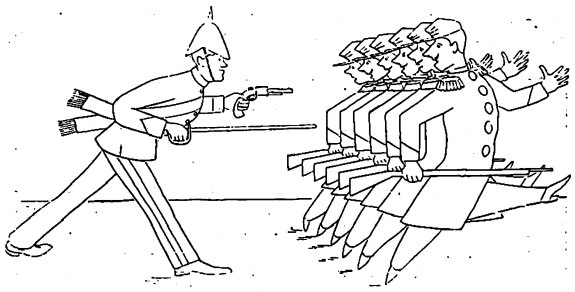

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D is the Daring We show on the field, | Which makes every enemy Vanish or yield.

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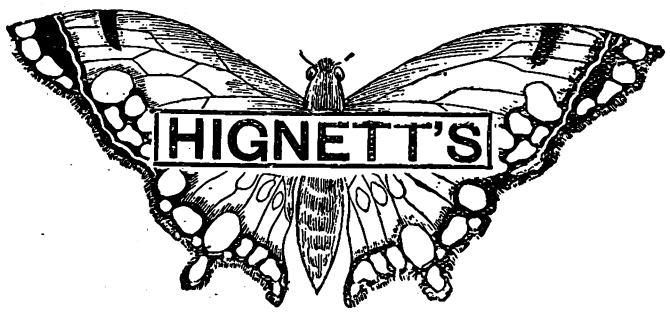

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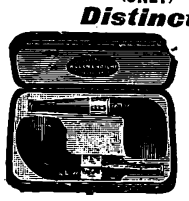

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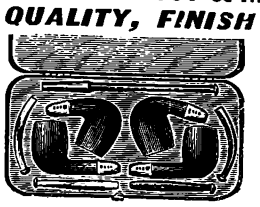

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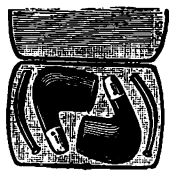

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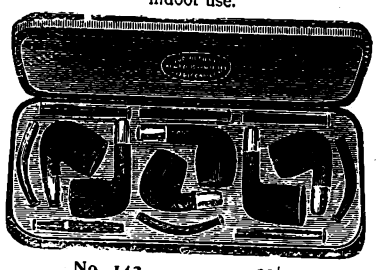

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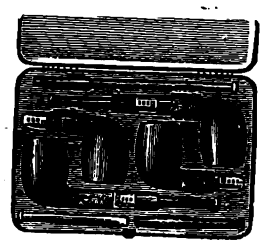

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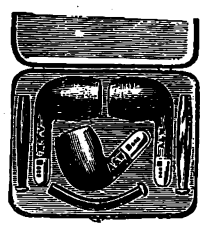

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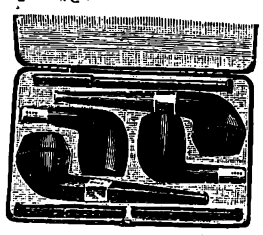

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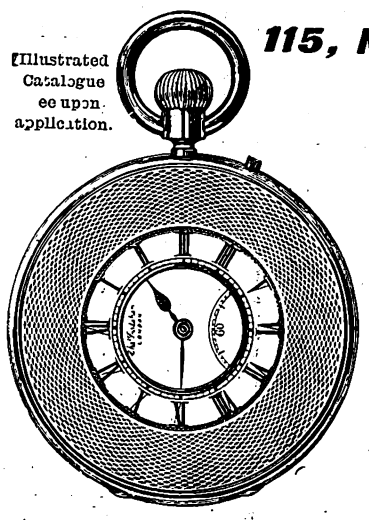

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Battle-fields of the War.

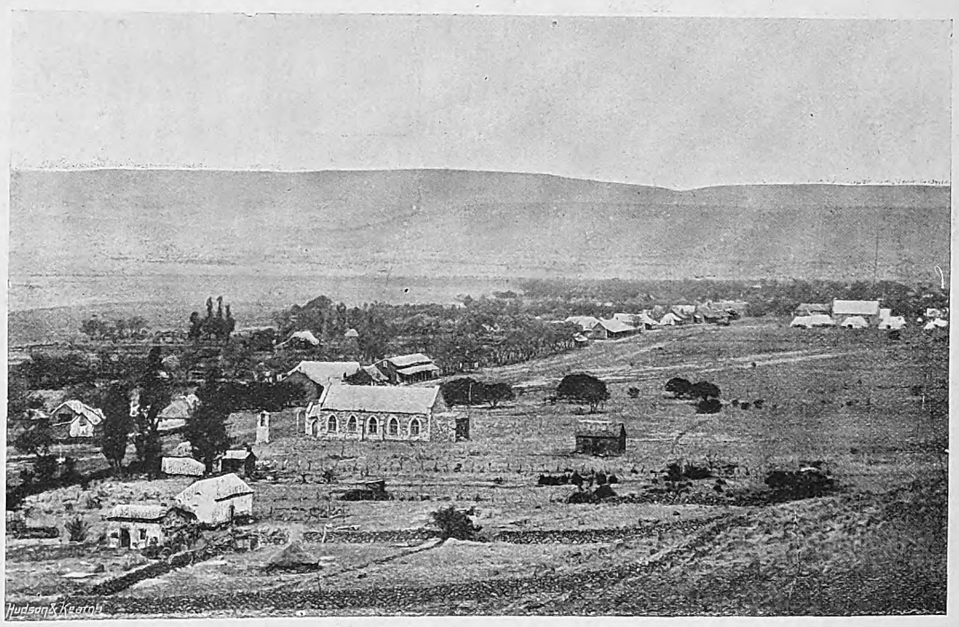
PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

THE military situation in Natal developed with such rapidity that the pictures of battle scenes which we present to-day are of very considerable interest. The Bushman's River is that stream which rises near the Giant's Castle, the highest point in the Drakensberg range, and that flows north-eastward to the Tugela. Upon it lies the little town of Estcourt, which became the base of our operations when the enemy drew round Ladysmith, and where General Hildyard has done so much since in keeping them active and alarmed. The valley of the Bushman's River has seen a good deal of the operations of our scouts, and some skirmishing during the present campaign, and its part in the operations is probably not yet over.

When the Boers endeavoured to isolate General Hildyard they threw a considerable force upon the railway between Estcourt and the Mooi River. The idea was to cut off Estcourt on the south, just as it was cut off on the north, and to prevent any approach to the Mooi River. Our illustration of that river is very characteristic of it, and was taken near the place where Major-General Barton installed his camp to protect the railway bridge which carries the line from Ladysmith and Estcourt to Pieter Maritzburg. The only disappointing thing about the attack on the Mooi River camp was that the range of our military guns proved insufficient. The Boers shelled the camp on November 22, and more determinedly on the next day, but they did no damage that could be of the smallest advantage to themselves, which is, indeed, the usual thing in this campaign. One temptation which probably led them to their invasion of the Mooi River valley was the exceeding richness of it, for the Natal farmers had trekked southward to this region, driving their flocks and herds before them, and the Boers raided and looted right and left as they came. Their chief success in the pillaging way was that they were able to seize 300 valuable horses, the property of the Natal Stud Company, valued at £15,000. But what certainly did surprise us was that they were bold enough to bring their guns down to the Mooi River, including a Howitzer, which, however, they seemed to handle very clumsily. Our illustration shows an ox-team waggon, the common carriage and conveyance of the country where the railway does not avail.

Our other illustration is of a very interesting place. It is of the hill at Ladysmith upon which the Boers planted the famous gun known as "Long Tom," that redoubtable piece upon the achievements of which they placed such delusive hopes.

ON THE BUSHMAN'S RIVER NEAR ESTCOURT.
Where the Boers have been Busy Looting.



AN INTERESTING SCENE AT LADYSMITH.
The Hill upon which "Long Tom" was Planted.

A DRIFT ON THE MOOI RIVER.
Near this Place the Boers Attacked General Barton's Camp.

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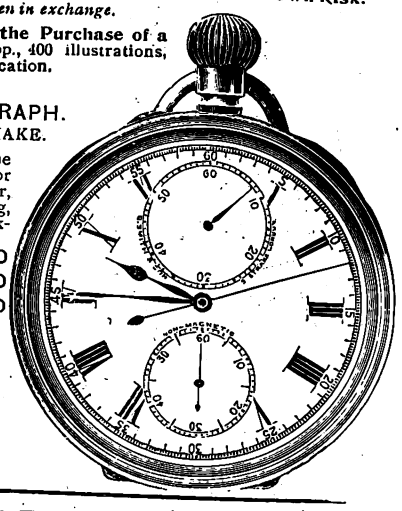

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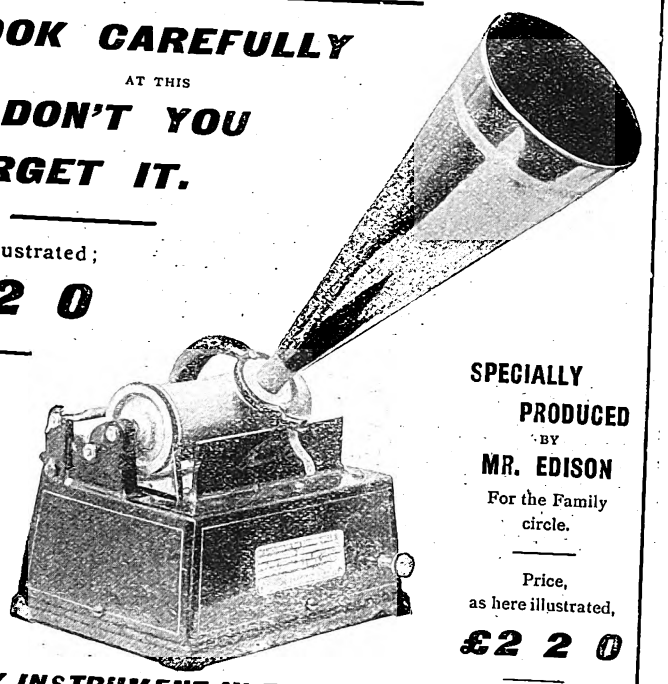

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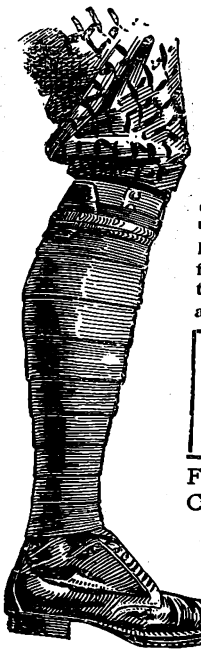

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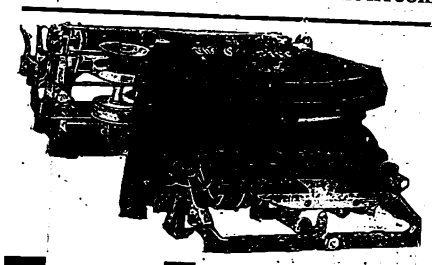

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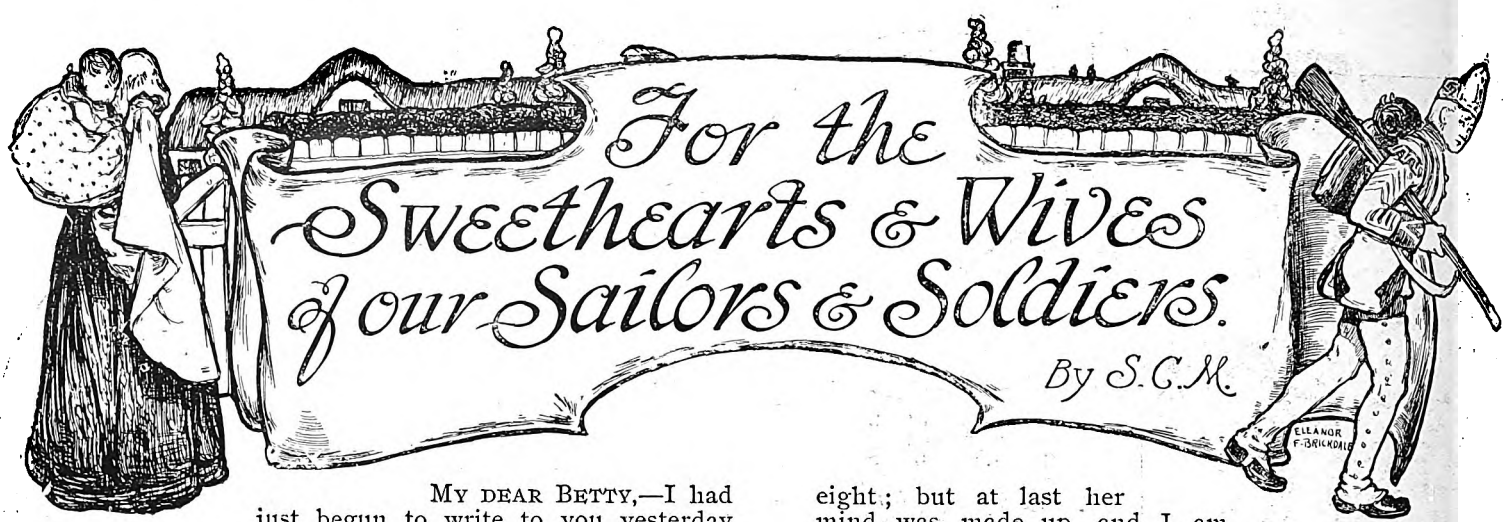

My dear Betty,—I had just begun to write to you yesterday when Esther rushed in to disturb me as usual. She does it so continually just at my busiest moments, that I think she imagines it is good discipline for me. And she always takes care to come dressed in something very pretty, and calculated to rouse my envy, which, perhaps, is also part of the discipline. This morning she had on the charming grey cloth dress a picture of which I sent you last week. Very light grey it was, and made with white silk revers, braided with thin striped grey and white silk cord. On these revers were quaintly-designed empiecements of panne in a darker shade of the grey, and this panne in its turn was outlined with a piped edging of grey silk. The skirt opened sufficiently to show an under-skirt of white silk similarly braided and ornamented. This dress she had had made to wear at the concert at Claridge's Hotel, and it decidedly was well suited for such an occasion, for it was exceptionally smart and pretty.

Talking of that concert, are you going next Monday evening to the "At Home" at the Hotel Cecil which is being organised by the Society of American Women in London for the same purpose—I mean for their hospital ship? It promises to be quite as smart an affair as the other, and I only hope it will be as successful from a monetary point of view. The *tableaux vivants*, in which the American ladies take part, will, I expect, prove a great attraction to many, whilst to others the supper included in the guinea tickets will no doubt be an important factor. But I am wandering away from Esther. The purpose of her visit was to ask me to help her to choose Christmas presents for her many friends in Natal. She said that she had been running round to all the shops alone, but could find nothing that exactly suited her taste. So I promised I would go with her this morning, and punctually at eleven o'clock we sallied forth on a regular present-hunting expedition. But, as you may well suppose, my advice counted for nothing. When the crucial moment came she knew exactly what she wanted, so I patiently looked on and did little else than help her to admire every purchase as she made it. Luckily for her, most of her friends were smokers, so many of the presents she bought were pipes and other things intimately connected with tobacco. With pipes, her great difficulty was to decide on the respective merits of straight or bent ones, and I must confess I could not help her in the least. However, she solved the difficulty by buying a charming Morocco case at Allen and Wright's, in Piccadilly Circus, which held one of each, and was quite inexpensive. We found some difficulty at first, for we were shown such a variety of cases, some with two pipes, some with four, others even with six or eight; but at last her mind was made up, and I am thankful to say that when once it is made up it does not change again. Then she bought a tobacco pouch made of antelope skin, with an initial beautifully worked on it in gold thread and silk, the letter being taken from a quaint old English alphabet. Esther was so pleased with this that she ordered another, to have a monogram worked in the same way. And then she bought a cigarette holder made of a lovely piece of amber encircled with a gold snake, and packed away in a neat little silver case to hang on a watch chain, and she nearly added to it one made of tortoise-shell, and another of ivory, because they were so tempting. And she even began to consider what cigarettes she should buy; but here I advised her to stop, for what woman ever knew how to choose cigarettes for a man? For a wonder she took my advice, and bought instead a sweetly pretty gun-metal cigarette case, set all over with tiny turquoises. After that we went off to a fancy leather shop to see what we could pick up there. And so we kept on for the whole morning, until, contented though tired, and loaded with far too many presents, she came with me to lunch at Prince's. Here, she says, she often goes when she is alone, for she knows she can always rely on receiving as much courtesy and attention as if she were escorted by a whole bodyguard of brothers and cousins. We had an excellent lunch, of which we were badly in need after our hard morning's work, and between the courses and our snatches of gossip we criticised the various toques that we saw there, in every variety of shape and material. And now I know you are longing for me to describe those toques, but I have no time or space this week, as I want to call your attention to the fact that the best way to forward papers, books, and other presents to the soldiers in South Africa is to send them prepaid to the Pall Mall Deposit and Forwarding Company, Carlton Street, Regent Street, who will forward them free to Cape Town and Durban, where they will be handed over to the commanding officer for distribution. This is a convenience that has already been much appreciated, and so have the special arrangements the same Company has made for sending out parcels to officers. About seven tons weight of things have been sent each week to the soldiers since the war began. But though a great deal has already gone, more is still wanted, which reminds me to ask you if you are making any of the Tam-o'-Shanters, Cardigan jackets, etc., Lady White has appealed for?

Yours affectionately,

Constance.

A DAINTY BOLERO.

**** Communications, enquiries, and other correspondence relating to matters referred to in the above letter should be addressed to the Editor at this office, with "Fashions" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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At the Front and In the Front.

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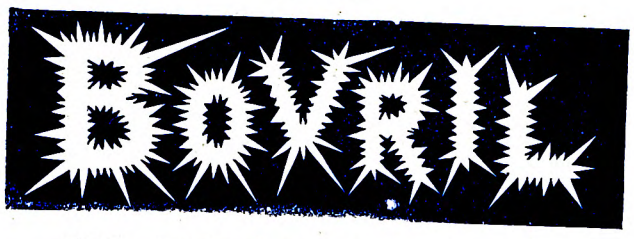
In recognition of the peculiar suitability and great value of



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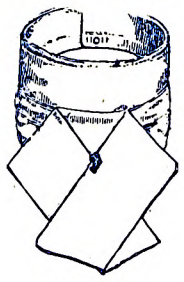

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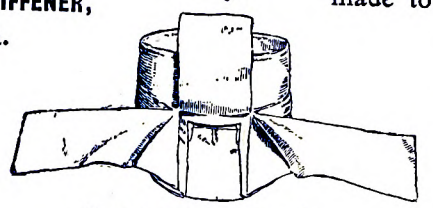

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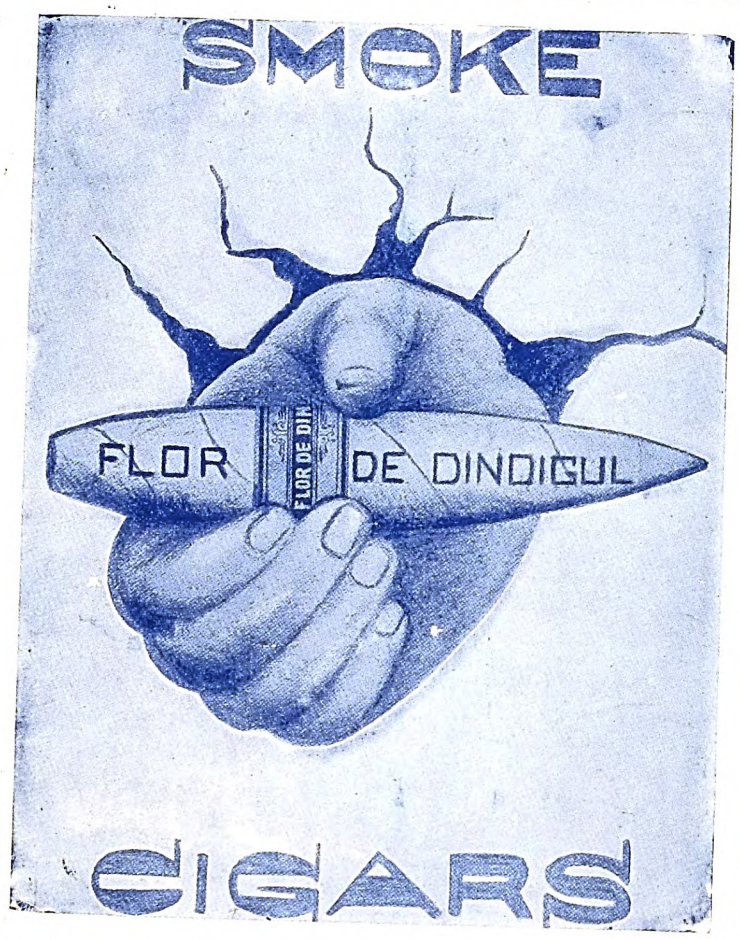

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9th, 1899.

OUR DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER NEXT WEEK.

NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED

ed by COMMR CHAS N. ROBINSON. R.N.
(Of "The Army and Navy Gazette")
es, 20. TAVISTOCK ST, COVENT GARDEN. W.C.

Subscription Price, per annum, Post free.
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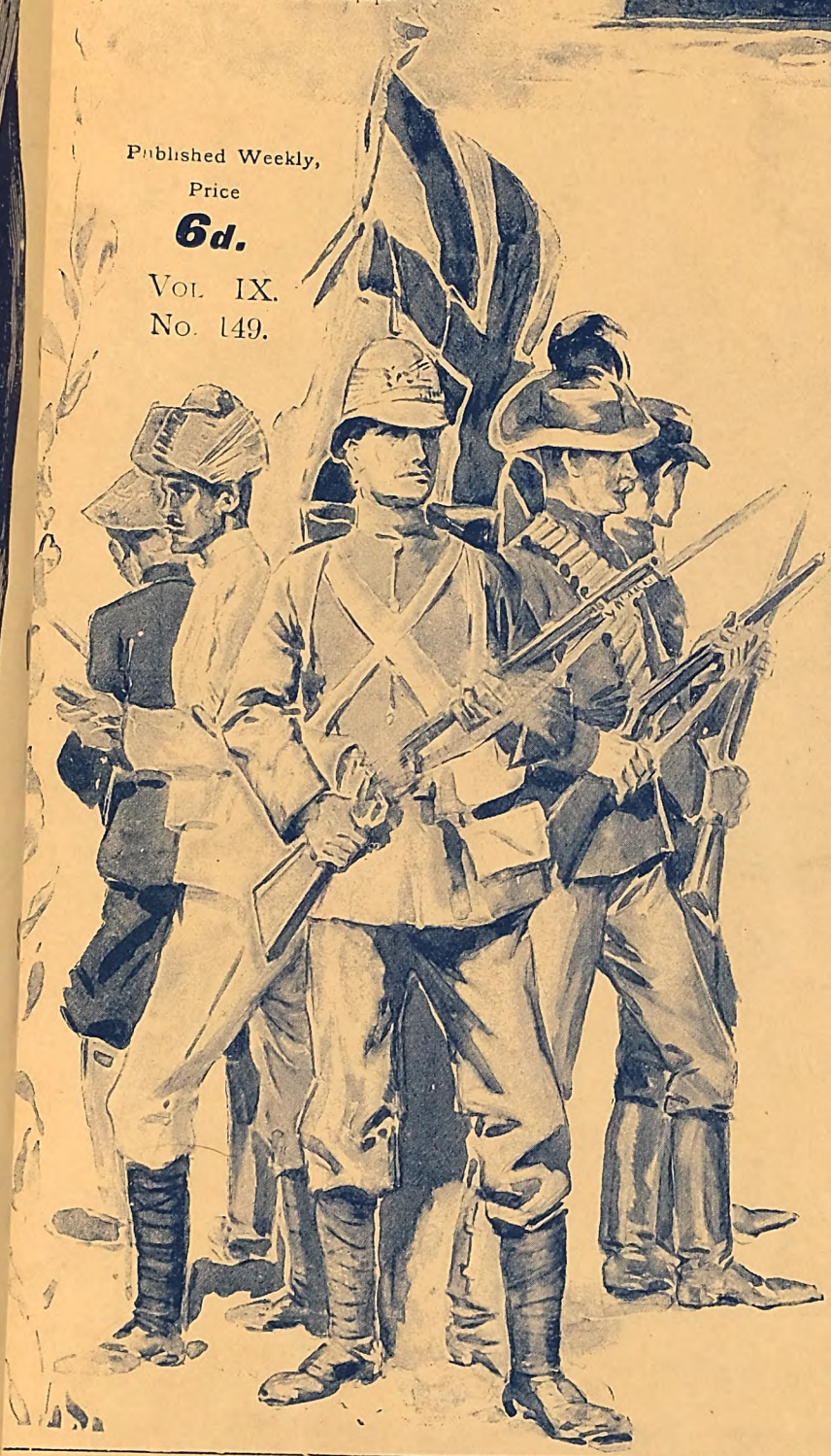
VOL. IX.
No. 149.



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(Of "The Army and Navy Gazette.")
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Vol. IX.—No 149. Saturday, December 9th, 1899

CAPTAIN FULLER (late R.E.),
Assisted by Major KING, and in co-operation with
Mr. H. F. TRIPPEL,
PREPARES RESIDENT and NON-RESIDENT PUPILS FOR
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*FIRST ARTILLERY.—C. H. Clark ... ... (After a few months' reading.)	1792
*20th Infantry.—L. J. Le Fleming	1582
35th " A. Moore	1485
38th " J. C. Hooper	1463
*72nd " W. B. Mitford	1310
*76th " A. J. M. Gordon	1280

*1st trial direct.

March, 1899.—8 competed, all passed.
1898.—13 competed, all passed.
N.B.—No Pupil who has read with Capt. Fuller, during the last four years, has finally failed to pass.
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34th	K H. Benson	1302
57th	J. H. Young	1132
24th	J. M. Begg	2013
8th	C. G. L. Woollcombe	2636
46th	G. E. Cumming	2075
MARCH, 1899.		
3rd	A. Baddeley	2923
*13th	A L. H. D. Coke	2568
33rd	S. St. L. Moore	2130

*First trial and earliest possible age.

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NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand W.C., 7.45 p.m. "With Flying Colours."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "El Capitan."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. "Hearts are Trumps."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Christian."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S W., 8.30 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Silver King."
LYRIC, W., 8 30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Canary."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "In Old Kentucky."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Lady of Ostend."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "The Harbour Lights."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "In the Ranks."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "Alone in London." Sat. 2.30.
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "One of the Best."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2 p.m. "Alone in London."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. The Mohawk Minstrels.
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "The Lights o' London." Thurs. 2.30.
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 8 p.m. "Soldiers of the Queen."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 8 p.m. "A Greek Slave." Wed. 2.30.
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. "Charley's Aunt."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "The Circus Girl."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Why Smith Left Home."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 8 p.m. "Sons of the Cord and Steel."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "On the Frontier."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "Lord and Lady Algy."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. Special Attractions.
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "Jim the Penman."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Lady Godiva."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Circus Girl."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. Closed, to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 26th, "Goody Two Shoes."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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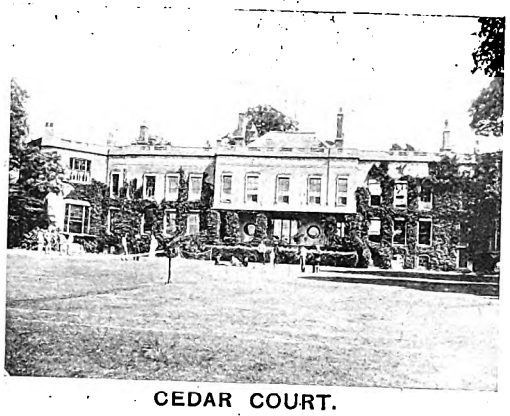

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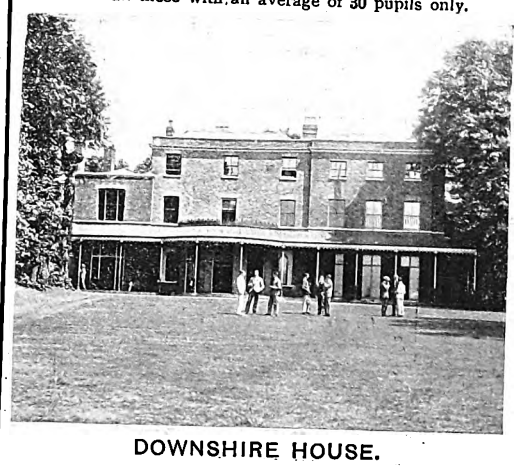

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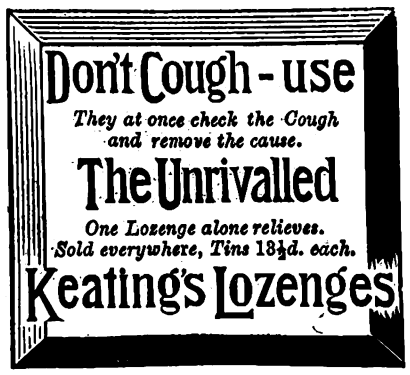

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The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Second Week.]

THE CAVALRY, ROYAL ARTILLERY, AND ROYAL ENGINEERS.*

CAVALRY.

1st Life Guards	Lieut.-Col. C. N. Miles.	Windsor
2nd "	L.-Cl. J. A. Smith-Cuninghame	Regent's Park
Royal Horse Gds.	Lt.-Col. G. Lord Binning	Hyde Park
Composite Regt.— Househ. Cavalry	Lieut.-Col. A. D. Neeld	For South Africa
1st Dragoon Gds.	Lieut.-Col. H. M. Owen	Dublin
2nd "	Lieut.-Col. G. P. Douglas	York
3rd "	Lieut.-Col. U. G. C. de Burgh	Dundalk
4th "	Lieut.-Col. G. D. F. Sulivan	Rawul Pindi
5th "	Lieut.-Col. St. J. C. Gore	Ladysmith, Natal
6th "	Lieut.-Col. T. C. Porter	South Africa
7th "	Lieut.-Col. W. H. M. Lowe	Colchester
1st Dragoons	Lieut.-Col. J. F. Burn-Murdoch	Natal
2nd "	Lt.-Col. Hon. W. P. Alexander.	South Africa
3rd Hussars	Lt.-Col. W. N. Wogan-Browne.	Lucknow
4th "	Lieut.-Col. W. A. Ramsay	Secunderabad
5th Lancers	Col. J. F. M. Fawcett	Ladysmith, Natal
6th Dragoons	Lt.-Col. H. C. Page-Henderson	Cape Colony
7th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. Hon. R. T. Lawley	Norwich
8th "	Lieut.-Col. P. L. Clowes	Curragh Camp
9th Lancers	Lieut.-Col. B. Gough	Cape Colony
10th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. R. B. W. Fisher	South Africa
11th "	Lieut.-Col. E. R. Courtenay.	Cairo
12th Lancers	Lt.-Col. D. S. W., Earl of Airlie	Natal
13th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. H. J. Blagrove	South Africa
14th "	Lieut.-Col. G. H. C. Hamilton	South Africa
15th "	Lieut.-Col. J. R. P. Gordon	Meerut
16th Lancers	Lieut.-Col. H. L. Aylmer	Umballa
17th "	Lieut.-Col. M. G. Neeld	Ballincollig
18th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. B. D. Moller	Ladysmith, Natal
19th "	L.-C. C. B. H. Wolseley-Jenkins	Ladysmith, Natal
20th "	Lieut.-Col. H. G. P. Beauchamp	Mhow
21st Lancers	L.-C. W. G. Crole Wyndham, C.B.	Curragh

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Royal Horse Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.
A.—Meerut
B.—Lucknow
C.—Mhow
D.—Umballa
E.—Kirkee
F.—Sealkote
G.—Cape Colony
H.—Meerut
I.—Umballa
J.—Bangalore
K.—Rawul Pindi
L.—Secunderabad
M.—Newbridge
N.—Woolwich
O.—Cape Colony
P.—Cape Colony
Q.—For South Africa
R.—Cape Colony
S.—Woolwich
T.—For South Africa
U.—For South Africa

Royal Field Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.
1.—Kirkee
2.—Shorncliffe
3.—Campbellpore
4.—South Africa
5.—Athlone
6.—Cawnpore
7.—Natal
8.—Christchurch
9.—Limerick
10.—Woolwich
11.—Meean Meer
12.—Jullundur
13.—Natal
14.—Natal
15.—Meerut
16.—Kirkee
17.—Woolwich
18.—Natal
19.—For South Africa
20.—For South Africa
21.—Natal
22.—Mhow
23.—Secunderabad
24.—Peshawur
25.—Bangalore
26.—Shorncliffe
27.—Neemuch
28.—For South Africa
29.—Kirkee
30.—Fyzabad
31.—Hyderabad
32.—Jhansi
33.—St. Thomas' [Mount
34.—Ahmedabad
35.—Kurrachee
36.—Nusseerabad
37.—South Africa
38.—South Africa
39.—Hilsea
40.—Bangalore
41.—Lucknow
42.—Natal
43.—Shorncliffe
44.—Colchester
45.—St. Thomas' Mt.
46.—Dinapore
47.—Ferozepore
48.—Barrackpore
49.—Belgaum
50.—Agra
51.—Rawul Pindi
52.—Jubbulpore
53.—Natal
54.—Meerut
55.—Saugor
56.—Egypt
57.—Meean Meer
58.—Kamptee
59.—Woolwich
60.—Allahabad
61.—For South Africa
62.—Natal
63.—South Africa
64.—For South Africa
65.—South Africa
66.—Natal
67.—Natal
68.—Hilsea
69.—Natal
70.—Bareilly
71.—Mooltan
72.—Bellary
73.—South Africa
74.—Natal
75.—Natal
76.—Aldershot
77.—South Africa
78.—South Africa
79.—For South Africa
80.—Nowgong
81.—Aldershot
82.—Aldershot
83.—Aldershot
84.—Aldershot
85.—Aldershot
86.—Newcastle
87.—Newcastle
88.—Weedon
89.—Hilsea
90.—Longford
91.—Waterford
92.—Curragh
93.—Cahir
94.—Leeds
95.—Leeds

Royal Garrison Artillery.

MOUNTAIN DIVISION.

Battery.
1.—Lundi Kotal
2.—Khyra Gali
3.—Bara Gali
4.—For South Africa
5.—Kalabagh
6.—Jutogh
7.—Quetta
8.—Darjeeling
9.—Mandalay
10.—Natal

EASTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Dover).
Depôt No. 1, Dover. No. 2, Great Yarmouth.

Co.
1.—Calcutta
2.—St. Helena
3.—Rangoon (for
4.—Kurrachee[Aden)
5.—Malta (for
6.—Dover [Bermuda)
7.—(S.T.) Mooltan
8.—Aden
9.—Allahabad
10.—Shoeburyness
11.—Gibraltar
12.—Woolwich
13.—Bombay
14.—Isle of Wight
15.—Dover
16.—Egypt [Bermuda)
17.—Malta (for
18.—Gibraltar
19.—Gibraltar [Malta)
20.—Gibraltar (for
21.—Sheerness
22.—(H.) Sheerness
23.—Shoeburyness
24.—Delhi
25.—Hong Kong
26.—(S.T.) Bombay
27.—Sheerness
28.—Landguard Fort
29.—Leith Fort

SOUTHERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Portsmouth).
Depôt No. 1, Fort Rowner, Gosport. No. 2, Seaforth Barracks, Liverpool.

Co.
1.—Malta
2.—Gibraltar
3.—Portsmouth
4.—Portsmouth
5.—Agra
6.—Roorkee
7.—Weymouth
8.—Bermuda (for [Halifax, N.S.)
9.—Roorkee
10.—Portsmouth (for [Malta)
11.—Roorkee
12.—Singapore
13.—Golden Hill, [Isle of Wight
14.—Cork Harbour
15.—(S.T.)Ft. Grange, [Gosport
16.—Malta
17.—Malta
18.—Aden
19.—Malta
20.—(S.T.) For South [Africa
21.—Portsmouth
22.—Jamaica
23.—Quetta
24.—(H.) Campbell- [pore
25.—Hong Kong
26.—Gibraltar
27.—Malta
28.—Weymouth
29.—Barrackpore
30.—Portsmouth
31.—Malta
32.—Cork Harb'r (for [Gibraltar)
33.—Thobba
34.—Trincomalee
35.—Singapore
36.—Gibraltar
37.—Ceylon
38.—Hong Kong
39.—Golden Hill, [Isle of Wight
40.—Cork Harbour
41.—Portsmouth

WESTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Devonport).
Depôt No. 1, Citadel, Plymouth. No. 2, Scarborough.

Co.
1.—St. Lucia
2.—Pembroke Dock
3.—Halifax
4.—Ferozepore
5.—Rawul Pindi
6.—Dunbar
7.—Jhansi
8.—Mauritius
9.—(H) Secunderab'd
10.—Devonport
11.—Fort St. George
12.—Jersey
13.—Devonport
14.—C. of Good Hope
15.—(S.T.) for S. Africa
16.—Aden
17.—Devonport
18.—Bombay
19.—Esquimault
20.—Halifax, N.S. (for [Jamaica)
21.—Bermuda
22.—Rangoon
23.—Kimberley
24.—Malta
25.—Quetta
26.—Mauritius
27.—Pembroke Dock
28.—Londonderry
29.—Fort Bovisand, [Plymouth

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20th (F.) South Africa
21st (Sub.) Felixstowe
22nd (Sub.) I. of Wight
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24th (F.) Malta
25th (F.) Hong Kong
26th (Fd.) S. Africa
27th (Sub.) Bermuda
28th (Sub.) Malta
29th (F.) Cape Town
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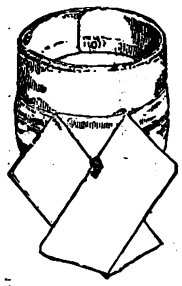

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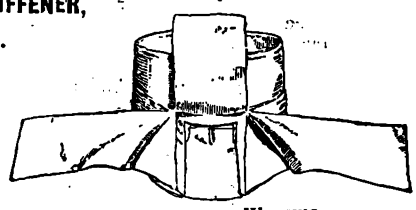

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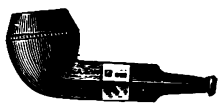

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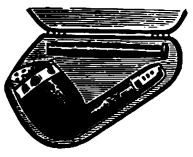

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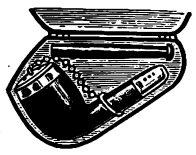

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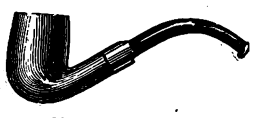

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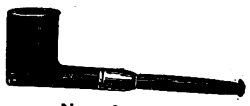

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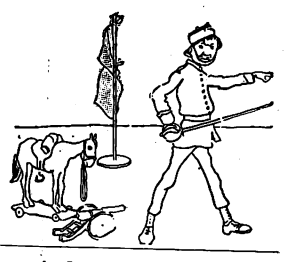

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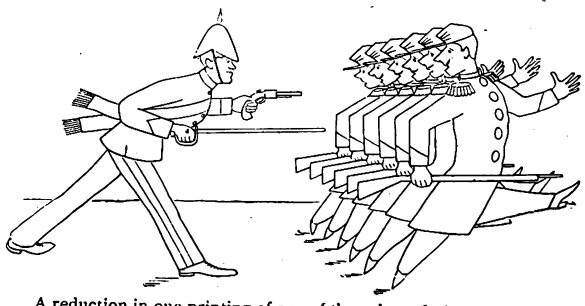

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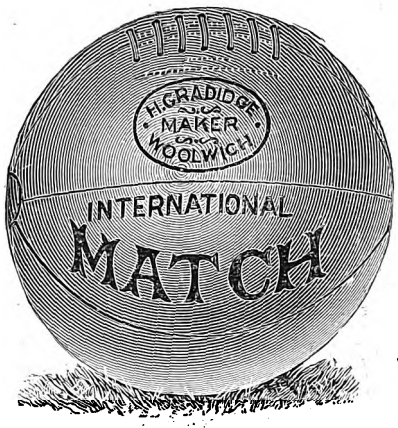

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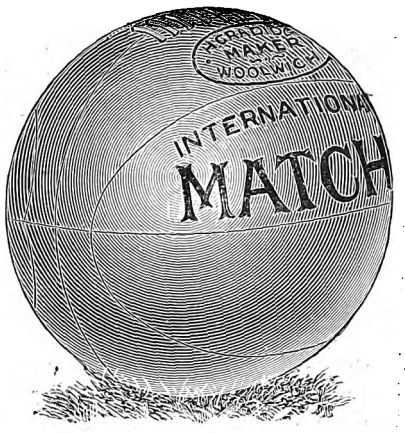

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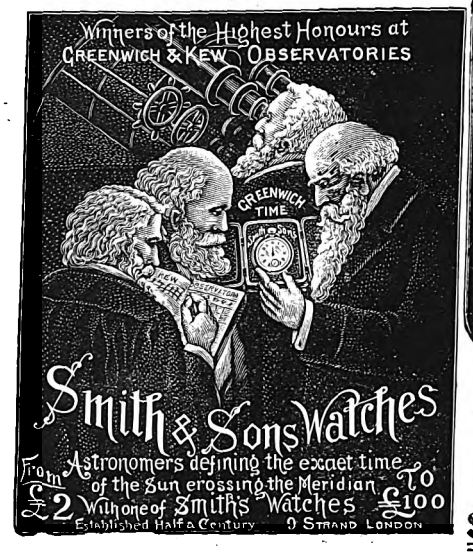

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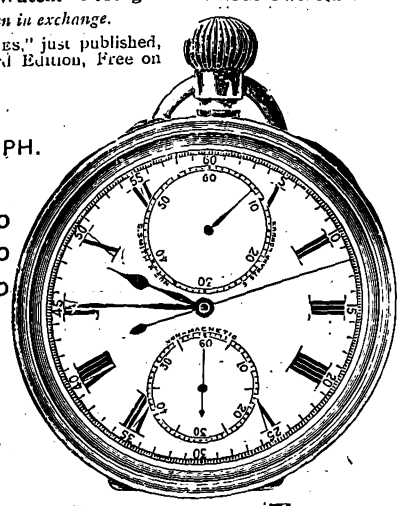

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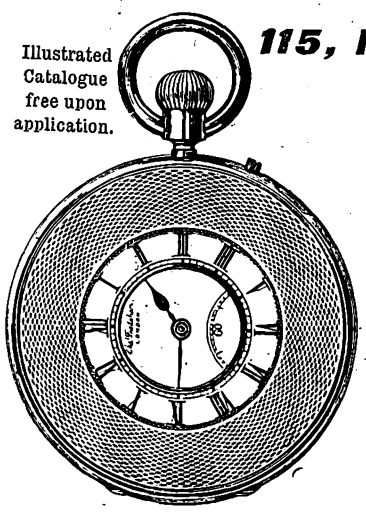

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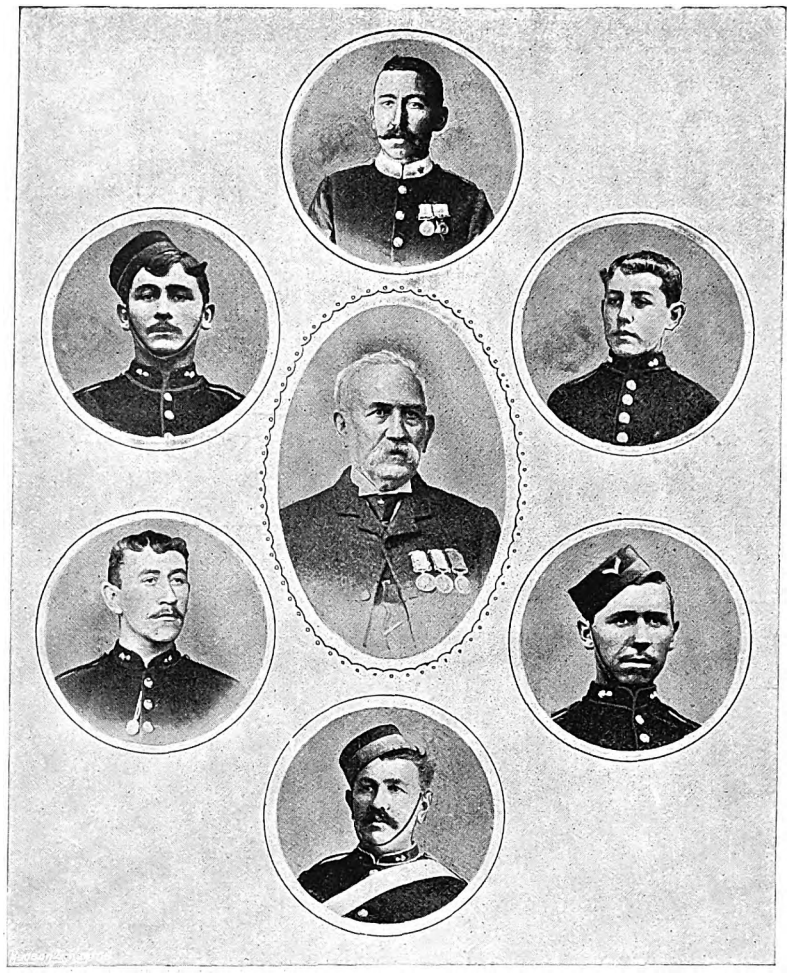
Military Families.

A WORTHY son of his country is Thomas Tuersley, whose portrait with those of his six soldier sons is here given. Tuersley, who is now seventy-three, enlisted in the 3rd Buffs in 1849, and was discharged in 1866, after having put over twenty-one years with the colours. In that time he earned the Crimean, Turkish, and good conduct medals, and is a claimant for the Canadian medal about to be issued.

Five of his sons chose the Royal Artillery for their career. The eldest, William, shown under his father, is thirty-eight, has completed upwards of twenty years, a good deal of which was in India, and is now Sergeant-Instructor in the 1st Devon Volunteer Artillery. On his right is Charles, twenty-six years of age, who, after eleven years' service, has attained a similar position as his brother, and is now Sergeant-Instructor to the Forfar and Kincardine Volunteer Artillery at Montrose. On his left is Alfred, aged twenty-two, who only enlisted about two years ago, and who is now serving as a Bombardier in the 19th Field Battery at Exeter. Above Charles is Albert, aged nineteen, who enlisted before his brother and put in three years' boy service. He is now a Bombardier in the same battery as Alfred. Frank, opposite to him, is the baby of the family, he being only seventeen, though he has been in the Service since 1895. He is a trumpeter in the 6th Field Battery at Cawnpore. The second son, Charles Tuersley, joined the Army Service Corps in 1884, and served through the Suakin Campaign of 1885. He was recently serving at Woolwich, his rank being sergeant.



THOMAS TUERSLEY AND HIS SIX SOLDIER SONS.
The Photos. are by Messrs. Speight, Holliday, Ferry, North Camp Photo. Co., Cooper, and Pritchett.

Photo. Copyright. Winter
BANDMASTER RICHARDSON, 3rd RIFLE BRIGADE,
And His Enlisted Sons.

ANOTHER interesting Military family group is that of Bandmaster E. J. Richardson, 3rd Battalion Rifle Brigade, and his five enlisted sons. The latter are evidently capital "chips of the old block," from the smart sergeant on the left to the bright young Highlander on the right. The former, by the way, is a clerk in the Headquarters Office of the Punjab command, while the latter is serving in the land of the "Forty-twa." Mr. Richardson himself enlisted in the old 76th (now the 2nd West Riding Regiment) over forty years ago, and subsequently embarked for India on October 16, 1863. An Indian voyage took time in those days, and it was not until January 31, 1864, that the regiment landed at Fort St. George, Madras. Returning to England in 1876, Richardson was sent to Kneller Hall, and was promoted as bandmaster to his present battalion in 1878. He leaves the Army in the forthcoming trooping season.

OUR third group is unique, for it represents the family gathered at the "golden wedding" of one who has devoted his life to the Military Service of the State, and whose sons have followed in his footsteps, as he did in that of his own father. For the father of Sergeant Shrapnell enlisted in 1796 in the Grenadier Guards, and served in that corps until he was wounded at Waterloo nineteen years later.

Sergeant Shrapnell enlisted in the East India Company's Artillery in 1847, and served in it until, after the Mutiny, it was incorporated in the Royal Artillery, in which he completed his twenty-one years for pension.

Since 1868 he has, as a pensioner, been employed at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. The eldest son joined the senior Service, and retired from the Royal Navy in 1894 as a first-class petty officer, after having completed twenty years' service.

The second son—whose portrait has been artificially introduced into the picture—is a warrant officer in the Royal Engineers now serving at Wei-hai-Wei, to which station he was sent as the first Royal Engineer Foreman of Works after its being taken over by the British Government. He has now completed twenty-four years' service.

The third son is also in the Royal Engineers, being a company sergeant-major, now stationed at the Curragh, and he will in three months have put in twenty-one years' service.

Photo. Copyright. Wood.
A SOLDIER AND HIS FAMILY.
Sergeant Shrapnell and His Military Sons.

In all, father and three sons have contributed 106 years of their life's work to the service of Her Majesty, and, if the grandfather's term be added, the three generations can show a record of a century and a-quarter of service.

Fortunately there are many families that can show a similar one.

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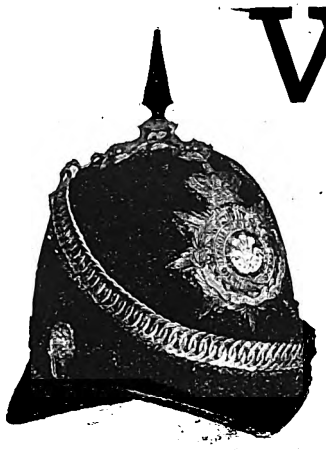

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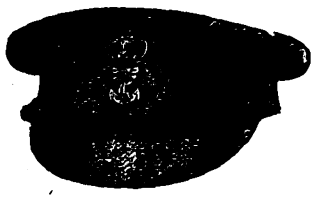

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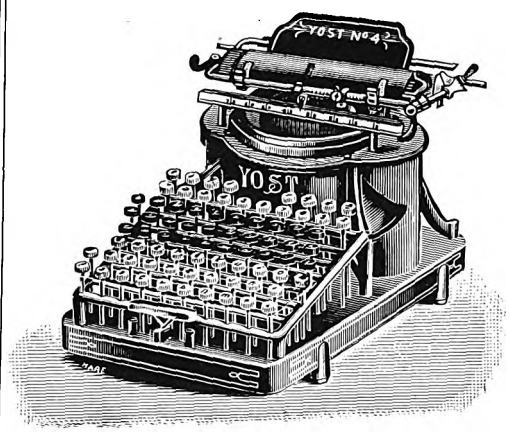

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MY DEAR BETTY,—

I have not delayed a moment in doing what you told me, and I forthwith send you sketches of three evening dresses to be worn when you are singing at one or other of the concerts that you say you are getting up in support of the various war funds. Each of these dresses differs from the others in material and colour, so that I shall be very unlucky if I have not succeeded in giving you at least one idea of which you may approve. The dress on the right is made of panne, in that soft parma mauve which is so universally becoming—except to a very bad skin. It is made in rather a severe style, being unrelieved by much trimming There is just a slight drapery of tulle on the bodice, and an under-skirt of pleated tulle peeps out below the panne, which is richly embroidered on bodice and skirt with a large design in paillettes. Such severity of style is quite *à la* Parisienne, a beautiful example of it being the dress Mrs. Langtry wears at the Garrick when she recites "The Absent-minded Beggar." It follows the lines of the figure, and is quite without frills or furbelows. Just an edging of beautiful point de Paris lace, with an insertion of gold and silver, is brought down the corsage and skirt and then continued round the very graceful train. It is a lovely dress, and, being made in that new figured panne, shows the most beautiful lights and shades as Mrs. Langtry stands on the stage; whilst the soft black rosette with its long streamers fastened to the right shoulder is a very pretty finish, besides being a good contrast. But to go back to the sketch, the dress on the left is of white satin draped with lace, which is also bright with paillettes, whilst the under-skirt is of kilted chiffon, edged with a frill. In the background you see another made of pale powder-blue cloth, trimmed with crêpe de chine, which also forms the long fichu thrown gracefully over the shoulders. The under-skirt curves away at one side to the front and back, and so discloses an under-skirt of ivory guipure lace, and the costume is finished with long sleeves that reach to the wrist, and are also made of the cream-coloured guipure. This dress I saw at Prince's the other night. I noticed it at once, though there were a very great number of people present, all talking about the war. Amongst them were many representatives of the Army, so you may imagine how it was discussed—even more keenly than usual, which is saying a good deal. I saw both General Waring and General Dickson there, whilst Sir William Armstrong was one of a small supper-party, and in the salon Sir W. H. White, Director of Naval Construction, was in the chair at a big dinner of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers.

Then to come to your question about a present for Bob. If you particularly want to send him something that you can make yourself, you cannot do better than knit him some warm woollen gloves to sleep in. The nights, you know, are terribly cold in South Africa, so they will be the greatest boon to him when sleeping in the open. Knit them in the best wool and make them rather large; they are sure to be really useful. A homely present, you will say; but the thing to consider is what will be of use, as otherwise your present will only be in the way, and will probably have to be left behind, which is the last thing you would wish, I know.

Esther has gone down to Southsea for a few days, to get a little sunshine, she says, as she is tired of grey London. She sent me an account of a little dance the sub-lieutenants of the Royal Naval College gave the other night at the Sandringham Hotel. Everything was very well arranged, and the rooms were most prettily decorated with flags, whilst on the supper-tables were vases of beautiful chrysanthemums. The band of the "Excellent" played throughout the evening, and dancing was kept up with great spirit. Amongst others present Esther noticed Mrs. Alison, in black, with sequins and lovely diamonds; Miss Alison, in blue satin; Miss Raban, who wore yellow satin, with violets on the shoulders; Mrs. Hardy, in black; Miss F. Breton, in pale blue satin and violets; Miss Silver, in pale blue, trimmed with lace and knots of black velvet; Miss Boyd, in pink brocade, and Miss G. Boyd, in white, with red flowers; Miss Laurence-Gordon, in black satin, with lace on the bodice, and a pink sash; and Miss Hart, in white, trimmed with blue.

EVENING DRESSES.

Alice sends me the account of a wedding which took place at Ahmednagar, in the early part of November, between Miss Agnes Lane, third daughter of Colonel Lane, R.A.M.C., and Mr. R. E. C. Hall, 8th Bombay Infantry. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely white satin dress with a Court train of rich brocade, the whole being daintly trimmed with chiffon and orange blossoms. There were two bridesmaids, Miss Lane and Miss M. Lane, who both had pretty dresses of white muslin worn over blue and finished with blue silk sashes. The hats were also blue, trimmed with folds of white tulle and bunches of cornflowers. After the ceremony Mrs. Lane held a reception, which was attended by many friends, whom she welcomed in a handsome dress of black satin trimmed with lover's knots and black lace. Colonel Lanyon Penno, of the Welsh Regiment, proposed the health of the bride, and Mr. M. T. Elderton, of the 8th Bombay Regiment, replied to the toast of the bridesmaids.

Nothing daunted by the landslip, Alice went up to Darjeeling for the end of the season, and had a very good time, too, with dinners and a dance, and one or two picnics besides. She says she means to get up there again next year if only her friends take the same house. Some people will persist in calling the place unsafe, and vow that they will never set foot therein again; but Alice says she thinks it is all nonsense, and that people who know what they are talking about say they have no fear of a second disaster, and that she may come up another season with as easy a mind as she ever took with her to Simla.

Yours affectionately, CONSTANCE.

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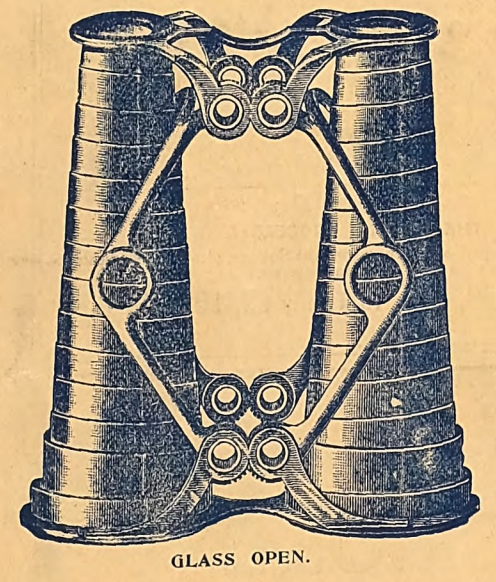

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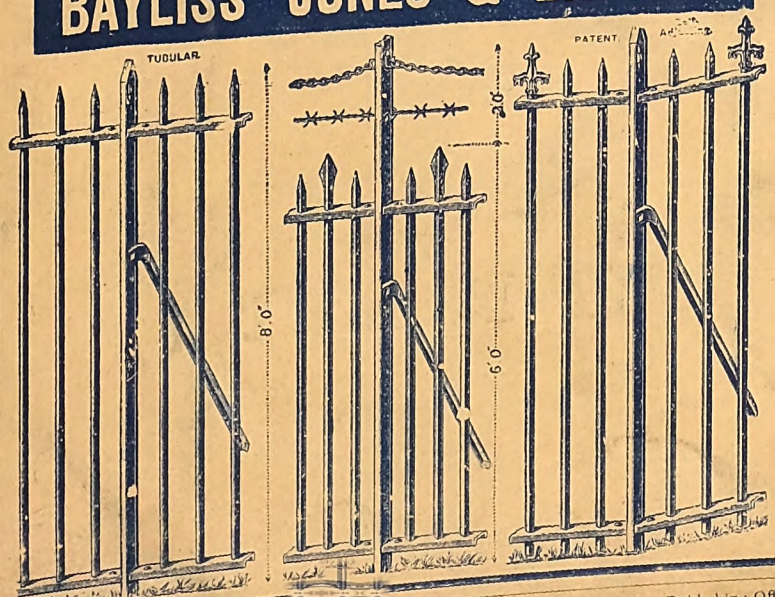

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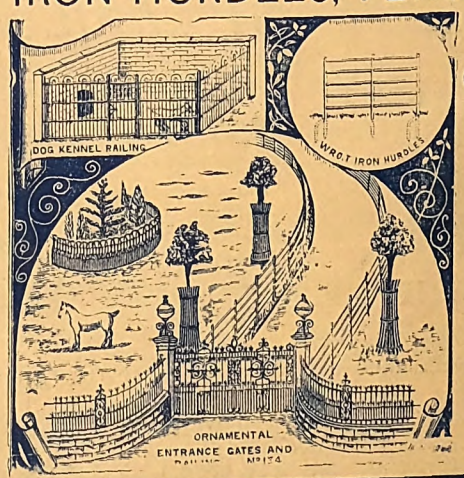

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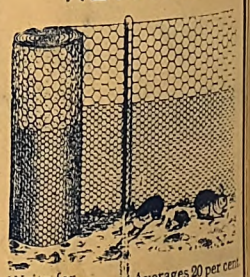

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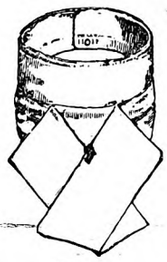

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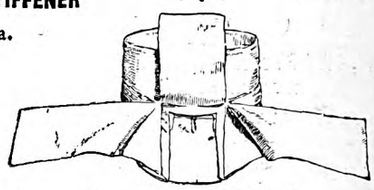

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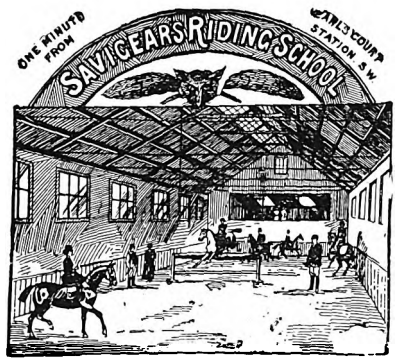

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LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand W.C., 7.45 p.m. "With Flying Colours."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "El Capitan."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. "Hearts are Trumps."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Christian."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Silver King."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Canary."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "The Absented-Minded Beggar."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Lady of Ostend."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. Closed to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 26th, "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Downfall of Pride."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. On Dec. 23rd, "The Geisha."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "Our Boys."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2 p.m. Closed to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 26th, "Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. Closed to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 26th, "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. Closed to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 26th, "Dick Whittington."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 8 p.m. Closed to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 23rd, "Dick Whittington."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 8 p.m. "A Greek Slave." Wed. 2.30.
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. Closed to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 26th, "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2 Closed to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 26th, "Dick Whittington."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. Closed to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 23rd, "Sinbad the Sailor."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 8 p.m. "Sons of the Cord and Steel."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Closed to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 26th, "Aladdin."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "Lord and Lady Algy."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Lady Godiva."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The Greek Slave."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "A Daughter of Ishmael."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. Closed to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 26th, "Robinson Crusoe."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. Closed, to prepare Pantomime on Dec. 26th, "Goody Two Shoes."

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ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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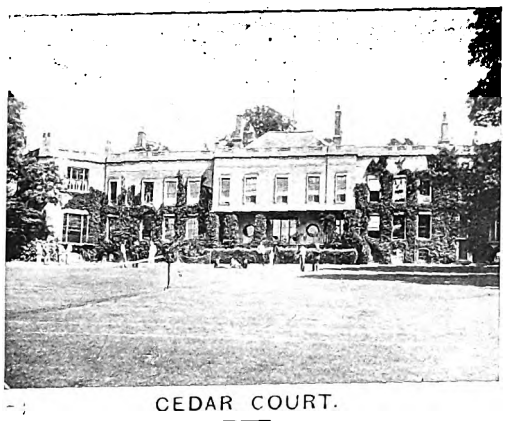

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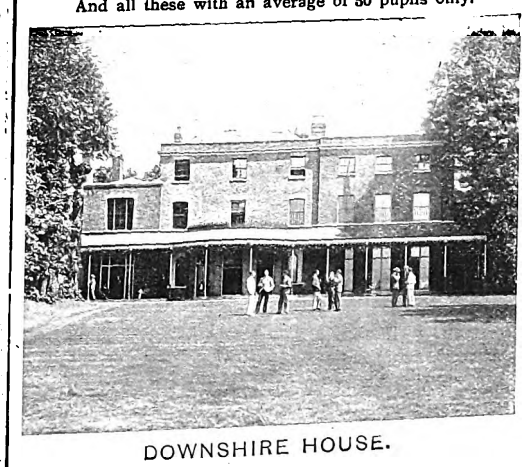

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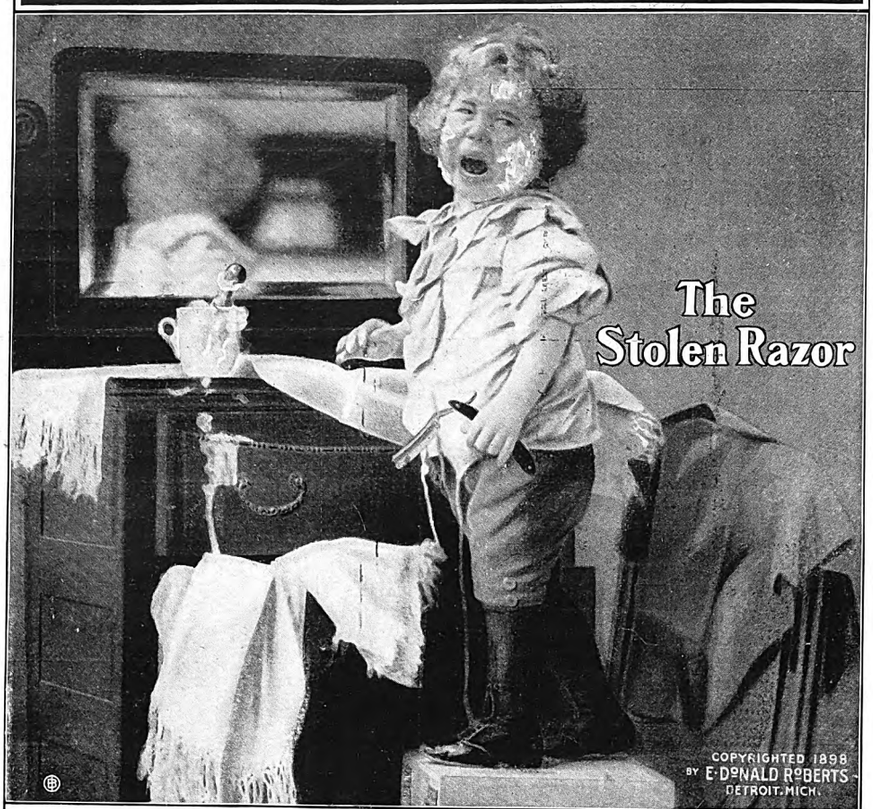

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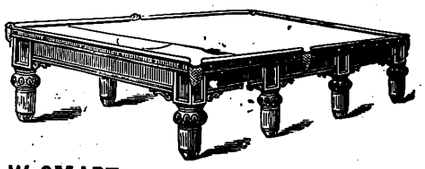

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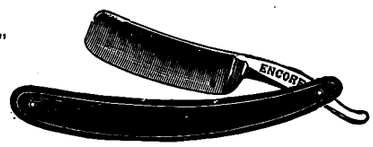

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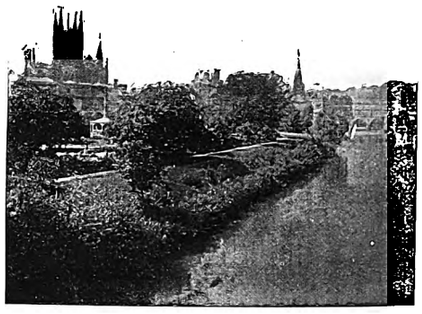

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Third Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN HOME WATERS.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. h. Hulk. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. g.v. Gun Vessel. y. Yacht. T. Tender. s.s. Survey Ship. d.s. Depot-ship. P. Portsmouth. D. Devonport. C. Chatham. S. Sheerness. i. Instructional Torpedo Flotilla. c.g. Coast Guard. p.g. Port Guard. W.I. Whale Island.

Agincourt, *cr.*	Com. D. St. A. Wake	*T.* to Boscawen
Alarm, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. Powley	*T.* to Galatea, *c.g.*
Albacore, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. W. Steward	Ireland
Alberta, *y.*	Staff-Capt. G. A. Broad	[Albert
Alexandra, *B.*	Capt. Count F. C. Metaxa, A.D.C. (Vice-Adml. Sir Compton E. Domvile, K.C.B.).	*T.* to Victoria and Portland, *c.g.*
Algiers, *h.*	Capt. G. L. Atkinson, A.D.C. (Rear-Adml. S. C. Holland).	Medway Reserve *C.*
Angler, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Tibbets	*T.* to Pembroke
Antelope, *t.g.b.*	Com. O. A. Stokes	Portishead (R.N.R)
Ariel, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. O. G. Webster	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Arrogant, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. E. Protheroe	Channel Squadron
Asia, *h.*	Capt. A. A. C. Parr (Rear-Admiral P. Aldrich).	Portsmouth
Australia, *cr.*	Capt. J. M. McQuhae, C.B.	[Reserves
Bat, *t.b.d.*	Com. A. L. Duff	Southampton
Benbow, *B.*	Capt. R. P. Humpage	[Water, *c.g.*
Black Prince, *cr.*	Com. W. J. Grogan	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Boscawen, *h.*	Capt. T. H. M. Jerram	Greenock, *c.g.*
Britannia, *h.*	Capt. Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe, C.B., C.M.G.	Queenstown (boys)
Briton, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. A. C. Spearman	Portland (boys)
Caledonia, *h.*	Com. J. G. Hewitt	Dartmouth (cadets)
Calliope, *cr.*	Capt. H. P. Routh	Inverness (R.N.R.)
Cambrian, *cr.*	Capt. R. K. McAlpine.	Queensferry (boys)
Cambridge, *h.*	Capt. R. W. Craigie.	*T.* to Northampton
Circe, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. G. S. Q. Carr, C.M.G.	Training Squadron
Clyde, *h.*	Com. J. P. Montgomery	Gunnery School, *D.*
Collingwood, *B.*	Capt. F. W. Fisher	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Colossus, *B.*	Capt. S. A. Johnson.	Aberdeen (R.N.R.)
Conqueror, *B.*		Bantry, *c.g.*
Coquette, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. C. P. Beaty-Pownall	Holyhead, *c.g.*
Crane, *t.b.d.*	Com. T. D. W. Napier	*T.* to Cambridge
Curacoa, *cr.*	Com. H. Lyon.	*T.* to Pembroke
Curlew, *g.v.*		*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Cygnet, *t.b.d.*	Com. Hon. H. L. A. Hood	*T.* to Northampton
Dædalus, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. B. C. Barber	*T.* to Cambridge
Defiance, *h.*	Capt. F. T. Hamilton	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Diadem, *cr.*	Capt. H. S. F. Niblett	Bristol (R.N.R.)
D. of Wellingt'n, *h.*	Capt. J. L. Hammet	Torpedo School, *D.*
Durham, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. W. F. Forrest	Channel Squadron
Eagle, *h.*	Com. C. E. Gladstone	Depôt Ship, *P.*
Edinburgh, *B.*	Com. W. G. Van Ingen	Leith (R.N.R.)
Elfin, *y.*	Staff-Com. J. E. Tully.	Liverpool (R.N.R.)
Enchantress, *y.*	Staff-Capt. P. D. Ouless	*T.* to Wildfire
Europa, *cr.*	Capt. A. J. Pocklington	[(Gunnery School)
Excellent	Capt. W. H. May, M.V.O.	*T.* to Victoria and
Fawn, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. K. Laird	[Albert
Ferret, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. S. A. Perry-Ayscough	Admiralty Yacht, *P*
Fire Queen, *y.*	Staff-Capt. T. Hawkins Smith	Particular Service
Flirt, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Thomas	Gunnery Sch., *W.I.*
Flying Fish, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. Singer	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Galatea, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cross	*T.* to Victory
Ganges, *h.*	Com. W. V. Anson	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Gleaner, *t.g.b.*	Com. F. H. Peyton	Hull, *c.g.*
Gossamer, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. G. T. Cole	Harwich (boys)
Hannibal, *B.*	Capt. Sir B. W. Walker, Bart., C.M.G.	Gravesend (R.N.R)
Haughty, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. La T. Leatham	*T.* to Melampus, *c.g.*
Hearty, *g.b.*	Com. H. G. King Hall, D.S.O.	Channel Squadron
Hecla	Com. W. J. Scullard (N)	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Hero, *B.*	Com. W. de Salis.	North Sea
Howe, *B.*	Captain E. H. M. Davis, C.M.G. (Rear-Adml. A. P. M. Lake).	[(fisheries)
Impregnable, *h.*	Capt. A. C. B. Bromley	Torpedo Depôt, *P.*
Indus, *h.*	Capt. W. Marrack (Rear-Adml. T. S. Jackson).	*T.* to Excellent
Jackal, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Tancred	Queenstown, *p.g.*
Janus, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Corbett	Devonport (boys)
Jaseur, *t.g.b.*	Com. W. Carey	D'nport Reserves
Jason, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. Bruce.	Coast of Scotland
Juno, *cr.*	Capt. G. H. Cherry	[(fisheries)
Jupiter, *B.*	Capt. J. Durnford, C.B., D.S.O.	*T.* to Pembroke
Kite, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. P. W. Hope.	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Landrail, *g.v.*		Particular Service
Leda, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. V. Maud	Training Squadron
Liberty, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. C. H. Morgan	Channel Squadron
Lightning, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. L. C. O. Mansergh	Recruiting Service
Lion, *h.*	Com. E. G. Shortland.	Depôt Ship, *C.*
Lynx, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. Holland.	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Magnet, *tug.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Webber	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Magnificent, *B.*	Capt. J. Ferris (Rear-Adml. A. D. Fanshawe).	Channel Squadron
Majestic, *B.*	Capt. G. Le C. Egerton, C.B. (Vice-Admiral Sir H. H. Rawson, K.C.B.).	Channel Squadron
Mars, *B.*	Capt. H. J. May, C.B.	Channel Squadron
Martin, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. S. M. Agnew	*T.* to St. Vincent
Medea, *cr.*	Com. C. G. May	S'th'pton (R.N.R.)
Medusa, *cr.*	Com. A. L. K. Knapton	N. Shields (R.N.R)
Melampus, *cr.*	Capt. R. N. Gresley	Kingstown, *c.g.*
Mermaid, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. E. F. Kerr	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Minerva, *cr.*	Capt. F. O. Pike	Training Squadron
Minotaur, *cr.*	Com. E. G. Barton	*T.* to Boscawen
Nautilus, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. D. Tothill	*T.* to Impregnable
Nile, *B.*	Capt. G. C. Langley	Devonport, *p.g.*
Niobe, *cr.*	Capt A. L. Winsloe	Channel Squadron
Northampton, *cr.*	Capt. H. A. W. Onslow	Recruiting Service
Northumberl'd, *cr.*	Com. C. E. Tower	Depôt Ship, *C.*
Onyx, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. Oliver	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Osborne, *y.*	Capt. C. Windham	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Pactolus, *cr.*	Capt. F. J. Foley	Channel Squadron
Panther, *t.b.d.*	Com. J. I. Graham	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Pembroke, *h.*	Capt. A. Macleod.	Medway Res'ves, *C*
Pilot, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. S. Alderson	*T.* to Impregnable
President, *h.*	Com. A. C. Woods	W.I. Docks (R.N.R)
Prince George, *B.*	Capt. A. Barrow	Channel Squadron
Racer, *sloop*	Com. M. N. Beatty (N)	*T.* to Britannia
Raven, *g.b.*	Com. A. Meldrum	Channel Islands
Renard, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. H. Eyre	*T.* to Colossus, *c.g.*
Repulse, *B.*	Capt. R. F. O. Foote, C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Research, *s.*	Capt. W. U. Moore	Home Waters
Resolution, *B.*	Capt. C. R Arbuthnot.	Channel Squadron
Rodney, *B.*	Capt. G. W. Russell	Queensferry, *c.g.*
St. George, *cr.*	Com. E. V. Poe, M.V.O., A.D.C.	Training Squadron
St. Vincent, *h.*	Com. C. F. Thursby	Portsmouth (boys)
Sans Pareil, *B.*	Capt. H. C. Bigge	Sheerness, *p.g.*
Seaflower, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. E. G. H. Gamble.	*T.* to Boscawen
Seagull, *t.g.b.*	Com. H. Grant-Dalton	Particular Service
Seahorse, *s.*	Staff-Com. G. S. Keigwin	Home Waters
Seal, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. A. J. Payne	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Severn, *cr.*	Capt. W. L. H. Browne	Harwich, *c.g.*
Shark, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. E. Corbett	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Sheldrake, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. H. Curteis	*T.* to Rodney
Spanker, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. H. E. F. Worthington	*T.* to Alexandra, *c.g.*
Star, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. F. W. Kinahan	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Starfish, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. G. Corbett	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Sturgeon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Luce	*T.* to Pembroke
Thrasher, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. T. D. Pratt	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Thunderer, *B.*	Capt. J. E. Blaxland	Pembroke, *p.g.*
Trafalgar, *B.*	Capt. H. L. F. Royle, D.S.O.	Portsmouth, *p.g.*
Traveller, *tug*	Lieut.-Com. R. A. Cathie	*T.* to Vivid
Triton, *s.*	Capt. G. E. Richards	Home Waters
Unicorn, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. E. L. Austen	Dundee (R.N.R.)
Vernon, *h.*	Capt. C. G. Robinson	Torpedo School, *P.*
Vesuvius, *g.b.*	Lt.-Com. F. C. U. V. Wentworth	*T.* to Vernon
Victoria & Albert, *y.*	R.-Adml. Sir J. R. T. Fullerton, K.C.V.O., C.B., A.D.C.	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Victory, *h.*	Capt. F. C. B. Bridgeman (Adml. Sir M. Culme-Seymour, Bart., G.C.B.).	Portsmouth
Violet, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. B. Sparks.	*T.* to Victory
Vivid, *y.*	Capt. H. T. Grenfell (Adml. Sir H. Fairfax, K.C.B.).	Devonport
Wanderer, *barque*	Lieut.-Com. L. de W. Satow	*T.* to Boscawen
Wildfire, *y.*	Capt. C. Campbell, C.B., D.S.O. (Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith, K.C.B.).	Sheerness
Wolf, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. C. Kemble-Lambert.	*T.* to Vivid
Wye, *s.*	Staff-Com. C. R. H. Robinson	Particular Service

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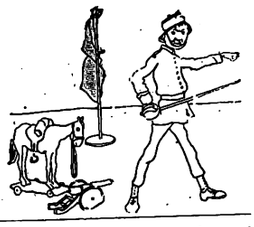

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Thomas a Tattamus took two T's, | Tell me quickly, if you please,
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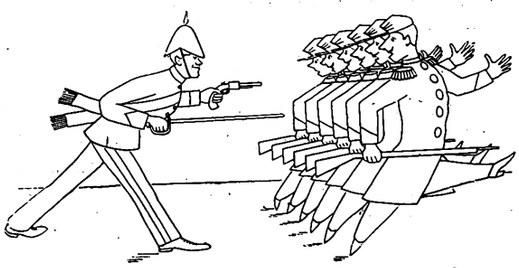

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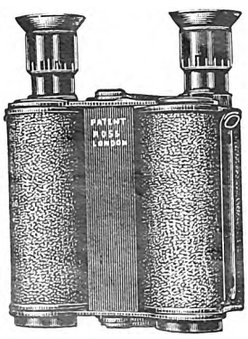

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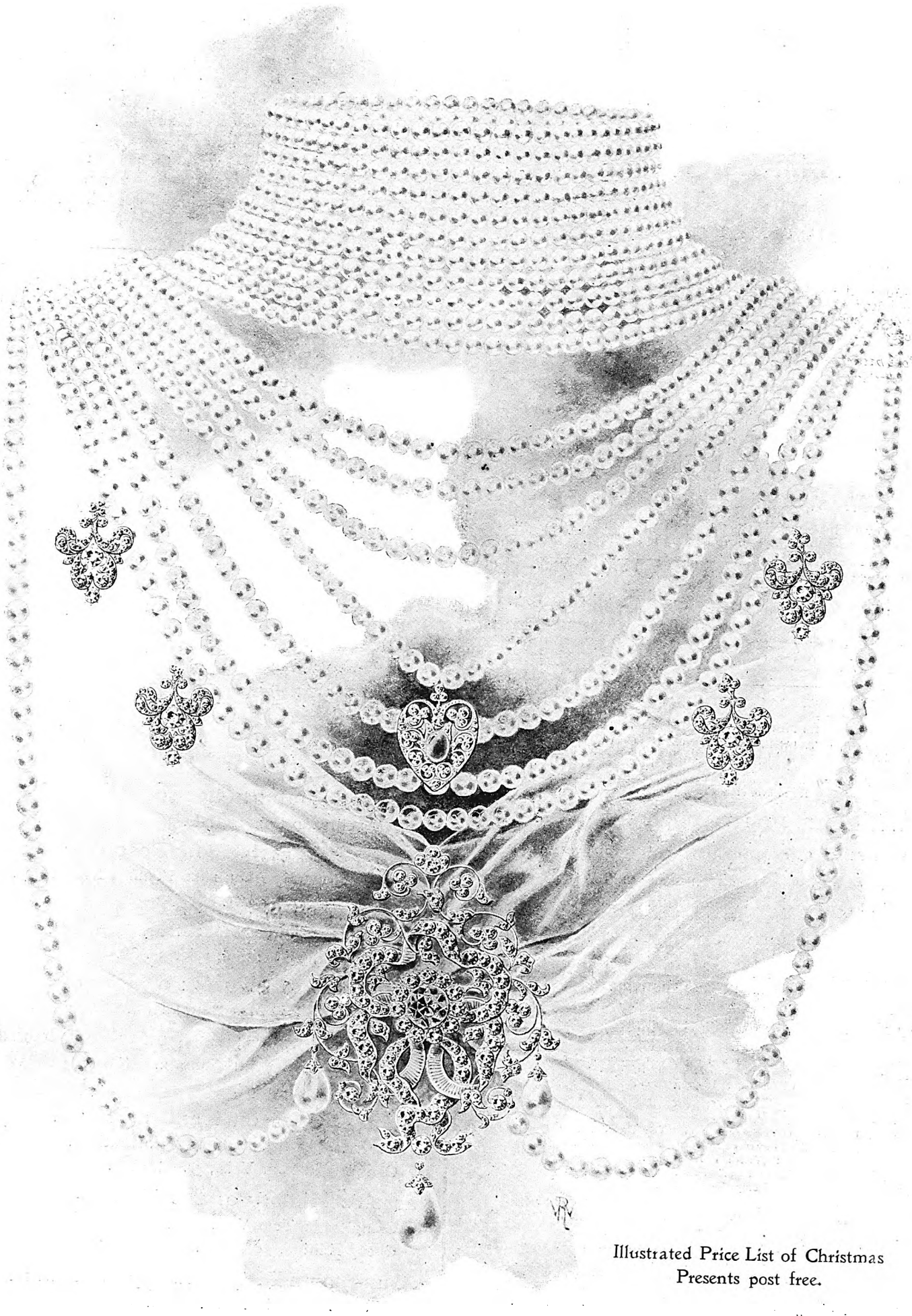

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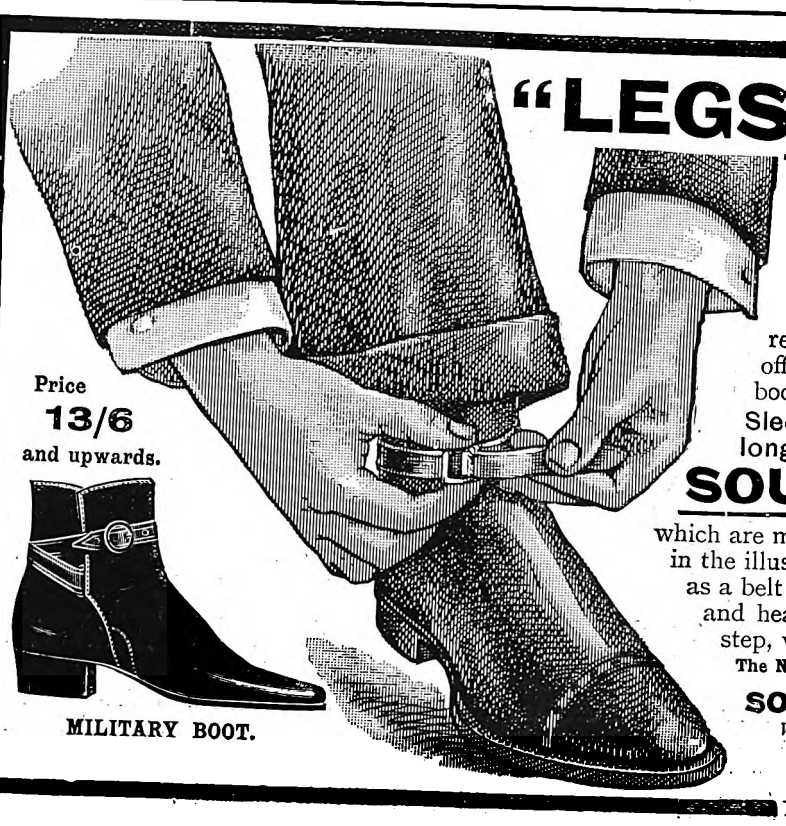

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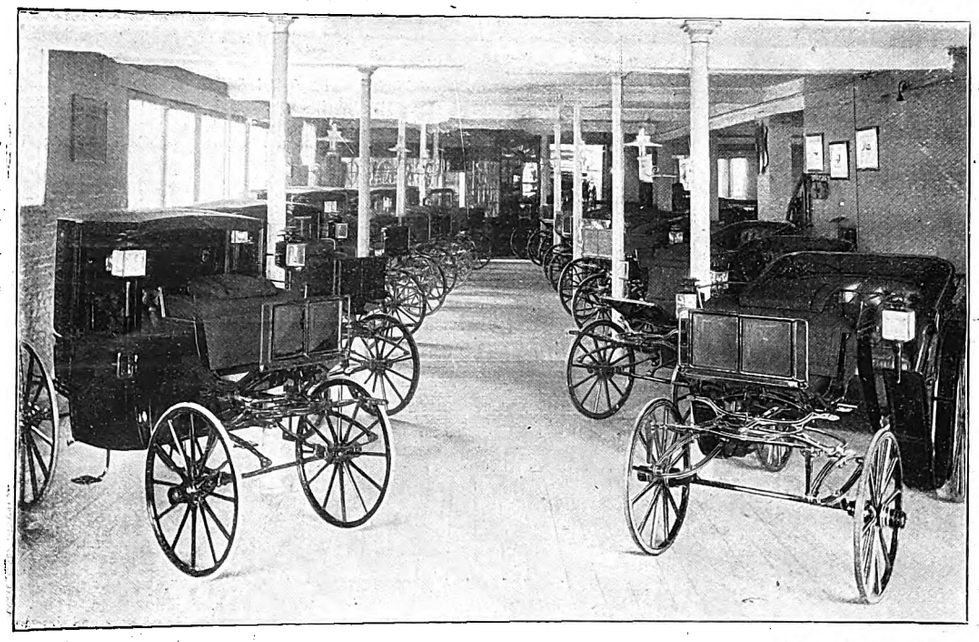

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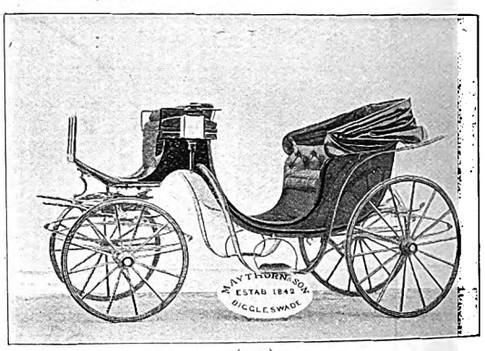

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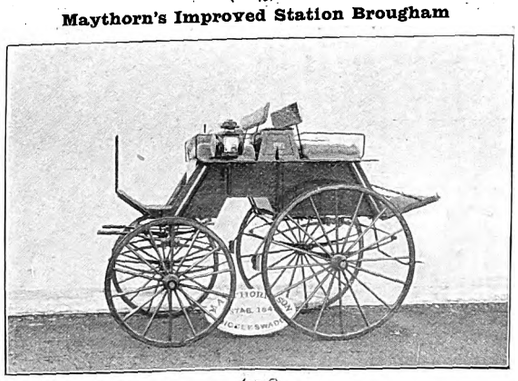

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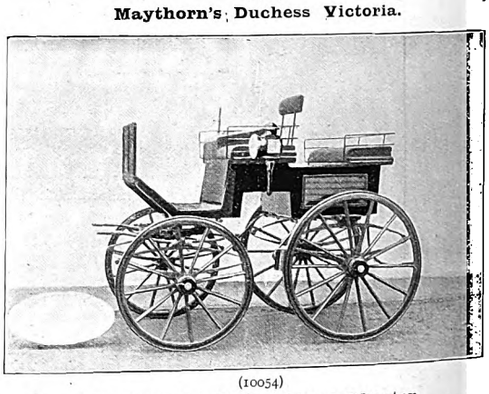

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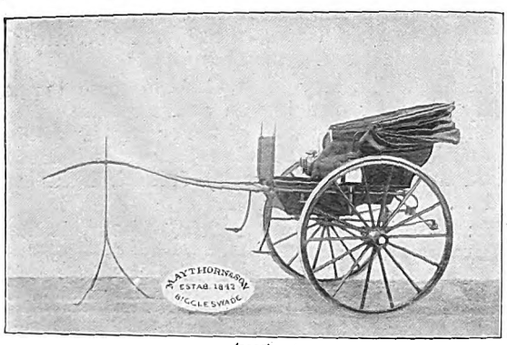

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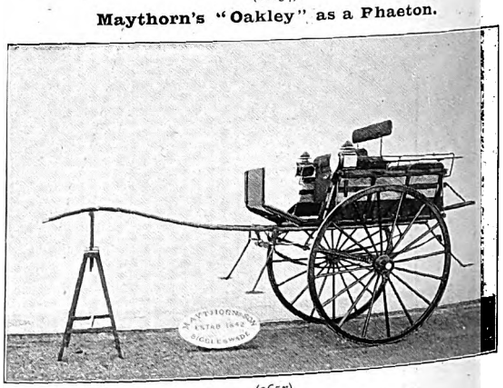

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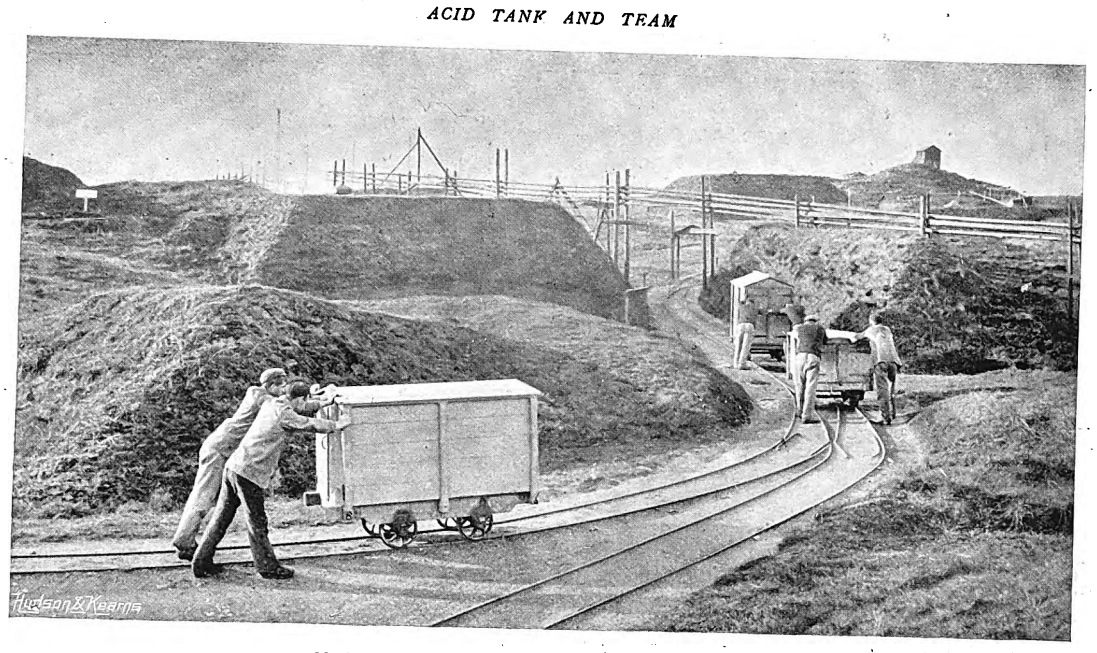
The National Explosives Company.

[By Our Special Correspondent.]

IN war-time it would be difficult to find a subject more *apropos* than the production of those strange and extraordinarily powerful explosives which have supplanted the "villainous saltpetre" of the last generation. What can be done by cordite, lyddite, and other weird compounds is being illustrated in luridly graphic fashion by the despatches we are daily receiving from the seat of war. The projection of great shells to a distance of over six miles, the wholesale and utter destruction wrought within a large area by the bursting of a single projectile, are incidents almost as familiar as the making of bulls'-eyes at 1,000-yds. and upwards during the Bisley Meeting. But as to the creation and production of these explosives comparatively little is known by the general public, a very large section of which is under the impression that this class of work is entirely in the hands of the Government Ordnance Factories. Such is, however, not the case, and it is a striking feature of our national resources that the Government should in this respect be as ably assisted as it is by private enterprise. During the preparation for, and the actual progress of, a war of any considerable magnitude the Government factories could not hope to cope with the requirements of the situation, and are therefore only too thankful to avail themselves habitually of the services of private firms who have made a speciality of the manufacture of explosives for purposes of peaceful mining, as well as for those of active warfare. Among such firms the National Explosives Company occupies an important place. Its factory was

ACID TANK AND TEAM



METHOD OF TRANSPORT OF EXPLOSIVES.

CONCENTRATION OF ACID.

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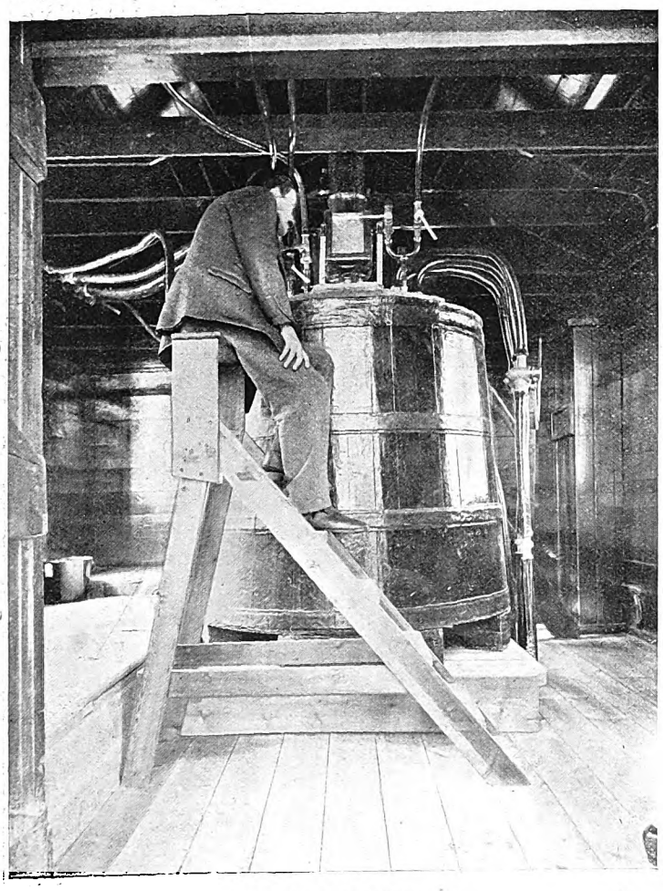
established about a dozen years ago for the manufacture of mining explosives, but latterly it has combined with this industry the supply of cordite to the Admiralty and the War Office. Cordite, as we all know, or ought to know, is the best and most regular propellant which has yet been discovered, and is in use in all classes of weapons, from the 12-in. Naval gun to the Webley pistol. It is a stringy substance, varying in coarseness from very thin threads, with a diameter of the hundredth part of an inch, to ropy half-inch cords as used in the larger types of Naval ordnance. Gun-cotton enters largely into the composition of cordite, and it is most important that it should be of the highest quality. The National Explosives Company is at a considerable advantage in this connection, as it manufactures its own gun-cotton, in circumstances which enable it to exercise the greatest care in production and selection. The factory of the National Explosives Company is situated at Hayle, in Cornwall, which is the last station of any importance this side of Penzance. The factory occupies an area of 150 acres, and is quite unlike a "factory" in the ordinary sense of the term. Owing to the very necessary restrictions placed by the Home Office on the manufacture of high explosives, it would be quite impossible to conduct the operations of this company under one roof, or even in any one large group of buildings. Accordingly, the factory consists, apart from the structures devoted to the distribution of electric light and compressed air, of a number of scattered buildings, each protected by great ramparts of earth extending well above its roof. As a matter of fact, only two fatal accidents have occurred at the National Explosives Company's factory since its establishment—a striking evidence of the good management of the institution and the scrupulous care exhibited in regard to every detail.

NITRO-GLYCERINE—SECONDARY SEPARATION.

Our illustrations, of course, give no clear idea of the extent of the company's operations, but they give an interesting indication of their nature. Warm admiration is aroused by the perfection of order and regularity observed. At the same time, one might grow fancifully reflective on the almost miraculous powers of destruction which those employed at this factory bottle up in substances which to the uninitiated eye appear not much more dreadful than macaroni or cotton-wool. Work goes on at this factory night and day; and it is doubtless owing to this fact, which, again, is due to a succession of immense orders from Government and other quarters, that the National Explosives Company is a thoroughly prosperous and progressive concern. Even the "man in the street" can understand that this designation is fairly applicable to a company which in three successive years has paid a steady dividend of 11 per cent. on its ordinary shares after placing substantial sums to the reserve, notwithstanding the fact that the prices of explosives have of late years been much lowered by severe competition. The National Explosives Company also deserves a full share of the credit due to large employers of labour, and it has certainly raised the neighbourhood of Hayle to a condition of activity and prosperity which it would otherwise certainly not have enjoyed.



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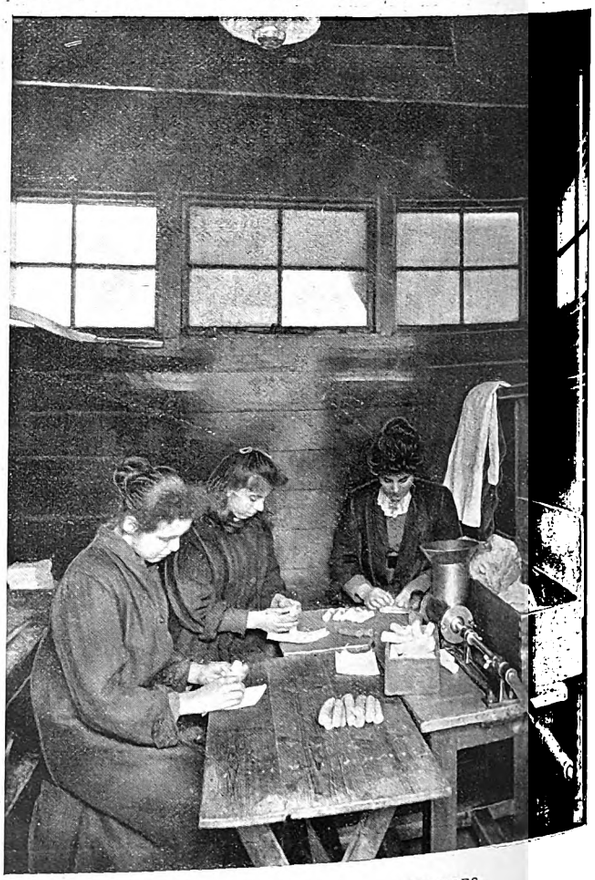

MAKING BLASTING CARTRIDGES.

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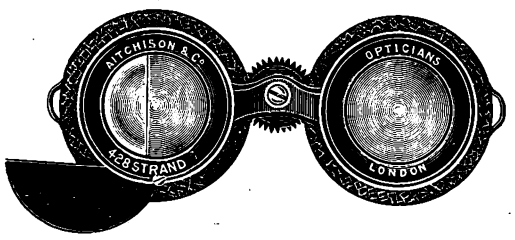
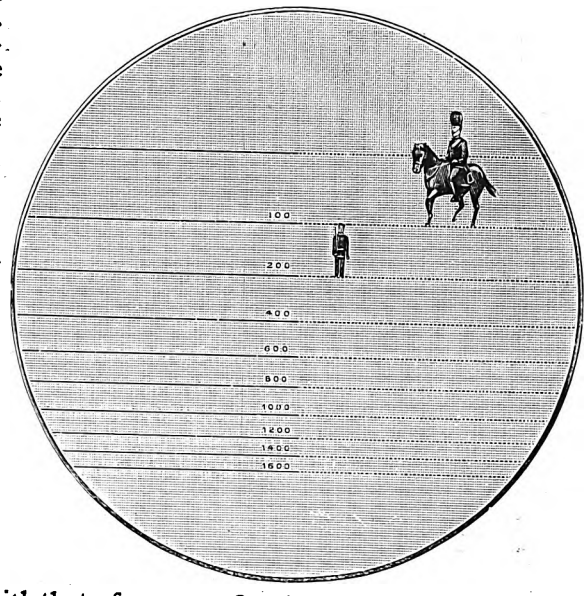
FIELD-GLASSES AND RANGE-FINDING.

WHEN we read of the artillery duels and engagements at long range that are so frequently mentioned in despatches from South Africa, we begin to understand how very important a part of an officer's equipment is a good field-glass. The necessity for the article, which is not so obvious at first sight, is thoroughly brought home to us when we remember at what a distance the enemy can strike us, or, what is perhaps a more pleasant way of putting it, how easily we can strike him even when he is a long way off. Lord Wolseley, in his "Soldier's Pocket Book," includes a telescope or a pair of field-glasses among the articles in an officer's kit "to be worn or carried on the person." The general opinion is that field-glasses are better than a telescope for service in the field. The focus is more easily found by most people with binoculars. Besides, a good telescope is a trifle clumsy to carry. Having discovered the enemy with the glasses, the next thing to do is, of course, to estimate how far off he is—which is naturally not an easy matter. This is done by means of a telemeter, or range-finder, and there are several systems to choose from. Many of them are very elaborate. Colonel Nolan's telemeter is well known in the Service for guns. It consists of a pair of angle measures, right and left, each formed of a pair of telescopes, placed at right angles to and across each other, one telescope being much larger than the other. These instruments are mounted on tripods, which fold up and are carried just as level legs are. Besides the angle measures and their fittings, a 50-yd. measuring tape and a metal calculating roller are necessary. Space will not allow us to describe how the range-finder is used; besides it might prove rather dry reading if we were to set forth all the calculations that are necessary to obtain a satisfactory result. Enough has been said to show that range-finding is not such a very easy task, and requires implements and calculations. We have, however, seen a new range-finder which is very simple. Messrs. Aitchison, the well-known opticians, of 428, Strand, have produced a telemeter, combined with a field-glass, which obviates all mathematical calculation. The field-glass can be used alone, or in combination with the telemeter, by pulling back a small shutter in the left eye-piece. The instrument is very simple in construction. The principle is that in the left tube a plain glass with a micrometer scale engraved upon it has been introduced. When the glass is used in the ordinary way this scale is not seen, but on pulling aside a small shutter in the left eye-piece, a magnifying-glass is brought to bear upon the micrometer, which is then thrown across the field of view without interfering with the person under observation. The next thing to do is to see the person observed, so that the lines of the micrometer scale are brought against him, when it is easy to judge the distance with great accuracy. The micrometer scale is based on the average height of an English soldier, but the calculation is very little affected if the object viewed should be an inch or two shorter or taller. If horsemen are being observed the height of the horse's eyes may be taken as agreeing with that of a man. Our illustrations will help the reader to understand how very simple the telemetric binocular field-glass is, and how the instrument works. One shows the two eye-pieces of the instrument, with the shutter pulled down so that the telemeter may be used; the other shows the micrometer scale.





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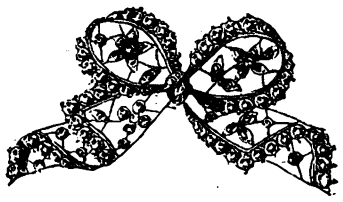
OFFICERS' PRESENTS TO THEIR WIVES AND SWEETHEARTS.

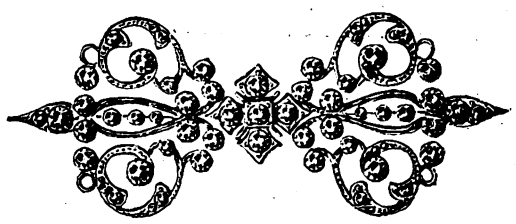
IN the shops, as elsewhere, the topic of the moment is the war. It pervades all the latest ideas for Christmas presents, from the tiny midget frames, the miniature housewives, made expressly so that they can be slipped into an envelope and sent straight off to the front, in the sure hope that they are not large enough to be inconvenient even on the longest and most rapid march.

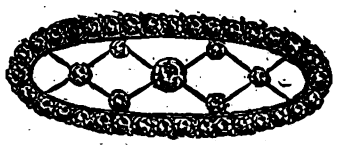


Small hand-glasses were in enormous demand a little time ago, when they were being rapidly bought up by the officers, whose kit has been so limited for this campaign. So great, indeed, was the run on them that one man at least found it impossible to get such a glass for love or money a week or two ago, and was reduced to gratitude for a cracked one, for which he paid the large sum of 5s.

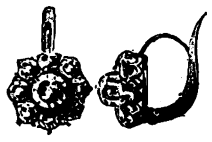
At the toy shops drums, tin soldiers, and all the paraphernalia pertaining to Naval and Military life are much in request, and very lively times are in store for the parents whose boys and girls will be the joyous recipients of such gifts. With the blasts of toy trumpets, the beat of drums, and the rattling of gun carriages, Christmas will be no quiet season in such households.

As for the parting gifts wives give their husbands when they start for South Africa, these leave room for very little sentiment, all being bound down by the sternest necessity to be, before all things, useful. Kit-bags, woollen gloves, Tam-o'-Shanters, long knitted vests, all such odds and ends that men will seldom think of for themselves, even blocks of compressed food-stuffs, number amongst these prosaic presents. For staff officers fountain pens are added to the list, and for the luxurious an elaborate housewife, beautifully stitched and embroidered, to hang up in the cabin, with scissors, needles, and cottons, makes its appearance at the last moment.





Husbands are more fortunate in this respect. They are not limited by such practical regard for utility, so their choice can be determined entirely by their inclination. Frames for the photograph taken just before departure is a usual gift, such frames being so particularly pretty at this moment that they hold their own amongst the tempting nicknacks of the season. Jewels of all descriptions are also decided favourites, there being many very charming new designs for setting the stones, the fashion in this direction changing as rapidly as in any other department of dress. Paste, too, is so prettily made up now that it ranks amongst the very acceptable presents, the Parisian Diamond Company having sold many for the purpose in the last five or six weeks. A pretty paste buckle, brooch, or a pair of earrings makes a great addition to an evening dress, particularly when lace or chiffon comes into the fabrication of the costume. The relief it gives just makes the difference between a well-finished toilette and one that is put on hastily and without thought. Therefore such ornaments are really very useful, especially when so many officers' wives are helping to make these anxious months pass quickly by assisting at the various entertainments that are drawing large sums of money for the war funds. Long strings of pearls are also being largely worn on these occasions, the ropes of seed pearls being especially pretty, particularly when they are finished off with diamond drops. Here and there an original mind starts off on some entirely new idea, when the gift is all the more acceptable for its unexpectedness.



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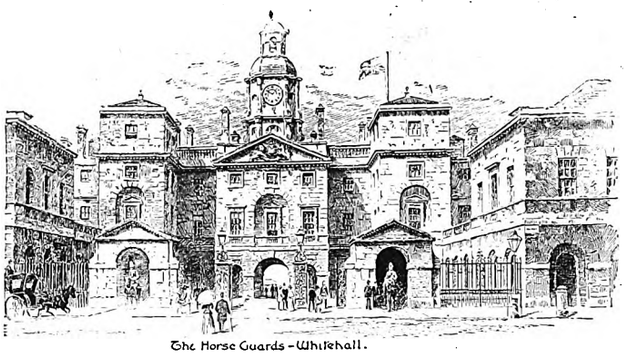
The Army Assurance Association

217, PICCADILLY;

Corner of Piccadilly Circus, LONDON, W.

BRANCH OFFICE: IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, GROSVENOR ROAD, ALDERSHOT.

FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY



The Horse Guards - Whitehall.

AND AUXILIARY FORCES.

SPECIAL ARMY POLICIES.

Table I.—ACCIDENT AND DISEASE INSURANCES.

THE COMPREHENSIVE POLICY

Issued for this Association covers **Double the usual Compensation** in the event of **Death, Loss of Eyes or Limbs, or Temporary Disablement** (Total or Partial), when arising from **Railway Accident,** Compensation for Disablement from

Scarlet, Typhus, or Typhoid Fever, Small Pox, Measles, or Diphtheria

(The Disease Compensations in Europe only),

And a **SPECIAL ANNUITY** for cases of **Permanent Total Disablement** from accidental injuries other than Loss of Eyes or Limbs, for which large capital sums are payable, as already mentioned.

The premiums for these **Special Advantages** do not greatly vary from those for Policies providing the ordinary compensations for Death or Disablement caused by accidental means only.

An Officer of the Army, Navy, or Auxiliary Forces can for an ANNUAL PREMIUM OF £5 INSURE:—

Higher Benefits at Proportionate Rates

£1,000 at **Death** from Accident of any kind.
£2,000 do. from Railway Accident.
£1,000 for **Loss of Two Eyes or Two Limbs,** from Accident of any kind.
£2,000 do. do. from Railway Accident.
£500 for **Loss of One Eye or One Limb,** from Accident of any kind.
£1,000 do. do. from Railway Accident.
£30 Special Annuity for Permanent Total Disablement from accidental injuries other than Loss of Eyes or Limbs.
£6 per week Total Disablement from Accident of any kind.
£12 per week Total Disablement from Railway Accident.
£6 per week Total Disablement from **Scarlet, Typhus, or Typhoid Fever, Small Pox, Measles, or Diphtheria** (in Europe only.)

£1 10s. per week **Partial Disablement** from Accident of any kind.
£3 per week do. do. from Railway Accident.

Annual Premium for Half Benefits, £2 15s.

The Premium is £4 if the Compensation for Partial Disablement is not covered.

The weekly allowance is limited to 26 Weeks' Compensation for any one Accident or illness.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—On an Officer proceeding beyond the limits of Europe the Disease Allowances are **excluded,** but the Foreign Residence is covered for Accidents **without extra premium,** including voyages to and fro.

FOR OTHER TABLES, SEE PROSPECTUS.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS.—No extra premium for **Playing Polo,** or riding in **Regimental Races,** or (in India) Gymkhanas. For other Races or Steeplechases, an extra premium of £2 per annum is charged. Weekly Compensation for Non-fatal Injuries is limited to 26 weeks for any one injury under all Tables.

War Risks and Civil Riots.—Accidents occurring during a Campaign or whilst called out in aid of the Civil Power are covered under the Policies of the Company, provided they are not directly attributable to the operations of the Enemy nor caused directly by the Rioters.

Premiums collected through Bankers or Agents on permanent authority whether the insured is at Home or Abroad.

Refund of Income Duty obtained on all sums paid for Life and Accident Insurances.

REDUCTION OF PREMIUMS.

A Bonus of 10 per cent. on future premiums paid is allowed after 5 years' consecutive insurance. Transfers from other Companies are effected **without loss of Bonus,** or **break of period** to entitle same.

Arrangements for the issue of these Special Army Policies have been made by this Association with the

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd. (FOUNDED 1849.)

One of the Oldest and Strongest Offices in the Kingdom. **Over £1,000,000 paid in claims.**

APPLY FOR SPECIAL ARMY PROSPECTUSES, ALSO OF—

LIFE INSURANCE. Covering War and Climate Risks from the outset at the lowest possible rates.

FIRE AND BURGLARY. Special Policies requiring no endorsement on removal, also whilst in Camp and during transit.

217, PICCADILLY, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

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BENEDICTINE MONKS.

OFFICERS OF HER MAJESTY'S NAVY AND ARMY.

A REAL CONNOISSEUR'S greatest pleasure is to place before his friends something delicious, unique, original, authentic, genuine. This combination is found only in Silos, the true and only Liqueur made by the

BENEDICTINE MONKS.

Silos Liqueur is the finest and most delicious that has ever been before the world. It is Délicieuse Hygiénique, Bienfaisante.

Why is it necessary to advertise an article of such perfection?

Because, even if we had for sale

SOVEREIGNS AT ONE PENNY EACH,

we should sell none if we let no one know it.

Then if advertising is so essential, why have we not sooner resorted thereto on a large scale?

Because our principals, the Benedictine Monks, expressed a desire that we should avoid noisy or broadcast advertising. They wrote:—"Nous sommes décidés à garder la reserve qui convient à notre état. Nous considérons la réclame tapageuse à la mode comme peu digne."

Then why this present advertisement?

This occasion is entirely exceptional. The object is to make a Special Offer to officers who are readers of NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED; to offer them a large bottle, containing about 40 liqueur glasses—the largest bottle imported, which is always sold at 9s. 6d., for little more than half that price, viz.:—**5s.** per bottle, equal to about 1½d. per glass.

But why need we on any occasion offer to supply the liqueur at half-price if it is truly so very superior?

Because, having obtained this special permission to advertise, we want it to have the greatest possible result. We believe that no officer to whom our offer becomes known will fail to send to us for a bottle. We believe that those who have never tasted Silos Liqueur will be induced to try it, and we are sure that thereafter Silos will be their favourite Liqueur, and they will henceforth always order it in preference to any other, even though Silos is the most expensive liqueur on the market.

To those who send us the Coupon below, with a remittance of 5s., we will send packed and carriage free, to any address in the United Kingdom, One Large Bottle, usually sold at 9s. 6d. Not more than One Bottle will be delivered to any one address.

Why is the coupon necessary?

Because, although we want a large number of people to make the acquaintance of Silos Liqueur, we want to keep the demand within limits we are able to cope with, and we reserve to ourselves the right, if the demand too far exceeds our expectations, to cease deliveries and return remittances to senders.

PRESS OPINIONS.—"Its digestive qualities are undoubted and its purity undeniable."—THE COURT JOURNAL. "It is an ideal liqueur."—THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS. "Leaves in the taste a fragrant and soothing sense of satisfaction."—ROD AND GUN. "One of the very finest Liqueurs ever offered to the public."—DOVER OBSERVER. "One of the most delicious Liqueurs extant."—HERTS GUARDIAN. "Nous l'avons trouvé délicieux."—COURRIER DE LONDRES.

PERSONAL OPINIONS.—"Drury Lane Theatre. . . . I find Silos Liqueur remarkably good and pleasant, and shall always have it in the house.—Truly yours (Signed) HENRY NEVILLE."

"Maidstone. . . . You will be glad to hear the Silos Liqueur has been much appreciated, and patients who could not be induced to take brandy and similar stimulants have been helped by your liqueur and their strength sustained. (Signed) ARTHUR B. URMSTON, Special Sanitary Committee of Maidstone during Typhoid epidemic."

H. & T. WALKER, 41, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

Sole Agents in United Kingdom and Colonies of the Benedictine Monks of the Royal Monastery at Silos.

Please supply, packed and delivered free, to address herewith, a 9s. 6d. Bottle of Silos Liqueur at the reduced price of **Five Shillings.**

COUPON WORTH 4/6.

STRAIGHTFORWARD TRUTHS

No roundabout tale need be invented to . . . . prove the merits of the YOST Typewriter. A plain statement of its achievements is sufficient to prove that it is the popular Writing . . . Machine.

IT HAS BEEN AWARDED

TWENTY GOLD MEDALS, and other Honours, in the severest competition.

ENGLISH, CONTINENTAL, and COLONIAL GOVERNMENTS have adopted it, in some instances to the exclusion of other writing machines.

EMPERORS, KINGS, QUEENS . . . PRINCES, and REPUBLICAN RULERS use it in their daily work.

40,000 COMMERCIAL and PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN HAVE FOUND IT INDISPENSABLE TO THE RAPID DESPATCH OF BUSINESS.

Sent on Free Trial for Seven Days.

Catalogue Post Free.

THE YOST TYPEWRITER CO., Ltd., 50, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

SMOKE GOLDEN

BUTTERFLY CIGARETTES

Hand-Made

IN PACKETS AND BY WEIGHT.

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ST. JACOBS OIL

The standard and only reliable Embrocation for human use known.

An eminent divine recently asked a great London physician: "What is the leading Embrocation for Rheumatism, Chest Colds, Sprains and general bodily Aches and Pains?" "Why, St. Jacobs Oil, of course." "Which, then, is the second best?" "There is no second best—the others are quite out of sight."

The above voices the public mind throughout civilisation. St. Jacobs Oil has received 12 Gold Medals on account of its marvellous pain-killing qualities from different International Exhibitions. Prescribed by the leading Medical men throughout the world. Used regularly on board all Atlantic Liners, on the Warships of all Nations, and in the Metropolitan and Provincial Hospitals. It has been established 50 years. 20 million bottles sold annually. It cures every ache and pain. It penetrates and removes the cause of pain.

ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

CONQUERS PAIN!

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine throughout the World in **1/1½** and **2/6** sizes.

The CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., 45, Farringdon Road, London, Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers.

DE LA RUE & CO'S FOUNTAIN PENS

Designed to Suit all Tastes and Requirements,
AND MADE THROUGHOUT IN THEIR OWN WORKSHOPS.

THE "PELICAN" (PATENTED)

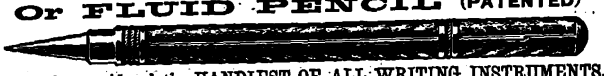
A Fountain Pen with Shut-off Valve

ORDINARY SIZE, **10/6** — *WITH 14-CARAT GOLD PEN, IRIDIUM-POINTED.* — EXTRA LARGE, **16/6**

Writes Instantly and Continuously, and may be carried in any position without fear of leakage.

THE "NOTA BENE" STYLO

Or FLUID PENCIL (PATENTED)

5/-  **5/-**

The Stylo may be considered the HANDIEST OF ALL WRITING INSTRUMENTS, as it is always ready for use without adjustment, and may be carried in any position without fear of leakage.

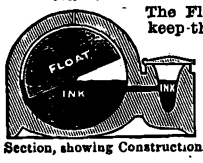
DE LA RUE'S

"ISOBATH" INKSTAND (Patented)

Has a LARGE RESERVOIR of INK, Secure from Dust and Evaporation.

The Float is so weighted and poised as always to keep the Ink in the Dipping-Well at the same level.

PRICES from 2/6 to 45/-

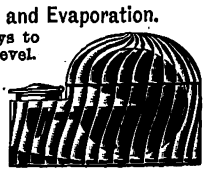


Section, showing Construction.

ALSO THE

"SWIFT" WRITING INKS

Specially recommended for the above Pens and Inkstands.



Sold by all Stationers. Wholesale only by the Sole Manufacturers,
THOS. DE LA RUE & CO. Ltd., BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

Capt. K . . LE in South Africa.

NO SIR!

TORTOISE-SHELL MIXTURE

Is NOT made of BOER TOBACCO.

IT IS A VERY POPULAR BRITISH MIXTURE, now being introduced into the Transvaal, along with another very popular British Mixture, very much in evidence in South Africa just now. Sold only in 1-oz. Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-oz. Tortoise-Shell Tins. The ¼-lb. and ½-lb. tins are recommended for keeping the mixture in good condition.

Tortoise-Shell Cigarettes are highly recommended. They Need No Puffing.

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY—
W. A. & A. C. CHURCHMAN, Ipswich, Norwich and London. (*Est.* 1790.)

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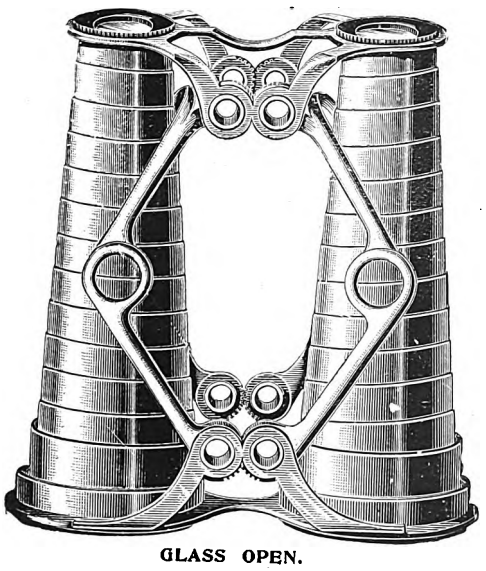
THIS LITTLE LADY WON FIRST PRIZE IN A BEAUTY COMPETITION,

By kind permission of] THE LITTLE COCOA QUEEN. [Messrs. J. S. FRY & SONS, Ld Bristol.

The Best Glass for South Africa

BECAUSE:



GLASS OPEN.

GLASS CLOSED.

It only Weighs Five Ounces.
It is only One Inch Thick when Closed.
It is as Powerful as many Glasses Five Times as Large.
It is the Most Rapid to Use and Focus.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD writes—
"The Aitchison Patent Pocket Binocular gives every satisfaction."

LORD LONSDALE writes—
"The Aitchison Patent Pocket Binocular is satisfactory in every way, and answers its purpose well."

CAPT. A. H. LEE, Royal Military College, Kingston, Canada, writes—
"I am immensely pleased with the Patent Pocket Binocular, power and definition little short of marvellous, and their extraordinary compactness and lightness makes them of especial value from a military point of view."

UNITED STATES WAR DEPARTMENT.—CAPT. CRAIG writes—
"I am directed by the CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICERS of the UNITED STATES ARMY to say that Aitchison's Patent Pocket Field Glasses are found to be extremely convenient and portable, and of good service."

Superior, Achromatic, 6 Lenses - - **£3 3 0**
Ditto extra power, 12 Lenses - - **£5 5 0**
Complete in Soft Leather Purse Case.

Hard Leather Sling Case, 5s. extra. Post Free to any part of the World.

Illustrations and Particulars Post Free from:

AITCHISON & CO., 428, STRAND, LONDON;

Also at 47, Fleet Street; 6, Poultry; and 46, Fenchurch Street, London.

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The National Explosives Co.,

LIMITED.

Offices: 11, AUSTIN FRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Factory: HAYLE, CORNWALL.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Dynamite, Gelignite, Gelatine Dynamite, and Blasting Gelatine

FOR USE IN MINING OPERATIONS, and

CORDITE

For Military and Naval Use.

CONTRACTORS TO H.M. ADMIRALTY AND WAR OFFICE.

AGENTS: HOME and FOREIGN.

WM. AINSLEY & BRO., Ltd.	Waddington Street, Durham.
W. J. BAYNES	5, Bedford Street, North Shields.
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FLEMING & CO.	31, Robertson Street, Glasgow.
A. FRANCIS	Tavistock, Devon.
HOLLAND & CARSON	Gresford, N. Wales.
E. LIDGEY	Perranwell, Cornwall.
THE PATENT ELECTRIC SHOT FIRING CO.	31, Gluman Gate, Chesterfield.
C. E. & H. M. PEEL	Swansea.
SAMUEL RAINE	Midsomer Norton, Somerset.
JOHN RUSSELL	111, Duke Street, Whitehaven.

THE NATIONAL EXPLOSIVES CO.,

LIMITED.

Branch Office: *31, Queen Street, Melbourne.*

McARTHUR & PERKS	68½, Pitt St., Sydney, and Kalgoorlie.
BUTTERWORTH & CO.	Port Adelaide.
A. M. HERTZBERG & CO.	Brisbane.
J. A. BENJAMIN & CO., Ld.	Charters Towers.
JOHN DUTHIE & CO., Ld.	Wellington, N.Z.
L. D. NATHAN & CO.	Auckland, N.Z.
GORDON, WOODROFFE & CO.	Madras.

Also Correspondents and Sub-Agents at:

HOBART, LAUNCESTON, FREMANTLE, COOLGARDIE, PORT ELIZABETH, KIMBERLEY, EAST LONDON, AXIM, ETC., ETC.

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HAMILTON'S IRISH HOMESPUNS

BEAT THE WORLD FOR HARD WEAR.

—:o:—

Guaranteed hand-spun and hand-woven from pure wool only. The only perfect material for Cycling, Golfing, Shooting, and sport and country wear generally. Beautifully soft, light, and warm. Equally suitable for Ladies or Gentlemen. Prices from 21d. per yard. All goods carriage paid. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns free on application Address DESK 6.

THE **WHITE HOUSE Depot for Irish Peasant Industries, PORTRUSH, IRELAND.**

THRESHER & GLENNY,

MILITARY AND GENERAL OUTFITTERS,

Manufacturers of

CAMP & BARRACK FURNITURE, AND COMPLETE MILITARY EQUIPMENTS.

ACTIVE SERVICE KITS,

Comprising all Requisites for Field use.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CLOTHING FOR HOME & ABROAD.

TRUNKS and LEATHER GOODS.

Information concerning necessary Outfits and Price Lists sent on application.

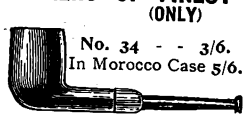
THRESHER & GLENNY,

152 & 153, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Useful Christmas Gifts.

217, PICCADILLY, W. LONDON. **ALLEN & WRIGHT** 26, POULTRY, E.C. LONDON.

MAKERS OF FINEST (ONLY) QUALITY BRIAR & MEERSCHAUM PIPES.



No. 34 - - 3/6. In Morocco Case 5/6.

A & W Silver-Mounted Briar (medium size), Horn or Vulcanite Stem.

With Fine Amber Stem (in Case) - - - - - 13/6.

With Fine Amber Stem and 15ct. Gold Mount (in Case), 27/6.

No. 34a 3/6. In Morocco Case - 5/6.

A & W Silver-Mounted Briar (medium size), Horn or Vulcanite Stem.

With Fine Amber Stem (in Case) - - - - - 13/6.

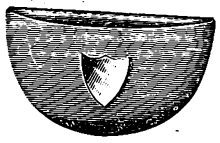
With Fine Amber Stem and 15ct. Gold Mount (in Case), 27/6.

No. 71 - - 6/-. In Morocco Case - - 8/6.

A & W Silver-Mounted Briar (medium size), Horn or Vulcanite Stem.

With Fine Amber Stem (in Case) - - - - - 20/-.

With Fine Amber Stem and 15ct. Gold Mount (in Case), 30/-.



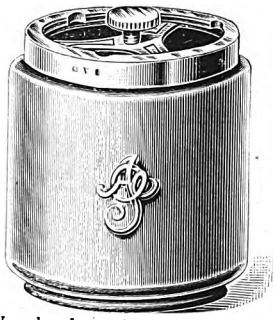
Fine Antelope Skin Pouch lined rubber), with Silver Shield,

10z. - - - - 6/6

20z. - - - - 7/6

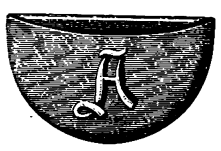
With 9ct. Gold Shields, 10/6 and 11/6.

Engraving (best style), 2/6.



Very handsome Dk. Green Air-tight Tobacco Jar, to hold half-pound, with Hall-marked Silver Rim, 10/6. Silver Monograms, 2 and 3 letters, 4/6 and 5/-

Plain Jar, Unmounted - - 6/-.



Fine Antelope Skin Pouch (lined rubber) with any initial letter hand embroidered in Gold shaded black.

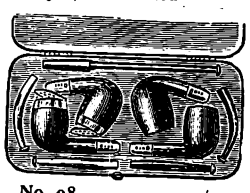
1 oz. - - - 6/6

2 oz. - - - 7/6

Monograms embroidered to order (finest work only), 4/- to 6/- each.

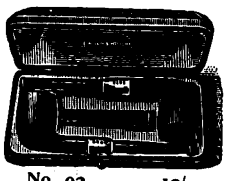
No. 123 - 12/6

2 A & W Silver Mounted Briars (medium size), Horn or Vulcanite stems in Morocco Case. Short, Light, Pipes.



No. 98 - - 25/-

4 A & W Silver Mounted Briars (medium size), Horn and Vulcanite stem, and 6 in. do. for indoor use, in Morocco Case.



No. 92 - - 12/-

2 A & W Silver Mounted Briars (medium size), Horn and Vulcanite stems. In Morocco Case, with 1 Amber stem, 20/-.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF HIGH-CLASS SPECIALITIES, POST FREE.

Bootmaker to the Royal Family.

M. Hoban,

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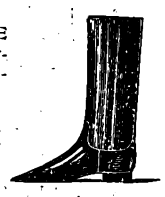

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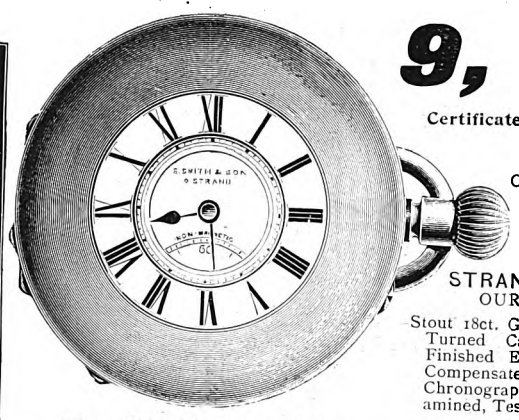

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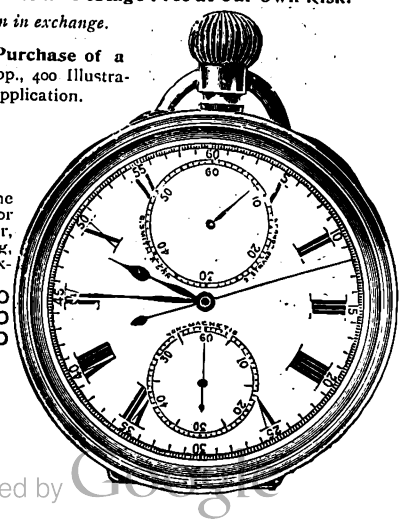

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Battle-fields of the War.

PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

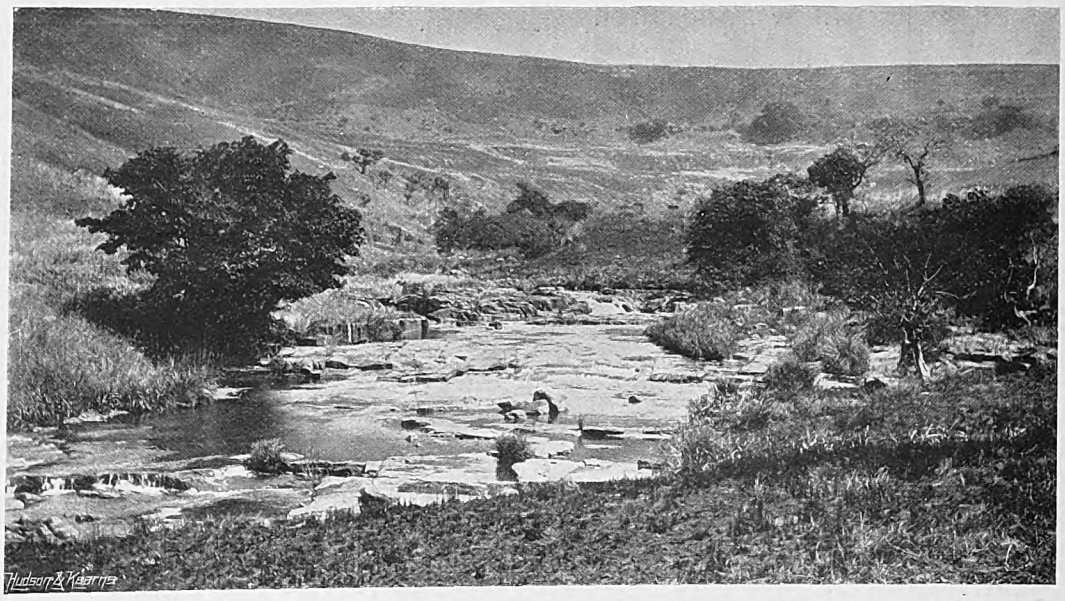
THE Tugela is a river which has played a very important part in the course of the war, and we are able to add to this series of battle scenes a picture of a drift on its upper waters, where the Boers established themselves in force to resist Sir Redvers Buller's anticipated flank march. The hasty retirement which the enemy made from the Mooi to the Tugela was one of the most remarkable episodes in the campaign. The invasion of Southern Natal had ignominiously collapsed, and General Joubert, before he was taken ill, ordered the retreat on the Tugela. The Boers then became alarmed by the great accession to our strength, and when their spies informed them that Sir Redvers Buller had set his forces in motion they immediately took steps to resist or impede the passage of our troops, not only at Colenso, but at the drifts above and below, which, when the water falls, are easily fordable.

The next picture takes us to the Western Frontier. It is from a photograph of a place near Belmont, on the road to the Modder, through which large supply waggons have carried provisions and stores to the front. Even when the railway had been made good, the common conveyance of the country was utilised, for the rolling-stock was scarcely adequate to the great work of feeding and providing a great army continually increasing. The relief of Kimberley cost many lives, and the place itself would have welcomed these waggons. In the very sortie in which gallant Major Scott-Turner, of the Black Watch, the life and soul of much of the fighting, was killed, a large quantity of foodstuffs was captured from the Boers.

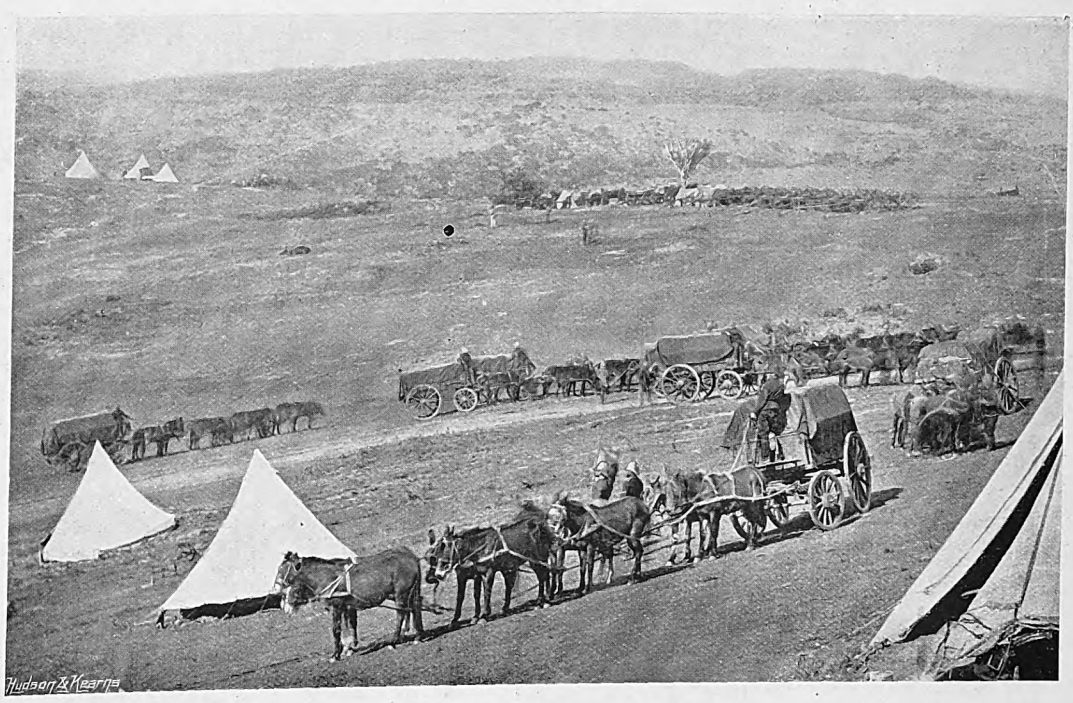
The defence of Mafeking will become legendary in the annals of our Army, and we are glad to be able to give another view of its environs, in a scene on the Molopo River, with a distant glimpse of the town. The Boers have a laager close by the place, and in it, no doubt, Colonel Baden-Powell has kept them very much on the alert. He impressed them with a lively respect for our cold steel, and when Cronje trekked south to meet Lord Methuen, the natives spread the report that his men said they had encountered devils and not men at Mafeking.

The defence of the place is decidedly the most picturesque episode in the whole war, and it becomes the more remarkable when we remember that Colonel Baden-Powell has depended upon the colonial levies he has inspired.

All honour to these gallant men!



A DRIFT ON THE UPPER TUGELA.
Where the Boers were in Force to Resist Sir Redvers Buller's Anticipated Flank Attack.



ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER.
Supply Waggons Outspanning.

Photos. Copyright *ON THE MOLOPO RIVER.* *"Navy & Army."*
With a Distant View of Mafeking.

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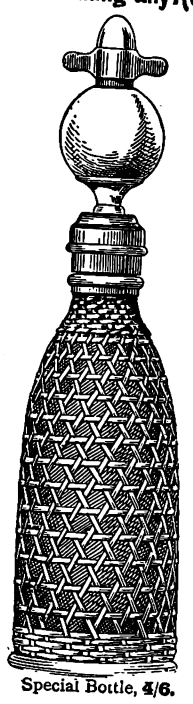

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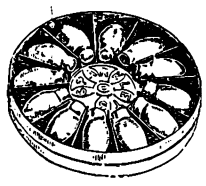

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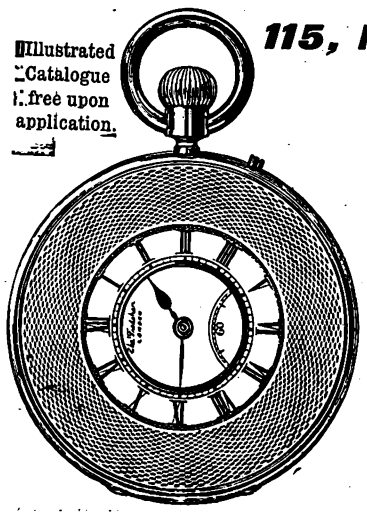

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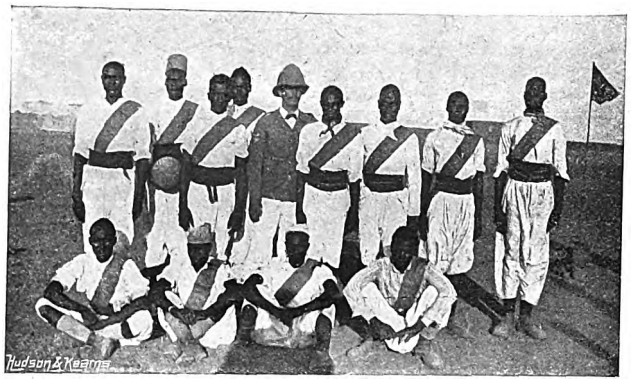
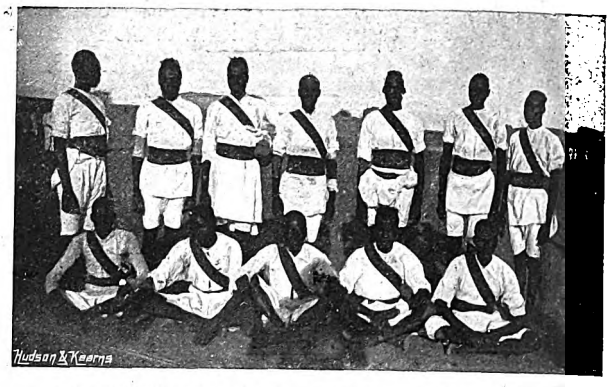
Khartoum of To-Day.



THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE 9th SOUDANESE.
Winners of the First Football Match Played at Khartoum.



THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE 11th SOUDANESE.
Beaten by Three Goals to One.

IT is little more than a month ago when British officers and native troops crushed once and for all the barbarous tyranny that made a hell of a vast expanse of Northern Africa. Khartoum and the Soudan are freed from the Khalifa'

TAKEN THE QUEEN'S SHILLING.
Dervish Recruits for the East African Rifles.

TRUE AND FAITHFUL.
Dervish Women from Khartoum who will Accompany Their Soldier Husbands to East Africa

tyranny, and the town that was the scene of the murder of one of the noblest soldiers and most Christian gentlemen that ever wore Her Majesty's uniform is the base from which British pluck and British enterprise are continuing the great

UNDER SAFE GUARD.
A Batch of Prisoners after Omdurman.

CABIN'D, CRIBB'D, CONFIN'D.
Dervish Prisoners in Omdurman.

work the nation has undertaken—that of the civilisation of Darkest Africa. For it is and must be this country that will civilise Darkest Africa. Not the least important factor in this work will be the rail and wire, and for this and other works of public utility labour will be required, and to-day the heretofore adherents of the Khalifa are busily employed—and getting well paid for—constructing embankments, laying rails, and building up the ruined city of Khartoum.

Fine stalwart fellows are these Soudanese, as is shown in the two groups here illustrated, which depict batches of Dervish prisoners. Of course to-day the ordinary prisoners of war have been released, except a few of the more important and dangerous characters, who have been deported to Egypt. Another picture represents one of the old forts of Omdurman, from which place, as our readers know, the seat of government has now been removed to Khartoum. These pictures, in fact, are typical of Khartoum and its condition twelve months ago, while the remaining typify the Khartoum of to-day. The two football teams here depicted are those of the 9th and 11th Soudanese, who had the honour to play the first football match at Omdurman on the Mosque Square in front of the Mahdi's Tomb. The teams were trained, the 9th by Staff-Sergeant McConnell, the 11th by Sergeant Scott-Barbour, who has since, for his services in the Soudan, been promoted to a second lieutenancy in the Highland Light Infantry. Another of our illustrations shows Soudanese recruits for the East African Rifles enlisted at Khartoum. A group of women accompanying their husbands to East Africa are here shown. The men were enlisted at Khartoum by Major Harrison, D.S.O., and Captain Godfrey, who are shown in the picture.

Photos. Copyright. *THE KHALIFA'S STRONGHOLD.* *"Navy & Army."*
One of the Forts of Omdurman.

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A General's Testimonial.

The following is an extract from Field-Marshal Lord Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India," relating to the Lushai Expedition:—

"Constant hard work and exposure in a peculiarly malarious and relaxing climate had told upon the whole force, while our having to depend for so long upon tinned meats . . . . had been very trying for the officers . . . My wife and some anonymous kind friend sent by post small tins of Liebig's Extract, which were highly appreciated."

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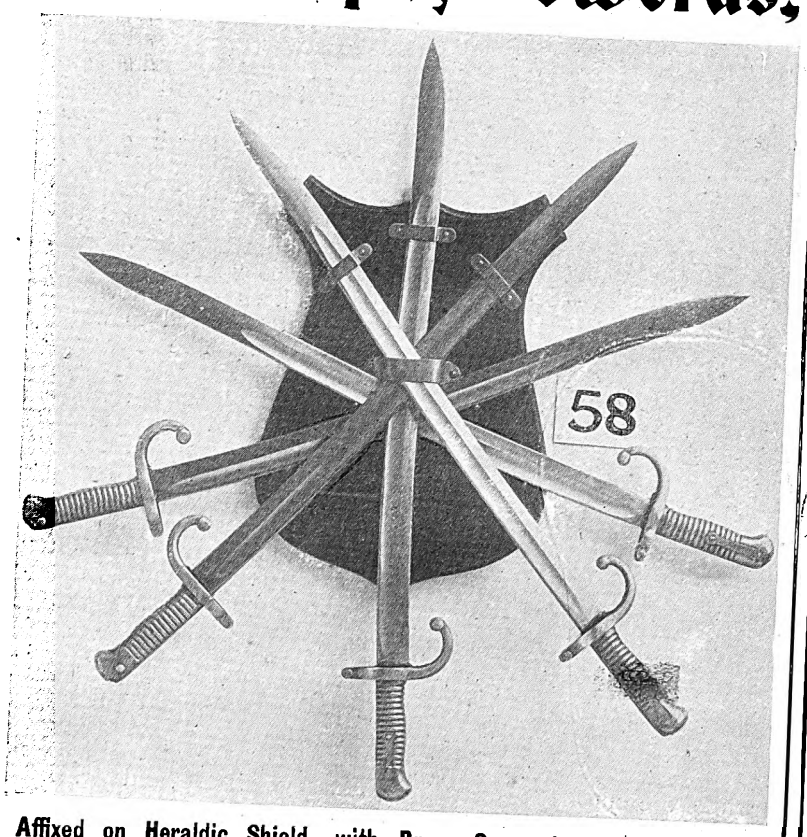

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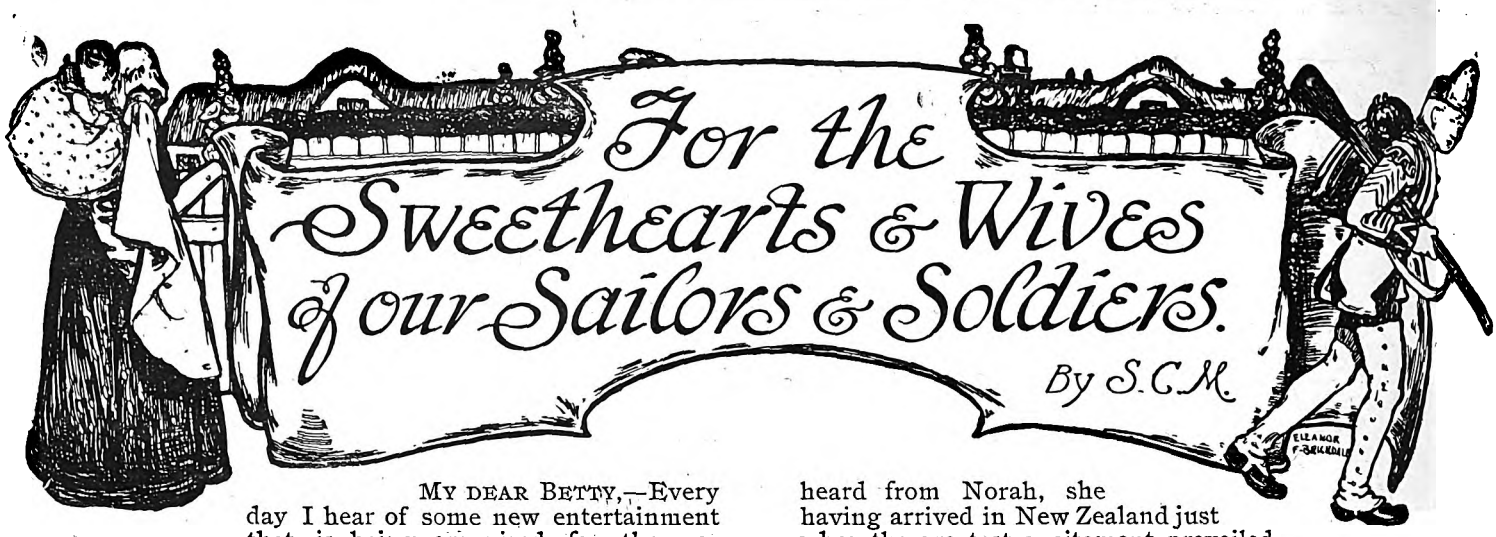

MY DEAR BETTY,—Every day I hear of some new entertainment that is being organised for the war funds. The restless energy so characteristic of the time is naturally finding its outlet in the direction in which all our thoughts are turned at the moment. This morning I had a letter from Bertha, telling me of some living pictures which Mrs. Robert Price, wife of the member for East Norfolk, is getting up for the war fund. The event will take place at the Queen's Gate Hall, on Thursday, January 18, at half-past eight. The Princess Christian has promised her immediate patronage, also Lord Rosebery, Lord Kimberley, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Loch, General Sir Archibald Alison and Lady Alison, General Sir H. Prendergast, Lady Wodehouse, Lady Methuen, the Dowager Lady Westbury, Lady Harcourt, Sir David and Lady Tennant, Mrs. Gully, Mrs. Chamberlain, Admiral Maxse, Major-General Robinson, Major-General Maurice, and many others. Mr. Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., is arranging the pictures, which will be after various well-known paintings and engravings; and some members of the band of the Royal Engineers have volunteered their services, by kind permission of the commandant, Major-General T. Fraser. The entertainment therefore promises to be in all respects a very great success.

This week I send you another sketch of a dress that would be suitable for wearing at any of the forthcoming patriotic concerts at which you may be assisting. This one is, however, more suitable for a smaller affair than were those I sent you last week, but though it is less smart, it is very pretty and effective if carried out in white oriental satin, with transparent neck and sleeves of tucked point d'esprit lace. Where these meet the bodice the satin is cut in points bound with blue crêpe de chine, beneath which are empiécements of lace enriched with a sprinkling of turquoises. The rosettes are of the blue crêpe de chine, which also drapes the bodice, and hangs from a third rosette almost to the bottom of the skirt. This is looped up gracefully at each side to show a petticoat of the esprit lace tucked as in the neck and sleeves. This style of dress also looks very well if carried out in soft woollen crêpe, relieved by chiffon of geranium colour. For an afternoon concert it would, in these materials, make an exceedingly pretty costume for a young girl, and as such I recommend the idea to your consideration.

A PRETTY CONCERT DRESS.

I have been a great deal to Princes' lately, and when there I generally take mental notes of the people I see or the gossip I hear, and all for your benefit, for too well I know how greedy you are for such news. I saw Lady Harbord and Lord Stratheden the last time I was there, when I was particularly struck with the music played by the orchestra during dinner. But really it is always good, and so well arranged by the director (Bocchi), the selections never being too long nor too noisy, so one can enjoy them comfortably without interruption to one's conversation.

At Princes', too, I met Jack, who told me he had heard from Norah, she having arrived in New Zealand just when the greatest excitement prevailed, as the colony learned that the Imperial Government had accepted the volunteers for the Transvaal. Before they started, the men were encamped, under Major Robin, at Karori, about three miles out of Wellington, where the officers were royally entertained by everyone in the neighbourhood, and on the eve of their departure a dinner was given at Government House, after which Lady Ranfurly held a large reception, wearing a lovely crimson dress and beautiful diamonds. The next day the town was crowded with visitors from all parts of the colony come to see the contingent go off. The men arrived at Jervois Quay at half-past three, where they were received by the Governor, the Premier, the Mayor, and Leader of the Opposition, after which the men embarked in the "Waimera," which had been fitted out as a troop-ship in an incredibly short space of time. As the ship moved off she was followed by about twenty steamers, large and small, as far as the Heads, where the Governor bade them a final farewell, he, Lady Ranfurly, and Lady Constance Knox being on board the "Tubanekai." Then the "Waimera" steamed off amidst the firing of guns and rockets and much playing of bands. Norah said it was a delightfully sunny day, and the scene was lovely and most stirring, the loyalty and enthusiasm displayed being tremendous.

There was much excitement at Secunderabad when the finals were played in the polo tournament for the Nizam's cup, when Sir Vicar ul Oomrah was "At Home" on the ground, where an enormous crowd had gathered to watch the contest. The struggle was between the 4th Hussars and the Golcondas; both played their best, and the match was tremendously exciting. It ended at last in victory for the Golcondas by eight goals and one subsidiary to the Hussars' four goals and four subsidiaries. The cup, valued at 10,000 rupees, was presented to the winners by Sir Trevor Plowden in the absence of the Nizam. The teams were: Mr. Watkin, Mr. Rotheram, Major Hoare (who played with his broken leg in splints), and Major Kincaid Smith for the 4th Hussars; for the Golcondas, Jemadar Abid Khan, Shah Murza Beg, Captain Osman Yar Jung, and Mr. Killader; whilst the umpires were Captain Hussey, R.H.A., and Mr. Orr, and the referees Mr. Anthony, Mr. Swain, Mr. Tatchell, and Mr. Johnson.

It is unluckily time for this to come to an end, and I have only space to tell you that Messrs. Bewlay and Co. have sent off 21,000 Flor de Dindigul cigars as a gift to the troops in South Africa, a fact that will please you, as you generally show so much anxiety that they should not be deprived of their smoking, poor things.

Yours affectionately, CONSTANCE.

**** Communications, enquiries, and other correspondence relating to matters referred to in the above letter should be addressed to the Editor of this office, with "Fashions" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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METHUEN'S MARCH.

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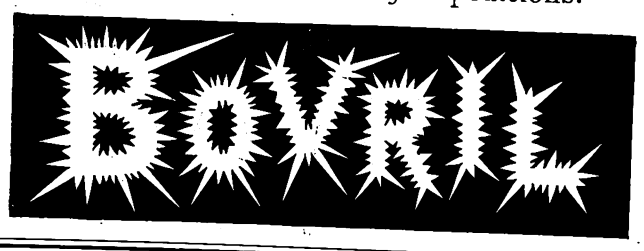

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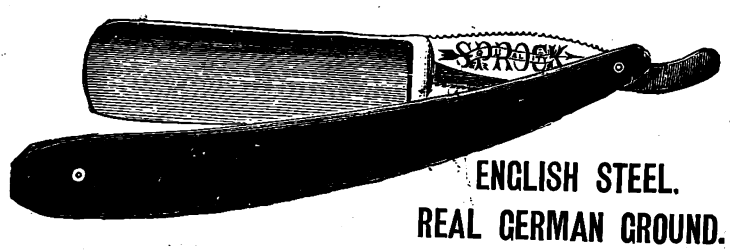

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23rd, 1899.

NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

Edited by COMMR CHAS N. ROBINSON, R.N.
(Of "The Army and Navy Gazette")
Offices, 20, TAVISTOCK ST, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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24th	J. M. Begg	2013
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NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand W.C., 7.45 p.m. "Children of the Ghetto."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "The Mystical Miss."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Snow Man."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Canary."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "The Absented-Minded Beggar."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Lady of Ostend."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN.

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The Geisha." At 2 p.m., "Alice in Wonderland."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Cinderella."
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "Dick Whittington."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Silver King."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Aladdin."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "La Poupee."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "The Great World of London."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The Greek Slave."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Jack of Hearts."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Robinson Crusoe."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Goody Two Shoes."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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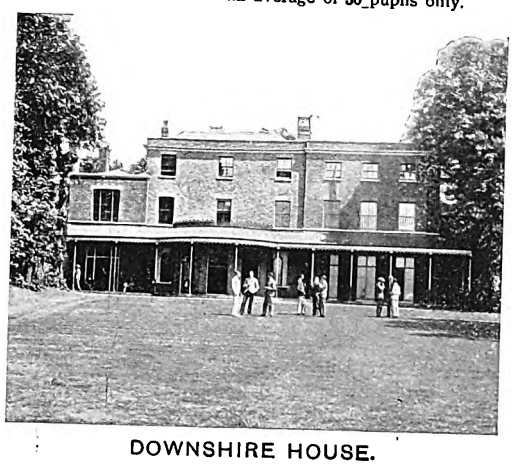

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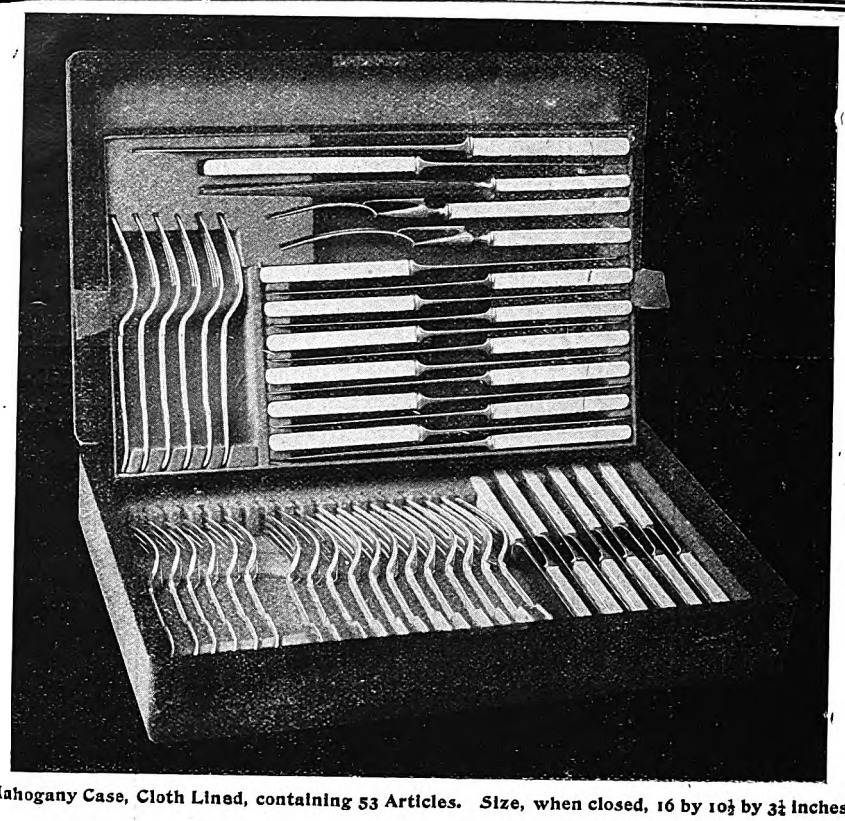

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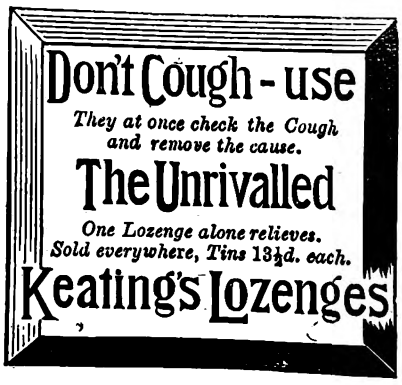

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Fourth Week.]

THE QUARTERS OF THE INFANTRY REGIMENTS.

	Battn.	
Grenadier G'ds	1. Col. V. Hatton, C.B.	Windsor
	2. Lieut.-Col. F. Lloyd, D.S.O.	Wellington Bar'ks.
	3. Lieut.-Col. E. M. S. Crabbe	Cape Colony
Coldstream G'ds	1. Lieut.-Col. A. E. Codrington	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col.	Cape Colony
	3. Lieut.-Col. V. J. Dawson	Tower of London
Scots Guards	1. Col. A. H. Paget	Cape Colony
	2. Col. I. R. Jones	Wellington Bar'ks.
	3. Major Hon. C. Harbord (tem.)	Chelsea
Royal Scots (1st)	1. Lieut.-Col. E. P. Morgan-Payler.	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. T. F. Ross	Poona
Queen's (Rl. West Surrey Reg., 2nd)	1. Col. J. S. Collins	Gharial, Punjab
	2. Lt.-Col. E. O. F. Hamilton	Natal
The Buffs (East Kent Reg., 3rd)	1. Col. A. E. Ommanney	Kamptee
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. A. Hickson	For South Africa
King's Own (Rl. Lancaster 4th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. Rowlandson	Singapore
	2. Col. M. E. Crofton	For South Africa
Northumberland Fusiliers (5th).	1. Lt.-Col. C. G. C. Money, C.B.	Cape Colony
	2. Lt.-Col. R. L. A. Pennington	Cape Colony
Ryl. Warwickshire Regiment (6th).	1. Lt.-Col. W. E. G. Forbes, C.B.	Madras
	2. Lieut.-Col. M. Q. Jones, C.B.	For South Africa
*	3. Lieut.-Col. A. W. F. Jackson	Malta
Royal Fusiliers (7th).	1. Lieut.-Col. R. P. B. Rodick	Nusseerabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. G. C. Donald	Natal
*	3. Lieut.-Col. J. E. Briggs	Gibraltar
King's (Liverpool Regiment, 8th).	1. Lieut.-Col. L. S. Mellor	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. S. H. Harrison	Enniskillen
Norfolk Regiment (9th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. L. Govan	Bombay
	2. Lieut.-Col. L. H. Phillips	Fermoy
Lincolnshire Reg. (10th).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. R. Lowth, C.B.	Secunderabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. R. Roberts	For South Africa
Devonshire Reg. (11th).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. W. Park	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. G. M. Bullock	Natal
Suffolk Regiment (12th)	1. Lieut.-Col. A. J. Watson	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. R. Townley	Quetta
Somersetshire L.I. (13th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. A. Walsh	Rawal Pindi
	2. Lieut.-Col. E. J. Gallwey	Natal
West Yorkshire Regiment (14th).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. Grant-Dalton	Kurrachee
	2. Col. F. W. Kitchener	Natal
East Yorkshire Regiment (15th).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. F. Garnett	Belgaum
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. W. Ward	Templemore
Bedfordshire Reg. (16th).	1. Lieut.-Col. W. H. Riddell	Mooltan
	2. Col. W. O. Cavenagh	For South Africa
Leicestershire Reg. (17th).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. D. Carleton	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. W. McKinstry	Curragh
Royal Irish Reg. (18th).	1. Lt.-Col. H. W. N. Guinness	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. B. Forster	Mhow
Yorkshire Reg. (19th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. Bowles	For South Africa
	2. Lt.-Col. C. J. Spottiswoode	Umballa
Lancashire Fus. (20th).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. L. E. May	Crete
	2. Lt.-Cl. C. J. Blomfield, D.S.O.	For South Africa
*	3. Lieut.-Col. R. G. Bruxner-Randall.	Malta
Royal Scots Fus. (21st).	1. Lt.-Col. A. H. Abercrombie	Peshawur
	2. Lieut.-Col. E. E. Carr	Natal
Cheshire Regiment (22nd).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. W. Bromfield	Secunderabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. F. Curteis	Limerick
Royal Welsh Fus. (23rd).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. C. H. Thorold	Natal
	2. Lt.-Col. Hon. R. H. Bertie	Hong Kong
South Wales Borderers (24th).	1. Lt.-Col. H. G. Mainwaring	Chakrata
	2. Col. R. A. P. Clements, D.S.O., A.D.C.	Dublin
K.O. Scottish Borderers (25th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. W. Godfray	Dublin
	2. Lieut.-Col. G. T. W. Hewat	Cawnpore
Cameronians (Sct. Rifles, 26th-90th)	1. Lieut.-Col. S. H. Lomax	Lucknow
	2. Lieut.-Col. E. Cooke	Natal
Royal Inniskilling Fus. (27th-108th)	1. Lt.-Col. T. M. G. Thackeray	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. M. Greenfield	Meean Meer
Gloucestershire Reg. (28th-61st).	1. Lieut.-Col. S. Humphery	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. F. Lindsell	For South Africa
Worcestershire Reg. (29th-36th).	1. Lieut.-Col. O. H. Oakes	Guernsey
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. Coningham	For South Africa
East Lancashire Reg. (30th-59th).	1. Lieut.-Col. A. J. A. Wright	Jersey
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. G. Watson	Ranikhet
East Surrey Reg. (31st-70th).	1. Lt.-Col. W. J. H. Frodsham	Jhansi
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. H. W. Harris	Natal
Duke of Cornwall's L.I. (32nd-46th).	1. Col. C. F. A. Turnbull	Lucknow
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. Aldworth, D.S.O.	Cape Colony
D. of Wellington's (W. Riding Reg., 33rd-76th).	1. Lt.-Col. G. E. Lloyd, D.S.O.	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. E. Belfield	Rangoon
Border Regiment (34th-55th).	1. Col. T. H. E. Hinde	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. S. Wood	Bareilly
Royal Sussex Reg. (35th-107th).	1. Lieut.-Col. B. D. A. Donne	Malta
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. C. Young	Sealkote
Hampshire Reg. (37th-67th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. R. Parkinson	Cherat, Punjab
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. E. Briggs	Cork
South Staffords're Reg. (38th-80th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. C. Savage	Gibraltar
	2. Lieut.-Col. N. S. Allen	Thayetmyo, Burma
Dorsetshire Reg. (39th-54th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. J. J. Kentish	Nowshera, Punjab
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. H. Law	For South Africa
South Lancashire Reg. (40th-82nd)	1. L.-C. W. McCarthy-O'Leary	For South Africa
	2. L.-C. A. F. G. Richardson	Jubbulpore
Welsh Regiment (41st-69th).	1. Lieut.-Col. R. J. F. Banfield	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. F. S. L. Penno	Ahmednugger
The Black Watch (Ryl. Highland's 42nd-73rd).	1. Lieut.-Col. E. G. Grogan	Sitapur
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. H. C. Coode	Cape Colony
Oxfordshire L.I. (43rd-52nd).	1. Lt.-Col. Hon. A. E. Dalzell	For South Africa
	2. Col. F. H. Plowden	Ferozepore
Essex Regiment (44th-56th).	1. Lieut.-Col. T. E. Stephenson	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. T. Stock	Shwebo, Burma
Sherwood F'r'sters (Derbyshire Rg., (45th-95th).	1. Col. H. L. Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O.	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. D. Bulpett	Malta
Loyal North Lancashire Regim't. (47th-81st).	1. Lieut.-Col. R. G. Kekewich	Cape Colony
	2. Lt.-Col. B. A. Satterthwaite	Malta
Northamptonshire Reg. (48th-58th).	1. Lieut.-Col. W. B. Capper	Allahabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. C. Denny	Cape Colony
Rl. Berkshire Reg. (49th-66th).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. C. Carter	Portsmouth
	2. Lt.-Col. C. Evans-Gordon	Natal
Queen's Own (Ryl. West Kent Reg., 50th-97th).	1. L.-C. C. W. H. Evans, D.S.O.	Aden
	2. Lt.-Col. E. A. W. S. Grove	Egypt
King's Own Yorks. L.I. (51st-105th)	1. L.-C. Sir H. A. W. Johnson, Bart.	Sheffield
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. St. L. Barter	Cape Colony
King's (Shropshire L.I., 53rd-85th).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. H. Collette	Poona
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. Spens	Cape Colony
Middlesex Reg. (57th-77th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. G. White	Welling'n, Madras
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. W. Hill	For South Africa
King's Royal Rifle Corps (60th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. Gore-Browne	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. G. G. Grimwood	Natal
	3. L.-C. R. G. Buchanan-Riddell	Natal
	4. Lieut.-Col. E. W. Herbert	Cork
Wiltshire Regim't. (62nd-99th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. C. Harford	Quetta
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. M. Carter	For South Africa
Manchester Reg. (63rd-96th).	1. Lieut.-Col. A. E. R. Curran	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. T. Reay	Manchester
North Staffords're Reg. (64th-98th).	1. Lieut.-Col. T. Currie, C.B.	Subathu
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. E. Bradley	Newry
York & Lancaster Reg. (65th-84th).	1. Lieut.-Col. W. J. Kirkpatrick	For South Africa
	2. Col. H. Boughey	Agra
Durham Light I. (68th-106th).	1. Lieut.-Col. A. L. Woodland	Natal
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Highland Light I. (71st-74th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. R. Kelham	Cape Colony
	2. Lt.-Col. R. D. B. Rutherford	Ceylon
Seaforth Highl'rs (72nd-78th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. A. Campbell	Egypt
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. W. Hughes-Hallett, D.S.O.	Cape Colony
Gordon Highl'rs (75th-92nd).	1. Lt.-Col. G. T. F. Downman	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. H. Dick-Cunyngham, V.C.	Natal
Q.O. Cameron H'rs (79th).	1. Lieut.-Col. T. F. A. Watson-Kennedy.	Egypt
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hunt	Gibraltar
Royal Irish Rifles (83rd-86th).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. Haggard	Fort William, [Bengal
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. A. Eagar	Cape Colony
Ryl. Irish Fusiliers (87th-89th).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. R. C. Carleton	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. Reeves	Natal
Connaught Ran's (88th-94th).	1. Lieut.-Col. L. G. Brooke	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. E. Harman	Meerut
Argyll & Sutherl'd H'rs (91st-93rd).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. L. J. Goff	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. H. Campbell	Ranikhet
Leinster Regiment (100th-109th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. Martin	Halifax, N.S.
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. G. Glancy	Barbados
Ryl. Munster Fus. (101st-104th).	1. Lieut.-Col. E. S. Evans	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. P. S. Druitt	Dinapore
Royal Dublin Fus. (102nd-103rd).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. A. Mills	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. D. Cooper	Natal
Rifle Brigade	1. Lieut.-Col. C. H. B. Norcott	Natal
	2. Lt.-Col. C. T. E. Metcalfe	Natal
	3. Lieut.-Col. W. R. Kenyon-Slaney.	Rawal Pindi
	4. Lieut.-Col. A. R. Pemberton	Dublin
West India Reg.	1. Lieut.-Col. A. L. Bayley	Bermuda
	2. Lieut.-Col. D. M. Allen	Jamaica
	3. Lieut.-Col. A. Bor	Sierra Leone
Hong Kong Reg.	Lieut.-Col. J. M. A. Retallick	Hong Kong
Chinese Regiment	1. Lieut.-Col. H. Bower	Wei-hai-Wei
West African Reg.	L.-C. G. G. Cunningham, D.S.O.	
B.C. Africa Rifles	1. Lieut.-Col. W. H. Manning	Central Africa
	2. Lt.-Col. H. E. J. Brake, R.A.	Mauritius
Provisional Batt.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. Kelly	Shorncliffe

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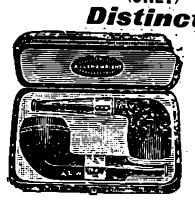

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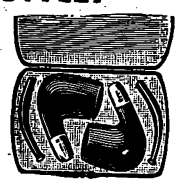

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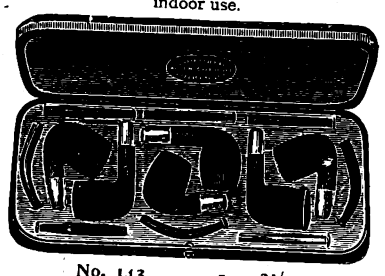

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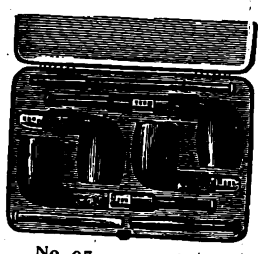

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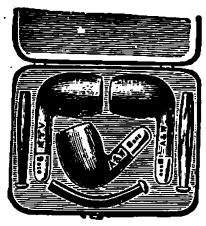

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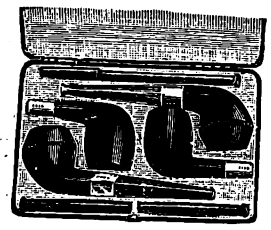

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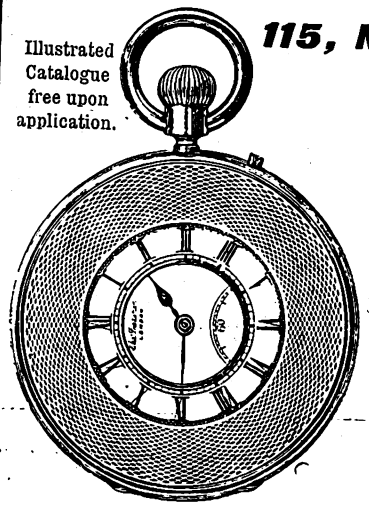

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Battlefields and Scenes of the War.

PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

WE are able this week to present to our readers four pictures closely connected with the disaster which befel General Gatacre's column. Three of them are of scenes at Queenstown, which was his base, while the fourth is of Stormberg Pass, through which the railway ascends after leaving Sterkstroom. All four are admirably illustrative of the very difficult nature of the country in which General Gatacre conducted his operation. The level region near Queenstown itself gives place to lofty mountains with rugged steeps and dangerous defiles.

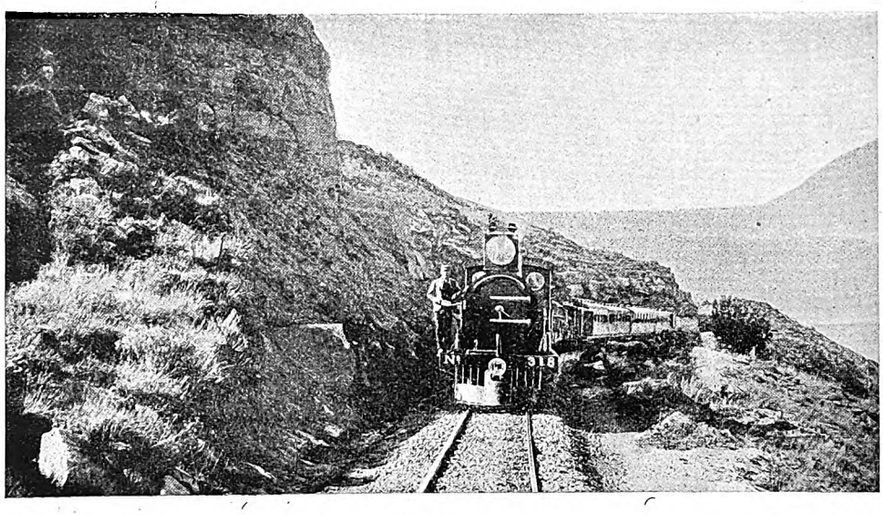
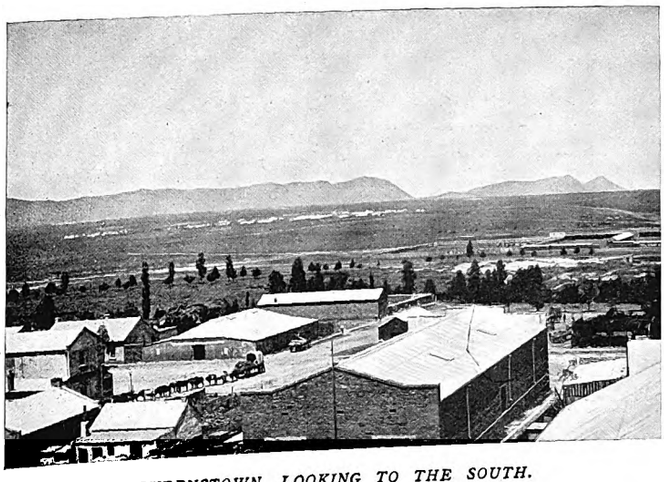
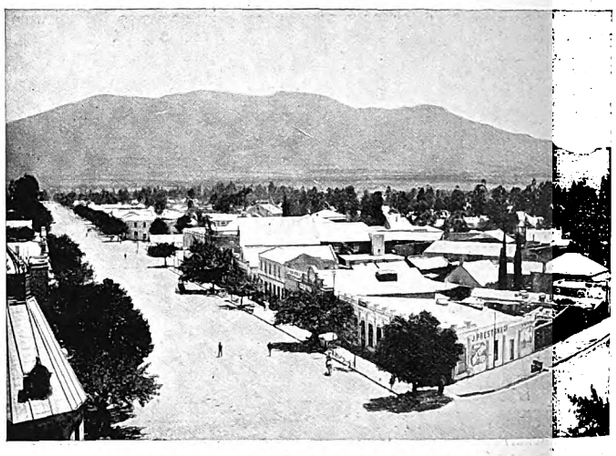


Photo. Copyright. STORMBERG PASS. *"Navy & Army."*
Showing Bushman's Hoek, from which Our Troops Retired.



QUEENSTOWN, LOOKING TO THE SOUTH.
Showing the Imperial Camp.

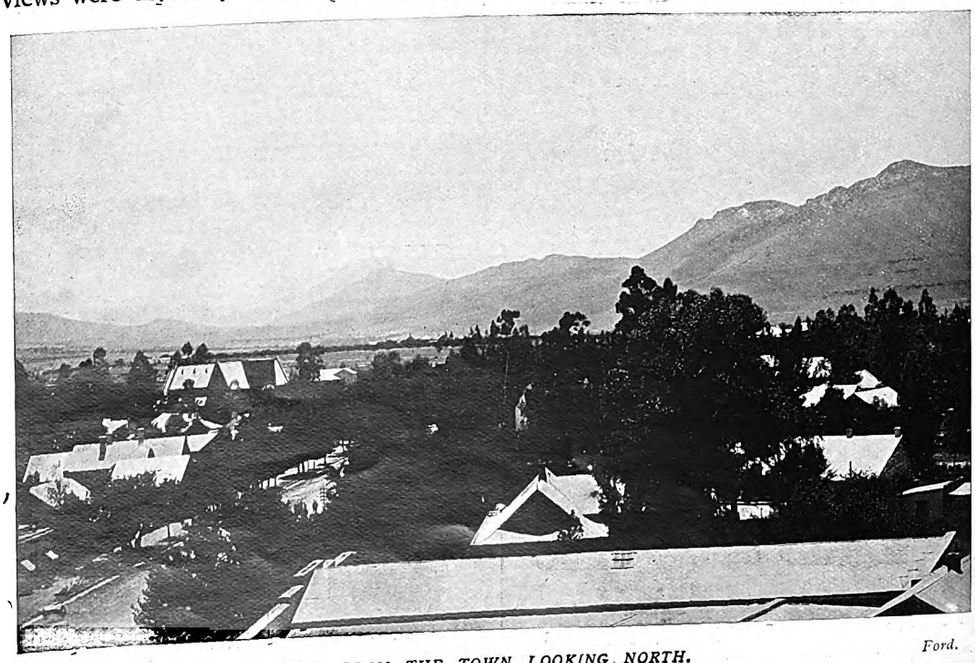


THE MAIN STREET OF QUEENSTOWN.
Looking Towards Stormberg.

The little city of Queenstown was formed early in November into an advanced depôt of supplies, and when all was ready General Gatacre made it his headquarters. With one exception, our views were expressly taken for this paper under the care of our Special Correspondent. Queenstown itself lies in an extensive basin surrounded by the hills, and is scarcely capable of being easily placed in a state of defence. Indeed, it is situated, like Ladysmith and other South African towns, in a situation where a water supply can be secured without expense. The views of Queenstown were taken from the clock tower of the municipal buildings, and in one of them will be seen a conical hill known as Bowker's Kop, with a blunted summit, which is an excellent example of the type of kopjes frequently found in the district.

The second illustration shows the camp of the British troops on the south side of the town, with the native location, consisting of mud huts, wisely placed at some distance from the borough boundaries. Just to the right of the camp the troops will be seen digging shelter trenches for the safety of military stores.

The last picture gives a view in the direction of the Stormberg Range, with the table mountain called Hang Klip, nearly 7,000-ft. high, while in the view above we have Cathcart Street, the main thoroughfare of Queenstown, and the distant mountains towards Putter's Kraal. The railway from East London to Stormberg Junction runs on the north and east of the town at the foot of Bowker's Kop, and northward up the valley towards the Hang Klip. The first picture is of the Stormberg Pass, and shows a train slowly ascending towards the great mountain range. The point is on the steepest curve of the gradient along Bushman's Hoek, from which place it will be remembered General Gatacre retired to Sterkstroom after the disaster.



Photos. Copyright. VIEW FROM THE TOWN LOOKING NORTH. *Ford.*
With Hang Klip in the Distance.

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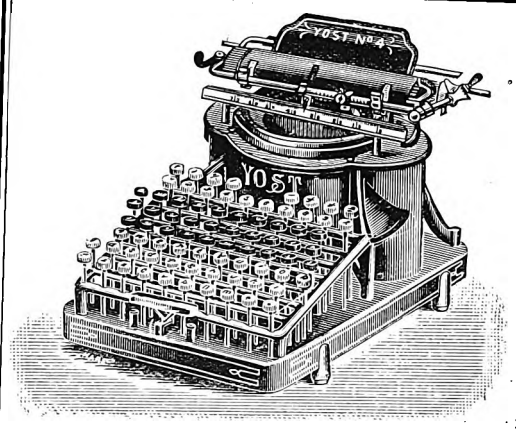

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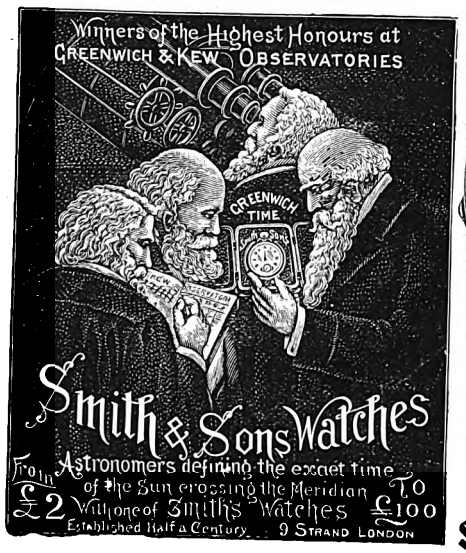

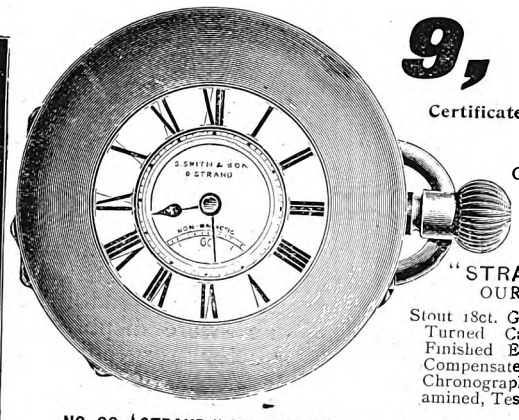

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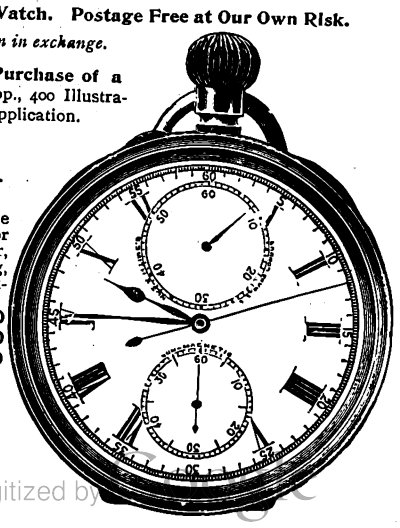

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MY DEAR BETTY,—I quite agree with you that it is a most difficult matter to know how best to dress for being photographed. It is necessary that your costume should be more or less in the prevailing fashion, and yet it should be able to stand the test of time, so that five or six years hence it may not have the frightful effect that so often strikes one on looking through books of photographs which were taken only just so long ago. Of course, the great thing is to aim at something artistic, which will make the photograph a picture that can never be ugly or ridiculous. So as an idea for your special photograph, which you say must be a good one as it is going to travel so far, I send you a sketch of a dress worn by a woman who has lately been sitting to an artist for her portrait. Here, you see, there is nothing that is opposed to the modes of the moment, and yet it is thoroughly picturesque and becoming. It is an evening dress made of cream lace, with the low bodice relieved by a narrow band of cherry-coloured ribbon velvet. The long cloak is of velvet, lined with ermine and trimmed with sable, whilst the collar is composed of soft masses of crêpe de chine, long ends of which fall from the neck. The large picture hat is of black velvet, trimmed with masses of feathers, as are so many this winter. The effect of the whole, dress, cloak, and hat, was as graceful and pretty as it well could be. So I recommend it to your notice, and if you tried something of the same description, I am sure you would be quite delighted with the result. Certainly there never was a time, at least in this century, when dress was more suitable for pictures than it is now, with the long draperies and the chiffons and laces which every well-turned-out woman decks herself withal. I saw at Princes' the other day a very striking dress of old rose panne, which was so gracefully made that it would have done very well for a picture. It was worn with a deep cape of very dark sable, and a toque to match, the latter being trimmed with white tulle and some white bird of Paradise feathers. It is indeed a pleasure to look at such dresses—they are so really beautiful. I could not find out who its wearer was. The only people of note who happened to be near me were Lady Ormonde and the Princess of Monaco, but I did hear that many other well-known people had left just a few minutes before I went in.

A "PICTURE" DRESS.

I have just seen some of the original pictures to be represented in the tableaux which Mrs. Robert Price is organising for the Wives' and Families' Fund, as I told you last week. They certainly ought to be a great success, especially as Mr. Alfred Parsons is taking so very much trouble about them, giving a great deal of his valuable time to the preparations, and being most particular about all the details, so that the pictures may be as perfect as possible. Amongst those who are going to take part are Mrs. Fred Hulton, Mrs. Avery, Mrs. Lambkin, Mrs. Dives, Mrs. Robert Price, Mrs. Priestley, the Misses Darling, Mrs. Marcet, Mrs. Symonds, Mrs. Piggott, Miss Janet Tooth, Miss Campbell, Miss Carson, Miss Linklater, Colonel Darling, Captain Symonds, R.N., Professor Lankester, Mr. Grantham, Mr. Forbes Lankester, Mr. Temple Franks, Mr. Dives, Mr. Orgill, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Penton, Mr. Adrian Pollock, etc., whilst the pictures are to be "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Doctor," "The Queen's Maries," "Old Gold Cigarette," "Britannia's Bulwarks," "Nelson's First Voyage," "A Good Story," "First Words of Love," "Delicious Mazawattee Tea," "The Mistletoe Bough," and "Missing." Mr. Parsons has designed the programme, which will be extremely pretty, and a suitable selection of music and songs has been made to accompany the exhibition of each picture. I am glad to tell you that money has lately come in well for the Soldiers' Homes at Bisley, so that the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society has been able to order the second home to be begun. It has been its great wish from motives of economy to proceed with the homes while the contractors' plant is on the spot. At Bath, too, the idea is taking root, and Mrs. Hawthorn has undertaken the organisation of a convalescent hospital to receive the sick men on their return from the front, whilst the society is renting a cottage to which the patients can be drafted when well enough to leave the hospital, though still wanting proper care and attention. This Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society now has more than 12,000 voluntary workers scattered throughout the United Kingdom, the only paid agents being the general secretary and his two assistants, who work at the head office at Piccadilly Mansions. The idea of the homes, which the society hopes to see started in every county in the kingdom, is entirely due to Princess Christian, who planned out the scheme in the spring of this year. Since then she has taken the deepest interest in the matter, and she and Princess Henry of Battenberg regularly attend every committee meeting called to consider the matter. Alice tells me that the Welsh Regiment gave a very successful ball at their mess at Ahmednagar in honour of the presentation of their new colours. Everything was so prettily arranged that it was quite a pleasure to be there, apart from the ordinary enjoyment of dancing. Cosy corners were arranged here and there; the grounds were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns; the ball-room was decorated with draperies of red, white, and green muslins, trophies of bayonets, and scrolls bearing the names of the battles in which the regiment has distinguished itself; an archway was adorned with the old colours, and the new ones were displayed on a pyramid of drums, guarded by a colour-sergeant of the regiment. The supper tent was decorated in red, white, and green, whilst the little tables were prettily arranged with large white chrysanthemums. Everything went off in the gayest manner, the guests evidently enjoying themselves throughout the whole evening.

Yours affectionately, CONSTANCE.

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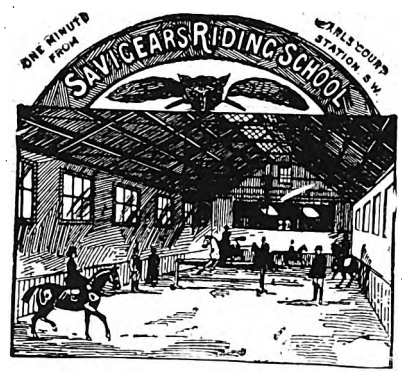

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ADELPHI, Strand W.C., 7.45 p.m. "Children of the Ghetto."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message rom Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "The Mystical Miss."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8.30 p.m. "The Degenerates."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Snow Man."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
OPERA COMIQUE, W.C.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Only Way."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "The Absented-Minded Beggar."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Lady of Ostend."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The Geisha." At 2 p.m., "Alice in Wonderland."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. Puss in Boots."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Cinderella."
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "Dick Whittington."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7,30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Sign of the Cross."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Aladdin."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "La Poupee."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Two Hussars."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The Greek Slave."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Jack of Hearts."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Robinson Crusoe."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Goody Two Shoes."

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ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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HIGH PLACES OBTAINED by the above:
19 FIRSTS. 22 SECONDS. 18 THIRDS
And all these with an average of 30 pupils only.

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CEDAR COURT is one of the finest country houses in the kingdom, standing on 20 acres of land, reaching almost to Richmond Park, a distance of three-quarters of a mile. DOWNSHIRE HOUSE, on the adjoining estate, is another magnificent country residence, formerly the seat of the Marquis of Downshire There are many grass tennis courts, as well as cricket and football grounds; there are stalls and boxes for 20 horses, and there is a tent-pegging ground. The Wimbledon Golf Links are within ten minutes' walk, whilst proximity to the river afford opportunity for boating.

It must, however, be distinctly understood that games are never under any conditions allowed to interfere with the work.

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ROEHAMPTON, SURREY, for resident pupils.
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Telephone { Roehampton, "153, Battersea."
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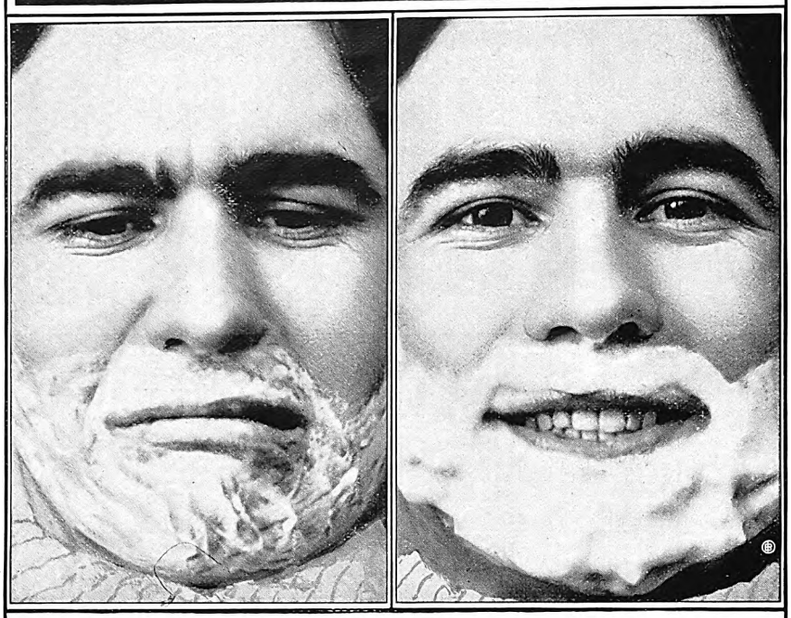
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



This is how he looked when he tried a substitute for Williams' Soap, which his dealer urged upon him.

This is his expression when he had again procured the "Old Reliable" Williams' Shaving Soap.

Just compare Williams' Soap with any other. See the BIG, THICK, CREAMY LATHER. Notice how long it remains moist on you face. How thoroughly it softens the beard. How easily and smoothly your razor cuts. What a soothed, refreshed, velvety feeling your face has after shaving.

Now—take almost any other soap. Note the thin, frothy lather. See how quickly it dries. How your razor "pulls." How your face smarts and itches. How dry the skin feels. Then you will appreciate the force of the illustration above, and will understand why ninety-nine men out of every hundred insist upon Williams' Shaving Soap.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS are used by all first-class Hair-dressers.

Sold by Chemists, Hair-dressers and Perfumers all over the world, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps.

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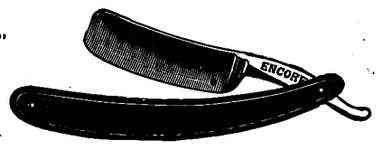

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

SHIPS IN RESERVE, AND THOSE BEING BUILT.

SHIPS NOT IN COMMISSION.

Achilles, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Active, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Æolus, *cr.*	Devonport
Agamemnon, *B.*	Devonport
Ajax, *B.*	Chatham
Albatross, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Amphion, *cr.*	Chatham
Amphitrite, *cr.*	Chatham
Andromache, *cr.*	Chatham
Anson, *B.*	Portsmouth
Apollo, *cr.*	Chatham
Archer, *cr.*	Chatham
Argonaut, *cr.*	Chatham
Ariadne, *cr.*	Chatham
Audacious, *B.*	Chatham
Avon, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Basilisk, *sloop*	Sheerness
Belleisle, *c.d.s.*	Devonport
Bellerophon, *B.*	Devonport
Bittern, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Blake, *cr.*	Devonport
Blanche, *cr.*	Devonport
Blenheim, *cr.*	Chatham
Blonde, *cr.*	Devonport
Boadicea, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Bramble, *g.b.*	Devonport
Brilliant, *cr.*	Chatham
Bullfinch, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Calypso, *cr.*	Devonport
Camperdown, *B.*	Portsmouth
Chamois, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Champion, *cr.*	Chatham
Charger, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Charybdis, *cr.*	Devonport
Cheerful, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Cleopatra, *cr.*	Devonport
Condor, *sloop*	Sheerness
Conflict, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Contest, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Coquette, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Cordelia, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Cossack, *cr.*	Chatham
Cyclops, *c.d.s.*	Sheerness
Cynthia, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Daring, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Dasher, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Decoy, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Desperate, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Diana, *cr*	Chatham
Dreadnought, *B.*	Chatham
Edgar, *cr.*	Devonport
Fairy, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Formidable, *B.*	Portsmouth
Forth, *cr.*	Devonport
Fox, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Gibraltar, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Gipsy, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Gladiator, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Glatton, *c.d.s.*	Portsmouth
Goliath, *B.*	Chatham
Gorgon, *c.d.s.*	Devonport
Grafton, *cr.*	Chatham
Grasshopper, *t.g.b.*	Chatham
Hardy, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Hasty, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Havock, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Hawke, *cr.*	Chatham
Hecate, *c.d.s.*	Devonport
Hercules, *B.*	Portsmouth
Highflyer, *cr.*	Devonport
Hornet, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Hunter, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Hussar, *t.g.b.*	Devonport
Hyacinth, *cr.*	Devonport
Hydra, *c.d.s.*	Sheerness
Immortalité, *cr.*	Sheerness
Imperieuse, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Implacable, *B.*	Devonport
Inflexible, *B.*	Portsmouth
Intrepid, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Invincible, *B.*	Portsmouth
Iris, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Iron Duke, *B.*	Portsmouth
Latona, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Leopard, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Leven, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Locust, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Mallard, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Mercury, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Mersey, *cr.*	Chatham
Naiad, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Narcissus, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Nelson, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Neptune, *B.*	Portsmouth
Niger, *t.g.b.*	Chatham
Nightingale, *g.b.*	Chatham
Nymphe, *sloop*	Portsmouth
Ocean, *B.*	Devonport
Opossum, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Osprey, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Otter, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Pallas, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Pelican, *sloop*	Devonport
Perseus, *cr.*	Sheerness
Phœbe, *cr.*	Devonport
Pique, *cr.*	Devonport
Prometheus, *cr.*	Sheerness
Pyramus, *cr.*	Chatham
Rainbow, *cr.*	Devonport
Raleigh, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Ranger, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Rapid, *cr.*	Devonport
Rattlesnake, *t.g.b.*	Portsmouth
Redbreast, *g.b.*	Haulbowline
Retribution, *cr.*	Devonport
Robin, *g.b.*	Chatham
Rosario, *sloop*	Sheerness
Salmon, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Sappho, *cr.*	Chatham
Satellite, *cr.*	Sheerness
Scylla, *cr.*	Chatham
Sharpshooter, *t.g.b.*	Devonport
Sirius, *cr.*	Devonport
Skate, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Skipjack, *t.g.b.*	Chatham
Snapper, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Spartan, *cr.*	Devonport
Spartiate, *cr.*	Pembroke D.
Speedwell, *t.g.b.*	Devonport
Speedy, *t.g.b.*	Sheerness
Spider, *t.g.b.*	Devonport
Spiteful, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Spitfire, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Sultan, *B.*	Portsmouth
Sunfish, *t.b.d.*	Devonport
Superb, *B.*	Chatham
Surly, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Swiftsure, *B.*	Portsmouth
Swordfish, *t.b.d.*	Chatham
Sybille, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Sylvia, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Talbot, *cr.*	Devonport
Teazer, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Temeraire, *B.*	Devonport
Terpsichore, *cr.*	Chatham
Thames, *cr.*	Devonport
Thistle, *g.b.*	Devonport
Triumph, *B.*	Devonport
Vindictive, *cr.*	Chatham
Volage, *cr.*	Devonport
Vulture, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Warrior, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Wild Swan, *sloop*	Devonport
Wizard, *t.b.d.*	Portsmouth
Zebra, *t.b.d.*	Chatham

SHIPS BUILDING.

Aboukir, *cr.*	Glasgow
Albemarle, *B.*	Chatham
Albion, *B.*	Blackwall
Arab, *t.b.d.*	Clydebank
Bacchante, *cr.*	Glasgow
Bedford, *cr.*	Glasgow
Brazen, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
Britomart, *g.b.*	Liverpool
Bulwark, *B.*	Devonport
Cornwallis, *B.*	Blackwall
Cressy, *cr.*	Glasgow
Dove, *t.b.d.*	Hull
Drake, *cr.*	Pembroke
Duncan, *B.*	Blackwall
Electra, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
Espiegle, *sloop*	Sheerness
Essex, *cr.*	Pembroke
Euryalus, *cr.*	Barrow
Exmouth, *B.*	Birkenhead
Express, *t.b.d.*	Birkenhead
Falcon, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
Fantome, *sloop*	Sheerness
Fervent, *t.b.d.*	Paisley
Glory, *B.*	Birkenhead
Good Hope, *cr.*	Glasgow
Greyhound, *t.b.d.*	Newcastle
Hogue, *cr.*	Barrow
Irresistible, *B.*	Chatham
Kent, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Kestrel, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
King Alfred, *cr.*	Barrow
Lee, *t.b.d.*	Sunderland
Leviathan, *B.*	Glasgow
Lively, *t.b.d.*	Birkenhead
London, *B.*	Portsmouth
Monmouth, *cr.*	Glasgow
Montagu, *B.*	Devonport
Mutine, *sloop*	Birkenhead
Myrmidon, *t.b.d.*	Jarrow
Orwell, *t.b.d.*	Birkenhead
Ostrich, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
Pandora, *cr.*	Portsmouth
Petrel, *t.b.d.*	Jarrow
Pioneer, *cr.*	Chatham
Racehorse, *t.b.d.*	Newcastle
Recruit, *t.b.d.*	Glasgow
Rinaldo, *cr.*	Birkenhead
Roebuck, *t.b.d.*	Newcastle
Russell, *B.*	Jarrow
Shearwater, *sloop*	Sheerness
Sprightly, *t.b.d.*	Birkenhead
Stag, *t.b.d.*	Chiswick
Success, *t.b.d.*	Sunderland
Sutlej, *cr.*	Glasgow
Syren, *t.b.d.*	Jarrow
Venerable, *B.*	Chatham
Vengeance, *B.*	Barrow
Vestal, *sloop*	Sheerness
Viper, *t.b.d.*	Newcastle
Vixen, *t.b.d.*	Barrow
Zephyr, *t.b.d.*	Paisley
Royal Yacht	Pembroke
Third-class Cruiser No. 1	Portsmouth
,, ,, No. 2	Chatham
,, ,, No. 3	Devonport

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. cr. Cruiser.
t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat.

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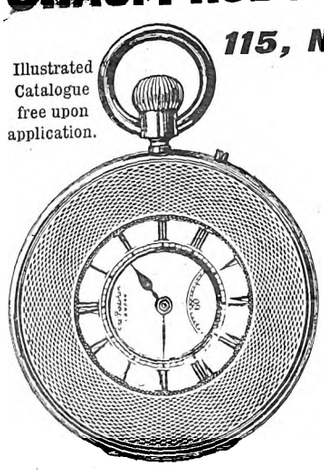

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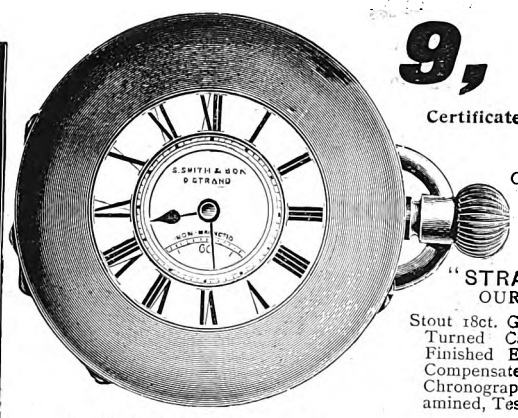

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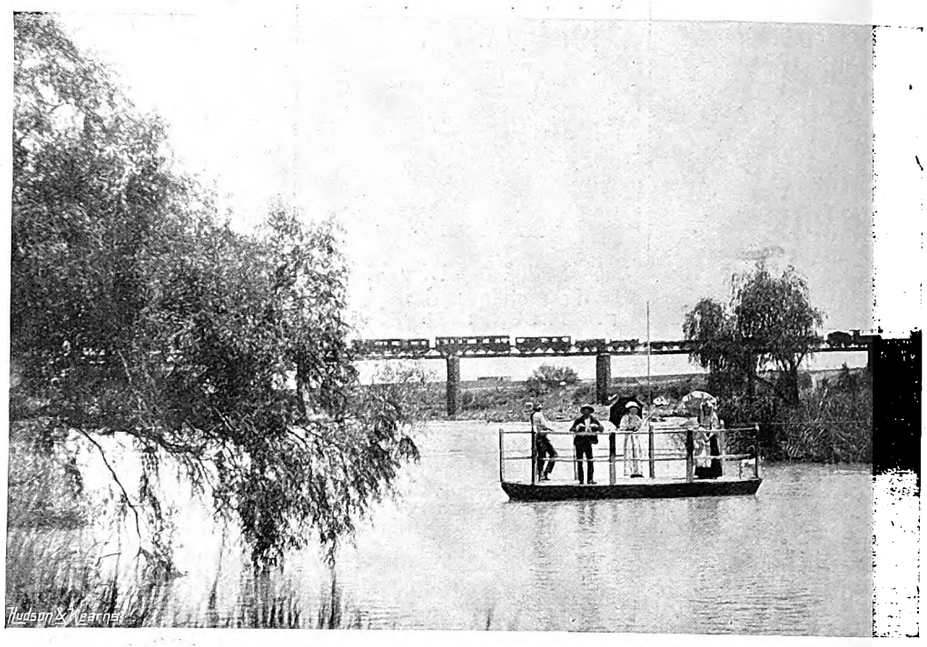
Battlefields and Scenes of the War.

PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

THE river Modder is likely always to be remembered in the annals of the British Army in association with the repulse of Lord Methuen's column beyond it on December 11. The Black Watch will not forget it. But that reverse followed on a victory of notable character on November 28. The battle of the Modder River was, in its way, unique. It was a gunner's battle, and the most sanguinary and fiercely-contested engagement that had so far marked Lord Methuen's march. The Guards, on that occasion, lost terribly as they advanced on the right under a murderous fire. They scarcely saw the enemy, who was concealed in his trenches, but the attack was made in brilliant style, and General Pole-Carew was able to throw a force across the river. The Naval Brigade distinguished itself particularly on that day, by scaling a kopje on which the enemy was strongly posted, and driving him off in gallant fashion. One correspondent said, truly, that a finer exhibition of splendid bravery could not have been witnessed. Our picture shows a train passing over the Modder Bridge, and the pont or ferry which is near. Another illustration is of the Limpopo or Crocodile River, where some of Colonel Plumer's men are seen crossing by a ferry. We have yet to hear the full story of that gallant officer's achievement on the Rhodesian border, but we may be quite sure that it has been almost as full of incident and as fertile in resource as Colonel Baden-Powell's heroic stand at Mafeking. Colonel Plumer had confided to him a distant outpost of our dominion, where it was necessary to hold a strong position on the river, and very well has he accomplished his task, refusing to be bound to one place, but moving to and fro as the necessity arose or the opportunity offered for disconcerting the enemy.

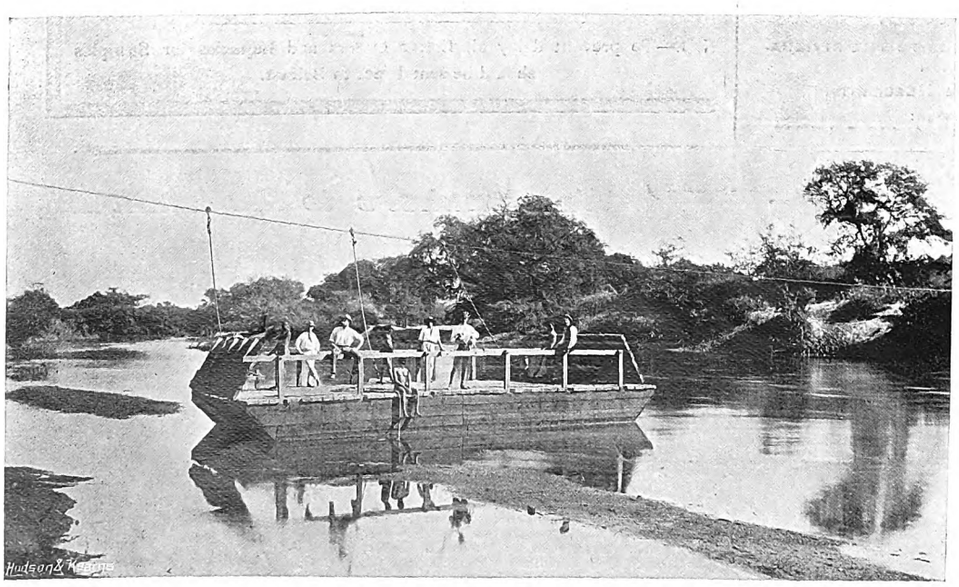


THE BRIDGE OVER THE MODDER RIVER.
The Scene of Lord Methuen's Victory of November 28.

THE CAMP AT DUNDEE.
Showing Impati Mountain and the Place where General Symons Fell.

The third picture is more interesting still. It takes us back to the first action of the war, showing the camp at Dundee, with Impati Mountain in the background, and it illustrates the place where gallant Sir William Symons was mortally wounded. We all know how that notable action was fought—how the Boer general, Lucas Meyer, precipitated the attack too soon, before his colleague Erasmus was ready to assault. But if Sir William Symons had hesitated the day would have gone badly for us, and the subsequent course of the campaign would have been different. That attack paralysed the Boer advance, enabled troops to reach Ladysmith unimpeded, and made possible the withdrawal of the column under General Yule. Sir William Symons, therefore, in falling on the field of battle, not only covered himself with the honour of the brave soldier, but rendered a real service to his country. As will be seen, the district round Dundee is singularly adapted to the tactics of the Boers, and lent itself in no degree to the operations of an outnumbered force like that which he commanded.

Excellent as was the service rendered by the men who fought at Talana Hill, it is now clear that they fought in defence of a position which would probably never have been occupied if we had rightly apprehended the strength of the Boer attack on Natal.



Photos. Copyright. *A FERRY ACROSS THE LIMPOPO.* *"Navy & Army."*
Illustrating the Passage of a Party of Colonel Plumer's Men.

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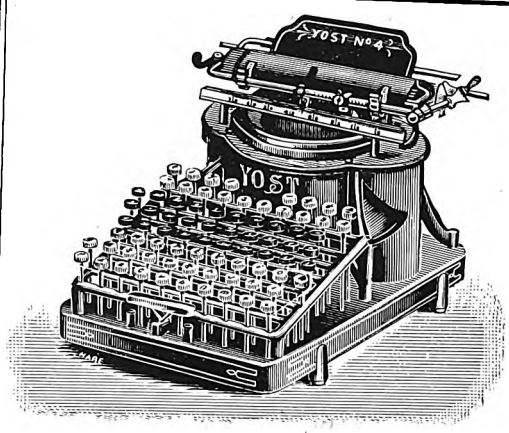
STRAIGHTFORWARD TRUTHS



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The penetrating dampness of the present season is sure to find out the weak places in our armour of health, leaving the unwary with that depressing chilly sensation which forebodes a severe cold, or, worse still, an attack of

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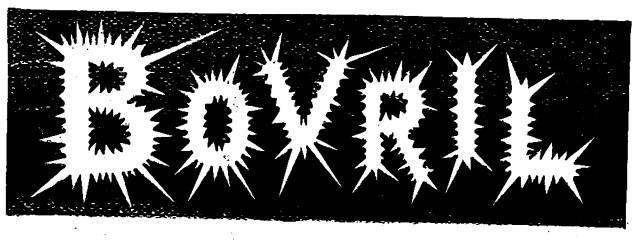
The most reliable preventive is an occasional cup of hot Bovril, which sets up a generous glow of body heat, quickening the sluggish circulation and bracing up the nervous system. Health, Vitality, Warmth—these are our natural safeguards—Bovril ensures their permanence.



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The New Material for Flannels, Surgical Dressing, Horse Clothing, &c. Does not get damp with perspiration and give cold.

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A derivative of Peat. A natural Antiseptic and Deodorant.

THE HOSPITAL says: "The great advantage this peat-fibre preparation, '**Petanelle**' possesses is its **Power of Deodorizing**; this speaks for itself. There is still a long list of inherent virtues to be noticed in regard to it; (1) its absorbing power is extraordinarily high; it is stated that it absorbs gradually and continuously, liquid equal to fourteen times its own weight, and gases equal to at least nine times its own volume. (2) It is aseptic and antiseptic, undergoing no change in itself in any condition or circumstance, and effectually killing all microbes when brought into contact with them. (3) Absorbed liquids are readily diffused and evaporated by its agency."

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Professor JAMES BAYNE'S Analysis of "PETANELLE" Disinfecting Powder. CHEMICAL LABORATORY, CAMDEN TOWN, *August 14th*, 1899.

I hereby certify that I have analysed a sample of the "PETANELLE" DISINFECTING POWDER. I find it consists of Peat Powder, mixed with solid and liquid Antiseptics and Disinfectants, and is scented with pine and other essential oils. I have submitted the powder to the most severe tests, and the results of my experiments are in every respect highly favourable. The powder possesses both Antiseptic and Disinfecting properties in a marked degree, and its action as a deodorizer is very rapid and lasting. Unlike many deodorizers, it does not, after destroying one odour leave another unpleasant one in its place; on the contrary the odour of the essential oils which remains, is decidedly pleasant and refreshing.

The powder will, undoubtedly, be found of the greatest service for mixing with the earth in dry closets, for sprinkling over manure heaps, and for general use in stables and kennels; in fact, wherever a quick and reliable deodorizer is required, as no matter how intolerable the stench may be, it is most effectually destroyed in a few minutes.

(Signed) JAMES BAYNE, F.C.S., Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Veterinary College.

PATE, BURKE & Co., 6, WOOL EXCHANGE, BASINGHALL ST., LONDON, E.C.

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My dear Betty,—It has been a sad Christmas for many, and a season of great anxiety to many more, so everyone is rejoiced that it has come and gone, and with it all the necessity for putting on an air of gaiety that few can feel. Now we can once more settle down to the routine of life, trusting that the New Year may have happier times in store for us. The last thing I did before I left town was to go down to the West India Docks to see the presentation of the Union Jack to the American hospital ship "Maine." The day before all London had been enveloped in a thick fog, and it was much feared that the function would be but a melancholy affair after all. But just at the right moment the sun began to shine, and to light up the somewhat dismal surroundings of the docks, so that there was really no cause for complaint. I even ventured to remark to an American that "it was a nice day." I regretted it directly afterwards though, as he answered "Is this what you call a nice day in England?" And I felt sorry that I had given away my country's climate in that manner.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Princess Louise, accompanied by Captain McNeill, came down in a special train, and were received and entertained at lunch in the saloon cabin by the ladies of the executive committee. The rest of the guests travelled in a second special train an hour or two later, and arrived just in time to witness the event of the day.

It was a pretty sight. There, on the upper deck, stood the Royal party, with their guard of honour of the Church Lads' Brigade, the band of the Scots Guards, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Blow, and the other ladies who have worked so hard to collect the money and to bring the task of fitting out the "Maine" to a satisfactory conclusion. There, also, were Sir Arthur Sullivan, Lord Charles Beresford, and other notables. The Duke of Connaught, in a charming speech, said he presented the Union Jack in the name of Her Majesty, "in token of her recognition of the generosity and the charity American ladies and gentlemen have shown towards soldiers of their own kin, and speaking their own language, who are now fighting gallantly in South Africa." Lady Randolph Churchill replied in the name of the committee, the Bishop of Islington blessed the flag, and it was run up to the mainmast, where it was speedily unfurled to the cheers of all present and the strains of "Rule Britannia." The Stars and Stripes were then hoisted at the mizzen, and the Red Cross flag at the fore. The ceremony was now over, and the Royal party took their departure, whilst everyone else stayed to inspect the ship, which seems to be fitted up as perfectly as such a ship can be. There are five wards, with 218 beds, and there are spare beds and spare room for many more if needed. They are arranged with electric fans to regulate the temperature, and with a steam stove for cooking odds and ends, if needed, in the night, whilst the laundry is fitted up with electric and steam arrangements, so that clothes can be washed, dried, and disinfected as speedily as possible.

The wards looked very bright and airy with their cots, everything being painted white and pale green. All are alike, there being no difference between that for the officers and those for the men, except that the former are smaller. It made one rather sad, as you may imagine, seeing all these preparations, and yet there was a cheerful side when one remembered that we shall not now lose men unnecessarily from want of such ventilation and other special comforts as they will have on board the new hospital ships, but which were impossible in the ordinary troop-ships.

An entire dress of rose-pink panne would at first hearing sound a little *outré*, especially when worn by a lady of mature age, but a very striking figure at Prince's Restaurant on Sunday night was an elderly lady, whose coiffure was of the whitest, and whose gown was of rose-pink panne, with sleeves of white net and silver paillettes; her ornaments were diamonds and rose-pink ostrich tips. The Dumb Friends' League held a very successful ball and supper at Princes' a few evenings ago, and judging from all accounts the fund must have benefited largely in consequence.

A TUCKED FELT HAT.

The hat sketch I send you this week must speak for itself, as I have so little space left. These picture hats are still very fashionable, and they are very attractive, in contrast with the toques that are also seen on all sides. This hat is made of tucked felt in a pretty fawn colour, black feathers being arranged on the crown and a white plume under the brim, being fastened in its place by a bunch of chrysanthemums.

Yours affectionately, Constance.

*** *Communications, enquiries, and other correspondence relating to matters referred to in the above letter should be addressed to the Editor at this office, with "Fashions" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1900.

NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

ed by COMMR CHAS N. ROBINSON, R.N.
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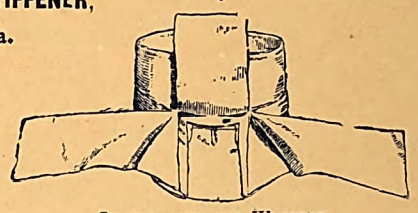

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Vol. IX.—No 153. Saturday, January 6th, 1900.

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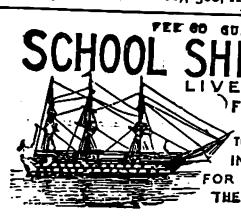

NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand, W.C., 7.45 p.m. "Drink."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "The Mystical Miss."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Snow Man."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Only Way."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "The Absented-Minded Beggar."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Belle of New York."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "Jane."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The Geisha." At 2 p.m., "Alice in Wonderland."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. Puss in Boots."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Cinderella."
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "Dick Whittington."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Sign of the Cross."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Aladdin."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "A Greek Slave."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Man to Man."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The Gaiety Girl."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Jack of Hearts."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Robinson Crusoe."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Goody Two Shoes."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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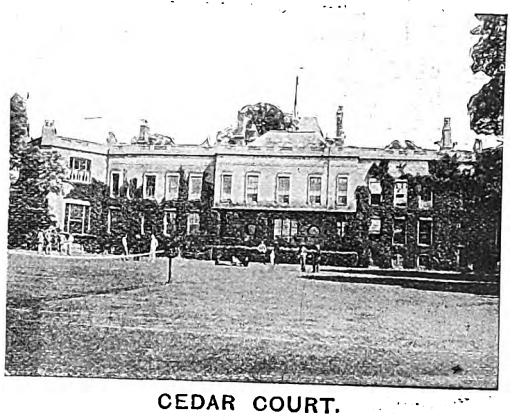

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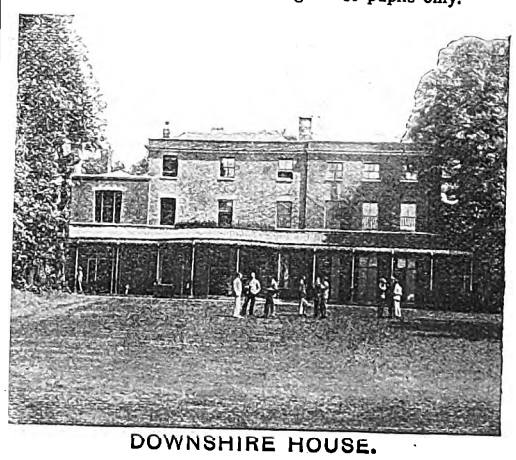

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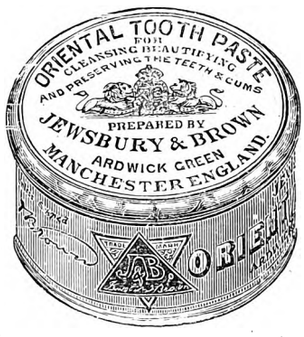

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Royal Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

First Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. h.d.s. Harbour Defence Ship. d.v. Despatch Vessel. y. Yacht. sur.v. Surveying Vessel. d.s. Depot-ship. r.g.b. River Gun-boat. t.d.s. Torpedo Depot-ship.

Abyssinia, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Alacrity, *d.v.*	Com. A. H. Smith-Dorrien	China
Alert, *sloop*	Com. H. Savile	North America
Algerine, *sloop*	Com. E. J. W. Slade	China
Andromeda, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Burr, C.M.G.	Mediterranean
Ardent, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. L. H. Richardson	Mediterranean
Astræa, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. Paget	Mediterranean
Assaye, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. O. U. Coates	East Indies
Aurora, *cr.*	Capt. E. H. Bayly	China
Banshee, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. H. L. Watts-Jones	Mediterranean
Barfleur, *B.*	Capt. J. S. Warrender (Rear-Admiral J. A. T. Bruce)	China
Barham, *cr.*	Com. H. L. Tottenham	Mediterranean
Barracouta, *cr.*	Com. R. H. Peirse	C. of Good Hope
Barrosa, *cr.*	Com. W. F. Tunnard	C. of Good Hope
Beagle, *sloop*	Com. Hon. H. A. S. Stanhope	S. E. C. of America
Bonaventure, *cr.*	Ct. R. A. J. Montgomerie, C.B.	China
Boomerang, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Boxer, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. J. Twiselton-Wykeham-Fiennes	Mediterranean
Brisk, *cr.*	Com. R. B. S. Wrey	China
Bruizer, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. M. L. Hulton	Mediterranean
Buzzard, *sloop*	Com. L. F. G. Tippinge	North America
Cæsar, *B.*	Capt. E. H. Gamble	Mediterranean
Canopus, *B.*	Capt. W. H. Fawkes	Mediterranean
Centurion, *B.*	Capt. J. R. Jellicoe (Vice-Adml. Sir E. H. Seymour, K.C.B.).	China
Cockatrice, *g.b.*	Com. H. N. Rolfe	Danube
Columbine, *y.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Williamson	North America
Comus, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Giffard	North America
Crescent, *cr.*	Capt. C. J. G. Sawle (Vice-Adl. Sir F. G. D. Bedford, K.C.B.).	North America
Cruiser, *sloop*	Com. L. G. Tufnell	Mediterranean
Daphne, *sloop*	Com. C. W. Winnington-Ingram.	China
Dart, *sur.v.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. Parry	Australia
Devastation, *B.*	Capt. F. S. Inglefield	Gibraltar
Dido, *cr.*	Capt. G. Neville	Mediterranean
Doris, *cr.*	Ct. R. C. Prothero (Rear-Adml. Sir R. H. Harris, K.C.M.G.).	C. of Good Hope
Dragon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Lambert	Mediterranean
Dryad, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. G. Dineley	Mediterranean
Dwarf, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. F. Shakespear.	C. of Good Hope
Earnest, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Baird	Mediterranean
Eclipse, *cr.*	Capt. P. W. Bush (Rear-Admiral H. D. Bosanquet).	East Indies
Egeria, *sur.v.*	Com. M. H. Smyth	Pacific
Empress of India *B*	Capt. H. H. Dyke	Mediterranean
Endymion, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Callaghan	China
Esk, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Chadwick.	China
Fame, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. J. B. Keyes	China
Fearless, *cr.*	Com. H. R. P. Floyd	C. of Good Hope
Flora, *cr.*	Commodore R. L. Groome	S. E. C. of America
Foam, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Forte, *cr.*	Capt. E. P. Jones	C. of Good Hope
Griffon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. Hon. H. G. Brand	Mediterranean
Halcyon, *t.g.b.*	Com. S. W. A. H. Gray	Mediterranean
Handy, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. A. Moreton	China
Harrier, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. P. Walter	Mediterranean
Hart, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Hazard, *t.g.b.*	Com. P. V. Lewes, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Hebe, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Taylor.	Mediterranean
Herald, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Harvey	River Zambesi
Hermes, *cr.*	Capt. F. H. Henderson	North America
Hermione, *cr.*	Capt. R. S. D. Cumming	China
Hibernia, *d.s.*	Com. W. Ricketts (Rear-Adml. R. M. Lloyd, C.B.).	Malta Reserves
Highflyer, *cr.*	Capt. F. E. E. Brock	East Indies (to relieve Eclipse)
Hood, *B.*	Capt. A. C. Corry.	Mediterranean
Hotspur, *h.d.s.*	Com. C. S. Elliot.	Bermuda
Humber, *store-ship*	Com. H. J. Davison	China
Icarus, *sloop*	Com. G. F. S. Knowling	Pacific
Illustrious, *B.*	Capt. Sir R. Poore, Bart.	Mediterranean
Imogene, *d.v.*	Com. E. J. Bain	Mediterranean
Indefatigable, *cr.*	Capt. F. L. Campbell	North America
Iphigenia, *cr.*	Capt. H. N. Dudding	China
Isis, *cr.*	Capt. G. M. Henderson	Mediterranean
Karrakatta, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Harbord.	Australia
Katoomba, *cr.*	Capt. H. L. F. Royle, D.S.O.	Sydney Reserves
Lapwing, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Lambert	East Indies
Leander, *cr.*	Capt. F. F. Fegen	Pacific
Liffey, *d.s.*	Staff-Com. P. H. Wright	Coquimbo
Linnet, *g.b.*	Com. W. W. Smythe	China
Lizard, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Watson	Australia
Magdala, *h.d.s.*	Capt. T. Y. Greet.	Bombay Reserves
Magicienne, *cr.*	Capt. W. B. Fisher	C. of Good Hope
Magpie, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. K. Laird	C. of Good Hope
Marathon, *cr.*	Capt. J. G. M. Field.	East Indies
Melita, *sloop*	Com. I. M. Fraser, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Melpomene, *cr.*	Capt. J. Denison	East Indies
Mildura, *cr.*	Capt. H. Leah	Australia
Mohawk, *cr.*	Com. F. H. P. W. Freeman	Australia
Monarch, *B.*	Capt. R. D. B. Bruce	Simon's Bay
Mosquito, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. L. Cox	River Zambesi
Orion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Orlando, *cr.*	Capt. J. H. T. Burke	China
Partridge, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Hunt	C. of Good Hope
Peacock, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. S. G. Douglas	China
Pearl, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. C. Goodrich	North America
Pegasus, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cochran	S. E. C. of America
Pelorus, *cr.*	Capt. H. C. B. Hulbert	C. of Good Hope
Penguin, *sur.v.*	Capt. J. W. Combe	Australia
Phaeton, *cr.*	Capt. F. G. Kirby	Pacific
Pheasant, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. G. Smith.	Pacific
Philomel, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. Bearcroft	C. of Good Hope
Phœnix, *sloop*	Com. R. P. Cochran.	China
Pigeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. H. Moubray.	East Indies
Pigmy, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. E. Green	China
Plassy, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Plover, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. V. de M. Cowper	China
Polyphemus, *ram*	Com. E. L. Lang	Mediterranean
Pomone, *cr.*	Capt. E. A. Simons	East Indies
Porpoise, *cr.*	Com. A. H. D. Ravenhill	Australia
Powerful, *cr.*	Capt. Hon. Hedworth Lambton	C. of Good Hope
Proserpine, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Marx	North America
Psyche, *cr.*	Capt. F. R. Pelly	North America
Pylades, *cr.*	Com. R. G. O. Tupper	Australia
Quail, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. H. Rymer	North America
Racoon, *cr.*	Com. G. H. Hewett	East Indies
Rambler, *sur.v.*	Com. H. E. P. Cust	West Indies
Ramillies, *B.*	Capt. W. des V. Hamilton	Mediterranean
Rattler, *g.b.*	Lt.-Com. Hon. G. A. Hardinge.	China
Redpole, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. F. H. Booth.	China
Renown, *B.*	Capt. D. McN. Riddel (Vice-Admiral Sir J. A. Fisher, K.C.B.).	Mediterranean
Revenge, *B.*	Capt. C. J. Briggs (Rear-Admiral Sir G. H. U. Noel, K.C.M.G.).	Mediterranean
Ringarooma, *cr.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Ringdove, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. F. Ayscough	Australia
Rocket, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Royal Arthur, *cr.*	Capt. C. G. Dicken (Rear-Adml. H. L. Pearson).	Australia
Royal Oak, *B.*	Capt. W. H. B. Graham	Mediterranean
Royal Sovereign, *B.*	Capt. M. P. O'Callaghan	Mediterranean
Rupert, *h.d.s.*	Com. A. B. G. Grenfell.	Alexandria
Salamander, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. C. Villiers	Mediterranean
Sandfly, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Sandpiper, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. C. Carr	China
Scorpion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Scout, *cr.*	Com. W. de Salis.	Mediterranean
Snipe, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Oldham	China
Sparrowhawk, *t.b.d*	(Reserve Esquimault)	Pacific
Sphinx, *s.*	Com. H. A. Phillips.	East Indies
Surprise, *d.v.*	Com. F. W. F. Hervey	Mediterranean
Swallow, *sloop*	Com. E. F. Inglefield	S. E. C. of America
Swift, *g.b.*	(Reserve Hong Kong).	China
Tamar, *d.s.*	Commodore F. Powell, C.B.	Hong Kong
Tartar, *cr.*	Com. F. R. W. Morgan	C. of Good Hope
Tauranga, *cr.*	Capt. L. C. Stuart	Australia
Terrible, *cr.*	Capt. Percy Scott	C. of Good Hope
Terror, *d.s.*	Capt. T. MacGill, C.B.	Bermuda
Theseus, *cr.*	Capt. V. A. Tisdall	Mediterranean
Thetis, *cr.*	Capt. W. S. Rees	C. of Good Hope
Thrush, *g.b.*	(Reserve Simon's Bay)	C. of Good Hope
Torch, *sloop*	Com. H. Preedy	Australia
Tribune, *cr.*	Capt. R. S. Rolleston	North America
Tyne, *supply-ship*	Com. K. Wade.	Mediterranean
Undaunted, *cr.*	Capt. A. C. Clarke	China
Urgent, *d.s.*	Commodore E. H. M. Davis, C.M.G.	Jamaica
Venus, *cr.*	Capt. Sir A. B. Milne, Bart.	Mediterranean
Victorious, *B.*	Capt. A. Schomberg	China
Virago, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. T. F. Pike	Pacific
Vulcan, *t.d.s.*	Capt. H. B. Jackson	Mediterranean
Wallaroo, *cr.*	Capt. A. M. Farquhar	Australia
Warspite, *cr.*	Capt. T. P Walker (Rear-Adml. Beaumont).	Pacific
Waterwitch, *sur.v.*	Lieut.-Com. W. P. Dawson	China
Whiting, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. Kelly	China
Widgeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. F. Gurney	C. of Good Hope
Wivern, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Woodcock, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. D. R. Watson	China
Woodlark, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. E. Hillman	China

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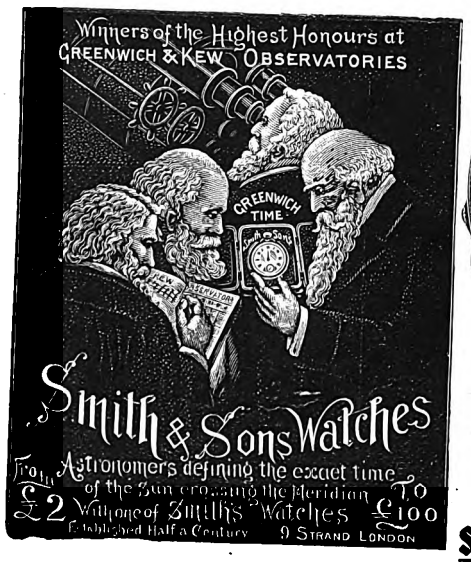

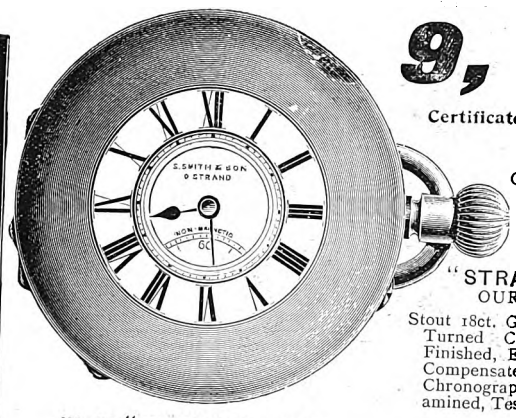

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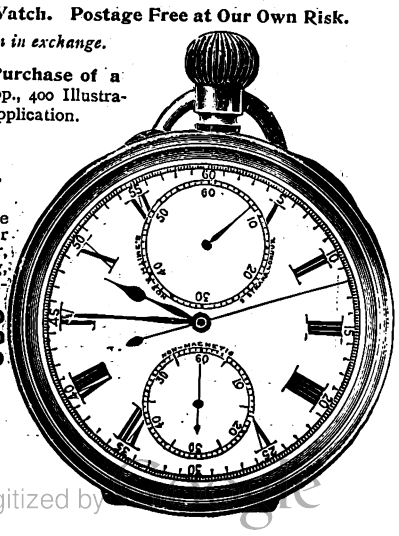

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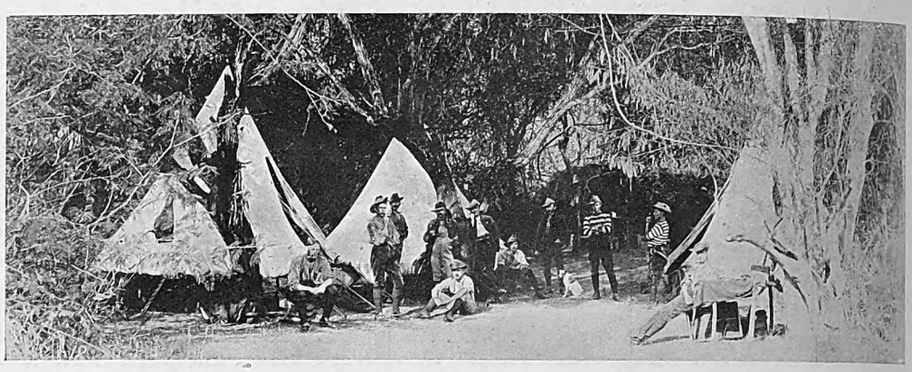
Battlefields and Scenes of the War.

PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

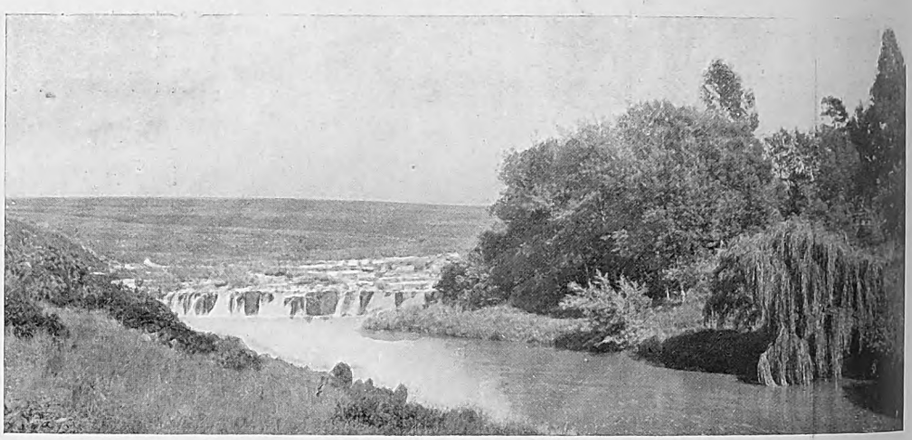
WE shall yet have a gallant story of the doings of Colonel Plumer, one of whose camps on the Crocodile River we depict. It was from near this place that he made his great flying invasion of the Transvaal. Leaving on December 1, his force penetrated to Pietersburg, something like 120 miles within the enemy's border, and found that all the men had gone south. He reached the terminus of the railway to Pretoria, at a point nearly half-way from the Crocodile to Kruger's stronghold.

The picture of the Mooi River carries us to Natal, and to the scene of the great Boer raid. They did not penetrate much further, and a rapid retreat began on November 23. But fearful havoc had been wrought to the possessions and farmstock of the colonists. The loyal men who had sent their youths to fight in the battles round Ladysmith found themselves defenceless and subject to wholesale pillage by the enemy, while our advancing forces were scarcely able to leave the railway. Great misery and enormous loss were inflicted, but it must surely be made good, and the enemy must suffer.

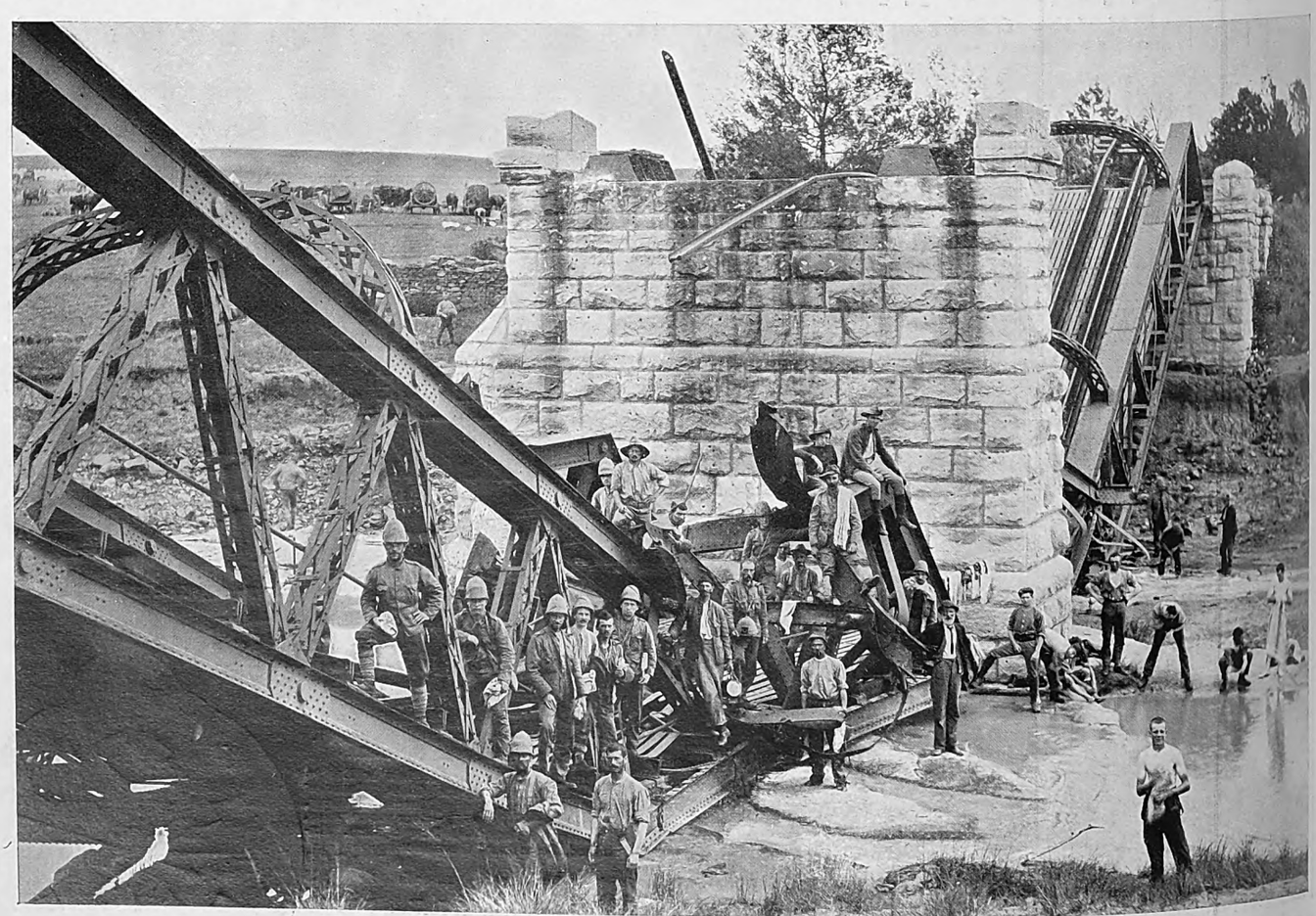
Our fine concluding picture shows the Frere railway bridge as it was wrecked by the Boers, for which also they must be punished. Here was the camp of the Ladysmith Relief Force, 29 miles south of the place. The men seen in the picture belong to the East Surrey Regiment, and were encamped by the trestle bridge erected near the wreckage. The constructive work was considerable, and delayed Sir Redvers Buller's advance. Bridge wrecking cannot in any circumstances do more than delay our troops in their advance upon the capital of the Transvaal Republic, and Great Britain can better play a waiting game than her foe.



WITH PLUMER'S COLUMN.
A Camp at Rhodes's Drift.



ON THE MOOI RIVER
In the Rich Distri Raided by the Boers.



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FRERE RAILWAY BRIDGE—DESTROYED BY THE BOERS, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

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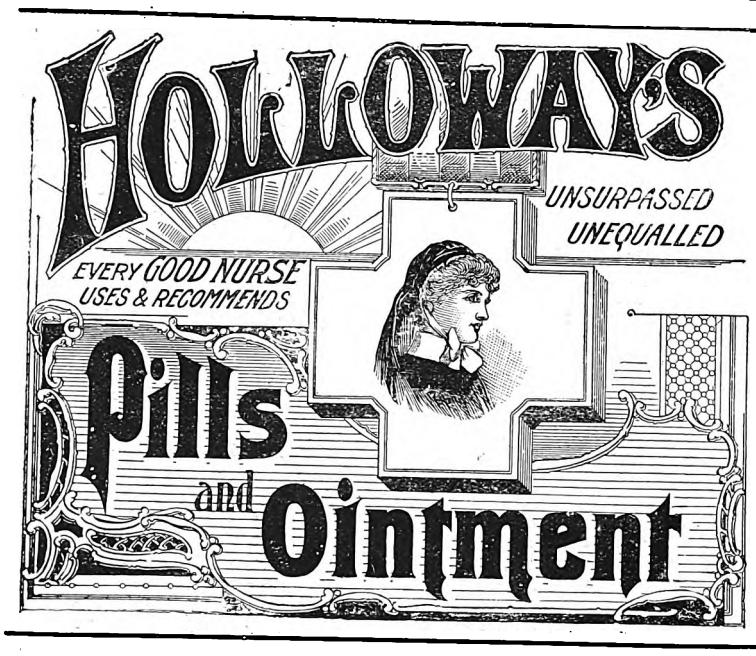

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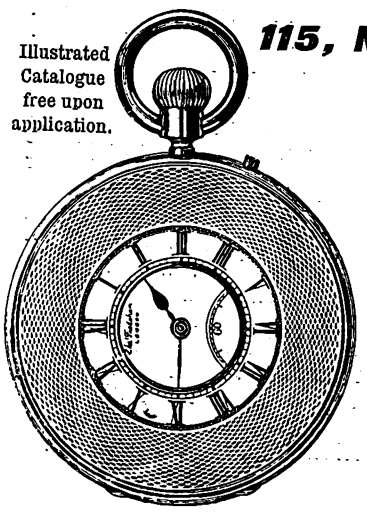

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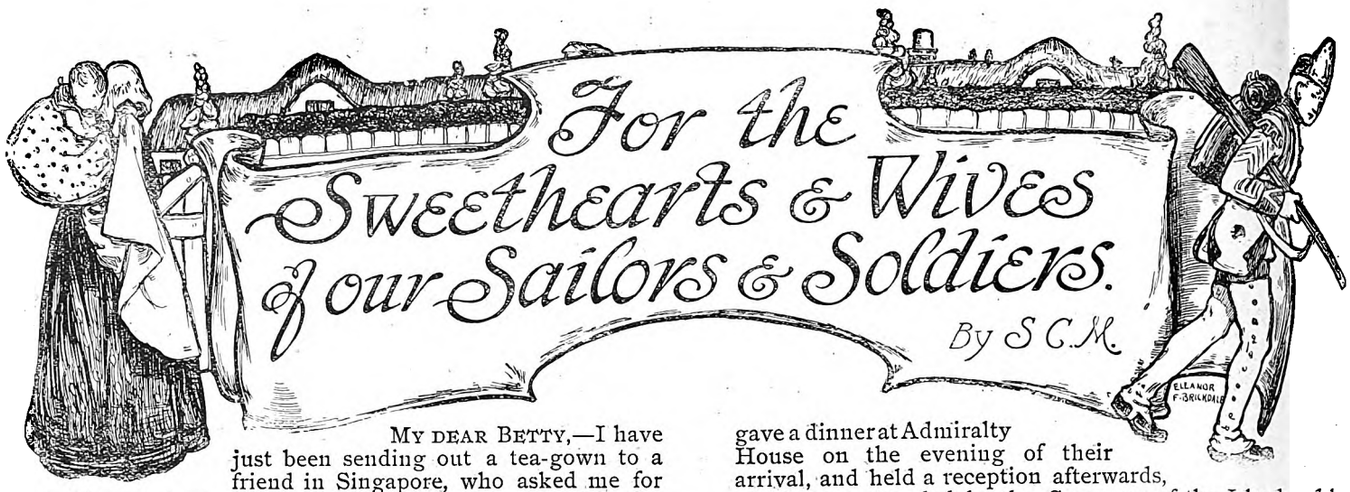

MY DEAR BETTY,—I have just been sending out a tea-gown to a friend in Singapore, who asked me for something that would not be oppressive to wear when the hot weather came round again. After hunting about for some time I bought such a pretty one that I really must send you a sketch of it. This tea-gown would do for any hot climate, as it is as light as it can possibly be, and at the same time it is extremely smart. Brussels appliqué is the material of which Edith's was made, but some of the beautiful embroidered nets would make a good and less expensive substitute, whilst the overdrapery is of clear net appliqué with a quaint design of pale pink silk, edged with very narrow lace. A free velvet *chevre* bow fastened on one side of the bodice just gives the particular finish which is the fashion just now, one touch of some strongly contrasting colour being seen on all the smartest dresses. In home dress-making, too, we see this idea carried out, but too often without much care or thought, and the result is disastrous. The contrast, which is really artistic in the one case, becomes an ugly patch of colour in the other.

With such tea-gowns as the one I have described lace fichus are very much worn just now. The other day I saw quantities of them in one of the best shops, where I was shown a beautiful Marie Antoinette fichu of Brussels appliqué, which I longed to send to Edith with her tea-gown. Their lace collarettes, too, I greatly admired, and such good lace has the advantage of being continually useful, so that money laid out in it is never wasted.

I had a letter from Norah last week, which arrived just after I had sent off mine to you. She writes from Malta, where she had hoped to have a very good time, but of course the war has spoiled the season there as elsewhere. However, the people did brighten up in honour of the visit of the Austro-Hungarian Squadron, under Rear-Admiral Count Montecuccoli-Poliyago. Admiral Sir John Fisher and Lady Fisher gave a dinner at Admiralty House on the evening of their arrival, and held a reception afterwards, which was attended by the Governor of the Island, and by numerous Naval and Military officers.

TEA-GOWN FOR A HOT CLIMATE.

Next afternoon the officers of the fleet were entertained at San Antonio, and in the evening the Governor gave a large dinner, which was followed by a ball at the Malta Union Club. There were about 700 guests present at the ball, which was a very successful affair; the floor and music were excellent, and the decorations were beautiful, consisting chiefly of flags of all nations, conspicuous amongst them being that of the distinguished visitors. Next day the races were held, and in the evening there was a gala performance at the opera, when the house was crowded to hear "Carmen." This turned out to be the concluding entertainment of the week, for the reception arranged by the Governor at the Palace was given up owing to the bad news received from South Africa. This, of course, cast a gloom over the place, but up till then the week had been very successful, and the Austro-Hungarian fleet left Malta, Norah says, well pleased with the cordial reception that had been given to both officers and men.

I saw many pretty dresses the other evening at Princes', when in spite of so many people being out of town the rooms were quite full. Amongst other well-known personages I saw Admiral Maxse, Lord Sudeley, and a number of military men who are anxiously looking for a summons to the front.

A paper sent me this week is the *Christian Globe*, which has a good musical supplement. But what particularly interested me was a short account of the Basutos, which is much to the point at the present moment, but I have come to the end of my letter, so I cannot quote from it as I otherwise would do.

Yours affectionately, CONSTANCE.

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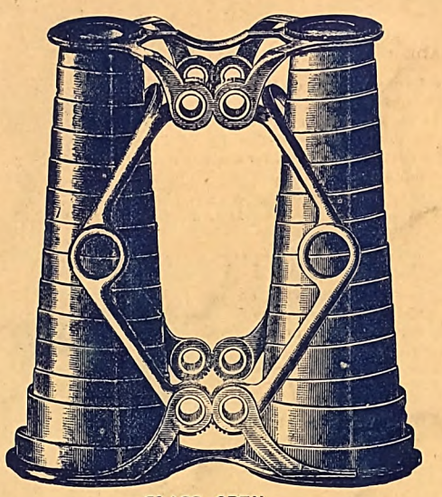

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AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m.
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "My Daughter-in-Law."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "The Black Tulip."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "King John."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Snow Man."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Only Way."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "The Absented-Minded Beggar."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Mystical Miss."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "Jane."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."
WYNDHAM'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "David Garrick."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The Geisha." At 2 p.m., "Alice in Wonderland."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. Puss in Boots."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Cinderella."
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "Dick Whittington."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Sign of the Cross."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Aladdin."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "A Gaiety Girl."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Power of Gold."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The Gaiety Girl."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Jack of Hearts."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Robinson Crusoe."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Goody Two Shoes."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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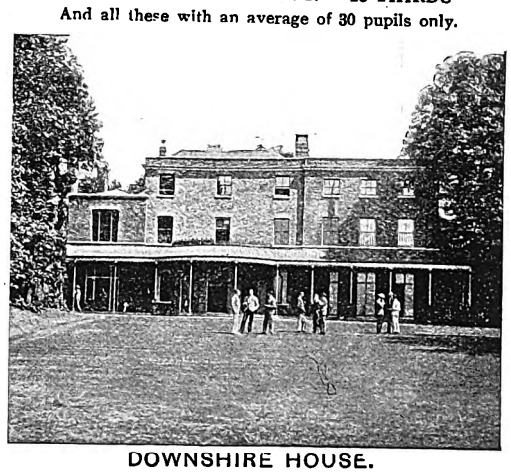

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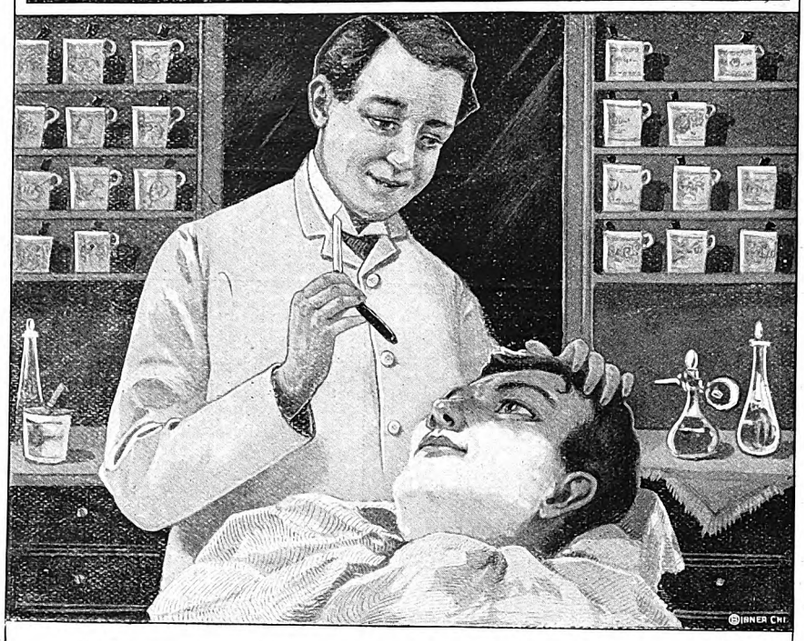

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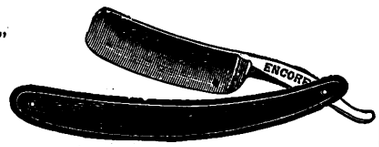

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Second Week.]

THE CAVALRY, ROYAL ARTILLERY, AND ROYAL ENGINEERS.*

CAVALRY.

1st Life Guards	Lieut.-Col. C. N. Miles. . . .	Windsor
2nd "	L.-Cl. J. A. Smith-Cuninghame	Regent's Park
Royal Horse Gds.	Lt.-Col. G. Lord Binning . .	Hyde Park
Composite Regt.— Househ. Cavalry	Lieut.-Col. A. D. Neeld . . .	Cape Colony
1st Dragoon Gds.	Lieut.-Col. H. M. Owen . . .	Dublin
2nd "	Lieut.-Col. G. P. Douglas . .	York
3rd "	Lieut.-Col. U. G. C. de Burgh .	Dundalk
4th "	Lieut.-Col. G. D. F. Sulivan . .	Rawul Pindi
5th "	Lieut.-Col. St. J. C. Gore . .	Ladysmith, Natal
6th "	Lieut.-Col. T. C. Porter . . .	South Africa
7th "	Lieut.-Col. W. H. M. Lowe . .	For South Africa
1st Dragoons . .	Lieut.-Col. J. F. Burn-Murdoch	Natal
2nd " . .	Lt.-Col. Hon. W. P. Alexander.	South Africa
3rd Hussars . . .	Lt.-Col. W. N. Wogan-Browne.	Lucknow
4th " . . .	Lieut.-Col. W. A. Ramsay . .	Secunderabad
5th Lancers . . .	Col. J. F. M. Fawcett	Ladysmith, Natal
6th Dragoons . .	Lt.-Col. H. C. Page-Henderson	Cape Colony
7th Hussars . . .	Lieut.-Col. Hon. R. T. Lawley .	Norwich
8th " . . .	Lieut.-Col. P. L. Clowes . . .	Aldershot
9th Lancers . . .	Lieut.-Col. B. Gough	Cape Colony
10th Hussars . .	Lieut.-Col. R. B. W. Fisher . .	South Africa
11th " . .	Lieut.-Col. E. R. Courtenay. .	Cairo
12th Lancers . .	Lt.-Col. D. S. W., Earl of Airlie	Cape Colony
13th Hussars . .	Lieut.-Col. H. J. Blagrove . .	Natal
14th " . .	Lieut.-Col. G. H. C. Hamilton .	South Africa
15th " . .	Lieut.-Col. J. R. P. Gordon . .	Meerut
16th Lancers . .	Lieut.-Col. H. L. Aylmer . . .	South Africa
17th " . .	Lieut.-Col. M. G. Neeld . . .	For South Africa
18th Hussars . .	Lieut.-Col. B. D. Moller . . .	Ladysmith, Natal
19th " . .	L.-C. C. B. H. Wolseley-Jenkins	Ladysmith, Natal
20th " . .	Lieut.-Col. H. G. P. Beauchamp	Mhow
21st Lancers . . .	L.-C. W. G. Crole Wyndham, C.B.	Curragh

ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

Royal Horse Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.	Battery.	Battery.
A.—South Africa	H.—Meerut	O.—Cape Colony
B.—Lucknow	I.—Umballa	P.—Cape Colony
C.—Mhow	J.—South Africa	Q.—For South Africa
D.—Umballa	K.—Rawul Pindi	R.—Cape Colony
E.—Kirkee	L.—Secunderabad	S.—Aldershot
F.—Sealkote	M.—Newbridge	T.—For South Africa
G.—Cape Colony	N.—Aldershot	U.—For South Africa

Royal Field Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.	Battery.	Battery.
1.—Kirkee	34.—Ahmedabad	66.—Natal
2.—Shorncliffe	35.—Kurrachee	67.—Natal
3.—Campbellpore	36.—Nusseerabad	68.—Hilsea
4.—South Africa	37.—South Africa	69.—Natal
5.—Athlone	38.—South Africa	70.—Bareilly
6.—Cawnpore	39.—Hilsea	71.—Mooltan
7.—Natal	40.—Bangalore	72.—Bellary
8.—Hilsea	41.—Lucknow	73.—South Africa
9.—Athlone	42.—Natal	74.—Natal
10.—Aldershot	43.—Woolwich	75.—Natal
11.—Meean Meer	44.—Colchester	76.—F South Africa
12.—Jullundur	45.—St. Thomas' [Mount	77.—South Africa
13.—Natal	46.—Dinapore	78.—Woolwich
14.—Natal	47.—Ferozepore	79.—For South Africa
15.—Meerut	48.—Barrackpore	80.—Nowgong
16.—Kirkee	49.—Belgaum	81.—For South Africa
17.—Woolwich	50.—Agra	82.—For South Africa
18.—Natal	51.—Rawul Pindi	83.—For South Africa
19.—Natal	52.—Jubbulpore	84.—For South Africa
20.—South Africa	53.—Natal	85.—For South Africa
21.—Natal	54.—Meerut	86.—Newcastle
22.—Mhow	55.—Saugor	87.—Newcastle
23.—Secunderabad	56.—Egypt	88.—Weedon
24.—Peshawur	57.—Meean Meer	89.—Aldershot
25.—Bangalore	58.—Kamptee	90.—Aldershot
26.—Aldershot	59.—Woolwich	91.—Aldershot
27.—Neemuch	60.—Allahabad	92.—Aldershot
28.—Natal	61.—For South Africa	93.—Cahir
29.—Kirkee	62.—Natal	94.—Leeds
30.—Fyzabad	63.—Natal	95.—Leeds
31.—Hyderabad	64.—For South Africa	96.—Seaforth
32.—Jhansi	65.—South Africa	97.—Ipswich
33.—St. Thomas' Mt.		98.—Ipswich

Royal Garrison Artillery.

MOUNTAIN DIVISION.

Battery.	Battery.	Battery.
1.—Lundi Kotal	5.—Kalabagh	8.—Darjeeling
2.—Khyra Gali	6.—Jutogh	9.—Mandalay
3.—Bara Gali	7.—Quetta	10.—Natal
4.—Natal		

EASTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Dover).

Depôt No. 1, Dover. No. 2, Great Yarmouth.

Co.	Co.	Co.
1.—Calcutta	11.—Gibraltar	21.—Sheerness
2.—St. Helena	12.—Dover	22.—(H.) Sheerness
3.—Rangoon (for	13.—Bombay	23.—Shoeburyness
4.—Kurrachee [Aden)	14.—Isle of Wight	24.—Delhi
5.—Malta (for	15.—Dover	25.—Hong Kong
6.—Dover [Bermuda)	16.—Egypt [Bermuda)	26.—(S.T.) Bombay
7.—(S.T.) Mooltan	17.—Malta (for	27.—Sheerness
8.—Aden	18.—Gibraltar	28.—Landguard Fort
9.—Allahabad	19.—Gibraltar [Malta)	29.—Leith Fort
10.—Shoeburyness	20.—Gibraltar (for	

SOUTHERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Portsmouth).

Depôt No. 1, Fort Rowner, Gosport. No. 2, Seaforth Barracks, Liverpool.

Co.	Co.	Co.
1.—Malta	15.—(S.T.) for S. Africa	29.—Barrackpore
2.—Gibraltar	16.—For South Africa	30.—Portsmouth
3.—Portsmouth	17.—Malta	31.—Malta
4.—Portsmouth	18.—Aden	32.—Cork Harb'r (for [Gibraltar)
5.—Agra	19.—Malta	33.—Thobba
6.—Roorkee	20.—(S.T.) Ft. Fareh'm	34.—Trincomalee
7.—Weymouth	21.—Portsmouth	35.—Singapore
8.—Bermuda (for [Halifax, N.S.)	22.—Jamaica	36.—For South Africa
9.—Roorkee	23.—Quetta	37.—Ceylon
10.—Gibraltar	24.—(H.) Campbell- [pore	38.—Hong Kong
11.—Roorkee	25.—Hong Kong	39.—Golden Hill, [Isle of Wight
12.—Singapore	26.—Gibraltar	40.—Cork Harbour
13.—Malta	27.—Malta	41.—Portsmouth
14.—Cork Harbour	28.—Weymouth	

WESTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Devonport).

Depôt No. 1, Citadel, Plymouth. No. 2, Scarborough.

Co.	Co.	Co.
1.—St. Lucia	12.—Jersey	22.—Rangoon
2.—Plymouth	13.—Pembroke Dock	23.—Kimberley
3.—Halifax	14.—C. of Good Hope	24.—Malta
4.—Ferozepore	15.—(S.T.) Gosport	25.—Quetta
5.—Rawul Pindi	16.—Aden	26.—Mauritius
6.—Dunbar	17.—Devonport	27.—Pembroke Dock
7.—Jhansi	18.—Bombay	28.—Londonderry
8.—Mauritius	19.—Esquimault	29.—Fort Bovisand, [Plymouth
9.—(H) Secunderab'd	20.—Halifax, N.S. (for [Jamaica)	ROYAL MALTA ART'Y. Malta
10.—Devonport	21.—Bermuda	
11.—Fort St. George		

H. Heavy. *S.T. Siege Trai .*

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Co.	Co.	
1st (F.) Cork Harbour	35th (Sub.) Pembroke [Dock	Field D., R.E. Troops, [Aldershot
2nd (F.) Egypt	36th (F.) Bermuda	Balloon D. and Sect., [South Africa
3rd (F.) Bermuda	37th (Fd.) for S. Africa	
4th (Sub.) Gosport	38th (Fd.) Shorncliffe	COAST BATTALION (Submarine Miners):
5th (F.) Portsmouth	39th (Sub.) Sheerness	
6th (F.) South Africa	40th (Sub.) Halifax, [N.S.	*Sect.*
7th (Fd.) S. Africa	41st (F.) Hdqrs. and ½ Co. Ceylon; ½ Co. Singapore	1 (Tyne) N. Shields
8th (Ry.) S. Africa	42nd (F.) South Africa	2 (Severn) Cardiff
9th (Fd.) For S. Africa	43rd (F.) Mauritius	3 (Clyde) Greenock
10th (Ry.) S. Africa	A (D.) Chatham	4 (Humber) Paull
11th (Fd.) S. Africa	B (D.) Chatham	5 (Tees) Middlesbr'gh
12th (Fd.) S. Africa	C (D.) Chatham	6 (Tay) Broughty [Ferry
13th (Sur.) Clifton, [Bristol	D (D.) Chatham	7 (Forth) Leith, ["Dido," hulk
14th (Sur.) Dublin	E (D.) Chatham	8 (Mersey) Liverpool
15th (F.) Gibraltar	F (D.) Chatham	9 (Falmouth) Falm'th
16th (Sur.) Bedford	G (D.) Chatham	10 (Weymouth) [Weymouth
17th (Fd.) S. Africa	M (Sub.) Chatham	
18th (F.) Halifax, N.S.	N (D.) Chatham	LOCAL COMPANIES ABROAD:
19th (Sur.) Southamp- [ton	H Army Hqrs., India	
20th (F.) South Africa	TELEGRAPH BATN.:	Singapore (Sub.)
21st (Sub.) Felixstowe	1st Div., South Africa	Hong Kong (Sub.)
22nd (Sub.) I. of Wight	2nd Div., 28, Newgate [Street	Ceylon (Sub.) [Trincomalee
23rd (Fd.) Natal		Mauritius (Sub.)
24th (F.) Malta	BRIDGING BATN.:	Sierra Leone (F.)
25th (F.) Hong Kong	A Troop, South Africa	West India (Sub.) [Jamaica
26th (Fd.) S. Africa	B Troop, Aldershot	W. India (F.)
27th (Sub.) Bermuda		½ Co. Jamaica, 1 Section at St. Lucia
28th (Sub.) Malta	Field Troop, S. Africa	
29th (F.) Cape Town		
30th (Sub.) Plymouth		
31st (F.) South Africa		
32nd (F.) Gibraltar		
33rd (Sub.) Cork Harb.		
34th (Sub.) Gravesend		

F. Fortress. Fd. Field. Sub. Submarine. Sur. Survey. Ry. Railway. D. Depot.

* The Disposition of our Forces in South Africa is given in every number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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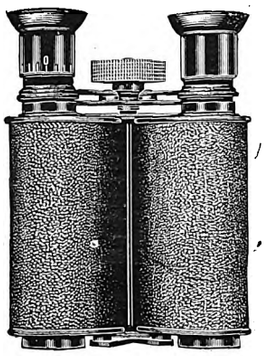

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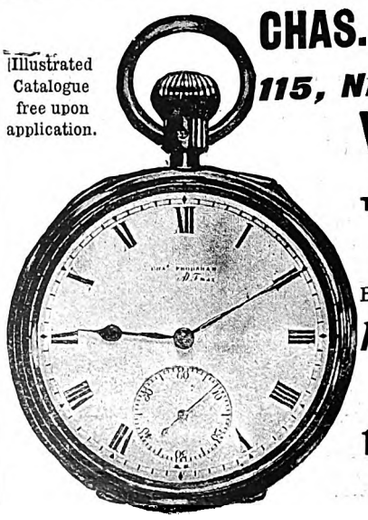

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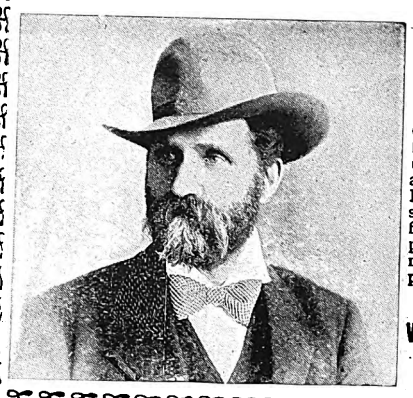

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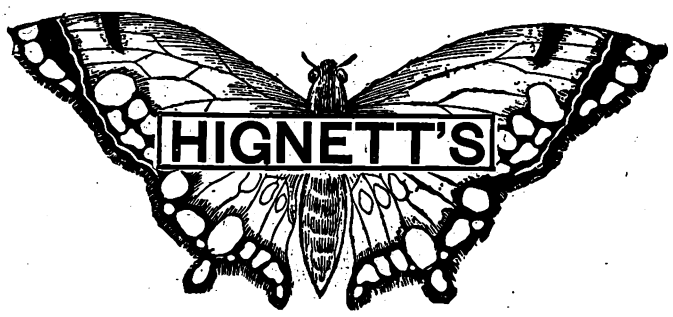

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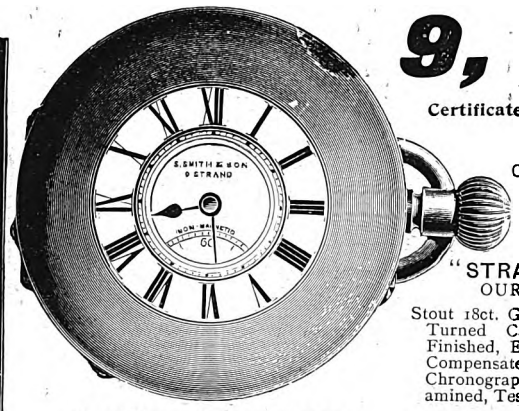

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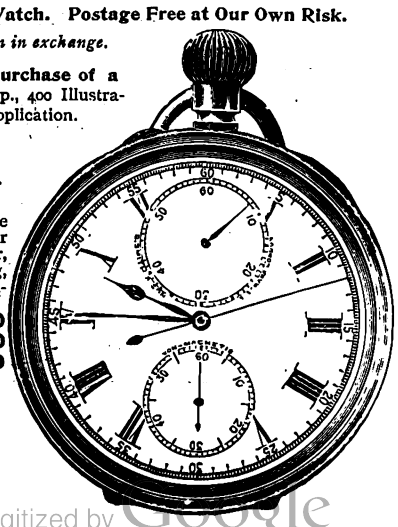

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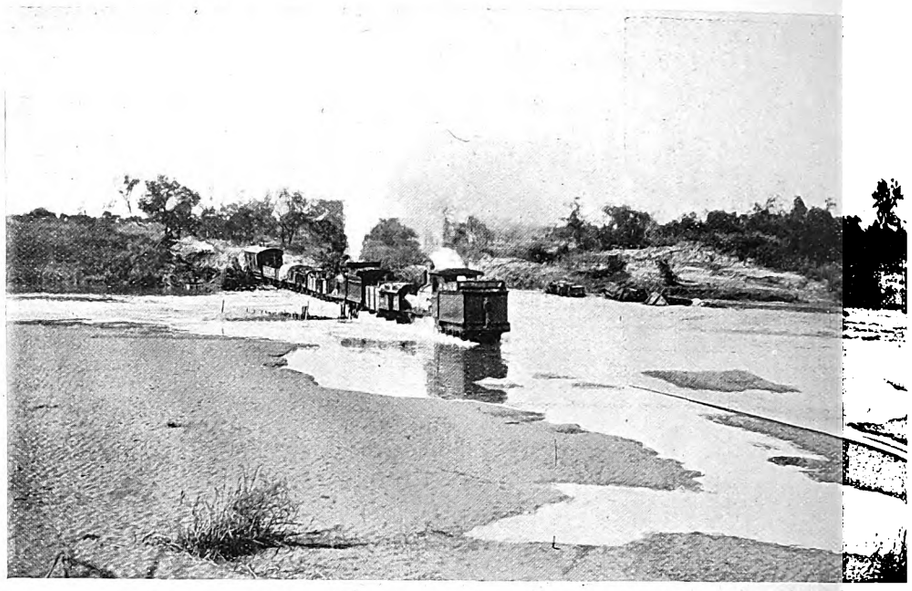
Battlefields and Scenes of the War.

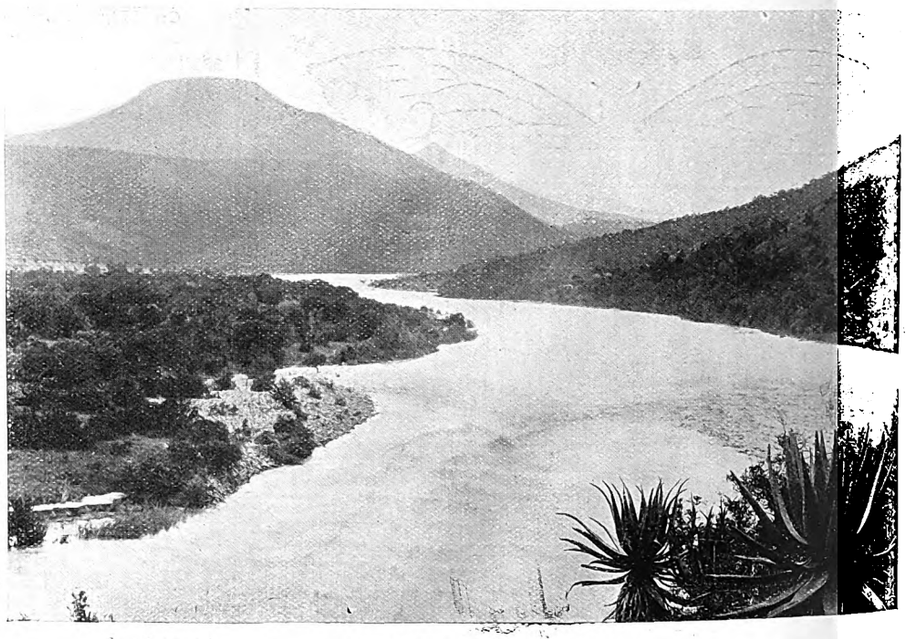
PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

AT one time, when we were feeling a little anxiety as to the situation of Colonel Baden-Powell at Mafeking, we received intelligence altogether with surprise that Colonel Holdsworth was approaching to his relief with an armoured train, repairing the way as he came, from the direction of Mochudi; and, at the very worst, we said, the gallant "B. P." could fight his way through, and join hands with the advancing column, which, at Mochudi, was not much more than 100 miles from Mafeking. Intelligence concerning Colonel Holdsworth's advance from the north has been very scanty and intermittent, but he has had one or two brushes with the Boers, and his exact position is uncertain. The illustration shows a train crossing through the drift on the Metsi Maclana River.



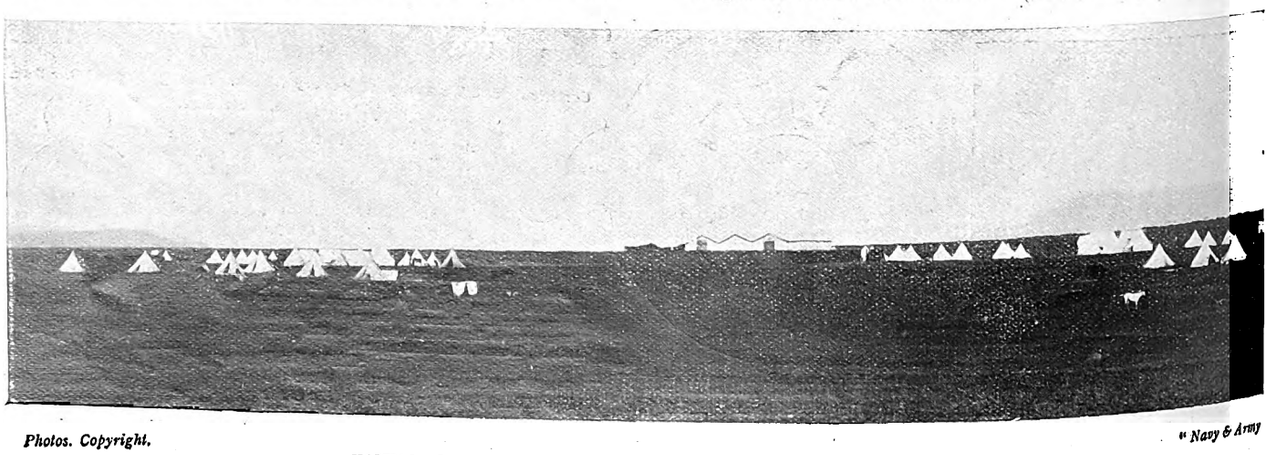
WITH COLONEL HOLDSWORTH.
On the Metsi Maclana River.

The next illustration is of a scene to which all eyes are turned. It is of the Tugela River in flood. Like all other South African water-courses, this river, whose very name signifies "fear," rises with great rapidity, owing to heavy rains in the mountains, and sweeps everything before it in an angry torrent. The Boers who established themselves with guns on Hlangwane Hill necessarily attached very great importance to their communications with the camps on the north side of the river, and viewed with dismay a rapid rise in the stream which swept away the temporary bridge they had constructed. Hlangwane Hill was a position on Sir Redvers Buller's right flank, but that force of Boers which crossed higher up on his left at Springfield must have been filled with some trepidation as to the conduct of the river behind them. This is not the place in which to deal with the situation on the Tugela, but the illustration shows what has been a considerable obstacle to General Buller.



THE TUGELA RIVER IN FLOOD.
A Source of Anxiety to the Boers.

The last picture is of one of General French's camps on the veldt during his advance from Naauwpoort towards Colesberg. The operations of the gallant officer—who, after winning the day at Elandslaagte, escaped from Ladysmith to take command of an inadequate force, which was to protect De Aar Junction and hold the Boers in check in the Hanover and Colesberg region—were watched with exceeding interest. The movement from Arundel was conducted with extreme care, but General French was fortunate in having with him a good force of mounted troops, and some colonials, who have shown that they are the very best men for work in that country. When, therefore, it became known that he had advanced to Rensburg, and, by making a detour, had succeeded in driving a large force back upon Norvals Pont, and had thrown himself in the way of the retreat of the rest of the enemy upon that position, his operations were viewed with the very greatest interest. The numerous hills thereabout are not continuous, but are thickly dotted about the veldt, a circumstance which really called for the employment of a larger force than General French had at his disposal.



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WITH GENERAL FRENCH—A CAMP ON THE VELDT.

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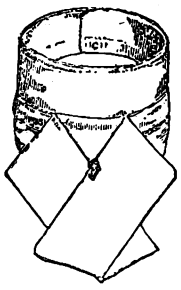

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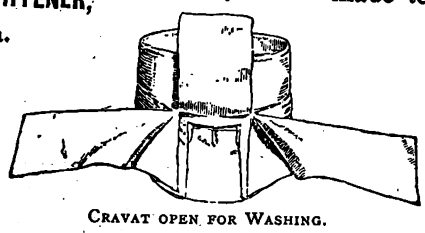

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My dear Betty,—Has it ever struck you what an enormous number of amateur generals we have in England at the present moment? Really almost every man or woman one meets seems to think him or herself a born strategist and leader of men, and criticises the situation in South Africa in as assured a manner as if a soldier born. And when such critics get tired of that they wander on to the foolishness of the authorities in sending the invalids home instead of letting them have the benefit of the climate out there. Whether this is foolish or no, you and I, dear Betty, are far too modest and too reticent with our opinions to decide. But, at the same time, I do not hesitate to tell any of your friends amongst the wounded and invalided officers who may be returning home depressed from pain and fever, that there is no place like Mentone for restoring the nerves and building up new life in those who are weak and ill. Being within fifteen minutes of Monte Carlo and forty minutes of Nice, San Remo, etc., the invalid, as he gets better, can have plenty of change and amusement; whilst, when he is at his weakest, the lovely sunshine, the bracing air, and the beauty of the orange and lemon trees, palms, olives, and the loveliness of the flowers which grow with such wild luxuriance in Mentone and the neighbourhood, all combine to cheer his spirits and hasten his recovery. There are many very comfortable hotels and villas there, too, amongst which the Bellevue may be recommended as being personally managed by the English proprietor, whilst the cuisine is under the direction of the French *chef*; and more important still at the moment is the fact that arrangements have been made for the war news to be telegraphed to the hotel, so that no Englishman may feel cut off from the latest reports from the front, even though he be sunning himself in the warm bays of Mentone.

AN OPERA CLOAK.

With regard to dress this week, I send you a sketch of an opera cloak which is both warm and graceful, and just the thing to wear at evening entertainments in this cold damp weather. I saw one made exactly like this at Princes' last week, worn over a lovely dress of pale blue oriental satin, with inch-wide tucks extending from the hem halfway up the skirt, where they were met by perpendicular insertions of white lace, each insertion being separated at small intervals from the other by rows of narrow black velvet. The corsage was very charming, being a bewildering arrangement of blue chiffon, black bébé velvet, diamond ornaments, and white lace, and the whole effect was decidedly smart.

Norah writes to me again this week telling me all the news there is from Malta. First, she gives me an account of the presentation of new colours to the 3rd Battalion of the Warwickshire Regiment by Sir Francis Grenfell. It was a most beautiful day for the occasion, and the Florian Parade was gay with crowds of people dressed in their smartest clothes. The ceremony began with the usual religious service, which was read by the Rev. A. Malim, Chaplain to the Forces, and the colours were consecrated by the Bishop of Gibraltar. When it was all over, the colonel and officers of the regiment entertained the Governor and about 190 other guests at luncheon in their mess in Florian Barracks. In the afternoon, everyone met again at the first "At Home" of the "Gloamings"—as the delightful little entertainments got up and run by three ladies to pass the hour of gloaming, from 5 to 6 p.m., are called. They take place every Thursday at the Grand Studio in the Strada Reale, and consist of an entertainment and tea, the proceeds of which are given over to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association. The room was simply packed on the day that these little gatherings were inaugurated, and many people had to go away, being unable to find a seat. The entertainment began by General O'Callaghan, singing "Mandalay" to a new setting, which delighted everyone. This was followed by an amusing little play, entitled "To Oblige Benson," which was acted extremely well by Mrs. Lynden Bell, Mrs. Heriot, Colonel Bridgman, Captain James, and Captain Heriot, Colonel Bridgman being especially amusing. So with one thing and another there has been enough going on in Malta to keep everyone from moping, in spite of the war making it so very dull a season. The Opera House is always crowded too, particularly when "La Bohème" is played. When it is announced the house is always full to overflowing.

Yours affectionately, CONSTANCE.

**** Communications, enquiries, and other correspondence relating to matters referred to in the above letter should be addressed to the Editor at this office, with "Fashions" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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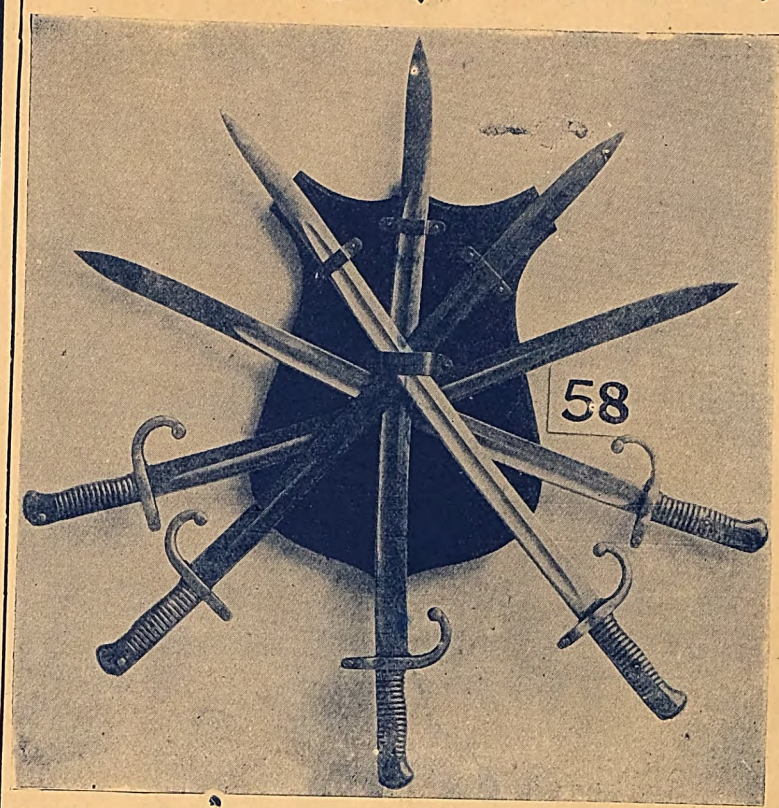

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Vol. IX.—No 155. Saturday, January 20th, 1900.

Royal Naval Cadetships.

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		Marks.
19th	T. Fisher	1332
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3rd	C. B. Elwell	1618
*8th	C. R. Hemans	1501
34th	K. H. Benson	1302
57th	J. H. Young	1132
24th	J. M. Begg	2013
8th	C. G. L. Woollcombe	2636
46th	G. E. Cumming	2075
3rd	A. Baddeley	2923
*13th	A. L. H. D. Coke	2568
33rd	S. St. L. Moore	2130

DECEMBER, 1899.

*3rd	H. Walker	2834
32nd	A. W. Vere Hopegood	2336

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MILITIA COMPETITIVE, September, 1899

		Marks.
*FIRST UNIVERSITY.	A. E. M. Ward	1843

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		Marks.
*FIRST ARTILLERY.	C. H. Clark (After a few months' reading.)	1792
*20th Infantry.	L. J. Le Fleming	1582
35th "	A. Moore	1485
38th "	J. C. Hooper	1463
*72nd "	W. B. Mitford	1310
*76th "	A. J. M. Gordon	1280

*1st trial direct.

March, 1899.—8 competed, all passed.
1898.—13 competed, all passed.

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NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand, W.C., 7.45 p.m. "Two Little Vagabonds."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m.
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "The Masked Ball."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "She Stoops to Conquer."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Snow Man."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Only Way."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "How London Lives."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. New Play in January, 1900.
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Mystical Miss."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "Jane."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Elixir of Youth."
WYNDHAM'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "David Garrick."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The Geisha." At 2 p.m., "Alice in Wonderland."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Cinderella."
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "Dick Whittington."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Sign of the Cross."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Gipsy Jack."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "Cinderella."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "The Iron Maiden."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "Alice in Wonderland."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Jack of Hearts."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Robinson Crusoe."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Goody Two Shoes."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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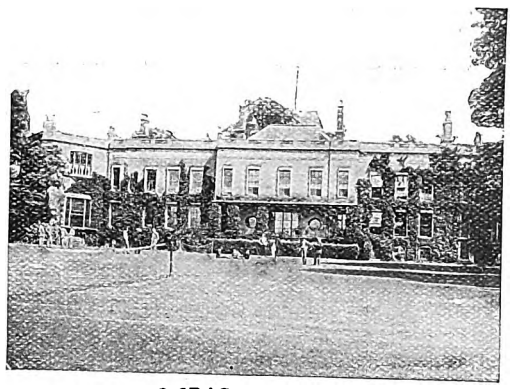

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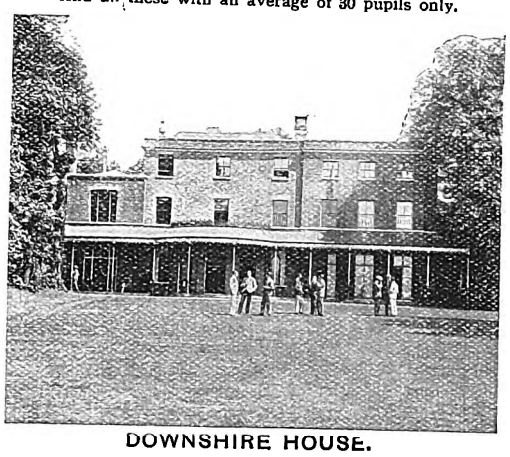

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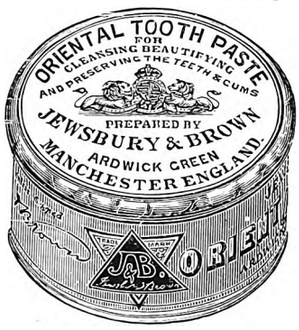

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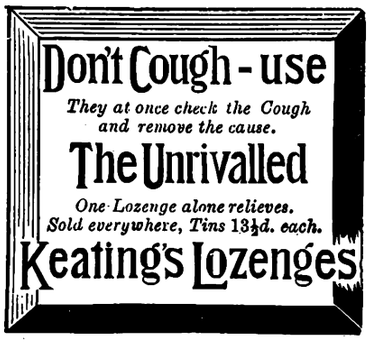

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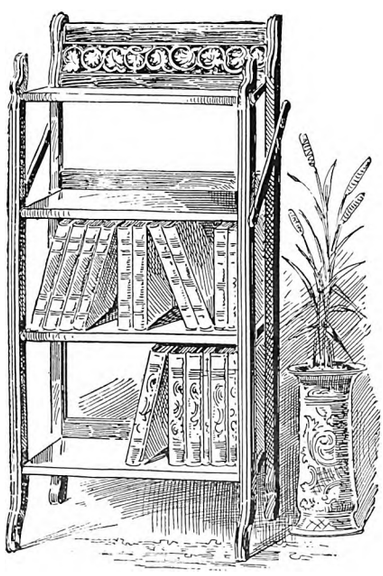

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Third Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN HOME WATERS.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. h. Hulk. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. g.v. Gun Vessel. y. Yacht. T. Tender. s.s. Survey Ship. d.s. Depot-ship. P. Portsmouth. D. Devonport. C. Chatham. S. Sheerness. i. Instructional Torpedo Flotilla. c.g. Coast Guard. p.g. Port Guard. W.I. Whale Island.

Agincourt, *cr.*	Com. D. St. A. Wake	*T.* to Boscawen
Alarm, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. Powley	*T.* to Galatea, *c.g.*
Albacore, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. W. Steward	Ireland [Albert
Alberta, *y.*	Staff-Capt. G. A. Broad	*T.* to Victoria and
Alexandra, *B.*	Capt. Count F. C. Metaxa, A.D.C. (Vice-Adml. Sir Compton E. Domvile, K.C.B.).	Portland, *c.g.*
Algiers, *h.*	Capt. G. L. Atkinson, A.D.C. (Rear-Adml. S. C. Holland).	Medway Reserve *C.*
Angler, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Tibbets	*T.* to Pembroke
Antelope, *t.g.b.*	Com. O. A. Stokes	Portishead (R.N.R)
Ariel, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. G. Webster	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Arrogant, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. E. Protheroe	Channel Squadron
Asia, *h.*	Capt. A. A. C. Parr (Rear-Admiral P. Aldrich).	Portsmouth [Reserves
Australia, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Adair	Southampton [Water, *c.g.*
Bat, *t.b.d.*	Com. A. L. Duff	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Benbow, *B.*	Capt. R. P. Humpage	Greenock, *c.g.*
Black Prince, *cr.*	Com. W. J. Grogan	Queenstown (boys)
Boscawen, *h.*	Capt. T. H. M. Jerram	Portland (boys)
Britannia, *h.*	Capt. Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe, C.B., C.M.G.	Dartmouth (cadets)
Briton, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. A. C. Spearman	Inverness (R.N.R.)
Caledonia, *h.*	Com. J. G. Hewitt	Queensferry (boys)
Calliope, *cr.*	Capt. H. P. Routh	*T.* to Northampton
Cambrian, *cr.*	Capt. R. K. McAlpine.	Training Squadron
Cambridge, *h.*	Capt. R. W. Craigie.	Gunnery School, *D.*
Circe, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. G. S. Q. Carr, C.M.G.	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Clyde, *h.*	Com. J. P. Montgomery	Aberdeen (R.N.R.)
Collingwood, *B.*	Capt. F. W. Fisher	Bantry, *c.g.*
Colossus, *B.*	Capt. S. A. Johnson.	Holyhead, *c.g.*
Conqueror, *B.*		*T.* to Cambridge
Coquette, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. C. P. Beaty-Pownall	*T.* to Pembroke
Crane, *t.b.d.*	Com. T. D. W. Napier	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Curacoa, *cr.*	Com. H. Lyon.	*T.* to Northampton
Curlew, *g.v.*		*T.* to Cambridge
Cygnet, *t.b.d.*	Com. Hon. H. L. A. Hood	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Dædalus, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. B. C. Barber	Bristol (R.N.R.)
Defiance, *h.*	Capt. F. T. Hamilton	Torpedo School, *D.*
Diadem, *cr.*	Capt. H. S. F. Niblett	Channel Squadron
Dolphin, *sloop*	Lieut.-Com. J. Luce	*T.* to Boscawen
D. of Wellingt'n, *h.*	Capt. W. de V. Hamilton	Depôt Ship, *P.*
Durham, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. W. F. Forrest	Leith (R.N.R.)
Eagle, *h.*	Com. C. E. Gladstone	Liverpool (R.N.R.)
Edinburgh, *B.*	Com. W. G. Van Ingen	*T.* to Wildfire [(Gunnery School)
Elfin, *y.*	Staff-Com. J. E. Tully.	*T.* to Victoria and [Albert
Enchantress, *y.*	Staff-Capt. P. D. Ouless	Admiralty Yacht, *P*
Europa, *cr.*	Capt. A. J. Pocklington	Particular Service
Excellent	Capt. W. H. May, M.V.O.	Gunnery Sch., *W.I.*
Fawn, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. W. Dalgety	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Ferret, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. H. N. Hunter	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Fire Queen, *y.*	Staff-Capt. T. Hawkins Smith	*T.* to Victory
Flirt, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Thomas	*T.* to Victory
Flying Fish, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. Singer	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Furious, *cr.*	Capt. L. E. Wintz	Channel Squadron
Galatea, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cross	Hull, *c.g.*
Ganges, *h.*	Com. W. V. Anson	Harwich (boys)
Gleaner, *t.g.b.*	Com. F. H. Peyton	Gravesend (R.N.R)
Gossamer, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. G. T. Cole	*T.* to Melampus, *c.g.*
Hannibal, *B.*	Capt. Sir B. W. Walker, Bart., C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Haughty, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. La T. Leatham	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Hearty, *g.b.*	Com. H. G. King Hall, D.S.O.	North Sea [(fisheries)
Hecla	Com. W. J. Scullard (N)	Torpedo Depôt, *P.*
Hero, *B.*	Com. W. de Salis.	*T.* to Excellent
Highflyer, *cr.*	Capt. F. E. E. Brock	T. Squadron (Tem.)
Howe, *B.*	Captain H. L. Fleet (Rear-Adml. A. P. M. Lake).	Queenstown, *p.g.*
Impregnable, *h.*	Capt. A. C. B. Bromley	Devonport (boys)
Indus, *h.*	Capt. W. Marrack (Rear-Adml. T. S. Jackson).	D'nport Reserves
Jackal, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Tancred	Coast of Scotland [(fisheries)
Janus, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. C. F. Corbett	*T.* to Pembroke
Jaseur, *t.g.b.*	Com. W. Carey	*T.* to Vernon
Jason, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. Bruce.	Particular Service
Juno, *cr.*	Capt. G. H. Cherry	Training Squadron
Jupiter, *B.*	Capt. J. Durnford, C.B., D.S.O.	Channel Squadron
Kite, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. P. W. Hope.	*T.* to Excellent
Landrail, *g.v.*		*T.* to Wildfire
Latona, *cr.*	Capt. H. C. A. Baynes.	Particular Service
Leda, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. V. Maud	*T.* to Australia, *c.g.*
Liberty, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. C. H. Morgan	*T.* to Lion
Lightning, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. L. C. O. Mansergh	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Lion, *h.*	Com. E. G. Shortland.	Devonport (boys)
Lynx, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. S. H. Radcliffe	*T.* to Vivid
Magnet, *tug.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Webber	*T.* to Victory
Magnificent, *B.*	Capt. J. Ferris (Rear-Adml. A. D. Fanshawe).	Channel Squadron
Majestic, *B.*	Capt. G. Le C. Egerton, C.B. (Vice-Admiral Sir H. H. Rawson, K.C.B.).	Channel Squadron
Mars, *B.*	Capt. H. J. May, C.B.	Channel Squadron
Martin, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. S. M. Agnew	*T.* to St. Vincent
Medea, *cr.*	Com. C. G. May	S'th'pton (R.N.R.)
Medusa, *cr.*	Com. A. L. K. Knapton	N. Shields (R.N.R)
Melampus, *cr.*	Capt. R. N. Gresley	Kingstown, *c.g.*
Mermaid, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. E. F. Kerr	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Minerva, *cr.*	Capt. F. O. Pike	Training Squadron
Minotaur, *cr.*	Com. E. G. Barton	*T.* to Boscawen
Nautilus, *brig*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. D. Tothill	*T.* to Impregnable
Nile, *B.*	Capt. G. C. Langley	Devonport, *p.g.*
Northampton, *cr.*	Capt. H. A. W. Onslow	Recruiting Service
Northumberl'd, *cr.*	Com. C. E. Tower	Depôt Ship, *C.*
Onyx, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. Oliver	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Osborne, *y.*	Capt. C. Windham	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Pactolus, *cr.*	Capt. F. J. Foley	Channel Squadron
Panther, *t.b.d.*	Com. J. I. Graham	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Pembroke, *h.*	Capt. A. Macleod.	Medway Res'ves, *C*
Pilot, *brig*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. S. Alderson	*T.* to Impregnable
President, *h.*	Com. A. C. Woods	W.I. Docks (R.N.R)
Prince George, *B.*	Capt. A. Barrow	Channel Squadron
Racer, *sloop*	Com. M. S. Beatty (N)	*T.* to Britannia
Raven, *g.b.*	Com. A. Meldrum	Channel Islands
Renard, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. H. Eyre	*T.* to Colossus, *c.g.*
Repulse, *B.*	Capt. R. F. O. Foote, C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Research, *s.*	Capt. W. U. Moore	Home Waters
Resolution, *B.*	Capt. C. R Arbuthnot.	Channel Squadron
Rodney, *B.*	Capt. G. W. Russell	Queensferry, *c.g.*
St. George, *cr.*	Com. E. V. Poe, M.V.O., A.D.C.	Training Squadron
St. Vincent, *h.*	Com. C. F. Thursby	Portsmouth (boys)
Sans Pareil, *B.*	Capt. H. C. Bigge	Sheerness, *p.g.*
Seaflower, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. E. G. H. Gamble	*T.* to Boscawen
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Seal, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. A. J. Payne	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Severn, *cr.*	Capt. W. L. H. Browne	Harwich, *c.g.*
Shark, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. E. Corbett	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Sheldrake, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. H. Curteis	*T.* to Rodney
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Sturgeon, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. M. McG. Lockhart	*T.* to Pembroke
Thrasher, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. T. D. Pratt	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
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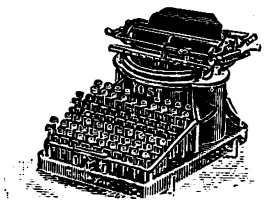

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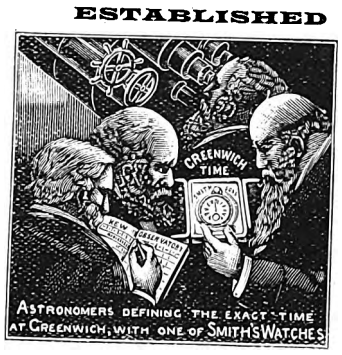

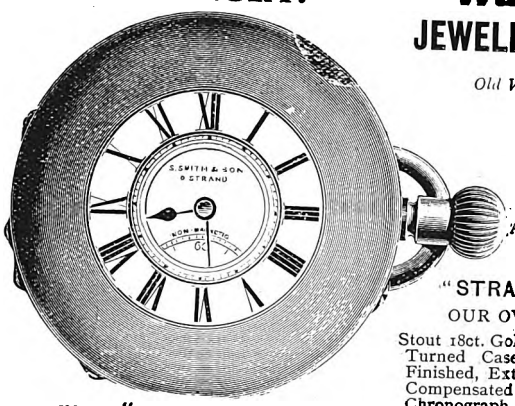

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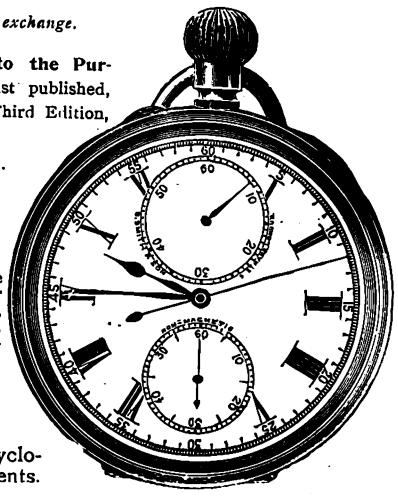

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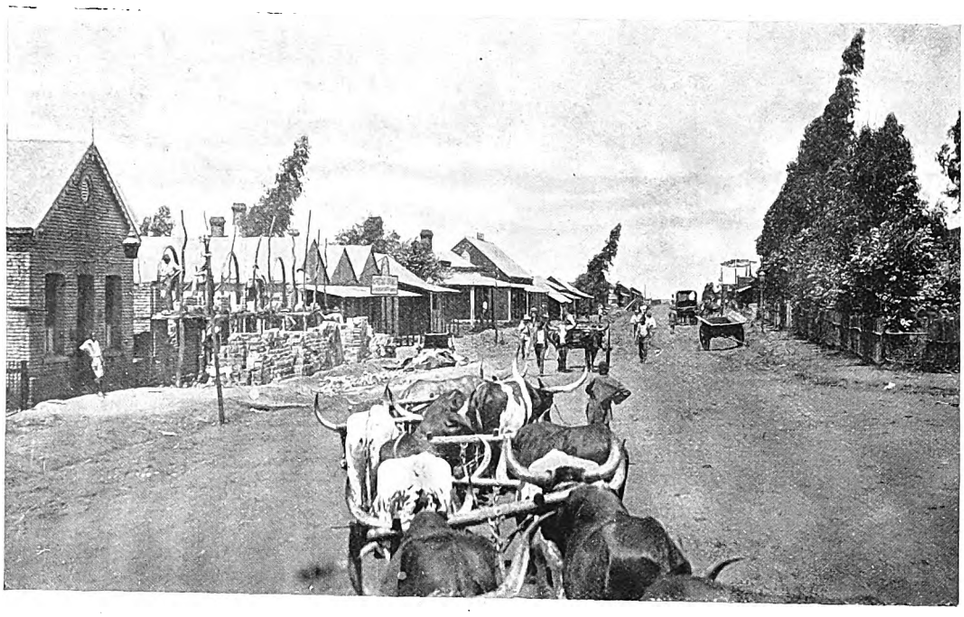
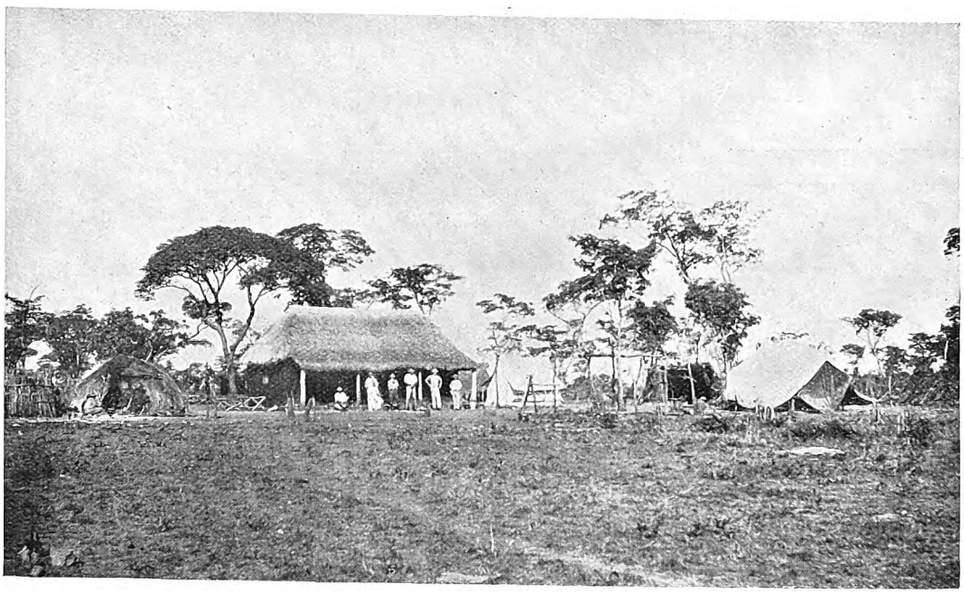


COLONEL BADEN-POWELL'S STRONGHOLD.
From which he made the Great Sortie on December 26.



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A Loyalist's Farm near Douglas.

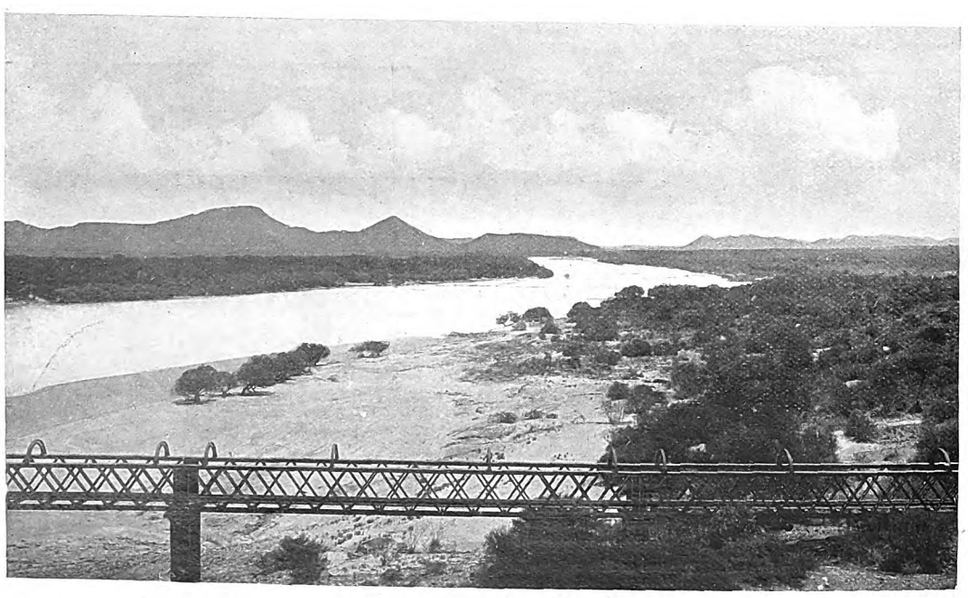

Photo. Copyright. *NORVALS PONT.* *G. W. Wilson.*
An Important Strategic Point.

IT was through the Boers that we first heard of the heroic sortie of the Protectorate Regiment and the Bechuanaland Rifles on December 26 from the hard-pressed stronghold of Colonel Baden-Powell. The enemy were, unfortunately, too well informed concerning it. Spies had been at work, and our gallant men found the enemy well prepared at Game Tree, and the scrub surrounding it was alive with Boers, and nothing could live through the hail of fire—explosive bullets—that was poured upon the advancing troops under command of Captains Vernon and Sandford. With extraordinary heroism the two officers, accompanied by Lieutenant Paton and scout Cooke, the guide, rushed forward, and a few men even reached the sandbags of the fort, but all three officers were killed, and Vernon and Paton actually climbed the ditch and thrust their revolvers through the loopholes of the fort, only to be shot themselves the next moment. Eighteen men also fell, and many were wounded; but still the irrepressible garrison of Mafeking reports itself all well, and in a very "satisfactory condition." Certainly Colonel Baden-Powell and his colonials have given the Boers a hard nut to crack.

It is a pleasure to illustrate anything concerning gallant achievements, and our picture of the farm of a loyalist in the region swept clear of Boers by Lieutenant-Colonel Pilcher relates to one not less than splendid.

Those Queenslanders and Canadians, with the men of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry who accompanied them, are the right sort of soldiers to beat the Boers at their own game. They have the mobility that we should have liked to discover on the Tugela and the Modder. The force of 500 left Belmont on the last day of the old year, and covered twenty-one miles before sunset, and on the next day, after a long march of twenty miles, the Boers were completely defeated by the exercise of sterling military qualities at Sunnyside. On the third and fourth days the distances covered were fifteen miles, the refugees then being of the company, and twenty-four miles. The loyal farmers were paid for what was consumed, while the disloyal colonists' possessions were commandeered, and the men who had levanted were marked for future penalties. Douglas was temporarily occupied, and given a refreshing sight of the flag, and all the loyalists from the place and the neighbouring farms were conveyed in safety to Belmont. The operation had been completely successful, and indicates the way in which we must yet outdo the Boers.

Our last picture is of Norvals Pont, that important strategic position where the railway crosses the Orange River to Bloemfontein. This and the waggon road bridge are places of immense importance to the Boers who have crossed into Cape Colony, and their communications with which General French threatened by his advance against Colesberg.

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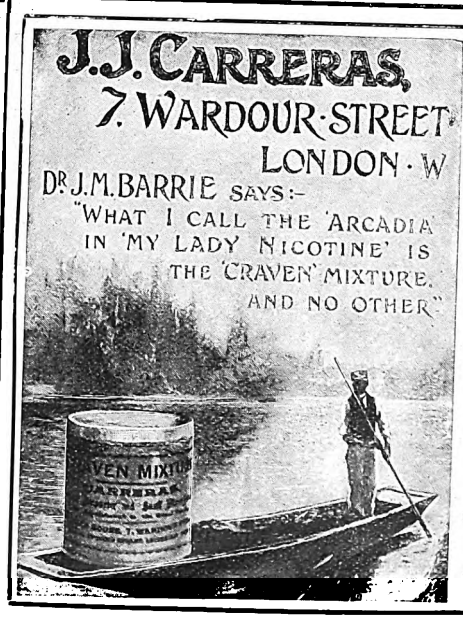

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My dear Betty,—I am so sorry that I had not room last week to answer Bob's questions about Kodaks, so I make haste to do so now.

I was much interested in all he told me about his experiments, and I was very sorry that he had disappointments in his first photographs at Singapore. But really it is entirely his own fault if his films do not answer in that climate, for I can tell you from Jack's experience with them in such damp, hot places, that, if he will only take the trouble to keep his camera, when loaded, carefully wrapped up, and free from damp and heat, he will find the films every bit as good as they are in England. They should, however, be continually sealed up, and all sensitive photographic films and plates should be exposed and developed as soon as possible after removal from their cases. All this means very little extra care and trouble, so that even Bob might be induced to follow such simple directions, and I hope his next attempts will be more satisfactory.

By the way, have you seen the latest Kodak just brought out? It is called the No. 2 Folding Bull's-eye Kodak, and is especially provided with a new arrangement in the form of a removable spool-holder, which makes the recharging of the camera most delightfully simple. For travelling, this Kodak has the great advantage of being extremely light, weighing but 15-oz., whilst the pictures are quite large enough for ordinary work—just 3½-in. by 3½-in.—and when folded it is only 1¾-in. in thickness. It can, of course, be loaded and unloaded in daylight, and can be used for both hand and stand work; and it costs but £2 2s. So altogether it is just the present for that nephew of yours. You should encourage him to take up photography; you never know when it may be useful in the Navy.

You say Katie asks for a sketch of a dress for skating in Halifax, whereupon I send you the enclosed, which looks very well made in a really brilliant shade of red cloth; people are so often afraid of the bright reds, and get in their stead one of the dull crimsons, which never look so well. It is very simply trimmed with black velvet strappings, whilst the vest is of white cloth or panne, braided with black, the under-skirt carrying out the same idea. No headgear worn with this costume would look better than a toque of white fox fur, with a black velvet chou placed just in the centre of the front and a bird of paradise plume waving from the crown, whilst if worn for a walking costume a large black velvet hat would look even better; but it must be all black, and trimmed only with long ostrich feathers.

A DRESS FOR SKATING.

In this country we cannot hope for any skating this winter, I am much afraid, and we had our hopes raised in such a tantalising manner just before Christmas. Really we should almost forget how to skate, it is so long since we had anything but warm, damp seasons, if it were not for the artificial ice with which we are so luxuriously provided at Princes', which reminds me to tell you that the directors of that comfortable restaurant, MM. Benoist and Fourault, who are also directors of the Hotel l'Hermitage, Monte Carlo, have made an offer to the War Office of free accommodation for two of the officers invalided home from South Africa. Everyone still works hard for the soldiers, either indirectly by helping their wives and families, or directly by sending out comforts to the front in the shape of warm clothing or little luxuries for the sick and wounded. What with the numerous Volunteers and Militiamen who are going or have gone, there is scarcely anyone that has not some near friend or relation on the active list, and thus everyone has some connection with one or other of the regiments at the front, which makes the collection and despatch of the presents easier than it otherwise might be. It may be useful to tell those who are not yet doing anything that warm woollen socks and Tam-o'-Shanter caps are most in demand just now, the latter being found more convenient than those of the Balaclava shape, which are apt to cover the ears so closely that they deaden the sound too much for men who have even in their sleep to be on the alert. The Southampton County Clothing Branch have been able to do much for the sick and wounded men since October 10, when the secretary opened a subscription list in their aid; in response she had received up to December 30 last the sum of £600 2s. 9d., for which she is most deeply grateful. This sum has enabled her to despatch to the base hospital at Wynberg 117 dozen pairs of socks, 55 dozen best woven vests and drawers, whilst to No. 4 Field Hospital, which sailed on the "Majestic," she sent £25 worth of condensed soups and wine, a large supply of bed jackets, nightingales, pyjama suits, feather pillows, flannel suits, etc., many of which were supplied by generous workers from all parts of England, and to Major J. Drew Moir, the medical officer in charge, she was able to give a cheque for £30, to be spent in purchasing fresh milk, eggs, and fruit in South Africa. Besides this she sent various garments to Lord Methuen's column, and others to the 10th Hussars and to the 2nd Battalion Warwickshire Regiment, in addition to distributing clothes to the women and children, for whom she received no less than 2,000 articles. Well pleased that her society has been able to do so much in the past, Mrs. Moreton hopes that kind friends will help them to do still more in the future, for help will be badly needed so long as the war lasts.

Yours affectionately,

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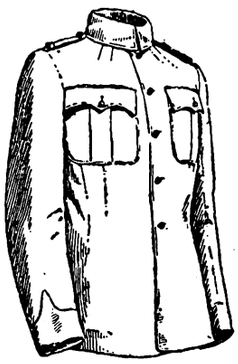

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Professor JAMES BAYNE'S Analysis of "PETANELLE" Disinfecting Powder. CHEMICAL LABORATORY, CAMDEN TOWN, *August 14th*, 1899.

I hereby certify that I have analysed a sample of the "PETANELLE" DISINFECTING POWDER. I find it consists of Peat Powder, mixed with solid and liquid Antiseptics and Disinfectants, and is scented with pine and other essential oils. I have submitted the powder to the most severe tests, and the results of my experiments are in every respect highly favourable. The powder possesses both Antiseptic and Disinfecting properties in a marked degree, and its action as a deodorizer is very rapid and lasting. Unlike many deodorizers, it does not, after destroying one odour leave another unpleasant one in its place; on the contrary the odour of the essential oils which remains, is decidedly pleasant and refreshing.

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(Signed) JAMES BAYNE, F.C.S., Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Veterinary College.

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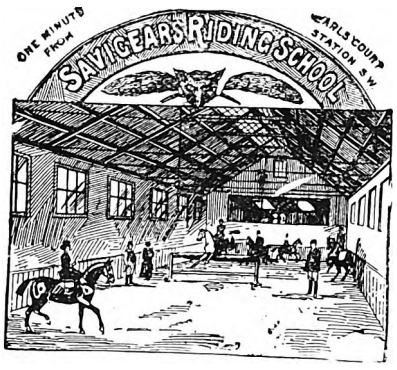

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LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand, W.C., 7.45 p.m. "Two Little Vagabonds."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m.
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "The Masked Ball."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "She Stoops to Conquer."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Snow Man."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Only Way."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "How London Lives."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. "Rupert of Hentzau."
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Mystical Miss."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "Jane."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m.
WYNDHAM'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "David Garrick."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The Geisha." At 2 p.m., "Alice in Wonderland."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "Puss in Boots.'
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Cinderella."
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "Dick Whittington."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m.
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "The Ups and Downs of Life."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "Cinderella."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Rogues and Vagabonds."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "Charley's Aunt."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Jack of Hearts."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Robinson Crusoe."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Goody Two Shoes."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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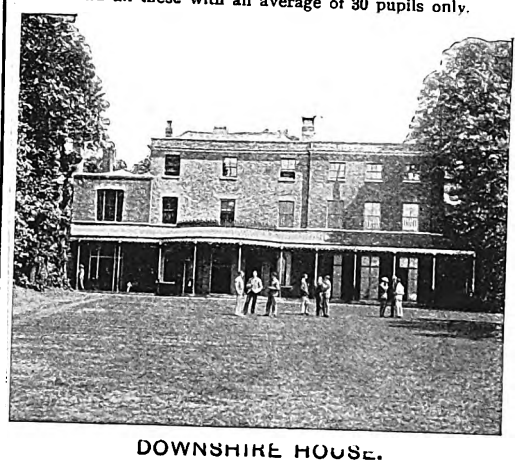

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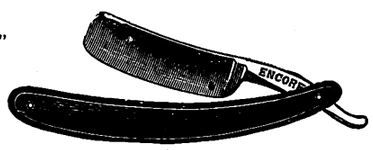

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Fourth Week.]

THE QUARTERS OF THE INFANTRY REGIMENTS.

	Battn.	
Grenadier G'ds	1. Col. V. Hatton, C.B.	Windsor
	2. Lieut.-Col. F. Lloyd, D.S.O.	Wellington [Barracks.
	3. Lieut.-Col. E. M. S. Crabbe	Cape Colony
Coldstream G'ds	1. Lieut.-Col. A. E. Codrington	Cape Colony
	2. L.-C. Hon. A. H. Henniker-Major.	Cape Colony
	3. Lieut.-Col. V. J. Dawson	Chelsea
Scots Guards	1. Col. A. H. Paget	Cape Colony
	2. Col. I. R. Jones	Chelsea
	3. Major Hon. C. Harbord (tem.)	Chelsea
Royal Scots (1st)	1. Lieut.-Col. E. P. Morgan-Payler.	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. T. F. Ross	Poona
Queen's (Rl. West Surrey Reg., 2nd)	1. Col. J. S. Collins	Rawal Pindi
	2. Lt.-Col. E. O. F. Hamilton	Natal
The Buffs (East Kent Reg., 3rd)	1. Col. A. E. Ommanney	Kamptee
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. A. Hickson	Cape Colony
King's Own (Rl. Lancaster 4th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. Rowlandson	Singapore
	2. Col. M. E. Crofton	Cape Colony
Northumberland Fusiliers (5th).	1. Lt.-Col. C. G. C. Money, C.B.	Cape Colony
	2. Lt.-Col. R. L. A. Pennington	Cape Colony
Ryl. Warwickshire Regiment (6th).	1. Lt.-Col. W. E. G. Forbes, C.B.	Madras
	2. Lieut.-Col. M. Q. Jones, C.B.	Cape Colony
	* 3. Lieut.-Col. A. W. F. Jackson	Malta
Royal Fusiliers (7th).	1. Lieut.-Col. R. P. B. Rodick	Nusseerabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. G. C. Donald	Natal
	* 3. Lieut.-Col. J. E. Briggs	Gibraltar
King's (Liverpool Regiment, 8th).	1. Lieut.-Col. L. S. Mellor	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. S. H. Harrison	Enniskillen
Norfolk Regiment (9th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. L. Govan	Bombay
	2. Lieut.-Col. L. H. Phillips	For South Africa
Lincolnshire Reg. (10th).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. R. Lowth, C.B.	Secunderabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. R. Roberts	For South Africa
Devonshire Reg. (11th).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. W. Park	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. G. M. Bullock	Natal
Suffolk Regiment (12th)	1. Lt.-Col. G. F. C. Mackenzie	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. R. Townley	Quetta
Somersetshire L.I. (13th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. A. Walsh	Rawal Pindi
	2. Lieut.-Col. E. J. Gallwey	Natal
West Yorkshire Regiment (14th).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. Grant-Dalton	Kurrachee
	2. Col. F. W. Kitchener	Natal
East Yorkshire Regiment (15th).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. F. Garnett	Belgaum
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. W. Ward	Templemore
Bedfordshire Reg. (16th).	1. Lieut.-Col. W. H. Riddell	Mooltan
	2. Col. W. O. Cavenagh	Natal
Leicestershire Reg. (17th).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. D. Carleton	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. W. McKinstry	Curragh
Royal Irish Reg. (18th).	1. Lt.-Col. H. W. N. Guinness	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. B. Forster	Mhow
Yorkshire Reg. (19th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. Bowles	Cape Colony
	2. Lt.-Col. C. J. Spottiswoode	Umballa
Lancashire Fus. (20th).	1. Lieut.-Col. G. L. E. May	Crete
	2. Lt.-Cl. C. J. Blomfield, D.S.O.	Natal
	* 3. Lieut.-Col. R. G. Bruxner-Randall.	Malta
Royal Scots Fus. (21st).	1. Lt.-Col. A. H. Abercrombie	Peshawur
	2. Lieut.-Col. E. E. Carr	Natal
Cheshire Regiment (22nd).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. W. Bromfield	Secunderabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. F. Curteis	For South Africa
Royal Welsh Fus. (23rd).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. C. H. Thorold	Natal
	2. Lt.-Col. Hon. R. H. Bertie	Hong Kong
South Wales Borderers (24th).	1. Lt.-Col. H. G. Mainwaring	Chakrata
	2. Lieut.-Col. Hon. U. de R. B. Roche.	For South Africa
K.O. Scottish Borderers (25th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. W. Godfray	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. G. T. W. Hewat	Cawnpore
Cameronians (Sct. Rifles, 26th-90th)	1. Lieut.-Col. S. H. Lomax	Lucknow
	2. Lieut.-Col. E. Cooke	Natal
Royal Inniskilling Fus. (27th-108th)	1. Lt.-Col. T. M. G. Thackeray	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. M. Greenfield	Meean Meer
Gloucestershire Reg. (28th-61st).	1. Lieut.-Col.	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. F. Lindsell	For South Africa
Worcestershire Reg. (29th-36th).	1. Lieut.-Col. O. H. Oakes	Aldershot
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. Coningham	Cape Colony
East Lancashire Reg. (30th-59th).	1. Lieut.-Col. A. J. A. Wright	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. G. Watson	Ranikhet
East Surrey Reg. 31st-70th).	1. Lt.-Col. W. J. H. Frodsham	Jhansi
	2. Lieut.-Col. R. H. W. Harris	Natal
Duke of Cornwall's L.I. (32nd-46th).	1. Col. C. F. A. Turnbull	Lucknow
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. Aldworth, D.S.O.	Cape Colony
D. of Wellington's (W. Riding Reg., 33rd-76th).	1. Lt.-Col. G. E. Lloyd, D.S.O.	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. S. J. Trench	Rangoon
Border Regiment (34th-55th).	1. Col. T. H. E. Hinde	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. S. Wood	Bareilly
Royal Sussex Reg. (35th-107th).	1. Lieut.-Col. B. D. A. Donne	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. C. Young	Sealkote
Hampshire Reg. (37th-67th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. R. Parkinson	Cherat, Punjab
	2. Lieut.-Col. W. E. Briggs	For South Africa
South Staffords're Reg. (38th-80th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. C. Savage	Gibraltar
	2. Lieut.-Col. N. S. Allen	Thayetmyo, Burma
Dorsetshire Reg. (39th-54th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. J. J. Kentish	Nowshera, Punjab
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. H. Law	Natal
South Lancashire Reg. (40th-82nd)	1. L.-C. W. McCarthy-O'Leary	Natal
	2. L.-C. A. F. G. Richardson	Jubbulpore
Welsh Regiment (41st-69th).	1. Lieut.-Col. R. J. F. Banfield	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. F. S. L. Penno	Ahmednugger
The Black Watch (Ryl. Highland's 42nd-73rd).	1. Lieut.-Col. E. G. Grogan	Sitapur
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. M. Carthew-Yorstoun.	Cape Colony
Oxfordshire L.I. (43rd-52nd).	1. Lt.-Col. Hon. A. E. Dalzell	Cape Colony
	2. Col. F. H. Plowden	Ferozepore
Essex Regiment (44th-56th).	1. Lieut.-Col. T. E. Stephenson	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. T. Stock	Shwebo, Burma
Sherwood F'r'sters (Derbyshire Rg., (45th-95th).	1. Col. H. L. Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O.	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. D. Bulpett	Malta
Loyal North Lancashire Regim't. (47th-81st).	1. Lieut.-Col. R. G. Kekewich	Cape Colony
	2. Lt.-Col. B. A. Satterthwaite	Malta
Northamptonshire Reg. (48th-58th).	1. Lieut.-Col. W. B. Capper	Allahabad
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. C. Denny	Cape Colony
Rl. Berkshire Reg. (49th-66th).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. C. Carter	Parkhurst
	2. Lt.-Col. C. Evans-Gordon	Cape Colony
Queen's Own (Ryl. West Kent Reg., 50th-97th).	1. L.-C. C. W. H. Evans, D.S.O.	Aden
	2. Lt.-Col. E. A. W. S. Grove	For South Africa
King's Own Yorks. L.I. (51st-105th)	1. L.-C. Sir H. A. W. Johnson, Bart.	Buttevant
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. St. L. Barter	Cape Colony
King's (Shropshire L.I., 53rd-85th).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. H. Collette	Poona
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. Spens	Cape Colony
Middlesex Reg. (57th-77th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. G. White	Welling'n, Madras
	2. Lieut.-Col. A. W. Hill	Natal
King's Royal Rifle Corps (60th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. Gore-Browne	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. G. G. Grimwood	Natal
	3. L.-C. R. G. Buchanan-Riddell	Natal
	4. Lieut.-Col. E. W. Herbert	Cork
Wiltshire Regim't. (62nd-99th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. C. Harford	Quetta
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. M. Carter	Cape Colony
Manchester Reg. (63rd-96th).	1. Lieut.-Col. A. E. R. Curran	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. T. Reay	Dublin
North Staffords're Reg. (64th-98th).	1. Lieut.-Col. T. Currie, C.B.	Subathu
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. E. Bradley	For South Africa
York & Lancaster Reg. (65th-84th).	1. Lieut.-Col. W. J. Kirkpatrick	Natal
	2. Col. H. Boughey	Agra
Durham Light I. (68th-106th).	1. Lieut.-Col. A. L. Woodland	Natal
	2. Lt.-Col. A. de B. V. Paget	Mandalay
Highland Light I. (71st-74th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. R. Kelham	Cape Colony
	2. Lt.-Col. R. D. B. Rutherford	Ceylon
Seaforth Highl'rs (72nd-78th).	1. Lieut.-Col. J. A. Campbell	Egypt
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. W. Hughes-Hallett, D.S.O.	Cape Colony
Gordon Highl'rs (75th-92nd).	1. Lt.-Col. M. A. Scott	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col.	Natal
Q.O. Cameron H'rs (79th).	1. Lieut.-Col. T. F. A. Watson-Kennedy.	Egypt
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hunt	Gibraltar
Royal Irish Rifles (83rd-86th).	1. Lieut.-Col. C. Haggard	Fort William, [Bengal
	2. Lieut.-Col. H. A. Eagar	Cape Colony
Ryl. Irish Fusiliers (87th-89th).	1. Lieut.-Col. F. R. C. Carleton	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. Reeves	Natal
Connaught Ran's (88th-94th).	1. Lieut.-Col. L. G. Brooke	Natal
	2. Lieut.-Col. C. E. Harman	Meerut
Argyll & Sutherl'd H'rs (91st-93rd).	1. Lieut.-Col. A. Wilson	Cape Colony
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. H. Campbell	Ranikhet
Leinster Regiment (100th-109th).	1. Lieut.-Col. H. Martin	For South Africa
	2. Lieut.-Col. J. G. Glancy	Barbados
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	2. Lieut.-Col. P. S. Druitt	Dinapore
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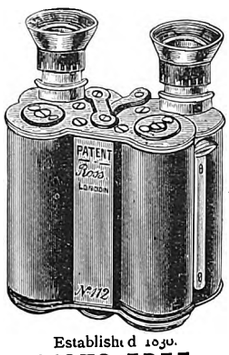

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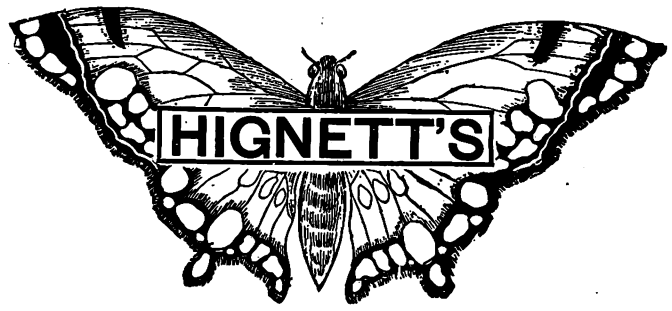

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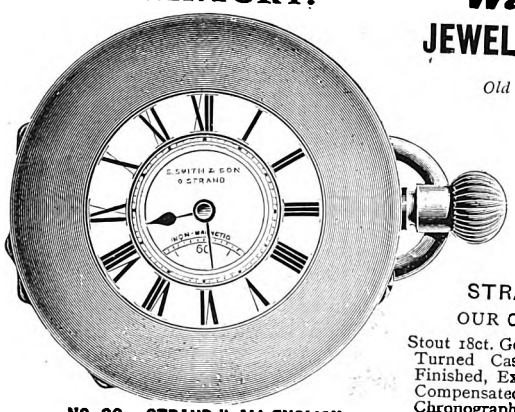

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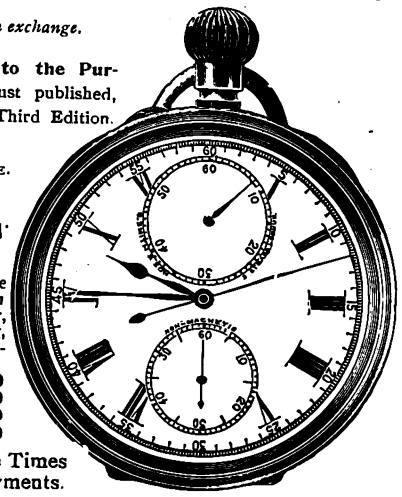

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Battlefields and Scenes of the War.

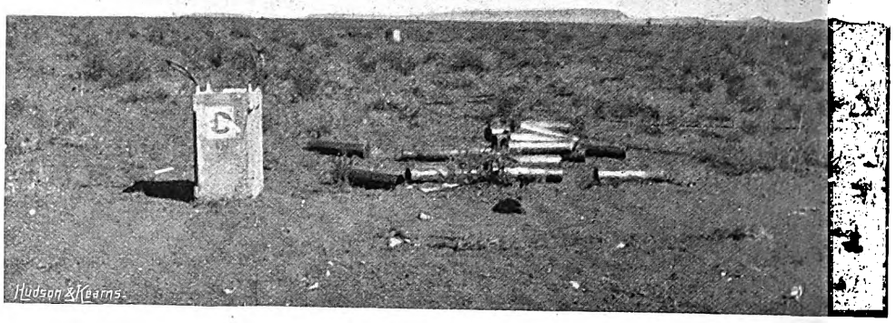
PLACES WHERE OUR SOLDIERS HAVE FOUGHT.

WE are now able to add three remarkable pictures to our series of battle scenes in South Africa. That which heads the page brings to mind the great gallantry of the Naval Brigade with Lord Methuen's column, while those below illustrate the events that preceded. The force for the relief of Kimberley concentrated at the Orange River Station about November 19, and we have already illustrated the railway bridge there, about which a veritable entrenched camp has grown. Hope Town is a place of considerable importance near the bridge, and during the advance it became a great centre of supplies for our troops, and it is interesting also because it was in the neighbourhood that diamonds were first discovered in South Africa.

The next scene, chronologically, is of the camp at Belmont, at which place Lord Methuen defeated the Boers on November 23, carrying three successive ridges at the point of the bayonet. It was in this notable action that the Grenadier Guards, the Scots Guards, and the Northumberland Fusiliers so greatly distinguished themselves. The result was a real victory, for the Boers were driven out after very stubbornly resisting our advance, and we lost to the number of more than 200. The enemy's position was of great strength on a series of hills, extending about a dozen miles, and commanded the road to Kimberley. All our troops displayed the greatest gallantry, and the victory opened the way to the Modder River.

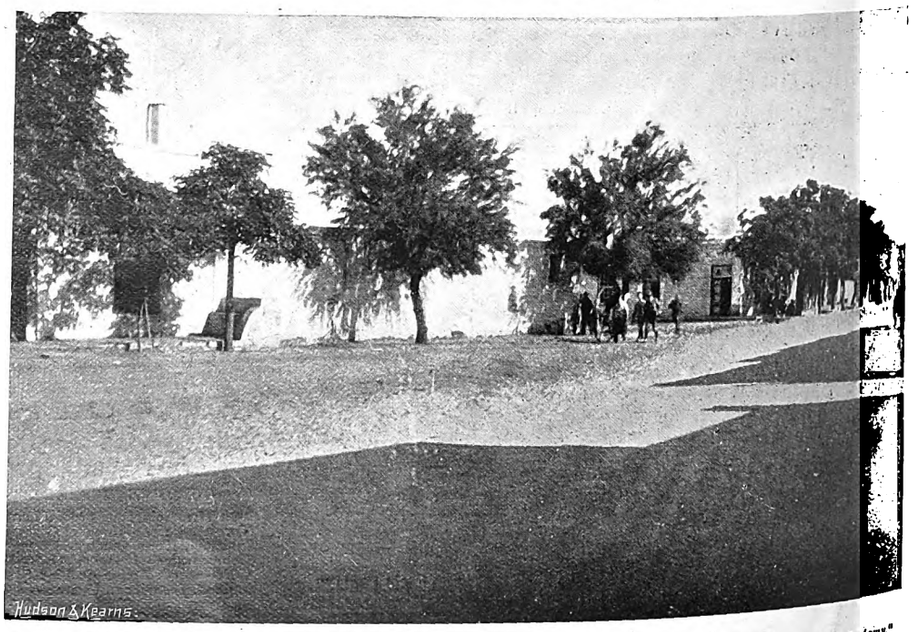
In the picture of the battle-field of Graspan, or, as it is officially styled, Enslin, a further stage in the fighting march to the Modder, will be seen the used cartridge-cases of the Naval Brigade, which, with the Yorkshire Light Infantry, won the laurels of the day. The guns were used with splendid effect, and of the courage of the Bluejackets and Marines and of the Yorkshiremen too much cannot be said. When the Naval contingent advanced to the foot of the hills they were met by a terrible hail of bullets. It was in this advance that Commander Ethelston was mortally wounded, and one by one other officers fell as they advanced to the desperate assault. The Naval detachment had lost its leaders, but the impetuous rush was extraordinary.

The height was to be taken at any cost, and it was gallantly carried, the Artillery galloping round in rear of the position and shelling the crowds of flying Boers as they went. The splendid dash of the seamen will not be forgotten. Man by man, with their Yorkshire comrades, they climbed up through the fiery hail, returning the discharge with a coolness that can scarcely be overpraised. Contempt of danger, a never-failing spring of patriotism, and readiness in all emergencies, are a great inheritance among our seamen, and they have never failed in their duty when the country has called for their services. There is, therefore, very great interest in our picture of the place from which their advance began.



GRASPAN.
The Place from which the Naval Brigade Advanced.

THE CAMP AT BELMONT.
Where the Boers were Defeated on November 23.



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HOPE TOWN
The Base for the Advance from the Orange River.

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The Sphere.

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My dear Betty,—Each week I have tried in vain to find space to tell you of the doings at Malta, that island being one of the few places where any gaiety is going on. This week Norah writes to tell me about the second Club dance to which she went. It was not quite so crowded as that given when the Austrian Fleet was in the harbour, but it went off very well all the same. Sir John and Lady Fisher, who had a large dinner party the same evening, came in with their guests, Lady Fisher wearing black and her daughters fine white muslin, with bunches of pink roses in the bodices; and Lady Mary Sackville, who is staying in Malta with her sister, Lady Edina Strickland, looked very smart in a lovely dress of spangled net over pale blue, and turquoise blue velvet twisted in her hair.

Next evening everyone was to be found in the "Empress of India" to see the burlesque "Robin Hood" given by the officers. There had been dinner parties in most of the ships beforehand, everyone afterwards going aboard the "Empress of India." The arrangements were perfect, and the decorations and scenery wonderfully good, and the music, singing, and acting, in Norah's opinion, could not have been better. Mr. Collard was excellent as Robin Hood, whilst the skirt dancing of Mr. Green as Maid Marian was wonderful, and delighted everyone. Mr. Turner, as the Sheriff of Nottingham, kept everyone in fits of laughter, and Lieutenant Vereker, as an Interviewer, in a frock coat, and with a large note-book and camera, was also most amusing. Refreshments were served after the performance, and very greatly were they appreciated, as it was very late before people left the ship for their somewhat wet journey homewards.

Mrs. Robert Price's tableaux for the war fund on the 18th were a great success. And rightly so, for Mrs. Price, Lady Tennant, and Mrs. Dives were most energetic in making arrangements and in selling tickets before the event. Mrs. Arthur Paget's masques and tableaux will be the next interesting entertainment of the kind, when the supper is to be held at Princes', and the whole of the proceeds will be devoted to the fund.

Mind you look out for the new paper, the *Sphere*, which will have many first-rate pictures of the war. It will be under the editorship of Mr. Clement Shorter, who has retained many of the leading black and white artists, including several who have gone to South Africa, whilst Lord Rosslyn and Colonel Hoskier are to send photographs of interesting places and exciting events in Cape Colony and Natal.

A LINEN GOWN.

Were you not astounded to find that last Monday was the twenty-first anniversary of the defence of Rorke's Drift? I really could hardly believe it when I came upon the memorandum in "Holloway's Almanac" for this year. I am rather fond of looking through the days in this way, just to recall the important events of the past. Like every newspaper and magazine just now, this almanac refers to South African incidents of days gone by whenever it possibly can. It has also many odds and ends of information concerning old customs in England and abroad which are very entertaining to glance through. But I must not continue to write in this manner, or you will be wondering when I am going to describe the dress I promised you for Maud. I remembered your request about sending something more useful than muslin, so I chose this one in Harris linen, which I do hope she will like. It is made in pale green, with the bolero turned back with revers of openwork embroidery, through which we have a glimpse of the white linen which lines it. The skirt is trimmed with the same embroidery, whilst the vest is of tucked muslin, finished with a lace tie, and round the waist a white silk sash with fringed ends. Choosing such a cool dress made one feel very chilly, and I longed to pack myself up with it and go out to Maud for a time, particularly as I ordered it on one of those rainy days that are so depressing when combined with a very cold wind. But to grumble at the weather is too hackneyed, so I will bore you with no more to-day. I have just space enough to give you a little more information about Mrs. Robert Price's tableaux. The war pictures were some of the most impressive, "The Last Grip," represented by Colonel Darling, R.E., and Mr. Dunlop, quite bringing down the house; its pathos was greatly intensified by the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," which was played while the tableau was being exhibited. Luke Fildes' "The Doctor" was another most effective picture, Mr. Robert Price, M.P., being splendid as the doctor, and Miss Aileen Lambkin made a pathetic little figure, lying with the full light of the lamp shining on her as she quietly slept, whilst in the background stood the anxious, sorrowful father, his wife weeping by his side. Four hundred and fifty pounds was cleared for the fund before the evening was over, this being the result of sales of tickets, tea, and pictures.

Yours affectionately,
CONSTANCE.

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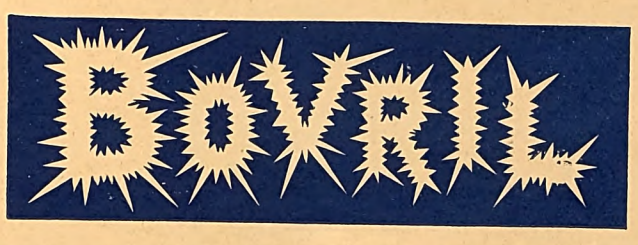

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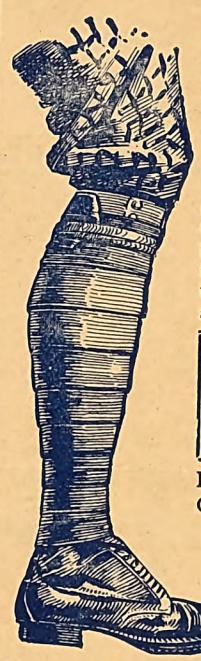

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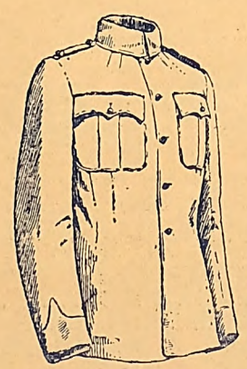

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AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m.
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "The Masked Ball."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C, 8 p.m. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Runaway Girl." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S W., 8.30 p.m. "She Stoops to Conquer."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Snow Man."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Only Way."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "How London Lives."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W.
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. "Rupert of Hentzau."
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Mystical Miss."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "Jane."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m.
WYNDHAM'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "David Garrick."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The Geisha." At 2 p.m., "Alice in Wonderland."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Cinderella."
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "Dick Whittington."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m.
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "The Ups and Downs of Life."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "Cinderella."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Rogues and Vagabonds."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "Charley's Aunt."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Jack of Hearts."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Robinson Crusoe."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Goody Two Shoes."

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ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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PROMOTION—10 out of 10.
COOPER'S HILL—4 out of 4.
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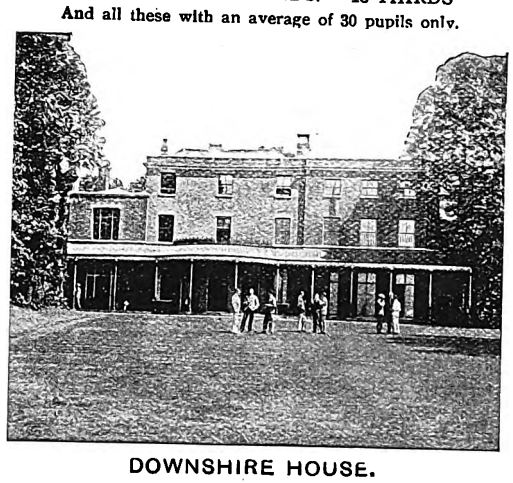

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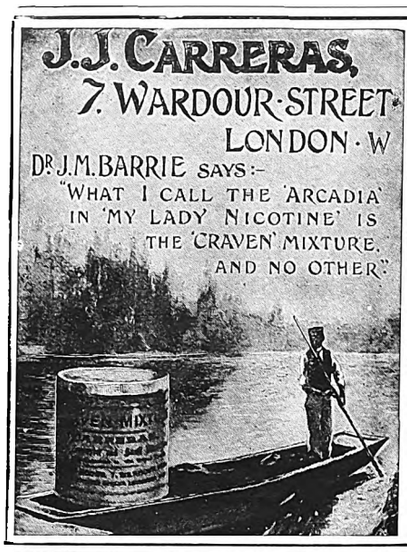

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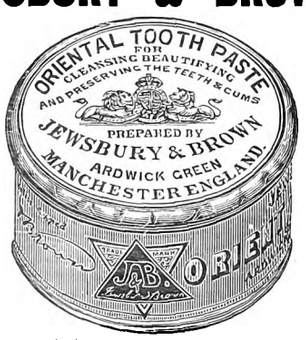

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Royal Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

First Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. h.d.s. Harbour Defence Ship. d.v. Despatch Vessel. y. Yacht. sur.v. Surveying Vessel. d.s. Depot-ship. r.g.b. River Gun-boat. t.d.s. Torpedo Depot-ship.

Abyssinia, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Alacrity, *d.v.*	Com. A. H. Smith-Dorrien	China
Alert, *sloop*	Com. H. Savile	North America
Algerine, *sloop*	Com. E. J. W. Slade	China
Andromeda, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Burr, C.M.G.	Mediterranean
Ardent, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. L. H. Richardson	Mediterranean
Astræa, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. Paget	Mediterranean
Assaye, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. O. U. Coates	East Indies
Aurora, *cr.*	Capt. E. H. Bayly	China
Banshee, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. H. L. Watts-Jones	Mediterranean
Barfleur, *B.*	Capt. J. S. Warrender (Rear-Admiral J. A. T. Bruce)	China
Barham, *cr.*	Com. H. L. Tottenham	Mediterranean
Barracouta, *cr.*	Com. R. H. Peirse	C. of Good Hope
Barrosa, *cr.*	Com. W. F. Tunnard	C. of Good Hope
Beagle, *sloop*	Com. Hon. H. A. S. Stanhope	S. E. C. of America
Bonaventure, *cr.*	Ct. R. A. J. Montgomerie, C.B.	China
Boomerang, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Boxer, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. J. Twiselton-Wykeham-Fiennes	Mediterranean
Brisk, *cr.*	Com. R. B. S. Wrey	China
Bruizer, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. M. L. Hulton	Mediterranean
Buzzard, *sloop*	Com. L. F. G. Tippinge	North America
Cæsar, *B.*	Capt. E. H. Gamble	Mediterranean
Canopus, *B.*	Capt. W. H. Fawkes	Mediterranean
Centurion, *B.*	Capt. J. R. Jellicoe (Vice-Adml. Sir E. H. Seymour, K.C.B.).	China
Cockatrice, *g.b.*	Com. H. N. Rolfe	Danube
Columbine, *y.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Williamson	North America
Comus, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Giffard	North America
Crescent, *cr.*	Capt. C. J. G. Sawle (Vice-Adl. Sir F. G. D. Bedford, K.C.B.).	North America
Cruiser, *sloop*	Com. L. G. Tufnell	Mediterranean
Daphne, *sloop*	Com. C. W. Winnington-Ingram.	China
Dart, *sur.v.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. Parry	Australia
Devastation, *B.*	Capt. F. S. Inglefield	Gibraltar
Dido, *cr.*	Capt. G. Neville	Mediterranean
Doris, *cr.*	Ct. R. C. Prothero (Rear-Adml. Sir R. H. Harris, K.C.M.G.).	C. of Good Hope
Dragon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Lambert	Mediterranean
Dryad, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. G. Dineley	Mediterranean
Dwarf, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. F. Shakespear	C. of Good Hope
Earnest, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Baird	Mediterranean
Eclipse, *cr.*	Capt. P. W. Bush (Rear-Admiral H. D. Bosanquet).	East Indies
Egeria, *sur.v.*	Com. M. H. Smyth	Pacific
Empress of India *B*	Capt. H. H. Dyke	Mediterranean
Endymion, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Callaghan	China
Esk, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Chadwick.	China
Fame, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. J. B. Keyes	China
Fearless, *cr.*	Com. H. R. P. Floyd	C. of Good Hope
Flora, *cr.*	Commodore R. L. Groome	S. E. C. of America
Foam, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Forte, *cr.*	Capt. E. P. Jones	C. of Good Hope
Griffon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. Hon. H. G. Brand	Mediterranean
Halcyon, *t.g.b.*	Com. S. W. A. H. Gray	Mediterranean
Handy, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. A. Moreton	China
Hart, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Hazard, *t.g.b.*	Com. P. V. Lewes, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Hebe, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Taylor.	Mediterranean
Herald, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Harvey	River Zambesi
Hermes, *cr.*	Capt. F. H. Henderson	North America
Hermione, *cr.*	Capt. R. S. D. Cumming	China
Hibernia, *d.s.*	Com. W. Ricketts (Rear-Adml. Burges Watson, C.V.O.).	Malta Reserves
Highflyer, *cr.*	Capt. F. E. E. Brock	East Indies (to relieve Eclipse)
Hood, *B.*	Capt. A. C. Corry.	Mediterranean
Hotspur, *h.d.s.*	Com. C. S. Elliot	Bermuda
Humber, *store-ship*	Com. H. J. Davison	China
Icarus, *sloop*	Com. G. F. S. Knowling	Pacific
Illustrious, *B.*	Capt. Sir R. Poore, Bart.	Mediterranean
Imogene, *d.v.*	Com. E. J. Bain	Mediterranean
Indefatigable, *cr.*	Capt. F. L. Campbell	North America
Iphigenia, *cr.*	Capt. H. N. Dudding (to be relieved by Pique).	China
Isis, *cr.*	Capt. G. M. Henderson	Mediterranean
Karrakatta, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Harbord.	Australia
Katoomba, *cr.*	Capt. H. L. F. Royle, D.S.O.	Sydney Reserves
Lapwing, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Lambert	East Indies
Leander, *cr.*	Capt. F. F. Fegen	Pacific
Liffey, *d.s.*	Staff-Com. P. H. Wright	Coquimbo
Linnet, *g.b.*	Com. W. W. Smythe	China
Lizard, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Watson	Australia
Magdala, *h.d.s.*	Capt. T. Y. Greet.	Bombay Reserves
Magicienne, *cr.*	Capt. W. B. Fisher	C. of Good Hope
Magpie, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. K. Laird	C. of Good Hope
Marathon, *cr.*	Capt. J. G. M. Field.	East Indies
Melita, *sloop*	Com. I. M. Fraser, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Melpomene, *cr.*	Capt. J. Denison	East Indies
Mildura, *cr.*	Capt. H. Leah	Australia
Mohawk, *cr.*	Com. F. H. P. W. Freeman	Australia
Monarch, *B.*	Capt. R. D. B. Bruce	Simon's Bay
Mosquito, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. L. Cox	River Zambesi
Orion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Orlando, *cr.*	Capt. J. H. T. Burke	China
Partridge, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Hunt	C. of Good Hope
Peacock, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. S. G. Douglas	China
Pearl, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. C. Goodrich	North America
Pegasus, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cochran	S. E. C. of America
Pelorus, *cr.*	Capt. H. C. B. Hulbert	C. of Good Hope
Penguin, *sur.v.*	Capt. J. W. Combe	Australia
Phaeton, *cr.*	Capt. F. G. Kirby	Pacific
Pheasant, *g.b.*	Com. H. G. Smith	Pacific
Philomel, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. Bearcroft	C. of Good Hope
Phœnix, *sloop*	Com. R. P. Cochran.	China
Pigeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. O. V. de Satge	East Indies
Pigmy, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. E. Green	China
Pique, *cr.*	(Will relieve Iphigenia)	China
Plassy, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Plover, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. V. de M. Cowper	China
Polyphemus, *ram*	Com. E. L. Lang	Mediterranean
Pomone, *cr.*	Capt. E. A. Simons	East Indies
Porpoise, *cr.*	Com. A. H. D. Ravenhill	Australia
Powerful, *cr.*	Capt. Hon. Hedworth Lambton	C. of Good Hope
Proserpine, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Marx	North America
Psyche, *cr.*	Capt. F. R. Pelly	North America
Pylades, *cr.*	Com. R. G. O. Tupper	Australia
Quail, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. H. Rymer	North America
Racoon, *cr.*	Com. A. E. A. Grant	East Indies
Rambler, *sur.v.*	Com. H. E. P. Cust	West Indies
Ramillies, *B.*	Capt. R. S. Lowry	Mediterranean
Rattler, *g.b.*	Lt.-Com. Hon. G. A. Hardinge.	China
Redpole, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Corbett	China
Renown, *B.*	Capt. D. McN. Riddel (Vice-Admiral Sir J. A. Fisher, K.C.B.).	Mediterranean
Revenge, *B.*	Capt. J. F. King Hall (Rear-Adl. Lord Charles Beresford, C.B.).	Mediterranean
Ringarooma, *cr.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Ringdove, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. F. Ayscough	Australia
Rocket, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Royal Arthur, *cr.*	Capt. C. G. Dicken (Rear-Adml. H. L. Pearson).	Australia
Royal Oak, *B.*	Capt. W. H. B. Graham	Mediterranean
Royal Sovereign, *B.*	Capt. M. P. O'Callaghan	Mediterranean
Rupert, *h.d.s.*	Com. A. B. G. Grenfell.	Alexandria
Salamander, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. C. Villiers	Mediterranean
Sandfly, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Sandpiper, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. C. Carr	China
Scorpion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Scout, *cr.*	Com. W. de Salis.	Mediterranean
Snipe, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Oldham	China
Sparrowhawk, *t.b.d*	(Reserve Esquimault)	Pacific
Speedy, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. G. W. Davy	Mediterranean
Sphinx, *s.*	Com. H. A. Phillips.	East Indies
Surprise, *d.v.*	Com. F. W. F. Hervey	Mediterranean
Swallow, *sloop*	Com. E. F. Inglefield	S. E. C. of America
Swift, *g.b.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Tamar, *d.s.*	Commodore F. Powell, C.B.	Hong Kong
Tartar, *cr.*	Com. F. R. W. Morgan	C. of Good Hope
Tauranga, *cr.*	Capt. L. C. Stuart	Australia
Terrible, *cr.*	Capt. Percy Scott	C. of Good Hope
Terror, *d.s.*	Capt. T. MacGill, C.B.	Bermuda
Theseus, *cr.*	Capt. V. A. Tisdall	Mediterranean
Thetis, *cr.*	Capt. W. S. Rees	C. of Good Hope
Thrush, *g.b.*	(Reserve Simon's Bay)	C. of Good Hope
Torch, *sloop*	Com. H. Preedy	Australia
Tribune, *cr.*	Capt. R. S. Rolleston	North America
Tyne, *supply-ship*	Com. K. Wade.	Mediterranean
Undaunted, *cr.*	Capt. A. C. Clarke	China
Urgent, *d.s.*	Commodore E. H. M. Davis, C.M.G.	Jamaica
Venus, *cr.*	Capt. Sir A. B. Milne, Bart.	Mediterranean
Victorious, *B.*	Capt. A. Schomberg	China
Virago, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. T. F. Pike	Pacific
Vulcan, *t.d.s.*	Capt. H. B. Jackson	Mediterranean
Wallaroo, *cr.*	Capt. F. C. M. Noel.	Australia
Warspite, *cr.*	Capt. T. P Walker (Rear-Adml. Beaumont).	Pacific
Waterwitch, *sur.v.*	Lieut.-Com. W. P. Dawson	China
Whiting, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. Kelly	China
Widgeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. F. Gurney	C. of Good Hope
Wivern, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Woodcock, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. D. R. Watson	China
Woodlark, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. E. Hillman	China

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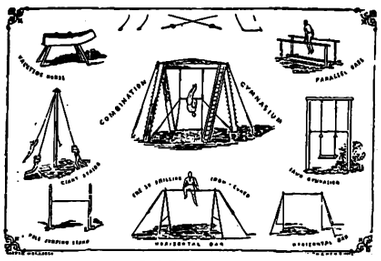

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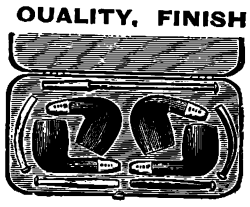

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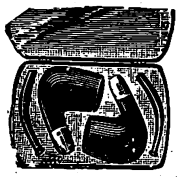

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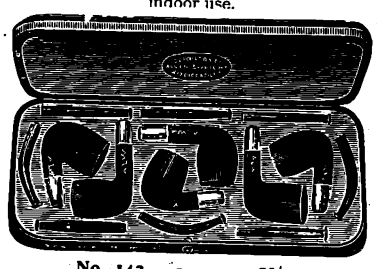

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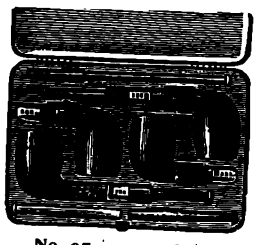

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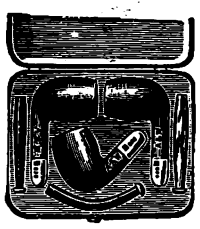

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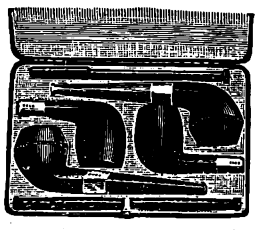

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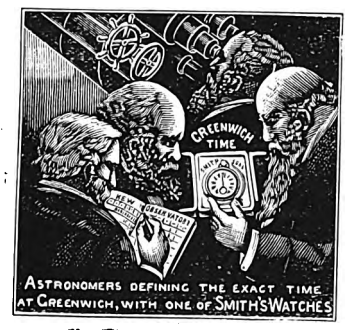

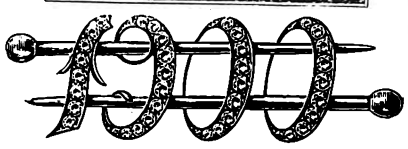

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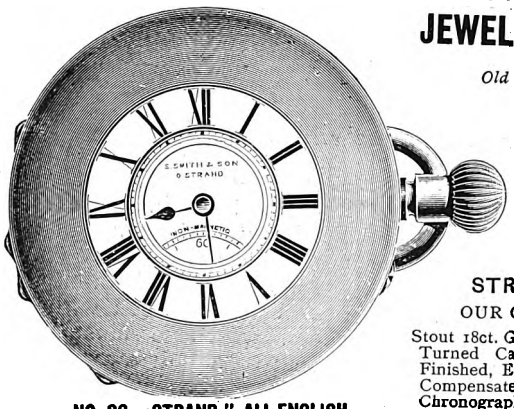

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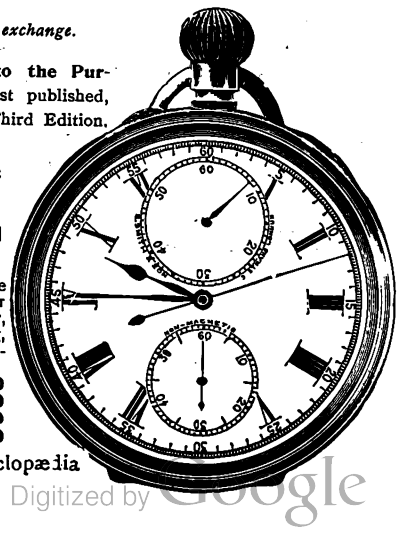

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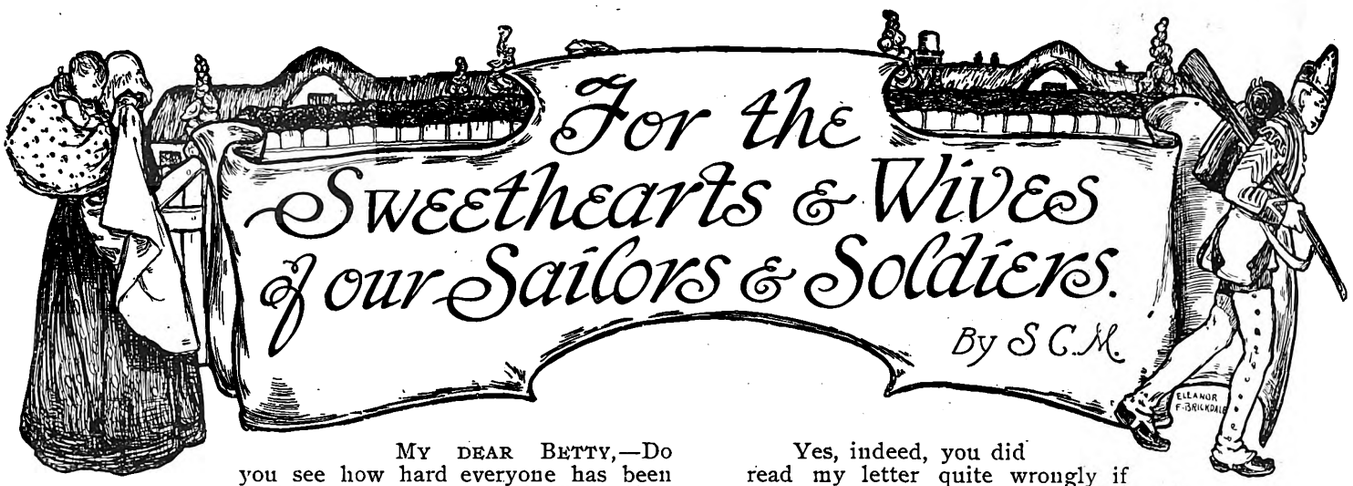

My dear Betty,—Do you see how hard everyone has been working to get the Imperial Yeomanry base hospital ready, and also the wonderful response there has been to the appeal for money and other necessaries? There was a very influential committee appointed to manage affairs, as you have probably read in the daily papers, and many of its members have been by no means content just to give their names, but have worked regularly and energetically, so that everything might be prepared by the proper time. Lady Essex, Lady Tweedmouth, Mrs. Lucas, and other ladies have been going daily to the committee-rooms at the Pall Mall Deposit, Carlton Street, where they have attended to all the necessary business in the most systematic way. Others have been getting up concerts and other entertainments in various villages and towns, so that the arrangements for the hospital should in no way be hampered by want of money.

Another member of the committee who has been of considerable assistance is Captain Arthur Haggard, late of the Shropshire Light Infantry, who is manager of the Military and Naval Branch of the Pall Mall Deposit. One day when I went down to the committee-rooms to see how things were progressing, Captain Haggard not only showed me all the cases of presents that had come in for the hospital, but took me into the baggage-rooms, which were really a most interesting sight, being piled up with trophies and other things belonging to the various regiments now at the front. A great deal of regimental silver is there too, and I should very much like to have seen that, but it was all stored away in safes out of my reach. There were also pile upon pile of baggage belonging to individual officers, most of whom are in South Africa, but some are on ordinary foreign service, and have here stored the things they have left behind. The Pall Mall Deposit is certainly a most convenient place for such a purpose, so, too, is the branch warehouse at Aldershot, and they both have the additional recommendation of being inexpensive.

Yes, indeed, you did read my letter quite wrongly if you understood that MM. Benoist and Fourrault—who had offered free accommodation at the Hermitage, Monte Carlo, to two of the wounded officers returning from South Africa—are directors of Princes' Skating Rink; it is Princes' Restaurant, of course, with which they are connected. It is here, too, that the supper following Mrs. Arthur Paget's masque will be held, and the proceeds—by the generosity of the directors—will be devoted entirely to Mrs. Paget's fund.

Maud complains that I never think of giving any hints for children's frocks, so I make haste to wipe off the reproach, and send a sketch showing a dress for a little girl of two and a-half, and another for a child of ten. The latter is a smart little lace costume, made entirely in white, of course, and finished with crêpe de chine sash and with revers of silk edged with chiffon ruching; whilst the mite of two is in a white silk frock, simply made with a yoke of tucked silk and lace insertion. The good lady with the children, and supposed to be their mother, is wearing a charming dress of white crêpe de chine, trimmed on the bodice with appliqué lace, of which also the sleeves are made, whilst the décolletage is edged with three very narrow rows of black velvet.

And, whilst I am on the subject of dress, I must not forget to tell you that the other day I saw that Miss Maud Alberga, of Old Burlington Street, has some of the very pretty hats she makes for hot climates, where the sun shines a little more genially than is its usual habit in England. Miss Alberga has made quite a speciality of these hats, as she has found they have met with much success. The crown is generally of very openwork fancy straw, and then all round, instead of a brim, there is a full frill of fine linen edged with lace, giving a very fresh and light effect, which is most becoming. Those I saw were of tuscan-coloured straw and white linen, a combination which was very pretty and looked so cool.

Yours affectionately, Constance.

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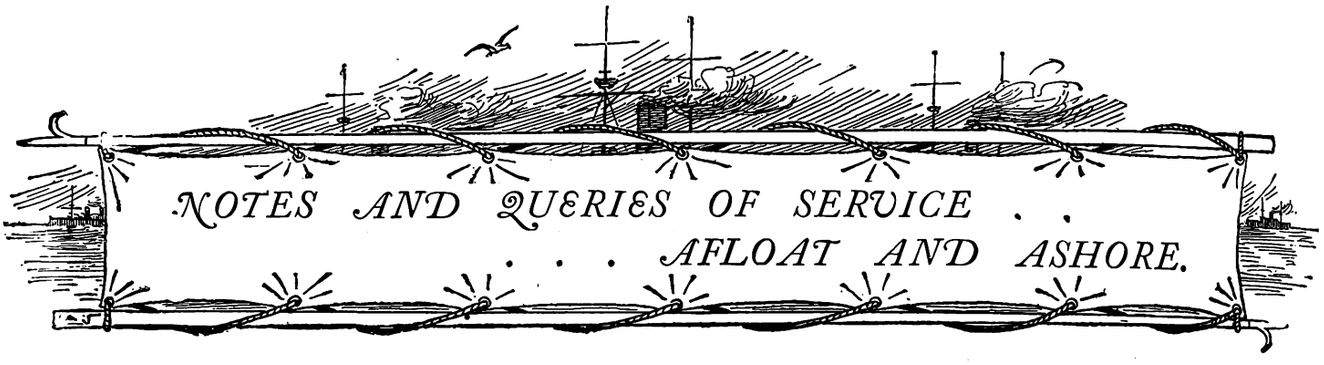

"CAXO."—A commission in the Yeomanry is obtained through the lord-lieutenant of the county to which the regiment belongs. Subalterns must, when they join, be over seventeen years of age; otherwise there does not appear to be any age limit, though it stands to reason that a middle-aged man would scarcely be selected as a subaltern. A candidate for a commission must be medically fit, and must be of fair height and chest measurement. There does not seem to be any fixed standard. You should order from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, Fetter Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., a copy of the "Yeomanry Regulations" (price 1s. 6d.), which you will find much information that would be useful to you.

* * * *

"W. F. A."—Please apply to Messrs. Lambert Weston and Son, 23, Sandgate Road, Folkestone.

* * * *

PERCIVAL R. T. (Africa).—You are too old to get a commission in a cavalry regiment through Sandhurst. You might still obtain it either through the Militia or as a University candidate. I advise you to write at once to the Director-General of Military Education, Horse Guards, or to Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C., for the "Regulations under which Commissions in the Army may be obtained by Officers in the Militia." The price of the pamphlet is 1d. To obtain a commission in that way you must be under twenty-two, and must have served two trainings. There is another way of obtaining it, and that is through a University. A graduate may compete up to the age of twenty-two. Again, one student in each of the chartered Universities in the colonies is given a cadetship at Sandhurst every year. I fear you have left it too late, as if you are already twenty years of age I do not see how you could manage two Militia trainings before you are twenty-two. If you are a University man there may be a chance for you. In that case, write to either of the addresses for regulations. Your height is all right, and from what you say I scarcely think there would be any trouble about your sight. As to the cost of living in a cavalry regiment, you will find your question answered fully in the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of September 23, 1899, under the head "Notes and Queries." Also in the issue of December 23, 1899, you will find still further information that is likely to be useful to you.

* * * *

"WEST KENSINGTON."—It is not easy to say who is the most popular officer in the British Army. Public taste is fickle, and the hero of to-day is too often forgotten to-morrow. I saw in a daily paper the other day an interview with a firm of photographic agents, and there it was stated that the most popular photograph just now was that of Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell, the gallant defender of Mafeking. Lord Roberts, Sir Redvers Buller, and Lord Kitchener were next in demand, while portraits of Sir George White and Generals Gatacre and French were also sold in large numbers.

* * * *

DENNIS HOWARD.—The word "India" on the regimental colour signifies that the regiment in question took part in the various operations against Hyder Ali in 1780-82. Services in the Indian Mutiny Campaign are commemorated by the words "Central India" borne on the colour of the regiments who took part in the campaign.

* * * *

"ENQUIRER" (Dublin).—The official returns are as follows: (1897) Regular Army, 212,231; First Class Army Reserve, 78,100; Militia, 107,878; Yeomanry, 9,400; Volunteers, 236,059—general total, 643,668. (1898) Regular Army, 212,393; First Class Army Reserve, 82,005; Militia, 105,531; Yeomanry, 9,409; Volunteers, 231,798—general total, 641,136. (1899) Regular Army, 222,373; First Class Army Reserve, 78,798; Militia, 103,647; Yeomanry, 9,413; Volunteers, 230,812—general total, 645,043. The returns for 1900 are not yet published.

* * * *

"C."—The duties of the Commander-in-Chief were defined by an Order in Council some four years ago. He commands Her Majesty's Military Forces at home and abroad, and regularly issues orders to them, known officially as "Army Orders," and endorsed with a fac-simile of his signature. As adviser of the Secretary of State on all military matters, he gives his advice from time to time when changes are contemplated, or when schemes are suggested for defence at home and abroad. He is further charged with the general distribution of the Army at home and abroad, and the arrangements for mobilisation, as well as with the collection of military information. Perhaps one of his most important duties is the selecting of officers to fill staff and other appointments, and for special promotion. His recommendations would, of course, always be approved by Her Majesty, without whose formal sanction no appointment is gazetted.

* * * *

ONE of the things Napoleon could not tolerate was ridicule, and rather than endure it he sacrificed on one occasion a branch of his army. The incident is but little known, but it comes very *apropos* at the present moment, when military ballooning is being brought so prominently to the fore. On the occasion of his coronation in 1805, a small fire balloon was sent up from the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. To it were attached the Imperial cipher and crown. The balloon fell early next morning at Rome, and while the bag and netting dropped into Lake Bratiano, the crown caught in and remained fastened to the tomb of Nero. The incident was too good a one for the caricaturists of the day not to avail themselves of, and they plied pen and pencil so mercilessly that, despite the valuable services which the balloon corps had already rendered, Napoleon, when he heard of the occurrence, flew into a passion and then and there decreed its abolition. The French did not utilise balloons for military purposes again until 1859.

* * * *

H. YATES.—According to the latest return available, the strength of the regular Army—excluding officers—was 222,373. The First Class Army Reserve numbered 78,798, and the Second Class Army Reserve, 41. There were in the ranks of the Militia 103,647 non-commissioned officers and men, in the Volunteers 230,678, and in the Yeomanry—cavalry included—9,413 non-commissioned officers and men. In January, 1899, the general total of Regulars, Militia, Reserve, etc., was officially given as 645,043. The annual report giving the strength of the various sections of the Army dated January, 1900, will no doubt be published shortly. (See reply to "Enquirer.")

* * * *

"S. P."—You are quite right; the Order of British India is of exactly the same date as the Order of Merit. In fact, the same general orders brought both into being in 1837. The former, however, is in no sense "for valour" pure and simple, but is conferred only for long and honourable service. Moreover, it is not open to the rank and file, but is conferred only on officers. It is in two classes, each of 100 in number. The first class, which carries with it a personal allowance of two rupees per diem, is open only to subadars, and members receive the title of Sirdar Bahadur. The second class is open to all native officers, gives one rupee per diem allowance, and carries with it the title of Bahadur. The Star of the first class is one-eighth of an inch larger than that of the second class, and has a centre of light blue enamel, whereas the enamel in the centre is dark blue. Moreover, the first class Star has the crown between the top points. In both classes the enamel has on it a lion statant, with the title of the Order in a garter around. The ribbon is red in both classes, but broader in the first. It is worn round the neck, outside the uniform.

* * * *

"A. F. K."—The difference between Field and Horse Artillery is very great. Horse Artillery have the 12-pounder gun, which is much lighter than the 15-pounder gun, the weapon of the Field Artillery. Again, the Horse Artilleryman's uniform is different, as he wears the jacket heavily laced with gold or yellow braid, whereas the Field Artilleryman wears the tunic like the rest of the regiment. Moreover, in the Horse Artillery the gunners are all mounted, as well as the drivers, and they are not seated on the gun-carriage and limbers, as is the case in the Field Artillery. In the Field Artillery eight gunners are seated, two on the gun, two on the limber, and four on the gun ammunition waggon. In fact, Horse Artillery are meant to act with and go wherever cavalry can go. Field Artillery work with infantry. The Horse Artillery battery at war strength is 179, as against 171 in the Field Artillery battery, and it has 191 horses instead of the 131 belonging to a Field battery. Field batteries armed with the new 5-in. howitzer are more heavily manned and horsed than those using the 15-pounder. The strength of a howitzer battery is 195 in all ranks, and the number of horses 156.

* * * *

AN infantry brigade may consist of two or more battalions, but it usually consists of four. As a rule the officer in command is a major-general or colonel. In the latter case the officer commanding is styled brigadier-general while in command; on his staff are a brigade-major and an aide-de-camp. Broadly speaking, the former may be said to perform the work of adjutant as regards the brigade. The latter is, of course, the constant attendant of the officer commanding the brigade, and carries orders in the field. In addition to the staff, there are altogether 116 officers and 2,924 non-commissioned officers and men, a total of 4,040 of all ranks, with the four battalions, but these numbers do not include the supply column, bearer company, or field hospital, all three of which strictly speaking form part of an infantry brigade. With the first there are five, with the second three, and with the last-named five officers. Without going into further detail it may be enough to say that when a brigade takes the field there are present 132 officers, 4,214 of other ranks, 373 horses, four machine guns, four Maltese carts, thirty-one other carts, forty general service waggons, and ten ambulance waggons. A brigade leaves at the base four officers and 426 of other ranks.

* * * *

MILITARY cyclists have only recently been recognised in our regular Army, although they have for years been seen in the Volunteer force, and have done good work at manœuvres and field days. There is no corps existing in peace time, except for the purposes of instruction, and it is composed in much the same manner as the corps of mounted infantry formed at Aldershot and the Curragh from time to time. A cyclist company consists of 135 of all ranks, made up as follows: One captain, four subalterns, one colour-sergeant, four sergeants, four corporals, one bugler, and 120 privates. The great advantage of a cyclist corps over mounted infantry is that it requires rations for the men only, whereas the horses of the latter require to be fed. The whole strength of a cyclist corps, too, may be brought into action at one time, whereas only 75 per cent. of mounted infantry can use their rifles simultaneously. The remaining 25 per cent. hold the horses in rear.

THE EDITOR.

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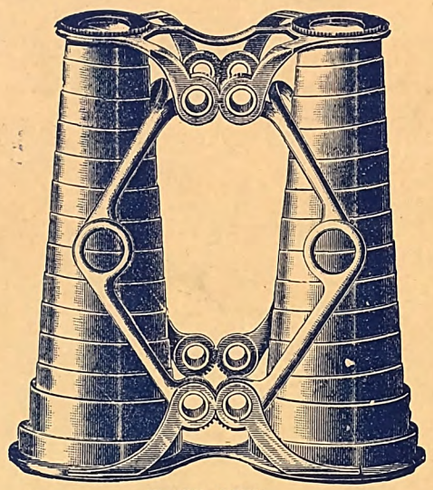

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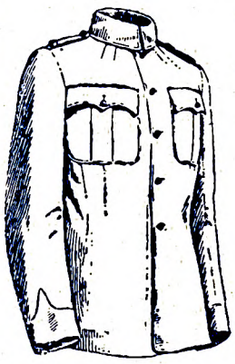

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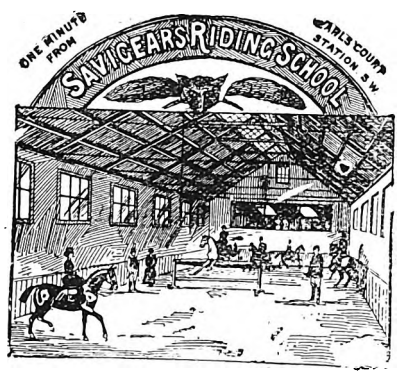

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NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON

ADELPHI, Strand, W.C., 7.45 p.m. "Two Little Vagabonds"
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "Money."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "The Masked Ball."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Messenger Boy." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "She Stoops to Conquer."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Snow Man."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town."
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Only Way."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "How London Lives."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W. "The Canary."
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. "Rupert of Hentzau."
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Mystical Miss."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "What Happened to Jones."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m.
WYNDHAM'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "David Garrick."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45 p.m. "The Geisha." At 2 p.m., "Alice in Wonderland."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Dangers of London."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "A Gaiety Girl."
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "Dick Whittington."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Charley's Aunt."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Two Orphans."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "The Private Secretary."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Is Life Worth Living."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "Soldiers of the Queen."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Jack of Hearts."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Robinson Crusoe."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Goody Two Shoes."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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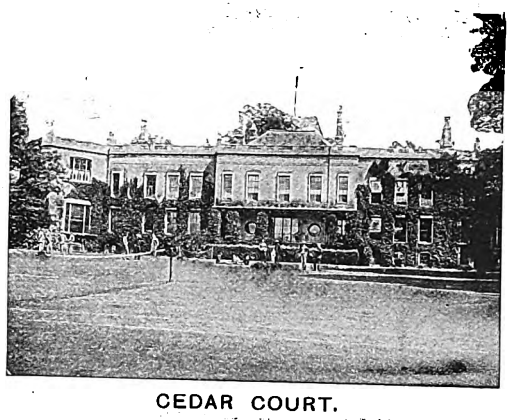

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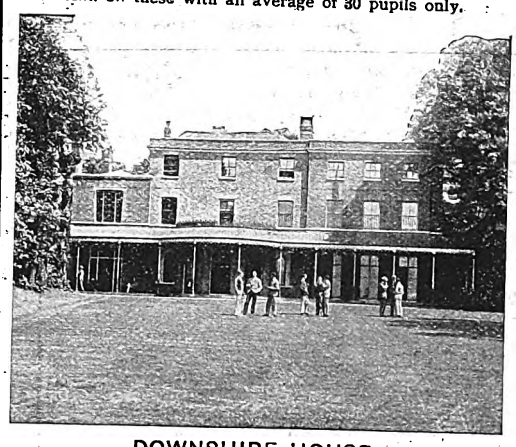

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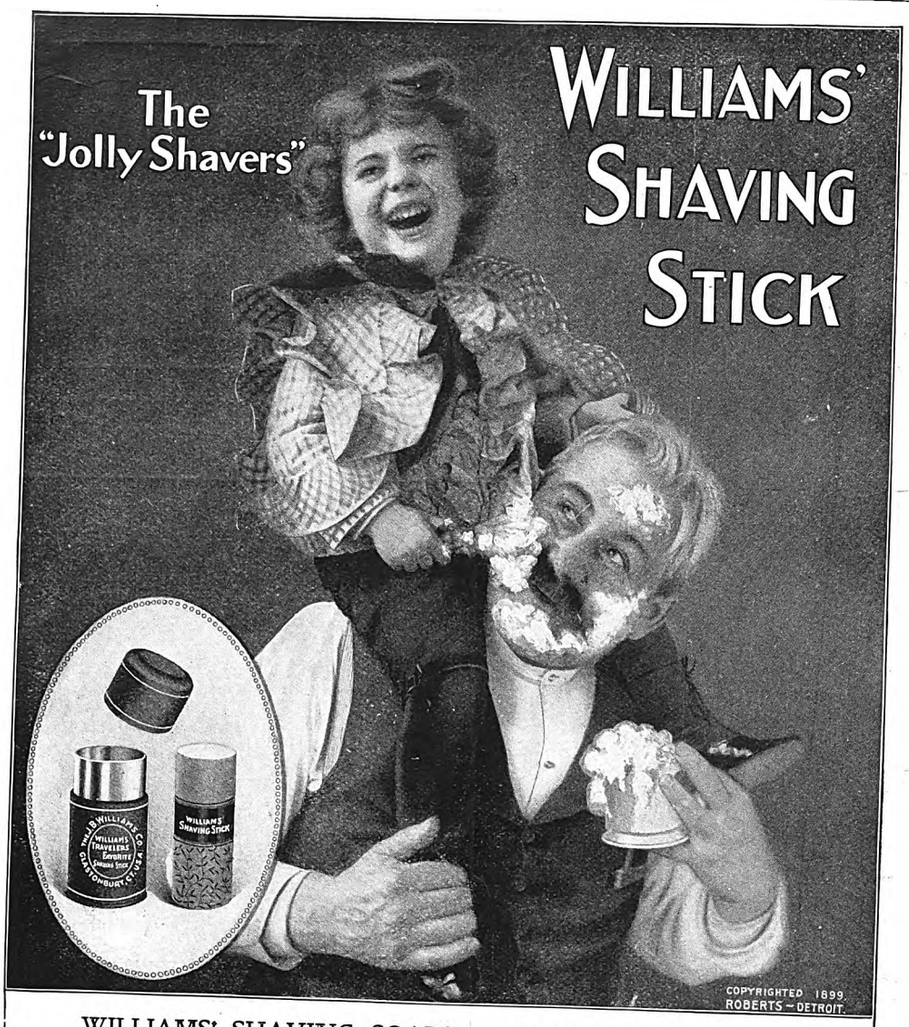

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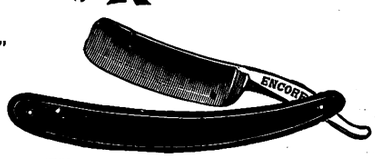

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Second Week.]

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3rd "	Lieut.-Col. U. G. C. de Burgh	Curragh
4th "	Lieut.-Col. G. D. F. Sulivan	Rawul Pindi
5th "	Lieut.-Col. St. J. C. Gore	Ladysmith, Natal
6th "	Lieut.-Col. T. C. Porter	South Africa
7th "	Lieut.-Col. W. H. M. Lowe	For South Africa
1st Dragoons	Lieut.-Col. J. F. Burn-Murdoch	Natal
2nd "	Lt.-Col. Hon. W. P. Alexander.	South Africa
3rd Hussars	Lt.-Col. W. N. Wogan-Browne.	Lucknow
4th "	Lieut.-Col. W. A. Ramsay	Bangalore
5th Lancers	Col. J. F. M. Fawcett	Ladysmith, Natal
6th Dragoons	Lt.-Col. H. C. Page-Henderson	Cape Colony
7th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. Hon. R. T. Lawley	Norwich
8th "	Lieut.-Col. P. L. Clowes	Aldershot
9th Lancers	Lieut.-Col. B. Gough	Cape Colony
10th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. R. B. W. Fisher	South Africa
11th "	Lieut.-Col. E. R. Courtenay.	Cairo
12th Lancers	Lt.-Col. D. S. W., Earl of Airlie	Cape Colony
13th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. H. J. Blagrove	Natal
14th "	Lieut.-Col. G. H. C. Hamilton	South Africa
15th "	Lieut.-Col. J. R. P. Gordon	Meerut
16th Lancers	Lieut.-Col. H. L. Aylmer	South Africa
17th "	Lieut.-Col. N. Fortescue	For South Africa
18th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. B. D. Moller	Ladysmith, Natal
19th "	L.-C. C. B. H. Wolseley-Jenkins	Ladysmith, Natal
20th "	Lieut.-Col. H. G. P. Beauchamp	Mhow
21st Lancers	L.-C. W. G. Crole Wyndham, C.B.	Newbridge

ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

Royal Horse Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.
A.—South Africa
B.—Lucknow
C.—Mhow
D.—Umballa
E.—Kirkee
F.—Sealkote
G.—Cape Colony
H.—Meerut
I.—Umballa
J.—South Africa
K.—Rawul Pindi
L.—Secunderabad
M.—Newbridge
N.—Aldershot
O.—Cape Colony
P.—Cape Colony
Q.—For South Africa
R.—Cape Colony
S.—Aldershot
T.—For South Africa
U.—For South Africa

Royal Field Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.
1.—Ahmednugger
2.—For South Africa
3.—Campbellpore
4.—South Africa
5.—For South Africa
6.—Cawnpore
7.—Natal
8.—For South Africa
9.—For South Africa
10.—Aldershot
11.—Meean Meer
12.—Jullundur
13.—Natal
14.—Natal
15.—Meerut
16.—Kirkee
17.—Woolwich
18.—Natal
19.—Natal
20.—South Africa
21.—Natal
22.—Mhow
23.—Secunderabad
24.—Peshawur
25.—Bangalore
26.—Aldershot
27.—Neemuch
28.—Natal
29.—Kirkee
30.—Fyzabad
31.—Hyderabad
32.—Jhansi
33.—St. Thomas' [Mount
34.—Ahmedabad
35.—Kurrachee
36.—Nusseerabad
37.—South Africa
38.—South Africa
39.—For South Africa
40.—Bangalore
41.—Lucknow
42.—Natal
43.—Woolwich
44.—Colchester
45.—St. Thomas' [Mount
46.—Dinapore
47.—Ferozepore
48.—Barrackpore
49.—Belgaum
50.—Agra
51.—Rawul Pindi
52.—Jubbulpore
53.—Natal
54.—Meerut
55.—Saugor
56.—Egypt
57.—Meean Meer
58.—Kamptee
59.—Woolwich
60.—Allahabad
61.—For South Africa
62.—Natal
63.—Natal
64.—For South Africa
65.—South Africa
66.—Natal
67.—Natal
68.—For South Africa
69.—Natal
70.—Bareilly
71.—Mooltan
72.—Bellary
73.—South Africa
74.—Natal
75.—Natal
76.—For South Africa
77.—South Africa
78.—Woolwich
79.—For South Africa
80.—Nowgong
81.—For South Africa
82.—For South Africa
83.—For South Africa
84.—For South Africa
85.—For South Africa
86.—For South Africa
87.—For South Africa
88.—For South Africa
89.—Aldershot
90.—Aldershot
91.—Aldershot
92.—Aldershot
93.—Cahir
94.—Leeds
95.—Leeds
96.—Seaforth
97.—Ipswich
98.—Ipswich
99.—Longford
100.—
101.—
102.—
103.—

Royal Garrison Artillery.

MOUNTAIN DIVISION.

Battery.
1.—Lundi Kotal
2.—Khyra Gali
3.—Bara Gali
4.—Natal
5.—Kalabagh
6.—Jutogh
7.—Quetta
8.—Darjeeling
9.—Mandalay
10.—Natal

EASTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Dover).

Depôt No. 1, Dover. No. 2, Great Yarmouth.

Co.
1.—Calcutta
2.—St. Helena
3.—Rangoon (for
4.—Kurrachee[Aden)
5.—South Africa
6.—Dover
7.—(S.T.) Mooltan
8.—Aden
9.—Allahabad
10.—Shoeburyness
11.—Gibraltar
12.—Dover
13.—Bombay
14.—Isle of Wight
15.—Dover
16.—Egypt [Bermuda)
17.—Malta (for
18.—Gibraltar
19.—Gibraltar [Malta)
20.—Gibraltar (for
21.—Sheerness
22.—(H.) Sheerness
23.—Shoeburyness
24.—Delhi
25.—Hong Kong
26.—(S.T.) Bombay
27.—Sheerness
28.—Landguard Fort
29.—Leith Fort

SOUTHERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Portsmouth).

Depôt No. 1, Fort Rowner, Gosport. No. 2, Seaforth Barracks, Liverpool.

Co.
1.—Malta
2.—South Africa
3.—Portsmouth
4.—Malta
5.—Agra
6.—Roorkee
7.—Weymouth
8.—Bermuda (for [Halifax, N.S.)
9.—Roorkee
10.—Gibraltar
11.—Roorkee
12.—Singapore
13.—Malta
14.—Cork Harbour
15.—(S.T.)for S. Africa
16.—For South Africa
17.—Malta
18.—Aden
19.—Malta
20.—(S.T.)Ft. Fareh'm
21.—Portsmouth
22.—Jamaica
23.—Quetta
24.—(H.) Campbell- [pore
25.—Hong Kong
26.—Gibraltar
27.—Malta
28.—Weymouth
29.—Barrackpore
30.—Portsmouth
31.—Malta
32.—Gibraltar
33.—Thobba
34.—Trincomalee
35.—Singapore
36.—For South Africa
37.—Ceylon
38.—Hong Kong
39.—Golden Hill, [Isle of Wight
40.—Cork Harbour
41.—Portsmouth

WESTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Devonport).

Depôt No. 1, Citadel, Plymouth. No. 2, Scarborough.

Co.
1.—St. Lucia
2.—Plymouth
3.—Halifax
4.—Ferozepore
5.—Rawul Pindi
6.—Leith
7.—Jhansi
8.—Mauritius
9.—(H) Secunderab'd
10.—Devonport
11.—Fort St. George
12.—Jersey
13.—Pembroke Dock
14.—C. of Good Hope
15.—(S.T.) S. Africa
16.—Aden
17.—Devonport
18.—Bombay
19.—Esquimault
20.—Halifax, N.S. (for [Jamaica)
21.—Bermuda
22.—Rangoon
23.—Kimberley
24.—Malta
25.—Quetta
26.—Mauritius
27.—Pembroke Dock
28.—Londonderry
29.—Fort Bovisand, [Plymouth

H. Heavy.

ROYAL MALTA ART'Y. Malta

S.T. Siege Train.

ROYAL ENGINEERS.

Co.
1st (F.) Cork Harbour
2nd (F.) Egypt
3rd (F.) Bermuda
4th (Sub.) Gosport
5th (F.) Portsmouth
6th (F.) South Africa
7th (Fd.) S. Africa
8th (Ry.) S. Africa
9th (Fd.) For S. Africa
10th (Ry.) S. Africa
11th (Fd.) S. Africa
12th (Fd.) S. Africa
13th (Sur.) Clifton, [Bristol
14th (Sur.) Dublin
15th (F.) Gibraltar
16th (Sur.) Bedford
17th (Fd.) S. Africa
18th (F.) Halifax, N.S.
19th (Sur.) Southamp- [ton
20th (F.) South Africa
21st (Sub.) Felixstowe
22nd (Sub.) I. of Wight
23rd (Fd.) Natal
24th (F.) Malta
25th (F.) Hong Kong
26th (Fd.) S. Africa
27th (Sub.) Bermuda
28th (Sub.) Malta
29th (F.) Cape Town
30th (Sub.) Plymouth
31st (F.) South Africa
32nd (F.) Gibraltar
33rd (Sub.) Cork Harb.
34th (Sub.) Gravesend
35th (Sub.) Pembroke [Dock
36th (F.) Bermuda
37th (Fd.) for S. Africa
38th (Fd.) S. Africa
39th (Sub.) Sheerness
40th (Sub.) Halifax, [N.S.
41st (F.) Hdqrs. and ½ Co. Ceylon; ½ Co. Singapore
42nd (F.) South Africa
43rd (F.) Mauritius
45th (F.) Steam Tr'p't, [Natal
46th (Fd.) Portsmouth
47th (F.) South Africa
A (D.) Chatham
B (D.) Chatham
C (D.) Chatham
D (D.) Chatham
E (D.) Chatham
F (D.) Chatham
G (D.) Chatham
M (Sub.) Chatham
N (D.) Chatham
H Army Hqrs., India

TELEGRAPH BATN.:
1st Div., South Africa
2nd Div., 28, Newgate [Street

BRIDGING BATN.:
A Troop, South Africa
B Troop, Aldershot
C Troop, South Africa
Field Troop, S. Africa
Field D., R.E. Troops, [Aldershot
Balloon D. and Sect., [South Africa

COAST BATTALION (Submarine Miners):

Sect.
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2 (Severn) Cardiff
3 (Clyde) Greenock
4 (Humber) Paull
5 (Tees) Middlesbr'gh
6 (Tay) Broughty [Ferry
7 (Forth) Leith, ["Dido," hulk
8 (Mersey) Liverpool
9 (Falmouth) Falm'th
10 (Weymouth) [Weymouth

LOCAL COMPANIES ABROAD:
Singapore (Sub.)
Hong Kong (Sub.)
Ceylon (Sub.) [Trincomalee
Mauritius (Sub.)
Sierra Leone (F.)
West India (Sub.) Jamaica
W. India (F.)
½ Co. Jamaica, 1 Section at St. Lucia

F. Fortress. Fd. Field. Sub. Submarine. Sur. Survey. Ry. Railway. D. Depot.

* The Disposition of our Forces in South Africa is given in every number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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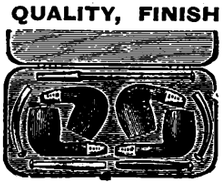

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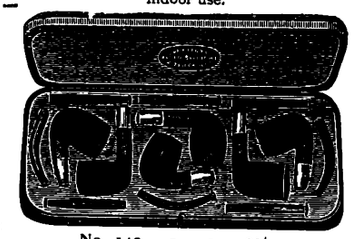

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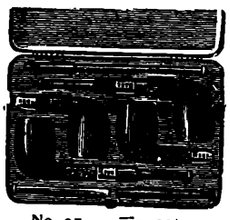

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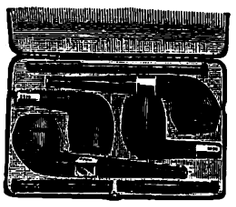

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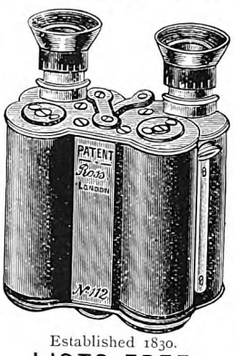

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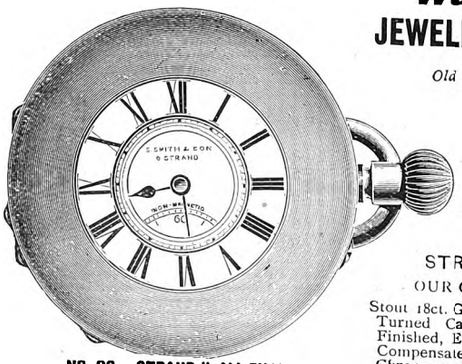

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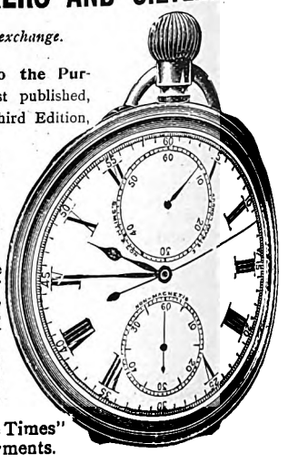

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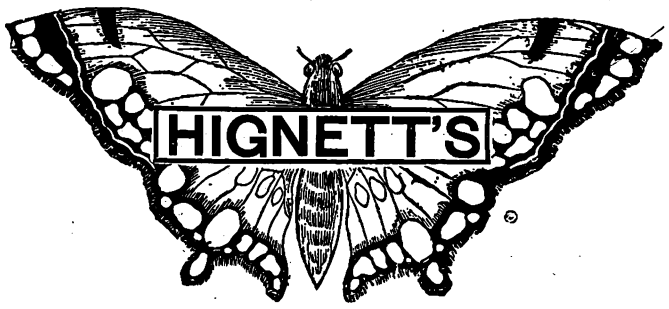

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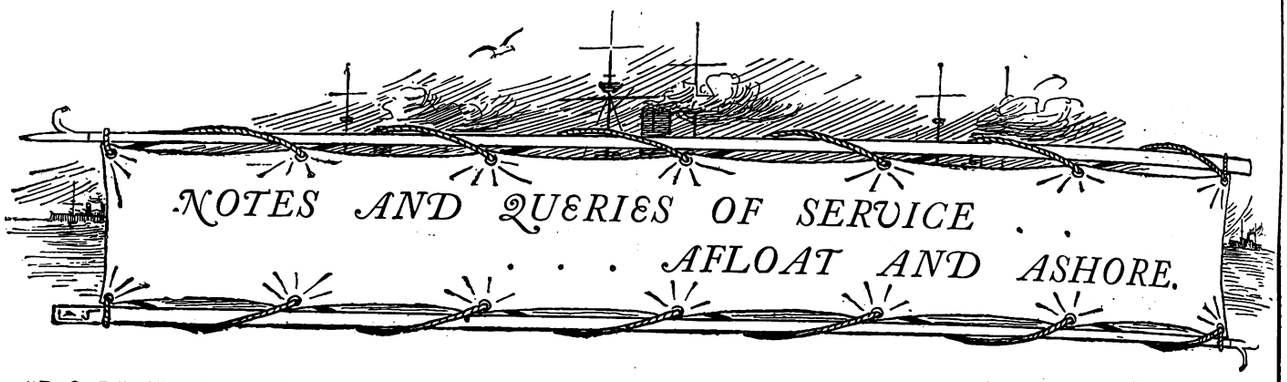

"P. O. P."—The Victoria Cross has been won on three occasions by boys—in 1855, during the Crimean Campaign, by two young members of the famous Naval Brigade, and in 1867, when a combined fleet of British, French, and Dutch ships made war upon Japan, by a midshipman of the "Euryalus." The first of the trio was Edward Daniels, who, when the horses taking an ammunition waggon filled with powder were killed by a shell, rushed out and headed a party which safely brought in the ammunition under a rain of bullets in which it seemed impossible for anyone to live. The second act of bravery was performed by a young boatswain, named Sullivan, when the famous Malakoff battery was taken. He took out a flagstaff and placed it on a certain mound which hid a Russian battery from our gunners, having in so doing traversed the enemy's line of fire. On the mound he had to dig the hole for the flagstaff with his fingers and pile stones around it to keep it firm. His coolness so excited the Russians that they all aimed wide, and the man escaped to receive, in addition to the famous cross, the French Legion of Honour. The act which won the V.C. for Duncan Boyes, the middy of the "Euryalus," occurred when the combined fleets landed a contingent of men against the Japs. It was thought, however, that the Britishers alone could successfully tackle the situation, so the French and Dutch were sent back, whereupon a large body of Japanese came into view and made a determined attack. The middy, who was carrying the colours with the leading company, rushed ahead for some twenty yards towards the defences, as though about to attempt their capture single-handed. He was called back and severely reprimanded by his captain, but the spirit of daring he had displayed infected the others, and as one man they followed him and soon took the defences. Boyes's uniform was torn to rags by bullets, as were also the colours he carried, but he himself came out safe and sound, having well earned his reward.

* * * *

W. HUNTER.—The history of the battery of Field Artillery to which you refer is briefly as follows: The battery was raised in 1806 as No. 7 Company of the 9th Battalion. In 1819 it became No. 6 Company of the 9th Battalion; in 1859 the 8th Battery of the 14th Brigade; in 1860 the 8th Battery of the 13th Brigade; in 1862 the C Battery of the 14th Brigade; and in 1879 it was given the title by which you ask after it, viz., L Battery of the 3rd Brigade. In 1889 it became the 44th Battery Royal Artillery. This battery is now at Colchester. It may help you to understand the change of nomenclature if it is stated that before the introduction of the brigade system there was one regiment of Artillery divided into battalions, each of ten companies. These companies were converted into field batteries for service as occasion arose. The brigade system was done away with in 1889, and the present system of numbered batteries was introduced.

* * * *

"M. I."—The transport of cavalry horses by sea has always been attended by great difficulties. The horse is not adapted to a seafaring life, and being unable to vomit he is exposed to certain diseases of the brain from which he would otherwise be exempt. Moreover, he is necessarily confined while embarked in a very limited space, frequently near the engines, where he suffers from heat and defective ventilation. There is also the serious danger arising from the fittings giving way in bad weather, a fruitful source of damage, especially as horses under such conditions get panic-stricken. During the Russian War, one division of Artillery lost 8 per cent. of its horses on the way out, and the "Royals" 175 between Varna and Balaclava. In one case, in the voyage across the Black Sea, the whole of the fittings carried away, the horses being thrown from one side of the ship to the other, so that in one night more than 100 kicked and worried each other to death, while for two days and nights the troops were battened down among the dead and dying horses. Even when they survived the voyage the losses were heavy from bad shoeing, sore backs, etc., but it was found that horses that were put to hard work immediately on being landed were much more liable to break down than those which had a few days' rest, with gentle exercise, before being put to full work.

* * * *

"AN INTERESTED ENQUIRER."—Various opinions are held regarding the efficacy of different kinds of shells against entrenchments. It is evident, as Lord Methuen has stated, that the Boers have ceased to be alarmed by our shrapnel, but whether common shell fired from field guns would have a better effect has been disputed. Shrapnel shells are filled with bullets, and are timed to explode about forty yards short of the enemy. The liberated bullets then scatter, continuing their onward flight with deadly effect on troops in the open, but as against an enemy who has the knack of completely concealing himself they are comparatively useless. Common shells are shells filled with powder. They are intended to lodge, and then explode like a mine, and they are properly used against buildings and works; but to be of service they should, if possible, be of the heavier "natures." Common shells or lyddite shells fired from medium guns or howitzers have amply proved their value, but it is held by some gunners that a common shell fired from a field gun contains too little powder to have any appreciable effect on entrenchments.

* * * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Whilst in France quite recently, I happened, in the course of a walk in a little seaport town, to see a sail-maker in the act of cutting holes in brand-new sails. This proceeding attracted my attention, and, on questioning the man, I elicited from him the following information: It appears that a few months since a Captain Vassalo conceived the idea of cutting holes in tain parts of the sails of a vessel. The theory of Captain Vass simple enough. 'The wind, after having acted on the sail,' says 'must find an outlet to allow a fresh layer of wind to act in its tur the same sail.' Hence the necessity of a sail having holes in it, to the wind to 'run out,' as it were, of the sail. On enquiring fur I found that the scheme has been actually tried and found extre satisfactory. I felt so interested in this new device that I hope to the experiment on a small scale next summer, and shall perhaps re to the subject later on and with greater details."

* * * *

"NORTH BRITON."—The Dundonald Galloping Gun Carriage is invention of Lord Dundonald, who recently commanded the 2nd L Guards, and is now, as everyone knows, actively engaged at the tr The carriage fulfils the following six conditions, which his Lord kept before him during its construction: 1. Is so light that one ho can gallop with it, and so strong that it will neither upset nor be down on rough ground. 2. Can be brought into action in a few seco 3. The harnessing is so simple that a disabled horse can be at o replaced. 4. Can be driven by one man, the gun in action being worke the same man without other help. 5. Carries ammunition and a shield the gunner. 6. Is light enough when unlimbered to be moved about one man. The carriage is made of steel, with hickory wheels hickory and steel shafts, its total weight, including 1,500 rounds of cartridge, boxes, belts, etc., being under 4-cwt. In combination wi good type of machine gun, it should prove effective, and is likely to heard of in the near future.

* * * *

"H. W. W."—The King's Merchant was formerly an officer the Admiralty, forming part of the establishment presided over by the Lord High Admiral. He received pay at the rate of £30 per annum, b unlike most of his *confreres*, had no "allowances," a circumstan which probably led him to trading on his own account, to the detrim of the public purse, a dereliction which, in its turn, led to the abolition of the office. His duty was to keep touch with "prices current," so far they affected Naval stores, and advise the King's officers as regarded the purchase of cordage, hemp, tar, pitch, etc. The knowledge he acquire in these researches tempted him to his fall, and he fell accordingly which is not surprising, considering the standard of morality in the public service in those days. A full description of his duties, together with those of sundry obsolete offices, such as Grand Pilot, Lieutenan of the Admiralty, and others, will be found in Sir W. Monson's Naval Tracts.

* * * *

P. GORDON BELL.—An experiment was made the other day in Edinburgh which will, I think, answer your question. Sir Thomas Lipton recently gave permission for a plate used in the "Shamrock" to be used as a test of the penetrativeness of the Lee-Metford bullet. The experiment took place at the range of Messrs. Henry and Co. The plate used was 1-ft. square, was 3-16-in. thick, and weighed 44-lb. The Lee-Metford bullets when fired at 100-yds. went clean through the plate When placed at an angle of 44-deg. the plate was also pierced. The result of the experiment seems to show that the stories from the front as to bullets glancing off helmets must refer to bullets which have lost their power through previous contact.

* * * *

"C. K. L."—The first regular sea fight worthy of the name between England and France was fought in 1215. Naval service had then become practically feudal service, and the English fleet consisted of vessels commanded by Barons, with Masters under them to sail the ships, a distinction which, probably, gave rise to the title formerly borne by the navigating branch of the Service. The scene of the battle was off the North Foreland, the English fleet of thirty-six ships being under the command of Hubert de Burgh. The French were in much greater force, the complement of their ships including many knights and soldiers; of the former 125 were captured and many more drowned, armour not being a convenient bathing dress. The English attacked first with arrows and then by boarding, making great havoc in the enemy's rigging, and bringing his sails down with a run. The battle is remarkable for the fact that it was fought in open waters, by vessels under sail and with a stiff breeze blowing, and that in the course thereof the English displayed that superiority in handling their ships which was destined to make the British Navy the foremost in the world.

* * * *

"ASPIRANT."—Yes, you can be taught how to mount your horse on the move, from one side or the other, also the best manner of rescuing a dismounted or wounded comrade. These and other feats of horsemanship are being learned now by members of the Imperial Yeomanry. Another most useful accomplishment of a mounted man is to be able to "hook in" and help a team in distress. In this way guns may be saved, ammunition brought up in time, and stranded waggons set going. But the foundation on which all such extra acquirements are built must necessarily be good, steady, well-instructed horsemanship to begin with. The next desideratum of the perfect horseman is to have a sympathetic understanding established between himself and his horse. When once this is done the horse will come to his rider's call, obey his orders, and even when free will never attempt to run away, but will rather wait for him. Many lives have been saved by horses so trained.

THE EDITOR.

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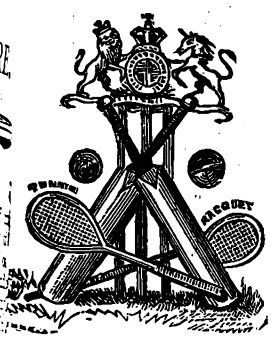

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MY DEAR BETTY,—It is still only from Malta that I hear of anything like gay doings, and even there it is a very quiet season as compared with those of other years. Nora in her last letter gave me an account of another of the "Gloamings," which are still going on merrily, the last one being so crowded that all late comers had to stand where they could, which in itself shows how popular such entertainments are. The programme of this particular evening began with feats of skill and strength by Colonel Bridgman and Captain James, who kept the audience amused for ten minutes or so, after which came a very clever and amusing musical sketch by Mr. W. B. L. Hopkins, R.N. This was followed by tea, and subsequently there were some beautiful tableaux arranged by the Misses Bernard, consisting of "Joan of Arc," "The Awakening of Love," "Roses have Thorns," and "The Dream." General O'Callaghan also contributed to the entertainment by a song, and the performance was brought to a close by Captain Oakshott, who charmed everyone by singing "When the swallows homeward fly." By that time the "Gloaming" had lasted half-an-hour longer than the time arranged for these little entertainments, but even then people were loth to leave, all having evidently enjoyed a very pleasant time. Since that everyone has been fully occupied with the rehearsals for "Pinafore," which it is hoped will be played before Lent, in which case the chorus will have to work very hard indeed.

In London there are no social engagements of any importance, and there are not likely to be any so long as all our thoughts are so anxiously turned towards South Africa. At the theatre, too, even if the house be full, there is an air of depression about everyone, which I should think must be most uninspiring for the actors and actresses. Of course, a very great deal is being talked about Mrs. Arthur Paget's tableaux, the proceeds from which are to be entirely devoted to the war fund. They are sure to be successful, for no trouble is being spared to make them so. And the supper at Princes' Restaurant is going to be very smart, I hear, so I hope that altogether a very large sum will be realised that evening.

As to personal things for the soldiers, I must tell you that Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver have laid in a large store of very inexpensive handkerchiefs purposely for them. Maud told me about them first, and she showed me a large consignment she was sending off, so I went and ordered a supply for myself. On my way out I saw some pretty tea-gowns, one of which I had sketched for you. It was made in a very fine voile, and was trimmed with a particularly delicate description of black lace, whilst the fichu was of pink mousseline de soie. Others were made in thin silks, which would be just the thing for sending to India or China, or other hot stations. And they were all so tastefully arranged with lace and chiffon that they took my fancy at once.

Yours affectionately,
CONSTANCE.

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EXTRACT FROM

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Report to the *Lancet* after the Battle of Tugela:

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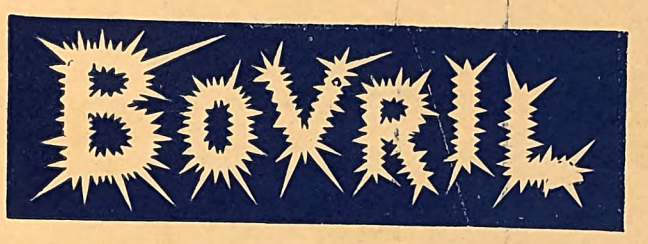
"As each wounded man "reached the hospital he was "served with a hot cup of "BOVRIL, large cans of which "were boiling outside the "tents."

The above report will be found in full in the "Lancet" of the 20th ult., and in most of the London papers of the 19th ult.



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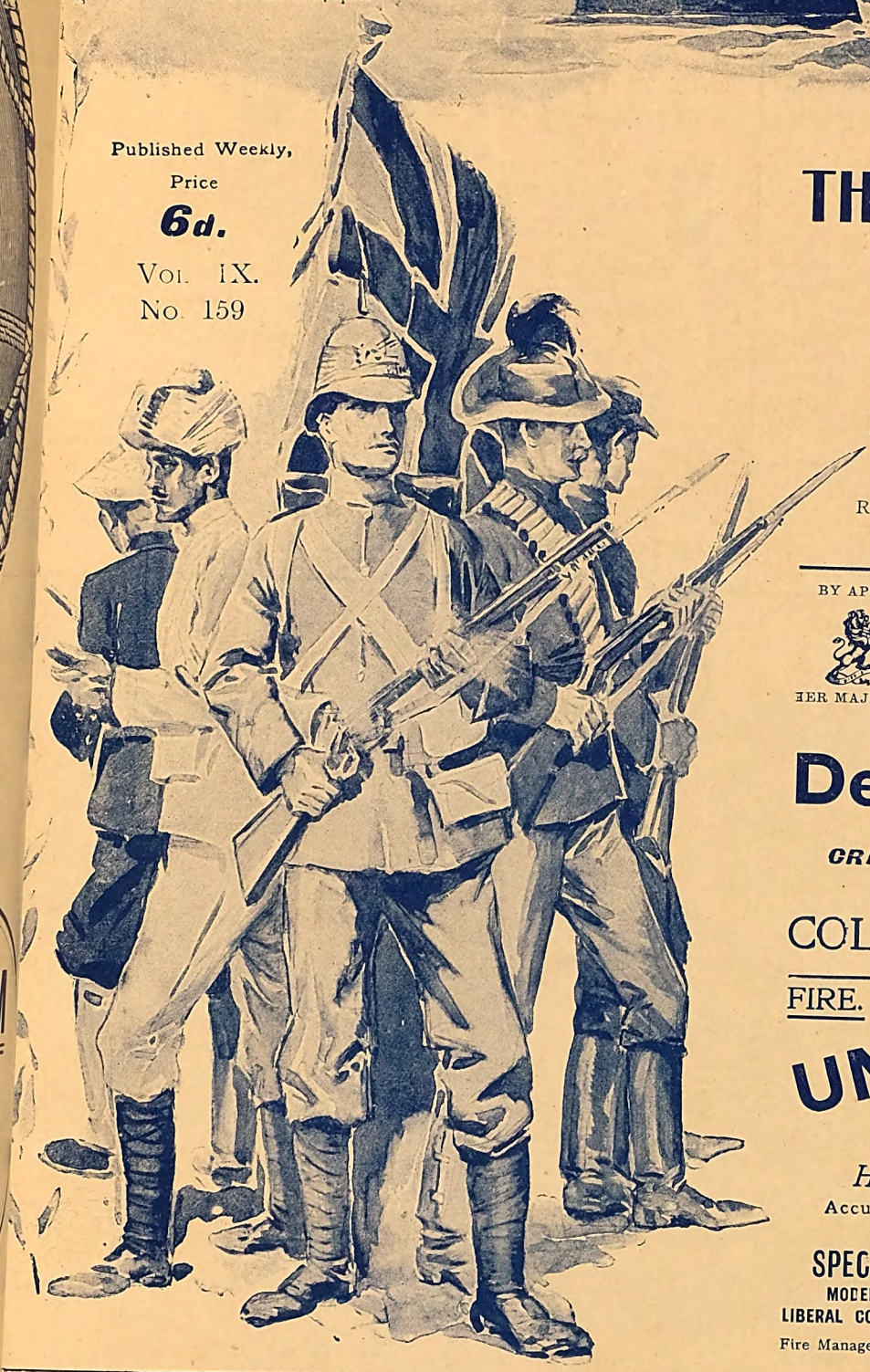

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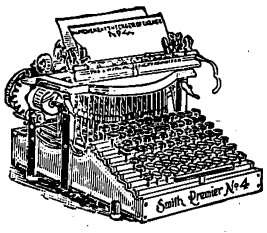

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AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "The School for Scandal."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "The Masked Ball."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Messenger Boy." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "She Stoops to Conquer."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Snow Man."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
NEW OLYMPIC, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "A Trip to Midget Town.'
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Only Way."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "How London Lives."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W. "The Canary."
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. "Rupert of Hentzau."
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Mystical Miss."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "Facing the Music."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "What Happened to Jones."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m.
WYNDHAM'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Dandy Dick."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45. p.m. "Dorothy."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "Dick Whittington."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Dangers of London."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Tyranny of Tears.
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "The Belle of New York."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "The Worst Woman in London."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Charley's Aunt."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Sorrows of Satan."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "The Manœuvres of Jane."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Is Life Worth Living."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The Private Secretary.
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "Shadows of a Great City.
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "A Gaiety Girl."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Worst Woman in London."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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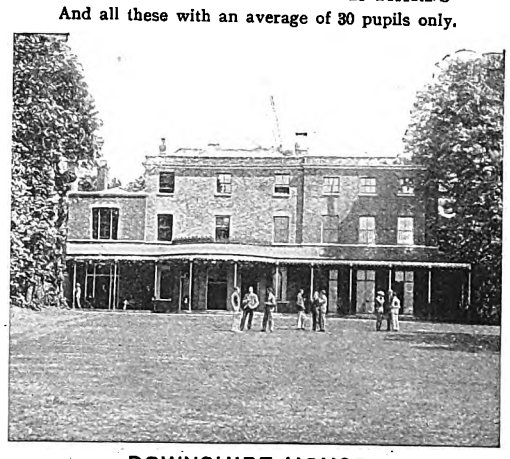

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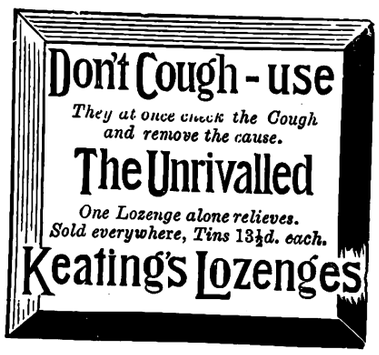

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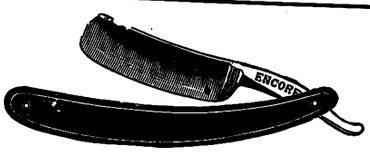

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Royal Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Third Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN HOME WATERS.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. h. Hulk. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. g.v. Gun Vessel. y. Yacht. T. Tender. s.s. Survey Ship. d.s. Depot-ship. P. Portsmouth. D. Devonport. C. Chatham. S. Sheerness. i. Instructional Torpedo Flotilla. c.g. Coast Guard. p.g. Port Guard. W.I. Whale Island.

Agincourt, *cr.*	Com. D. St. A. Wake	*T.* to Boscawen
Alarm, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. Powley	*T.* to Galatea, *c.g.*
Albacore, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. W. Steward	Ireland [Albert
Alberta, *y.*	Staff-Capt. G. A. Broad	*T.* to Victoria and
Alexandra, *B.*	Capt. Count F. C. Metaxa, A.D.C. (Vice-Adml. Sir Compton E. Domvile, K.C.B.).	Portland, *c.g.*
Algiers, *h.*	Capt. G. L. Atkinson, A.D.C. (Rear-Adml. S. C. Holland).	Medway Reserve *C.*
Angler, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Tibbets	*T.* to Pembroke
Antelope, *t.g.b.*	Com. O. A. Stokes	Portishead (R.N.R)
Ariel, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. G. G. Webster	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Arrogant, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. E. Protheroe	Channel Squadron
Asia, *h.*	Capt. A. A. C. Parr (Rear-Admiral P. Aldrich).	Portsmouth [Reserves
Australia, *cr.*	Capt. G. Neville	Southampton [Water, *c.g.*
Bat, *t.b.d.*	Com. P. A. I. Lloyd	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Benbow, *B.*	Capt. R. P. Humpage	Greenock, *c.g.*
Bittern, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. La J. Leatham	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Black Prince, *cr.*	Com. W. J. Grogan	Queenstown (boys)
Boscawen, *h.*	Capt. T. H. M. Jerram	Portland (boys)
Britannia, *h.*	Capt. Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe, C.B., C.M.G.	Dartmouth (cadets)
Briton, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. A. C. Spearman	Inverness (R.N.R.)
Caledonia, *h.*	Com. J. G. Hewitt	Queensferry (boys)
Calliope, *cr.*	Capt. H. P. Routh	*T.* to Northampton
Cambrian, *cr.*	Capt. R. K. McAlpine	Training Squadron
Cambridge, *h.*	Capt. R. W. Craigie	Gunnery School, *D.*
Chamois, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. G. Corbett	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Circe, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. G. S. Q. Carr, C.M.G.	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Clyde, *h.*	Com. J. P. Montgomery	Aberdeen (R.N.R.)
Collingwood, *B.*	Capt. F. Finnis	Bantry, *c.g.*
Colossus, *B.*	Capt. S. A. Johnson	Holyhead, *c.g.*
Conqueror, *B.*		*T.* to Cambridge
Coquette, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. C. P. Beaty-Pownall	*T.* to Pembroke
Crane, *t.b.d.*	Com. T. D. W. Napier	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Curacoa, *cr.*	Com. H. Lyon	*T.* to Northampton
Curlew, *g.v.*		*T.* to Cambridge
Cygnet, *t.b.d.*	Com. C. S. Hickley	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Dædalus, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. B. C. Barber	Bristol (R.N.R.)
Defiance, *h.*	Capt. F. T. Hamilton	Torpedo School, *D.*
Diadem, *cr.*	Capt. H. S. F. Niblett	Channel Squadron
Diana, *cr.*	Capt. H. C. A. Baynes	Particular Service
Dolphin, *sloop*	Lieut.-Com. J. Luce	*T.* to Boscawen
D. of Wellingt'n, *h.*	Capt. W. de V. Hamilton	Depôt Ship, *P.*
Durham, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. R. H. Curteis	Leith (R.N.R.)
Eagle, *h.*	Com. C. E. Gladstone	Liverpool (R.N.R.)
Edinburgh, *B.*	Com. W. G. Van Ingen	*T.* to Wildfire [(Gunnery School)
Elfin, *y.*	Staff-Com. J. E. Tully	*T.* to Victoria and [Albert
Enchantress, *y.*	Staff-Capt. P. D. Ouless	Admiralty Yacht, *P*
Europa, *cr.*	Capt. A. J. Pocklington	Particular Service
Excellent	Capt. W. H. May, M.V.O.	Gunnery Sch., *W.I.*
Fairy, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. N. Hunter	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Fawn, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. W. Dalgety	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Ferret, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com.	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Fire Queen, *y.*	Staff-Capt. T. Hawkins Smith	*T.* to Victory
Flirt, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Thomas	*T.* to Victory
Flying Fish, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. Singer	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Furious, *cr.*	Capt. L. E. Wintz	Channel Squadron
Galatea, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cross	Hull, *c.g.*
Ganges, *h.*	Com. W. V. Anson	Harwich (boys)
Gleaner, *t.g.b.*	Com. F. H. Peyton	Gravesend (R.N.R)
Gossamer, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. G. T. Cole	*T.* to Melampus, *c.g.*
Hannibal, *B.*	Capt. Sir B. W. Walker, Bart., C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Hearty, *g.b.*	Com. H. G. King Hall, D.S.O.	North Sea [(fisheries)
Hecla	Com. W. J. Scullard (N)	Torpedo Depôt, *P.*
Hero, *B.*	Com. C. G. Treherne	*T.* to Excellent
Highflyer, *cr.*	Capt. F. E. E. Brock	T. Squadron (Tem.)
Howe, *B.*	Captain H. L. Fleet (Rear-Adml. A. P. M. Lake).	Queenstown, *p.g.*
Impregnable, *h.*	Capt. A. C. B. Bromley	Devonport (boys)
Indus, *h.*	Capt. W. Marrack (Rear-Adml. T. S. Jackson).	D'nport Reserves
Jackal, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Tancred	Coast of Scotland [(fisheries)
Janus, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. G. de L. O. Johnson	*T.* to Pembroke
Jaseur, *t.g.b.*	Com. W. Carey	*T.* to Vernon
Jason, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. Bruce	Particular Service
Juno, *cr.*	Capt. G. H. Cherry	Training Squadron
Jupiter, *B.*	Capt. J. Durnford, C.B., D.S.O.	Channel Squadron
Kite, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. P. W. Hope	*T.* to Excellent
Landrail, *g.v.*		*T.* to Wildfire
Leda, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. V. Maud	*T.* to Australia, *c.g.*
Liberty, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. C. H. Morgan	*T.* to Lion
Lightning, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. L. L. Dundas	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Lion, *h.*	Com. E. G. Shortland	Devonport (boys)
Locust, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. S. H. Radcliffe	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Lynx, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com.	*T.* to Vivid
Magnet, *tug.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Webber	*T.* to Victory
Magnificent, *B.*	Capt. J. Ferris (Rear-Adml. A. D. Fanshawe).	Channel Squadron
Majestic, *B.*	Capt. G. Le C. Egerton, C.B. (Vice-Admiral Sir H. H. Rawson, K.C.B.).	Channel Squadron
Mars, *B.*	Capt. H. J. May, C.B.	Channel Squadron
Martin, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. S. M. Agnew	*T.* to St. Vincent
Medea, *cr.*	Com. C. G. May	Southampton [(R.N.R.)
Medusa, *cr.*	Com. A. L. K. Knapton	N. Shields (R.N.R)
Melampus, *cr.*	Capt. R. N. Gresley	Kingstown, *c.g.*
Mermaid, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. E. F. Kerr	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Minerva, *cr.*	Capt. F. O. Pike	Training Squadron
Minotaur, *cr.*	Com. E. G. Barton	*T.* to Boscawen
Nautilus, *brig*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. D. Tothill	*T.* to Impregnable
Nile, *B.*	Capt. G. C. Langley	Devonport, *p.g.*
Northampton, *cr.*	Capt. H. A. W. Onslow	Recruiting Service
Northumberl'd, *cr.*	Com. C. E. Tower	Depôt Ship, *C.*
Onyx, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. Oliver	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Osborne, *y.*	Capt. C. Windham	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Osprey, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. G. E. Corbett	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Pactolus, *cr.*	Capt. F. J. Foley	Channel Squadron
Panther, *t.b.d.*	Com. J. I. Graham	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Pembroke, *h.*	Capt. A. Macleod	Medway Res'ves, *C*
Pilot, *brig*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. S. Alderson	*T.* to Impregnable
President, *h.*	Com. A. C. Woods	W.I. Docks (R.N.R)
Prince George, *B.*	Capt. A. Barrow	Channel Squadron
Racer, *sloop*	Com. M. S. Beatty (N)	*T.* to Britannia
Raven, *g.b.*	Com. A. Meldrum	Channel Islands
Renard, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. H. Eyre	*T.* to Colossus, *c.g.*
Repulse, *B.*	Capt. R. F. O. Foote, C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Research, *s.*	Capt. W. U. Moore	Home Waters
Resolution, *B.*	Capt. C. R Arbuthnot	Channel Squadron
Rodney, *B.*	Capt. G. W. Russell	Queensferry, *c.g.*
St. George, *cr.*	Com. E. V. Poe, M.V.O., A.D.C.	Training Squadron
St. Vincent, *h.*	Com. C. F. Thursby	Portsmouth (boys)
Sans Pareil, *B.*	Capt. H. C. Bigge	Sheerness, *p.g.*
Seaflower, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. E. G. H. Gamble	*T.* to Boscawen
Seagull, *t.g.b.*	Com. H. Grant-Dalton	Particular Service
Seahorse, *s.*	Staff-Com. G. S. Keigwin	Home Waters
Seal, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. A. J. Payne	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Severn, *cr.*	Capt. W. L. H. Browne	Harwich, *c.g.*
Shark, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com.	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Sheldrake, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. W. Pochin	*T.* to Rodney
Spanker, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. H. E. F. Worthington	*T.* to Alexandra, *c.g.*
Star, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. B. S. Evans	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Sturgeon, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. M. McG. Lockhart	*T.* to Pembroke
Thrasher, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. T. D. Pratt	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Thunderer, *B.*	Capt. J. E. Blaxland	Pembroke, *p.g.*
Trafalgar, *B.*	Capt. G. A. Primrose	Portsmouth, *p.g.*
Traveller, *tug*	Lieut.-Com. R. A. Cathie	*T.* to Vivid
Triton, *s.*	Capt. G. E. Richards	Home Waters
Unicorn, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. E. L. Austen	Dundee (R.N.R.)
Vernon, *h.*	Capt. C. G. Robinson	Torpedo School, *P*
Vesuvius, *g.b.*	Lt.-Com. F. C. U. V. Wentworth	*T.* to Vernon
Victoria & Albert, *y.*	R.-Adml. Sir J. R. T. Fullerton, K.C.V.O., C.B., A.D.C.	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Victory, *h.*	Capt. F. C. B. Bridgeman (Adml. Sir M. Culme-Seymour, Bart., G.C.B.).	Portsmouth
Violet, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. B. Sparks	*T.* to Victory
Vivid, *y.*	Capt. Sir R. Poore, Bart. (Adml. Sir H. Fairfax, K.C.B.).	Devonport
Wanderer, *barque*	Lieut.-Com. L. de W. Satow	*T.* to Boscawen
Wildfire, *y.*	Capt. C. Campbell, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C. (Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith, K.C.B.).	Sheerness
Wolf, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. C. Kemble-Lambert.	*T.* to Vivid
Wye, *s.*	Staff-Com. C. R. H. Robinson	Particular Service

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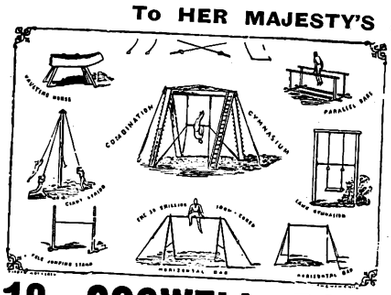

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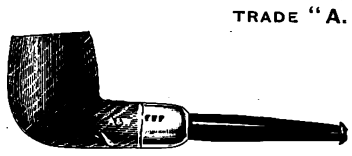

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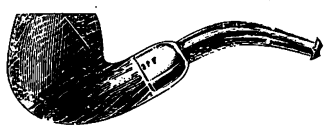

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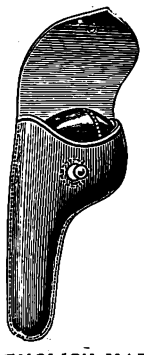

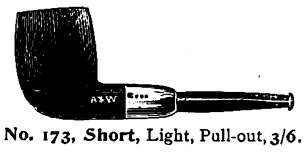

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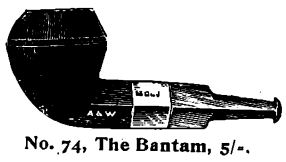

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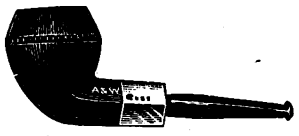

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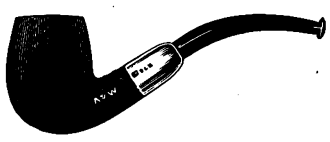

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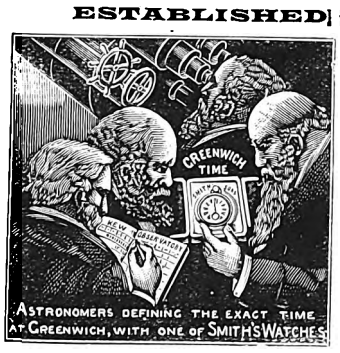

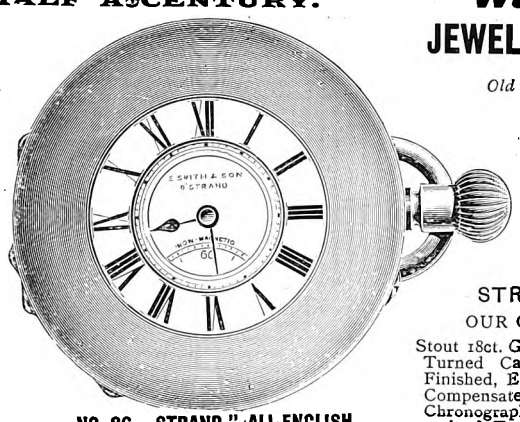

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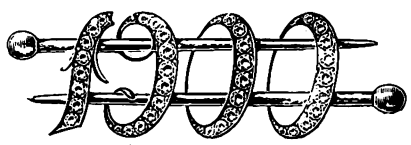

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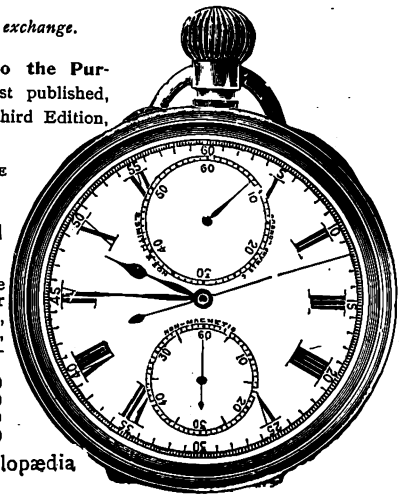

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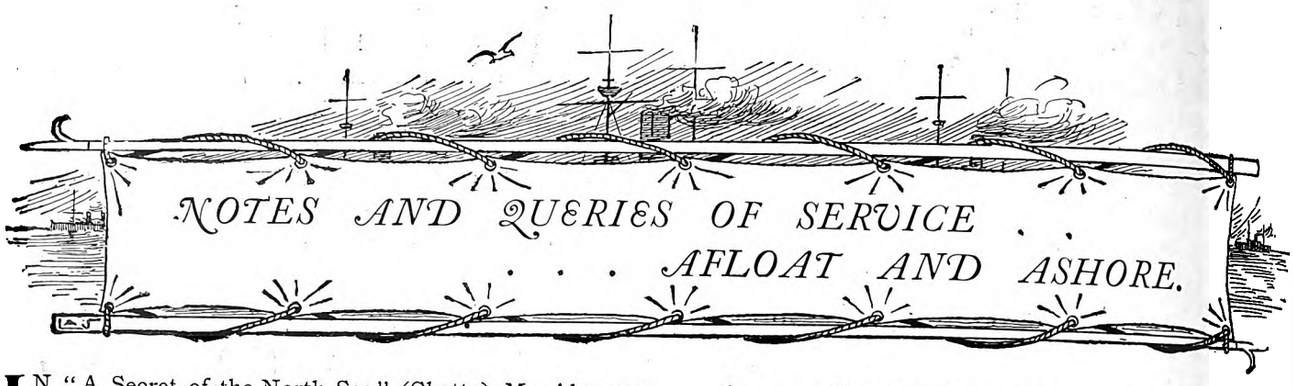

IN "A Secret of the North Sea" (Chatto), Mr. Algernon Gissing has written a novel of distinction. Its distinction is that of character, for the materials he handles are often of the roughest. The story is cast in the same Northumbrian land that was the scene of his "Scholar of Bygate," and I like the story just as well. There is something in it of convention, of old-fashioned convention if you will, for the opening part is but the introduction to a story that has its beginning earlier. Old story-writers would often find their subject in a dusty packet of letters, or in a forgotten diary discovered in the first chapter, and there may be advantages in the method sometimes. I think Mr. Gissing, consciously or unconsciously, is influenced by the Brontës. There is something in his rugged characterisation that reminds one of the stormy passions that surge through the pages of "Wuthering Heights." His theme is one of vengeance and unquenchable hatred. Two neighbouring Northumbrian farmers have their hatred engendered in boyhood, growing deeper as the years go by, and carried to its extreme in manhood by injury done. Crumstone, the greater fury, would wed the sister of the other, but Beadnell and the girl play a trick upon him. He has wronged another Janet, and by stratagem, at a border Gretna Green, he is made to marry her, veiled from recognition. There is something, perhaps, unreal in the incident, but it goes to the moulding of character. In this way does Crumstone express his fell purpose to his unwelcome bride in the homely Northumbrian tongue: "I can tell you, lass, I'll never forget this—I'll never forget it, day or night for a lifetime. I'll never rest for yae minute, if I live a hundred years, but I'll pay him out. Ay, I'll smash yon man, and a' that's about him, just like I smashed yon Shieldrake's eggs. I'll come in at the hinder end, I'll promise you." It is the evolution of this vengeance in acts that is Mr. Gissing's theme. Partly by the aid of money is it worked out, for in any and every contest money has power. The characterisation is extremely fine, and there is much convincing human portraiture in the book, though the personages are not at all such as most people are most familiar with. Peter Annett, Beadnell, and Crumstone the enemies; Lylliard the daughter and Peregrine the son of the former, and Janet the wife and the Kittiwake the unrecognised daughter of the latter, are all powerfully drawn. We see how the toils are gathered about the intended victim. His property dwindles, his dearly-loved home is wasted, his son is filched away. Into the boy's ear the villain pours all the fascination of the sea. The pulses of forgotten ancestry are stirred, and the lad goes away, to the agony of his parents, who have "aye liked the plough and the herding." "Come heame, my boy Perry, come heame, your mother wearies sair!" is her nightly cry to the wind and the firs as she stands at the farmhouse door.

And the boy hears, and returns on a terrible night to the cove. But here I must quote a little of Mr. Gissing's fine prose. The Kittiwake has a passionate love for the boy Peregrine, and she goes down among the rocks in the midst of the storm to discover if he be dead or alive. She chances upon his unconscious body washed up by the waves. "His eyes were closed; his great head of hair was like a wet mop over his forehead—like seaweed, Kitty thought, as she wiped the face with her handkerchief, for that was what he said hers was like, when he saved her on the Stagg rocks." Then she sees the villain wandering from among the searchers.

"'Help me!' she shouted. 'He's not dead; but he will be if we are not quick. Mr. Crumstone, help me!' Instead of answering her the man came down from the rock, and fixed his dark eyes upon the prostrate youth, and then upon the girl. He took up one of the man's hands and let it fall. 'He is, he must be dead,' he muttered. 'I'll go and tell somebody to fetch him.' But, as he turned away, Kittiwake at one spring, was upon him. Mistaking her purpose, Crumstone thrust her back, and she fell upon the prostrate body. Instantly she was again at the man's side, regardless of her own safety. 'You shall not leave him to die here,' she cried, clutching him by the arm. The girl's spirit thrilled the man, and she felt him tremble. 'Help me to carry him. Ye canna murder him. You'll find no rest for your soul if you do.' 'He is dead. . . . It's you that have murdered him, not me.' And he moved, dragging her with him. 'Leave me, or——' 'I'll never leave you, if you dinna turn and help me. I'll follow you and cling to you through the whole world, ay, through all eternity. You shall have no rest here or hereafter. I'll skirl through your soul, like a' the storms that ever swept over the North Sea since it was water. . . . You shall help me!'"

I have quoted this to show the passionate vehemence of much of Mr. Gissing's narrative. More might have been cited to illustrate his excellent descriptive style and the force with which he invests nature, seeming to penetrate its inner character. Excellent too, in its suggestive power, is the laconic reconciliation of the returned and restored seaman and his failing father. They shake hands. "'Well, lad.' 'Well, father.' 'It's a queer warld,' said Matthew Beadnell, resignedly, and Perry seemed to acquiesce." I shall not tell the story any further. It is thoroughly well written, the development of its plot—which I have only partially outlined—is good, and the style and character are excellent. This is far and away above most stories of the day, and I would willingly have devoted more space to it.

Other things, however, claim attention, and in these days we cannot get far away from the war. Look, for example, at the picture of "The Handy Man" on this page. It is a reproduction of the splendid plate by Mr. Caton Woodville, published by Messrs. Graves of Pall Mall. Such a notable figure, drawn with unmistakable power, and produced in photogravure and mezzotint by R. Wallace Hester, must be an admirable memorial of the present war, in the course of which our countrymen have learned to value the seaman-gunner so highly. This is one of the men who "saved the situation" at Ladysmith, and it is published as a companion to "The Absent-Minded Beggar," of which 200 treble remarque proofs were subscribed for within thirty-six hours, and 1,000 single remarque proofs within seven days of the first announcement. In the case of the new plate, the "remarques" are a midshipman seated against a sandbag battery, and the heads of Captains Lambton and Percy Scott. Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Caton Woodville sign the treble remarque proofs, and Mr. Woodville the single (midshipman only) remarque proofs. In either state the plate must be a highly valued possession. Those who would have the treble remarques must not delay, if in that state the plate is even now attainable.

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MY DEAR BETTY,—Last week a very successful entertainment was given in the Round Room, Rotunda, Dublin, in aid of Lady Roberts's fund, by the children of Mr. and Mrs. Leggett Byrne's dancing class. About 400 of the pupils took part in the programme, which consisted of various fancy dances, such as the minuet, sailor's hornpipe, Scottish sword dance, Irish jig, skating dance, morris dance, etc., etc. But the event of the evening was the military dance, which was performed with great spirit by Miss Gladys Browne and Master Robin McArdle, who were dressed in the khaki uniform of the Dublin Fusiliers. It began with a march in single file and went on to scouting, assaulting and defending with the sword, and firing pistols, all to a step which was half march, half dance. It was very pretty, and was received most enthusiastically, and it ended with a tableau of "First Aid," as seen in the photograph here reproduced.

Master Robin McArdle then recited "The Absent-Minded Beggar," drawing forth a shower of coins from the audience, which, added to the sum collected in his helmet, amounted to £20.

The band of the Royal Hibernian Military School and Mr. Oscar May's string band played during the afternoon, and the entertainment proved a great success, the Round Room being full to overflowing, in spite of many people being kept away by influenza.

I saw some very smart little coats at Princes' the other day when I happened to be lunching there. The restaurant has been very full of late, amongst the well-known people being the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Arthur Hill, Lord Coventry, Lord Westmorland, Lord Castlerosse, Lord Brackley, Captain and Mrs. Stewart, Lady Alice Leslie, Baron de Courcelle, General Cooper, Captain Ronald Greville, and a host of others.

APPLYING A BANDAGE.

This week I had a letter from Alice, and I hoped it was bringing me some Indian news, of which she has been very sparing indeed of late. The first part of the letter, however, was devoted to fervent requests that certain commissions she gave me should be carried out immediately without any delay. Particularly did she ask for cotton dressing-gowns, of which she wanted to lay in a stock before the hot weather. Luckily for my peace of mind, I remembered having seen a quantity of these at Robinson and Cleaver's last time I was there, so I went off to Regent Street to get her some. I found they had them in three or four varieties, some being quite plain zephyr very simply made, others elaborately trimmed with lace and cut with a long watteau back. All were really pretty and none expensive, so I bought half-a-dozen for Alice, and I expect she will find them a great comfort for the hot mornings, especially as they will wash like rags. At the end of her letter Alice told me about the Bengal polo tournament that came off at Calcutta in the middle of January before a large gathering of interested spectators, Lady Curzon being present from the very beginning of the game to watch the match for the Ezra Challenge Cup between the Viceroy's Staff and the Volunteers. Though the victory was to the Staff, with six goals and one subsidiary to the Volunteers' one goal and one subsidiary, there was some capital play, Major Williams and Major Cartwright doing splendid service for the Volunteers, whose team was further made up of Captain Apostolides and Captain Colville, whilst for the Staff there were Captain Marker, Major Baring, Captain Wilkinson, and Captain Grimstone.

Still more people were gathered together two days later to see the match between the Military and Civilian teams, though the play was by no means exciting or interesting. The game ended in victory for the Military with five goals and seven subsidiaries to one goal and one subsidiary, the respective teams being Captain Hood, Captain Iggulden, Captain Martin, and Major Kuper for the Military, and for their opponents Messrs. Sheepshanks, Russell, Bonham Carter, and Carlyle.

The "At Home" given by Admiral Bosanquet on the "Eclipse" at about that time was very enjoyable. The ship was made gay with flags, flowers, etc.; the band played all the afternoon, and many people could not resist a dance or two before they went home, the good music and the polished deck being irresistible.

The same evening everyone met again at the State Ball, which was one of the most successful that has ever taken place at Calcutta, dancing being very vigorously kept up till 2 a.m. Government House was really a lovely sight, being lit up with a myriad of electric lamps, each carefully shaded to as becoming a tint as possible. The usual brilliant uniforms and Court dresses of the men, with the bright silks and satins of the women's costumes, made the ballroom a very gay scene, a few black dresses here and there giving a contrast that was a relief amongst so many gay colours.

I have just had a note from Mrs. Robert Price telling me she would be most grateful for any flannel shirts, pyjamas, or natural wool socks for the Portland Hospital, which is greatly in need of such help for the many wounded there. Any contributions you feel inclined to send should be addressed to Mrs. Robert Price, 6, Sussex Mansions, S.W.; or to Mrs. Howard Tooth, 34, Harley Street, W.

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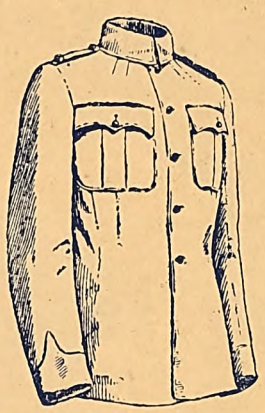

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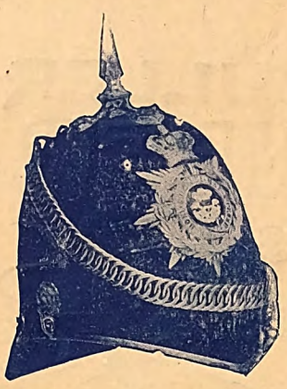

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Vol. IX.—No. 160. Saturday, February 24th, 1900.

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46th	G. E. Cumming	2075
3rd	A. Baddeley	2923
*13th	A L. H. D. Coke	2568
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NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand, W.C., 7.45 p.m. "The Better Life."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "In Spite of All."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. "His Excellency the Governor."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Messenger Boy." Sat. 2 p.m.
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "Puss in Boots."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "The Gay Lord Quex." Sat. 2 p.m.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. "She Stoops to Conquer."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Henry V."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m. "Flora Dora." Thursday, 2.30 p.m.
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "The Only Way."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "How London Lives."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W. "Magda."
ST. JAMES'S, S.W. "Rupert of Hentzau."
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W., 8 p.m. "The Mystical Miss."
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. "Facing the Music."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m. "What Happened to Jones."
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Bishop's Eye."
WYNDHAM'S, W.C., 8 p.m. "Dandy Dick."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. and 1.30 p.m. "Sinbad the Sailor."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "Th Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45. p.m. "The Sign of the Cross."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m. "The Great Ruby."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Babes in the Wood."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Cinderella."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "The Great World of London."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m. and 2 p.m. "For the King."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "The Geisha."
GRAND, Islington, N., 7.30 p.m. and 2 p.m. "Forty Thieves."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m., Thurs. at 2. "The Squire."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "The Secret of the Harem,"
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "A Royal Family."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Driven from Home."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "The Manœuvres of Jane."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Is Life Worth Living."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W. "The Private Secretary.
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "The Broad Arrow."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Worst Woman in London."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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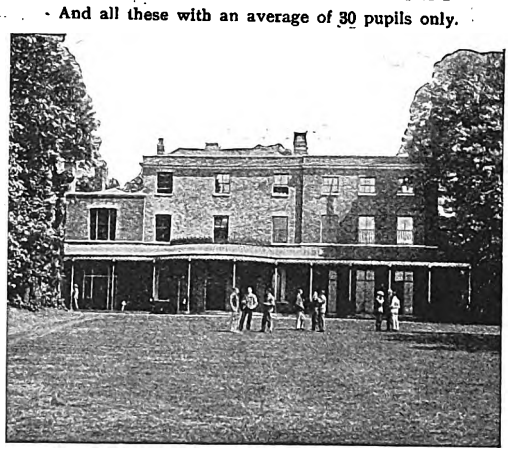

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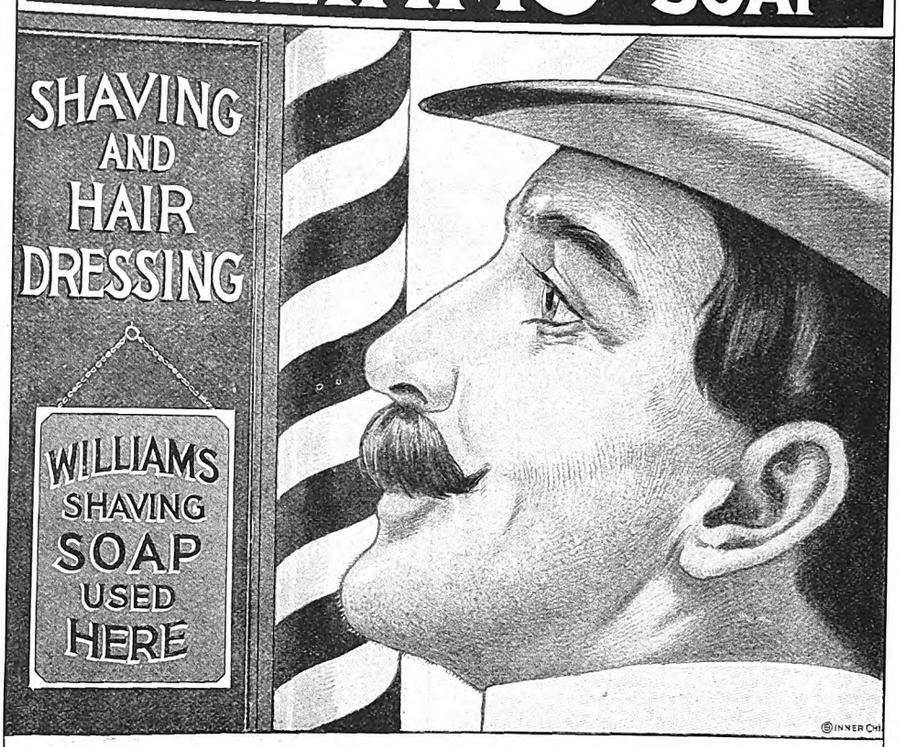

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Fourth Week.]

THE QUARTERS OF THE INFANTRY REGIMENTS.

	Battn.		
Grenadier G'ds	1.	Col. D. A. Kinloch	Windsor
	2.	Lieut.-Col. F. Lloyd, D.S.O.	For South Africa
	3.	Lieut.-Col. E. M. S. Crabbe	Cape Colony
Coldstream G'ds	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. E. Codrington	Cape Colony
	2.	L.-C. Hon. A. H. Henniker-Major.	Cape Colony
	3.	Lieut.-Col. V. J. Dawson	Chelsea
Scots Guards	1.	Col. A. H. Paget	Cape Colony
	2.	Col. I. R. Jones	For South Africa
	3.	Major Hon. C. Harbord (tem.)	Wellington B'cks
Royal Scots (1st)	1.	Lt.-Col. E. P. Morgan-Payler	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. T. F. Ross	Poona
Queen's (Rl. West Surrey Reg., 2nd)	1.	Col. J. S. Collins	Rawal Pindi
	2.	Lt.-Col. E. O. F. Hamilton	Natal
The Buffs (East Kent Reg., 3rd)	1.	Col. A. E. Ommanney	Kamptee
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. A. Hickson	Cape Colony
King's Own (Rl. Lancaster 4th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. Rowlandson	Singapore
	2.	Col. M. E. Crofton	Cape Colony
Northumberland Fusiliers (5th).	1.	Lt.-Col. C. G. C. Money, C.B.	Cape Colony
	2.	Lt.-Col. G. Frend	Cape Colony
Ryl. Warwickshire Regiment (6th).	1.	Lt.-Col. W. E. G. Forbes, C.B.	Madras
	2.	Lieut.-Col. M. Q. Jones, C.B.	Cape Colony
	3.	Lieut.-Col. A. W. F. Jackson	Malta
	4.	Lieut.-Col. H. E. Irwin	Warwick
Royal Fusiliers (7th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. R. P. B. Rodick	Nusseerabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. C. Donald	Natal
	3.	Lieut.-Col. J. E. Briggs	Gibraltar
	4.	Lieut.-Col. F. C. Annesley	Hounslow
King's (Liverpool Regiment, 8th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. L. S. Mellor	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. S. H. Harrison	Dublin
Norfolk Regiment (9th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. L. Govan	Bombay
	2.	Lieut.-Col. L. H. Phillips	For South Africa
Lincolnshire Reg. (10th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. R. Lowth, C.B.	Secunderabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. R. Roberts	For South Africa
Devonshire Reg. (11th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. W. Park	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. M. Bullock	Natal
Suffolk Regiment (12th)	1.	Lt.-Col. G. F. C. Mackenzie	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. R. Townley	Quetta
Somersetshire L.I. (13th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. A. Walsh	Rawal Pindi
	2.	Lieut.-Col. E. J. Gallwey	Natal
West Yorkshire Regiment (14th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. Grant-Dalton	Kurrachee
	2.	Col. F. W. Kitchener	Natal
East Yorkshire Regiment (15th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. F. Garnett	Belgaum
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. W. Ward	For South Africa
Bedfordshire Reg. (16th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. H. Riddell	Mooltan
	2.	Col. W. O. Cavenagh	Natal
Leicestershire Reg. (17th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. D. Carleton	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. W. McKinstry	For South Africa
Royal Irish Reg. (18th).	1.	Lt.-Col. H. W. N. Guinness	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. B. Forster	Mhow
Yorkshire Reg. (19th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. Bowles	Cape Colony
	2.	Lt.-Col. C. J. Spottiswoode	Umballa
Lancashire Fus. (20th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. L. E. May	Crete
	2.	Lt.-Cl. C. J. Blomfield, D.S.O.	Natal
	3.	Lieut.-Col. R. G. Bruxner-Randall.	Malta
	4.	Lieut.-Col. C. M. Hutton	Bury
Royal Scots Fus. (21st).	1.	Lt.-Col. A. H. Abercrombie	Peshawur
	2.	Lieut.-Col. E. E. Carr	Natal
Cheshire Regiment (22nd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. W. Bromfield	Secunderabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. F. Curteis	Cape Colony
Royal Welsh Fus. (23rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. C. H. Thorold	Natal
	2.	Lt.-Col. Hon. R. H. Bertie	Hong Kong
South Wales Borderers (24th).	1.	Lt.-Col. H. G. Mainwaring	Chakrata
	2.	Lieut.-Col. Hon. U. de R. B. Roche.	Cape Colony
K.O. Scottish Borderers (25th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. W. Godfray	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. T. W. Hewat	Cawnpore
Cameronians (Sct. Rifles, 26th-90th)	1.	Lieut.-Col. S. H. Lomax	Lucknow
	2.	Lieut.-Col. E. Cooke	Natal
Royal Inniskilling Fus. (27th-108th)	1.	Lt.-Col. T. M. G. Thackeray	Natal
	2.	Lt.-Col. R. L. Payne, D.S.O.	Meean Meer
Gloucestershire Reg. (28th-61st).	1.	Lieut.-Col.	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. F. Lindsell	Cape Colony
Worcestershire Reg. (29th-36th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. O. H. Oakes	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col.	Cape Colony
East Lancashire Reg. (30th-59th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. J. A. Wright	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. G. Watson	Ranikhet
East Surrey Reg. 31st-70th).	1.	Lt.-Col. W. J. H. Frodsham	Jhansi
	2.	Lieut.-Col. R. H. W. Harris	Natal
Duke of Cornwall's L.I. (32nd-46th).	1.	Col. C. F. A. Turnbull	Lucknow
	2.	Lt.-Col. W. Aldworth, D.S.O.	Cape Colony
D. of Wellington's (W. Riding Reg., 33rd-76th).	1.	Lt.-Col. G. E. Lloyd, D.S.O.	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. S. J. Trench	Rangoon
Border Regiment (34th-55th).	1.	Col. T. H. E. Hinde	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. S. Wood	Bareilly
Royal Sussex Reg. (35th-107th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. B. D. A. Donne	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. C. Young	Sealkote
Hampshire Reg. (37th-67th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. R. Parkinson	Cherat, Punjab
	2.	Lieut.-Col. W. E. Briggs	Cape Colony
South Staffords're Reg. (38th-80th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. C. Savage	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. N. S. Allen	Subathu
Dorsetshire Reg. (39th-54th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. J. J. Kentish	Nowshera, Punjab
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. Law	Natal
South Lancashire Reg. (40th-82nd)	1.	L.-C. W. McCarthy-O'Leary	Natal
	2.	L.-C. A. F. G. Richardson	Jubbulpore
Welsh Regiment (41st-69th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. R. J. F. Banfield	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. F. S. L. Penno	Ahmednugger
The Black Watch (Ryl. Highland's 42nd-73rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. E. G. Grogan	Sitapur
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. M. Carthew-Yorstoun.	Cape Colony
Oxfordshire L.I. (43rd-52nd).	1.	Lt.-Col. Hon. A. E. Dalzell	Cape Colony
	2.	Col. F. H. Plowden	Ferozepore
Essex Regiment (44th-56th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. T. E. Stephenson	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. T. Stock	Shwebo, Burma
Sherwood F'r'sters (Derbyshire Rg., (45th-95th).	1.	Col. H. L. Smith-Dorrien, D.S.O.	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. D. Bulpett	Malta
Loyal North Lancashire Regim't. (47th-81st).	1.	Lieut.-Col. R. G. Kekewich	Cape Colony
	2.	Lt.-Col. B. A. Satterthwaite	Malta
Northamptonshire Reg. (48th-58th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. B. Capper	Allahabad
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. C. Denny	Cape Colony
Rl. Berkshire Reg. (49th-66th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. C. Carter	Gibraltar
	2.	Lt.-Col. C. Evans-Gordon	Cape Colony
Queen's Own (Ryl. West Kent Reg., 50th-97th).	1.	L.-C. C. W. H. Evans, D.S.O.	Aden
	2.	Lt.-Col. E. A. W. S. Grove	For South Africa
King's Own Yorks. L.I. (51st-105th)	1.	L.-C. Sir H. A. W. Johnson, Bart.	Limerick
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. St. L. Barter	Cape Colony
King's (Shropshire L.I., 53rd-85th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. H. Collette	Poona
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. Spens	Cape Colony
Middlesex Reg. (57th-77th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. G. White	Welling'n, Madras
	2.	Lieut.-Col. A. W. Hill	Natal
King's Royal Rifle Corps (60th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. Gore-Browne	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. G. G. Grimwood	Natal
	3.	Lieut.-Col.	Natal
	4.	Lieut.-Col. E. W. Herbert	Cork
Wiltshire Regim't. (62nd-99th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. C. Harford	Quetta
	2.	Lieut.-Col. H. M. Carter	Cape Colony
Manchester Reg. (63rd-96th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. E. R. Curran	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. T. Reay	For South Africa
North Staffords're Reg. (64th-98th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. T. Currie, C.B.	Jhansi
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. E. Bradley	Cape Colony
York & Lancaster Reg. (65th-84th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. W. J. Kirkpatrick	Natal
	2.	Col. H. Boughey	Agra
Durham Light I. (68th-106th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. L. Woodland	Natal
	2.	Lt.-Col. A. de B. V. Paget	Mandalay
Highland Light I. (71st-74th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. R. Kelham	Cape Colony
	2.	Lt.-Col. R. D. B. Rutherford	Ceylon
Seaforth Highl'rs (72nd-78th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. J. A. Campbell	Egypt
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. W. Hughes-Hallett, D.S.O.	Cape Colony
Gordon Highl'rs (75th-92nd).	1.	Lt.-Col. M. A. Scott	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. F. Macbean	Natal
Q.O. Cameron H'rs (79th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. T. F. A. Watson-Kennedy.	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. M. Hunt	Gibraltar
Royal Irish Rifles (83rd-86th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. C. Haggard	Fort William, [Bengal
	2.	Lieut.-Col.	Cape Colony
Ryl. Irish Fusiliers (87th-89th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. F. R. C. Carleton	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. Reeves	Natal
Connaught Ran's (88th-94th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. L. G. Brooke	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. E. Harman	Meerut
Argyll & Sutherl'd H'rs (91st-93rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. Wilson	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. H. Campbell	Ranikhet
Leinster Regiment (100th-109th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. H. Martin	For South Africa
	2.	Lieut.-Col. J. G. Glancy	Barbados
Ryl. Munster Fus. (101st-104th).	1.	Lieut.-Col. E. S. Evans	Cape Colony
	2.	Lieut.-Col. P. S. Druitt	Dinapore
Royal Dublin Fus. (102nd-103rd).	1.	Lieut.-Col. G. A. Mills	Natal
	2.	Lieut.-Col. C. D. Cooper	Natal
Rifle Brigade	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. E. W. Colville	Natal
	2.	Lt.-Col. C. T. E. Metcalfe	Natal
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	4.	Lieut.-Col. A. R. Pemberton	Dublin
West India Reg.	1.	Lieut.-Col. A. L. Bayley	Bermuda
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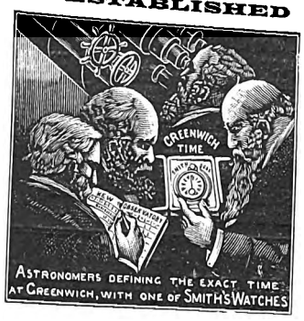

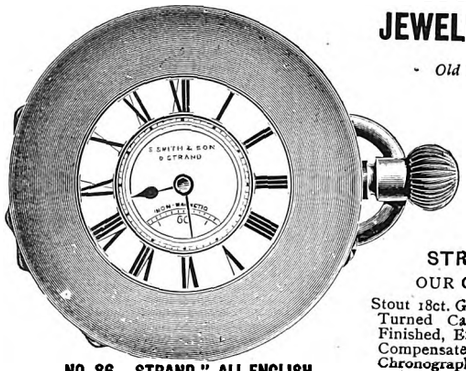

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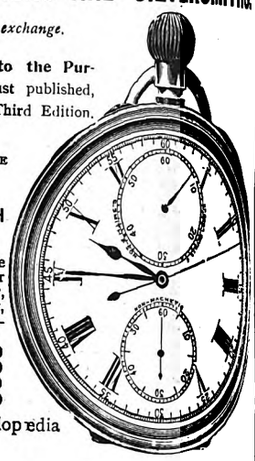

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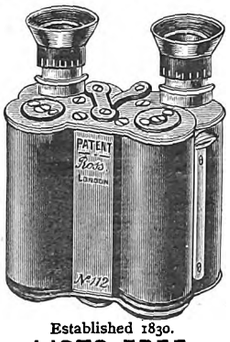

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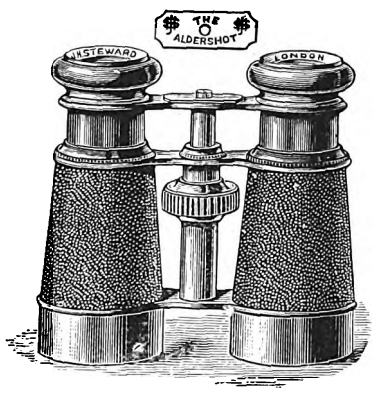

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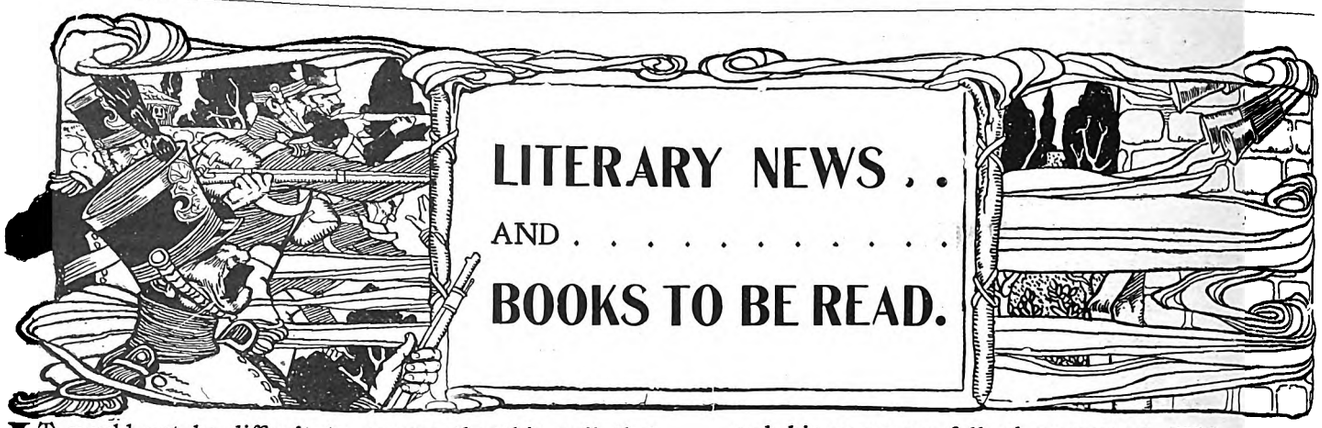

IT would not be difficult to remove the thin veil that shrouds the identity of the genial author of "At School and at Sea" (Murray). We have had something approaching a plethora of Naval reminiscences within the last few years, but nothing has issued from the press like this admirable book. If the gallant author had not succeeded as a seaman he might undoubtedly have gained high repute as a writer, for the easy flow of his pleasant style is united with convincing grasp of character, unmistakable power of description, and a strong vein of irresistible humour. Indeed, in its way, I do not remember ever to have read so wholly charming a book, because it presents to us an inimitable picture of life and character in the Fleet, in what the author happily describes as the "transitional Navy," at the time when the wooden walls were beginning to give place to the new creation. What is peculiarly admirable in the book is the fidelity with which the schoolfellows of the Harrovian and the shipmates of the Naval neophyte are pictured. There is a force in the manner that would not discredit Thackeray. "Martello Tower" is the chosen pseudonym—and not perhaps a very happy one, since martello towers upon the coast were something of a concession to the "old women" of a former time—under which the genial author describes his various experiences. These begin with a vivid picture of the Harrow days, and the influence of the public school training is marked in the author's later career. The sterner discipline of Vaughan was beginning, and there was activity in the birch department. We have a picture of the jealous guardian of the stinging rods, carrying them up under a well-directed fusillade of snowballs, and of a terrific fight with the "chaws" (or cads) beginning with an "Up guards and at 'em" cry, and ending with a rout and a *sauve qui peut* on the part of the discomfited "chaws." In Dr. Wordsworth's time the birches had been too big and bushy, but the educated eye of Dr. Vaughan saw the fault, and reduced their bulk to make them sting the more.

But the school days came to an end when the young Harrovian was appointed a cadet of the "Cuba." There was the examination to be undergone, and bluff, good-natured Captain Bunn presided—a man of "the old school." Seeing the boy in the throes of a difficulty arising out of the posing question as to the price of 2 16-64-lb. of sugar at a particular rate, Bunn, remembering that fractions had been his own personal enemies, came to his aid, and demanded indignantly of the trembling master why fractions had been set, who raised a protest that they were easy.

"'That's not the point,' roared Bunn, angrily, rapping the table with a vehemence which made the red, white, and blue wafers of the period vibrate in their receptacle. 'The point is, do the instructions say that this boy must pass in fractions, or—do—they—not? Bring me the instructions!' A terrified clerk produced the book, opened the page, and handed it to his chief, who, glancing at it, exclaimed, 'Ha! didn't I tell you so; nothing about fractions!'"

We are soon in the merry company of the denizens of the gun-room, who soberly take their new shipmate down to the purser's steward "to be measured for a spoon," which was gravely done by that functionary with a pair of calliper compasses applied to the corners of his mouth. A jovial crew they are—Tidkins, a "young Guardsman who had lost his way," and who at last made his *début* aloft through the "lubber's hole," amid the cheers and laughter of a guard of honour of his messmates; Mowry, with a jib-shaped nose, necessitating, "we used to declare, a constant application of lee helm to counteract its influence;" Dilwyn, the man of mystery, with a "haw-haw" style, and many more.

"My recollections of the prevailing style of conversation in the berth are that it mainly consisted of positive assertions met by flat contradiction and an angry wrangle, the intervals being filled up by chaff, and, as time went on, I regret to say, much degeneracy of language. Attempts at intelligent or professional talk were stifled, and long words were rebelled against, those of more than three syllables being styled 'line of battle-ships.'"

There was rollicking fun in this company, and the author never tires of recalling the light chaff, the witty sallies, the cheery jokes, and the practical pranks of his shipmates. It is a perfect picture of life in the ships of the older Navy, and I wish space would permit me to quote some of the capital stories in the book. "Martello Tower's" fun is irresistible, and his pages are full of amusement. With an eye to the instruction of his younger readers, he interpolates here and there pleasant disquisitions on trade winds, waterspouts, flying fish, locusts, and other like subjects. A most amusing account is given of the revels of Neptune at the crossing of the line, and the reader will roar with laughter at the dire experiences of the author and poor Chizzle, the purser's steward. Presently we arrive at Sydney, and there is a very racy account of the author's adventures in search of holy-stones. The gold fever was raging at the time, and he has much that is interesting to say concerning the consequent desertions. He records much that is interesting about his visits to Fiji, New Zealand, and Rio de Janeiro in the "Cuba." Some of his stories may, perhaps, be *ben trovato*, like that of "Ye Bytyre Bytte," but there is not one that is not good. I shall quote the following to illustrate the omnipotence of the post-captain. A certain officer had formed a Naval cemetery on an island in the Indian Ocean, and desired the chaplain to consecrate it, who pointed out that only a bishop could do that. But the captain was equal to the occasion, and called for his clerk.

"'Oh, Mr. Driver, be good enough to make out an acting order as bishop for Mr. Bands, and bring it up for my signature as soon as possible.' The experienced clerk, taken aback, and longing to explode, knew better than to express any symptoms of astonishment; so he simply saluted, controlled his inclinations, and answered, 'Yes, sir,' and disappeared to execute his instructions, with the result that an hour afterwards the document, duly signed, was handed to the perplexed clergyman. 'And now, my lord,' pursued this Naval Tsar, with an unruffled countenance, 'you will be kind enough to consecrate the new cemetery according to form for such cases made and provided.' And then, turning to the first lieutenant, he continued: 'Mr. Titun, you will be so good as to make up a consecration party, and send his lordship ashore under a regulation salute, and have this business properly carried out.'"

Let it not be supposed that "Martello Tower's" volume is only amusing. On the contrary, it gives an admirable insight into the interior economy of ships of war in his time. It contains a deeply interesting and hitherto unpublished account of the coming of Napoleon on board the "Bellerophon." It gives a most valuable picture of the work of the Naval Brigade in the Crimea, for their author was in the trenches and at Inkerman. It is extremely pleasing to read his account of the excellent qualities of the seaman, a "handy man" indeed, always cheerful, and a fine campaigner. It seems quite appropriate at the present time to quote the following account of the getting up of the Naval guns at Sebastopol. Evidently the seaman is still unchanged.

"The way in which we performed these duties was slightly different from the soldiers' way of doing the same thing, and caused no small surprise and amusement. To each gun were attached two long, stout drag-ropes; to each rope fifteen men stripped to their flannels; cross-legged upon the breech sat a fiddler, with a boat's ensign flying by his side. In the muzzle, which pointed to the rear, was a long handspike or wooden bar to steer with, worked by two or three men. 'Now then, lads, fall in!' 'All ready?' 'All ready, sir!' 'Off she goes,' and off she did to a 'stamp and go,' with a merry tune, much to the astonishment of the artillery, who took much longer to get under way even with their horses."

I shall say no more about this deeply interesting and wholly attractive book. It is an autobiography of the best, and, though the genial author leaves us when he becomes a "full-blown lieutenant," I am glad to say that he half promises an account of his later experiences.

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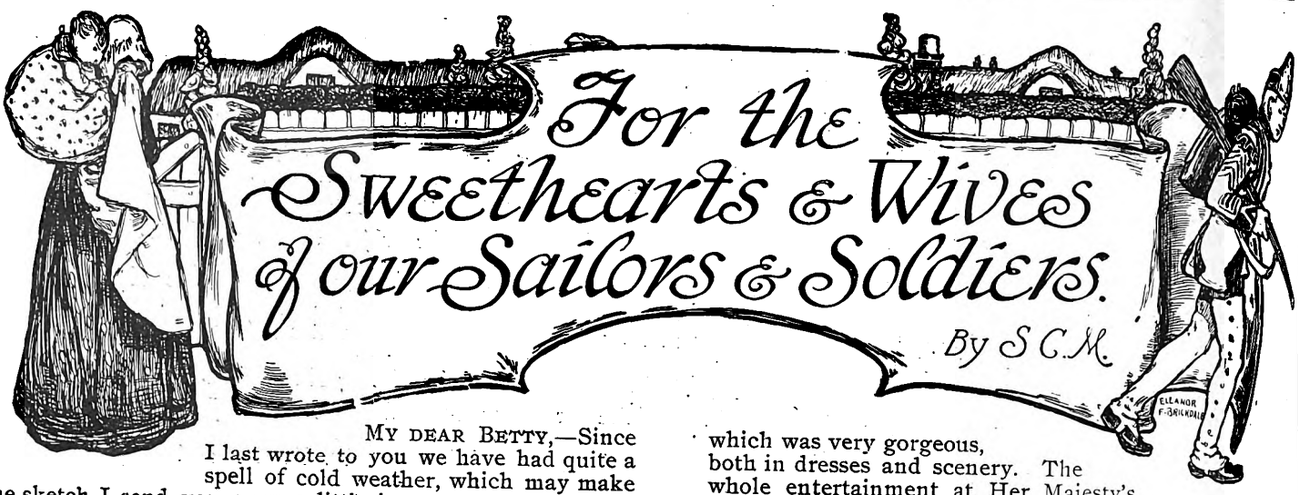

MY DEAR BETTY,—Since I last wrote to you we have had quite a spell of cold weather, which may make the sketch I send you seem a little incongruous. It is the picture of a little coat that is essentially spring-like in appearance, and in material too, being made of royal blue velvet trimmed with porcelain buttons, whilst the revers are edged with a narrow trimming of silk or satin. Not a vestige of fur is seen on it to give it a warm and comfortable air for this wintry weather, so that for this country the idea must be severely left alone until the warmer weather sets in, which I have no doubt will be before very long, remembering the usual vagaries of our climate at this time of the year. My intention in sending it now is, of course, that you may recommend it to your many friends whose lives are for the most part spent under sunnier skies than ours.

I suppose you have read in the daily papers all about the great function at Her Majesty's Theatre which was arranged by Mrs. Arthur Paget for the widows and orphans of the Household troops. It was a most gorgeous spectacle, and well worth seeing indeed. The theatre looked so very gay, filled as it was with smartly-dressed people, every seat having been taken for weeks before. The second row of the stalls was reserved for the Ambassadors and their wives, whilst the Royal party took their places in the front row. Ladies in pretty grey dresses sold programmes, amongst them being Lady Florence Astley, Lady Hartopp, Lady Newtown Butler, Lady Lurgan, and Lady Falmouth, whilst tall men of the Guards stood about in various corners looking resplendent in full uniform.

The pictures arranged by Mrs. Arthur Paget and several of the well-known artists of the day were very beautiful, some of them, of course, more striking than others, but all very effective. They were shown in a broad oak frame, set far back on the stage, so that the pictorial effect was really wonderful. Of all the tableaux, the one showing the meeting of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough after Ramillies was the most striking, whilst another of the beautiful Misses Gunning walking in the Mall was very charming in both arrangement and colouring.

The full bands of the various regiments of Guards lined the stage during the representation of the great "Patriotic Picture of Great Britain and her Colonies and Dependencies," which was very gorgeous, both in dresses and scenery. The whole entertainment at Her Majesty's being over, many of the company adjourned to supper at Princes' Club. The Prince sat at Mrs. Arthur Paget's table, with whom were also Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise, Prince Louis of Battenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Tree, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Elspeth Campbell, Lady G. Curzon, Lady Dickson Poynder, the Count de Soveral, Captain Bourke, Colonel Corry, Colonel Miles, Lady Maud Verrinder, and Colonel Fludyer, whilst at various other tables were most of those who had taken part in the masque and tableaux, and many others of the audience, including Mrs. Asquith, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and Prince and Princess Dolgouroulki. This is the second time lately that the Prince has honoured Princes' Restaurant with his presence, though, indeed, numbers of well-known people are to be seen there continually, including Lord Castlerosse, Mrs. Ronalds, Captain Randolph Stewart, Sir Lewis McIvor, Lord Henry Vane-Tempest, Sir William and Lady Colville, Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Hartopp, and a host of others.

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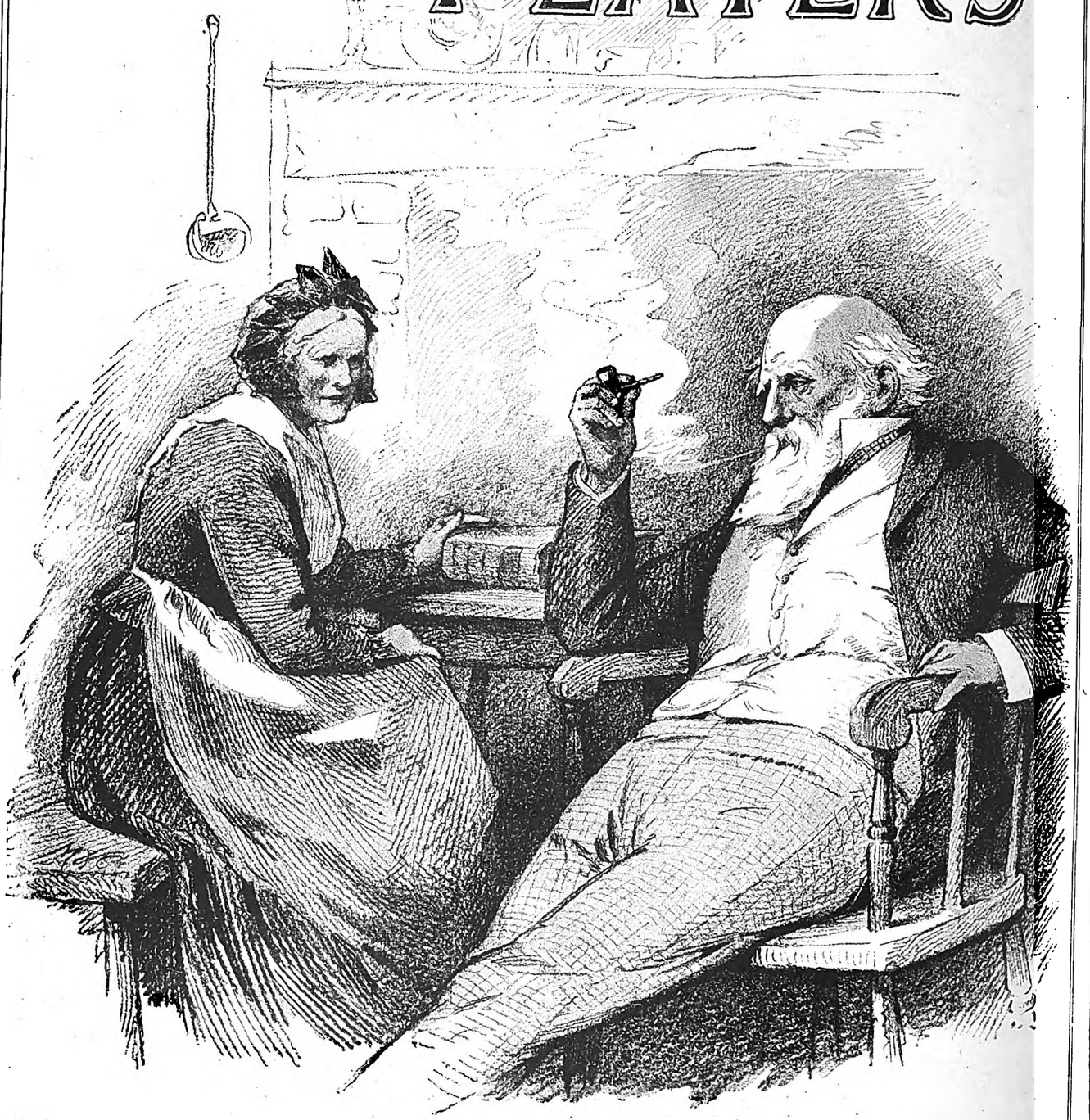

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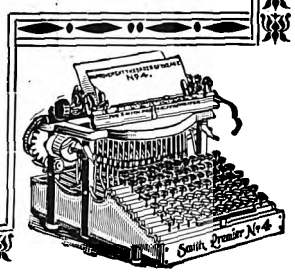

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COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "In Spite of All."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. Sat. at 3 p.m. "His Excellency the Governor."
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ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "Why Smith Left Home."
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BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m. Sat. 2.30 p.m. The Carl Rosa Opera Co.
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Send Her Victorious."
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ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m., and Sat. at 2 p.m. "My Girl."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m., and Sat. at 2 p.m. "The Geisha."
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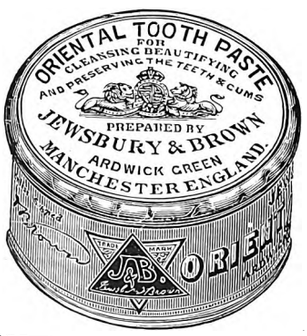

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Royal Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

First Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY ON FOREIGN SERVICE.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. h.d.s. Harbour Defence Ship. d.v. Despatch Vessel. y. Yacht. sur.v. Surveying Vessel. d.s. Depot-ship. r.g.b. River Gun-boat. t.d.s. Torpedo Depot-ship.

Abyssinia, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Alacrity, *d.v.*	Com. C. G. F. M. Cradock	China
Alert, *sloop*	Com. H. Savile	North America
Algerine, *sloop*	Com. R. H. J. Stewart	China
Andromeda, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Burr, C.M.G.	Mediterranean
Ardent, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. L. H. Richardson	Mediterranean
Astræa, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. Paget	Mediterranean
Assaye, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. O. U. Coates	East Indies
Aurora, *cr.*	Capt. E. H. Bayly	China
Banshee, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. H. L. Watts-Jones	Mediterranean
Barfleur, *B.*	Capt. J. S. Warrender (Rear-Admiral J. A. T. Bruce)	China
Barham, *cr.*	Com. H. L. Tottenham	Mediterranean
Barracouta, *cr.*	Com. R. H. Peirse	C. of Good Hope
Barrosa, *cr.*	Com. W. F. Tunnard	C. of Good Hope
Beagle, *sloop*	Com. Hon. H. A. S. Stanhope	S. E. C. America(on [pas. home)
Bonaventure, *cr.*	Ct. R. A. J. Montgomerie, C.B.	China
Boomerang, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. M. Hale	Australia
Boxer, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. J. Twiselton-Wykeham-Fiennes	Mediterranean
Brisk, *cr.*	Com. R. B. S. Wrey	China
Bruizer, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. M. L. Hulton	Mediterranean
Buzzard, *sloop*	Com. L. F. G. Tippinge	North America
Cæsar, *B.*	Capt. E. H. Gamble	Mediterranean
Canopus, *B.*	Capt. W. H. Fawkes	Mediterranean
Centurion, *B.*	Capt. J. R. Jellicoe (Vice-Adml. Sir E. H. Seymour, K.C.B.).	China
Cockatrice, *g.b.*	Com. H. N. Rolfe	Danube
Columbine, *y.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Williamson	North America
Comus, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Giffard	North America
Crescent, *cr.*	Capt. C. J. G. Sawle (Vice-Adl. Sir F. G. D. Bedford, K.C.B.).	North America
Cruiser, *sloop*	Com. L. G. Tufnell	Mediterranean
Daphne, *sloop*	Com. C. W. Winnington-Ingram.	China
Dart, *sur.v.*	Lieut.-Com. C. E. Monro	Australia
Devastation, *B.*	Capt. F. S. Inglefield	Gibraltar
Dido, *cr.*	Capt. P. F. Tillard	Mediterranean
Doris, *cr.*	Ct. R. C. Prothero (Rear-Adml. Sir R. H. Harris, K.C.M.G.).	C. of Good Hope
Dragon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. M. Lambert	Mediterranean
Dryad, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. G. Dineley	Mediterranean
Dwarf, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. F. Shakespear	C. of Good Hope
Earnest, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Baird	Mediterranean
Eclipse, *cr.*	Capt. P. W. Bush (Rear-Admiral H. D. Bosanquet).	East Indies
Egeria, *sur.v.*	Com. C. H. Simpson	Pacific
Empress of India *B*	Capt. H. H. Dyke	Mediterranean
Endymion, *cr.*	Capt. G. A. Callaghan	China
Esk, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Chadwick.	China
Fame, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. J. B. Keyes	China
Fearless, *cr.*	Com. H. R. P. Floyd	C. of Good Hope
Flora, *cr.*	Commodore R. L. Groome	S. E. C. of America
Foam, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Forte, *cr.*	Capt. E. P. Jones	C. of Good Hope
Griffon, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. Hon. H. G. Brand	Mediterranean
Halcyon, *t.g.b.*	Com. S. W. A. H. Gray	Mediterranean
Handy, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. A. Moreton	China
Hart, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
Hazard, *t.g.b.*	Com. P. V. Lewes, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Hebe, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Taylor.	Mediterranean
Herald, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Harvey	River Zambesi
Hermes, *cr.*	Capt. F. H. Henderson	North America
Hermione, *cr.*	Capt. R. S. D. Cumming	China
Hibernia, *d.s.*	Com. W. Ricketts (Rear-Adml. Burges Watson, C.V.O.).	Malta Reserves
Highflyer, *cr.*	Capt. F. E. E. Brock	East Indies (to relieve Eclipse)
Hood, *B.*	Capt. A. C. Corry.	M'dit'n (to be r. by
Hotspur, *h.d.s.*	Com. C. S. Elliot.	Bermuda [Ocean)
Humber, *store-ship*	Com. H. J. Davison	China
Icarus, *sloop*	Com. G. F. S. Knowling	Pacific
Illustrious, *B.*	Capt. F. Finnis	Mediterranean
Imogene, *d.v.*	Com. E. J. Bain	Mediterranean
Indefatigable, *cr.*	Capt. F. L. Campbell	North America
Iphigenia, *cr.*	Capt. H. N. Dudding (to be relieved by Pique).	China
Isis, *cr.*	Capt. G. M. Henderson	Mediterranean
Karrakatta, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Sydney)	Australia
Katoomba, *cr.*	Capt. H. L. F. Royle, D.S.O.	Sydney Reserves
Lapwing, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Lambert	East Indies
Leander, *cr.*	Capt. F. F. Fegen	Pacific
Liffey, *d.s.*	Staff-Com. P. H. Wright	Coquimbo
Linnet, *g.b.*	Com. W. W. Smythe	China
Lizard, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Watson	Australia
Magdala, *h.d.s.*	Capt. T. Y. Greet.	Bombay Reserves
Magicienne, *cr.*	Capt. W. B. Fisher	C. of Good Hope
Magpie, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. K. Laird	C. of Good Hope
Marathon, *cr.*	Capt. J. G. M. Field.	East Indies
Melita, *sloop*	Com. I. M. Fraser, D.S.O.	Mediterranean
Melpomene, *cr.*	Capt. J. Denison	East Indies
Mildura, *cr.*	Capt. H. C. A. Baynes	Australia
Mohawk, *cr.*	Com. F. H. P. W. Freeman	Australia
Monarch, *B.*	Capt. C. H. Bayly	Simon's Bay
Mosquito, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. L. Cox	River Zambesi
Ocean, *B.*	Capt. Hon. A. G. Curzon-Howe	Mediterranean (to [relieve Hood)
Orion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Orlando, *cr.*	Capt. J. H. T. Burke	China
Partridge, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. T. Hunt	C. of Good Hope
Peacock, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. S. G. Douglas	China
Pearl, *cr.*	Capt. F. G. Stopford	North America
Pegasus, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cochran	S. E. C. of America
Pelorus, *cr.*	Capt. H. C. B. Hulbert	C. of Good Hope
Penguin, *sur.v.*	Capt. J. W. Combe	Australia
Phaeton, *cr.*	Capt. F. G. Kirby	Pacific
Pheasant, *g.b.*	Com. H. G. Smith	Pacific
Philomel, *cr.*	Capt. J. E. Bearcroft	C. of Good Hope
Phœnix, *sloop*	Com. R. P. Cochran.	China
Pigeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. O. V. de Satge	East Indies
Pigmy, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. F. E. Green	China
Pique, *cr.*	(Will relieve Iphigenia)	China
Plassy, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Bombay)	East Indies
Plover, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. V. de M. Cowper	China
Polyphemus, *ram*	Com. E. L. Lang	Mediterranean
Pomone, *cr.*	Capt. E. A. Simons	East Indies
Porpoise, *cr.*	Com. A. H. D. Ravenhill	Australia
Powerful, *cr.*	Capt. Hon. Hedworth Lambton	C. of Good Hope
Proserpine, *cr.*	Capt. J. L. Marx	North America
Psyche, *cr.*	Capt. F. R. Pelly	North America
Pylades, *cr.*	Com. R. G. O. Tupper	Australia
Quail, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. H. Rymer	North America
Racoon, *cr.*	Com. A. E. A. Grant	East Indies
Rambler, *sur.v.*	Com. H. E. P. Cust	West Indies
Ramillies, *B.*	Capt. R. S. Lowry	Mediterranean
Rattler, *g.b.*	Lt.-Com. Hon. G. A. Hardinge.	China
Redpole, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. C. F. Corbett	China
Renown, *B.*	Capt. D. McN. Riddel (Vice-Adl. Sir J. A. Fisher, K.C.B.).	Mediterranean
Revenge, *B.*	Capt. J. F. King Hall (Rear-Adl. Lord Charles Beresford, C.B.).	Mediterranean
Ringarooma, *cr.*	Capt. F. St. G. Rich	Australia
Ringdove, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. R. F. Ayscough	Australia
Rocket, *t.b.d.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Royal Arthur, *cr.*	Capt. C. G. Dicken (Rear-Adml. H. L. Pearson).	Australia
Royal Oak, *B.*	Capt. W. H. B. Graham	Mediterranean
Royal Sovereign,	Capt. M. P. O'Callaghan	Mediterranean
Rupert, *h.d.s.*	Com. A. B. G. Grenfell.	Alexandria
Salamander, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. C. Villiers	Mediterranean
Sandfly, *t.g.b.*	(Reserve Malta)	Mediterranean
Sandpiper, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. C. Carr	China
Scorpion, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Bermuda)	North America
Scout, *cr.*	Com. W. de Salis.	Mediterranean
Snipe, *r.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. H. Oldham	China
Sparrowhawk, *t.b.d*	(Reserve Esquimault)	Pacific
Speedy, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. G. W. Davy	Mediterranean
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Terror, *d.s.*	Capt. T. MacGill, C.B.	Bermuda
Theseus, *cr.*	Capt. V. A. Tisdall	Mediterranean
Thetis, *cr.*	Capt. W. S. Rees	C. of Good Hope
Thrush, *g.b.*	(Reserve Simon's Bay)	C. of Good Hope
Torch, *sloop*	Com. H. Preedy	Australia
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Widgeon, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. A. F. Gurney	C. of Good Hope
Wivern, *h.d.s.*	(Reserve Hong Kong)	China
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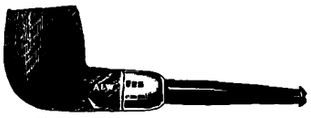

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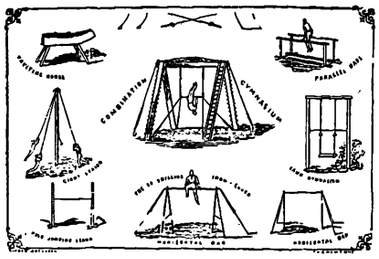

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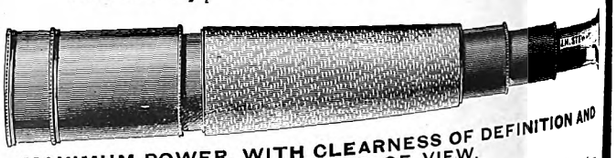

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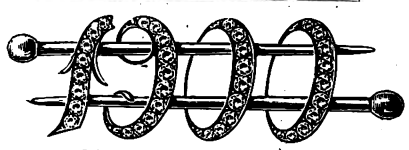

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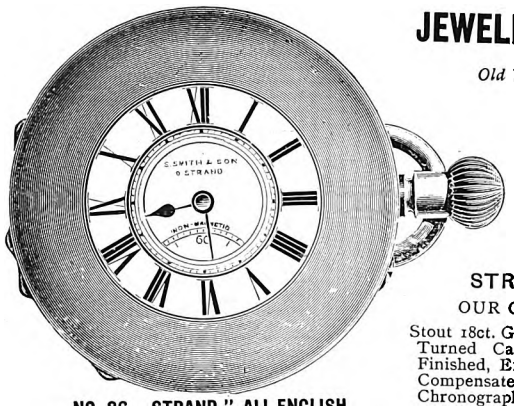

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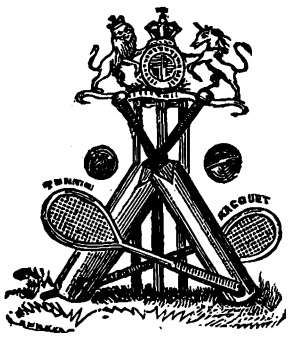

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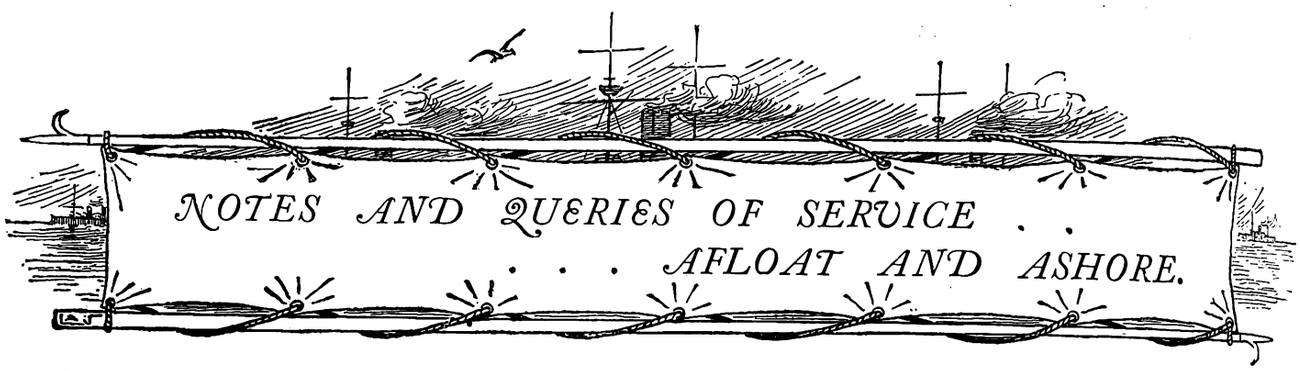

A. BROOK.—I do not think there is any want of respect shown or meant when the soldiers call Lord Roberts "Little Bobs." It is rather a sign of popularity and affection. The greatest commanders have had nicknames. The great Duke of Marlborough to his men was "Corporal John," just as Napoleon was "Le petit Caporal." Again, Frederick the Great was "Our Fritz" to his soldiers, and Wellington was "Old Nosey." Admiral Boscawen was "Old Dreadnought," and Blucher was "Marshal Vorwarts" to his men. These nicknames to commanders mean much. They are complimentary rather than disrespectful, and are really an eloquent testimony of the confidence and affection of the troops for their commander.

* * * *

"WHITEHALL."—The "foul anchor," which for some mysterious reason still remains as the Admiralty badge of the British Navy, first made its appearance on the Admiralty buildings erected in 1723-26. At about the same time the Seal of the Admiralty Office underwent a similar disfigurement, but it is curious to note that the old clear anchor was retained on all Admiralty Books of Instructions until 1859. It is difficult to understand how the Earl of Berkeley, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty, permitted such a change to be made, seeing that he himself, though he possibly owed something to his social position, was a smart seaman. The "foul" emblem was even introduced into the Admiralty flag, but disappeared shortly after the battle of Waterloo. It is to be hoped that since then sufficient time has elapsed to warrant a return to the old badge, the present discreditable one having had at least a fair trial.

* * * *

L. HOLLAND.—The best book for you to refer to is "The Historical Record of the 18th, or Royal Irish, Regiment, 1684-1848." It was published in London in 1848. It is probably out of print, and you would either have to buy a second-hand copy or consult the book in the reading-room of the British Museum. The volume was published by Parker. If a very brief account of the regiment (two quarto pages) would suffice, you might consult "Records and Badges of every Regiment and Corps in the British Army," by Henry Manners Chichester and Major George Burges-Short, published in 1895 by William Clowes and Sons.

* * * *

"SHAMMING ABRAHAM."—"Abram men" was a cant term applied to vagabonds who roamed about the country soliciting alms on the ground that they had been discharged in a destitute condition from men-of-war or hospitals. The Abraham Ward in Bedlam was allotted to such folk, who, in order to maintain their reputation, used to array themselves "with party-coloured ribbons, tapes in their hats, a fox tail hanging down, a long stick with streamers, etc." Nevertheless, it was shrewdly remarked that "for all their seeming madness they had wit to steal as they went along." On board ship the phrase was usually applied to malingerers who feigned sickness in order to shirk work by being on the doctor's list. The phrase has a pedigree which is deserving of respect. An allusion to it is to be found in "King Lear" (Act II., Scene 2). Aubrey describes them as going about the country wearing an iron ring on their left arm, which could not be removed, and having round their necks "the great horn of an ox in a string or bawdrick, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they put the drink given them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple." Dekker also describes the different species: The merry ones who sang songs of their own composition; the melancholy sort who strove to excite compassion by incessant weeping, and the sullen ones who were apt to make free with the contents of an unprotected house. References to them will also be found in Beaumont and Fletcher (Beggar's Bush), and in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

* * * *

"GOSPORT."—The word khaki is derived from khak, a Persian word, which means earth, dust. Khaki is literally earth-coloured. The material called by that name was originally made from cotton in India, where it is still manufactured, and it is sold at about 2d. or 3d. a yard. The cheapest quality made in England costs about 8d. a yard wholesale. The dye used to make khaki its peculiar colour is said to be a trade secret. The material in which most of our troops sent out to South Africa are clad is not cotton khaki, but serge dyed the same colour. The first contingent sent out, however, were given uniforms of cotton khaki.

* * * *

"E. G. B."—The sword-bayonet was introduced in 1888. You are right in supposing that it was given to the Guards before it was served out to the line regiments.

* * * *

"TRIREME."—The arrangement of the banks of oars in the trireme has always been a puzzle, and will probably remain an insoluble one. At least, such was the opinion of the famous head-master of Rugby, Dr. Arnold, no mean authority on the subject. That the banks or tiers must have been numerous is well known, for the admiral's vessel—*prætoria puppis*—had six tiers. Beyond this, all that is known for certain is that on the oars depended not only the propulsion to a large extent, since the sail power was elementary, but also the navigation of the vessel, as the paddle rudders affixed to the quarters had only very ineffectual control. So expert, however, did the Greeks and Romans become in the use of oars, generally worked by slaves or freedmen, who were quite distinct from the fighting crew, that galleys so handled were practically as well under control as modern steamships.

"C. B."—See the illustration on the front page of last week's issue. The name of Bugler John Dunne, No. 4606, A Company, 1st Battalion Dublin Fusiliers, will go down to history with that of Trumpeter Shurlock of the 5th Lancers, the boy hero of Elandslaagte. This little lad, who is only fourteen years of age, insisted on going into action at Colenso, though his colour-sergeant wanted him to stay at Chieveley. He was wounded in two places, and his right arm being helpless he used his left for his bugle until he fainted from loss of blood. Her Majesty, in her usual gracious way, recognised his gallantry by asking him to pay her a personal visit, and it is probably the first time that so young a soldier has been so honoured by his Sovereign. His reception at Portsmouth on his return from the front was enthusiastic, and our frontispiece showed him being shouldered through the streets by representatives of both Services, the soldier being his father, Sergeant Dunne, of the 3rd Battalion of the same regiment.

* * * *

"W. W."—The "Indefatigable" has just paid off after a commission which lasted from December 3, 1896, till December 31, 1899, on the North American and West Indies station. An interesting little story of her commission has been published, an example which might well be followed by other ships when paying off. There were no scenes of battle, or even the landing of a Naval brigade, to describe, but none the less does the story show the many and various duties that devolve on a man-of-war when in commission. In all during the 1,123 days of her commission she was in harbour 954 days 15 hours, and at sea 168 days 9 hours. During the latter time she steamed 12,598 miles, the first year, 15,497 the second, and 13,271 the third, in all 41,366 miles. And that she was well looked after in the engine-room is evidenced by the fact that on a four-hour full-power trial last August she steamed 18·5 knots. She also did well with her boats in the squadron regattas, for of sailing prizes she won 3 firsts, 3 seconds, and 1 third, and in pulling races 4 seconds and 8 thirds. That her new commission may prove as prosperous and happy as her last is my hearty wish.

* * * *

HENRY LUCAS DEAN.—I am obliged to you for pointing out the error in the paragraph answering "P. O. P.," where the name of the boy who won the Victoria Cross while serving with Captain Peel's famous Naval brigade in India is given as Edward St. John Daniels, instead of Henry St. John Daniel. Curiously enough two books on Victoria Cross heroes give the name as given in the answer to "P. O. P." The name does not appear in the Navy List, so I suppose the officer is dead. Daniel's record was certainly brilliant if, as you say, he possessed before he was twenty-one years of age not only the V.C., but the Burmese medal, the Crimean medal with three clasps, the Sardinian medal, the Turkish medal, the Legion of Honour, and the Order of the Medjidieh.

* * * *

"C. D. P."—The only battle-ships of the Royal Navy that to-day carry muzzle-loading guns as their main armament and figure in official returns as effective are the turret-ships "Inflexible," four 16-in.; "Dreadnought," "Ajax," and "Agamemnon," each four 12½-in.; "Neptune," four 12½-in., two 9-in.; and "Monarch," four 12-in., two 9-in., one 7-in.; and the central-battery ships "Téméraire," four 11-in., four 10-in.; "Superb," twelve 10-in.; "Alexandra" (in lower battery; she has breech-loaders in upper), eight 10-in.; "Sultan," eight 10-in., four 9-in.; "Hercules," eight 10-in., two 9-in., four 7-in.; and "Triumph," "Swiftsure," "Audacious," "Invincible," and "Iron Duke," each ten 9-in. Of these sixteen, probably the last six named would not be worth rearming, and the same is also true of the "Monarch," the port guard-ship at Simon's Bay. Then there are the coast defence ships "Belleisle" and "Orion," each four 12-in.; "Hotspur" and "Glatton," each two 12-in.; "Hydra," "Gorgon," "Hecate," and "Cyclops," each four 10-in.; and "Wivern" and "Scorpion," each four 9-in. These have no fighting value at all outside harbour defence. Of armoured cruisers there are the "Nelson" and "Northampton," each four 10-in. and eight 9-in.; "Northumberland," seven 9-in., twenty 8-in.; "Agincourt" and "Minotaur," each seventeen 9-in.; "Achilles," fourteen 9-in.; "Black Prince," four 8-in., twenty-two 7-in.; and "Warrior," four 8-in. and twenty-eight 7-in. None of these have a war value, and are now, when used, employed as training-ships. Finally there is one unprotected cruiser which carries twelve 7-in., and is no longer an efficient fighting ship in any sense of the word.

* * * *

"D. H. T."—The residence of the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland is Kilmainham Hospital, which is the Irish Chelsea Hospital. The Commander-in-Chief in Ireland is *ex-officio* Governor of the institution. The hospital was founded by Charles II., at the suggestion of Arthur, Earl of Granard, Marshal-General of the Army in Ireland in 1675, and the Duke of Ormonde laid the foundation-stone in 1680. Three years later the hospital was built from Wren's designs. It stands on ground that was once part of Phœnix Park. The number of pensioners provided for is 140.

* * * *

"ANDRE."—Marshal Bazaine ended his days in Madrid, where he lived after his exile. He sank very low before he died, and one of the most lucrative sources of income used to be the sale of his autograph. He was well known in Madrid, where he was pointed out to strangers as one of the sights of the city. It was difficult to believe that the shabby, wretched-looking old man who used to excite the pity of all he met was once the Marshal of France who surrendered Metz to the Germans. His widow died only recently in Mexico. THE EDITOR.

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My dear Betty,—It is delightful to see the change that has come over everyone since we have had better news from the front. We all have shaken off the depression that would come upon us whether we would or no, and we hope it will have no opportunity of seizing us again. Of course there is plenty of time for many things to happen and many battles to be fought before you get this letter, but everyone looks cheerily for success in our next undertakings. Meanwhile London is still full of young men who have joined the Imperial Yeomanry. One meets them wherever one goes, marching about with their friends and relations, who like to see the most of them before they really leave for South Africa.

Many of these men, too, can be seen going into the riding school in Earl's Court, where Mr. Savigear is doing his best for our soldiers by giving each week sixty tickets to intending members of the Imperial Yeomanry. Each ticket represents an hour's lesson, which comprises riding without stirrups and bare-backed, mounting and dismounting at the walk and trot, picking up a stirrup at the gallop off a box a foot high, besides practical lessons in saving life.

Mr. Savigear's system does wonders for the men, many of whom are indifferent horsemen when they first go to the school, but I hear he gets them on wonderfully, and just at the present time, when it is necessary that every man in the Imperial Yeomanry should be a good rider, his generous assistance is very valuable.

I have had more than one letter from Nora since I last wrote to you. In them she tells me of the last two of the Malta Club dances, both of which she seems to have enjoyed immensely. At the latter she said everyone seemed to have come out in quite new frocks, some of which were very smart and pretty, white and pink being the prevailing colours. Sir John and Lady Fisher and the Misses Fisher were present, also Lord Charles Beresford and Miss Beresford, and Admiral and Miss Molyneux. Nora noticed a particularly pretty dress of lavender shot silk made with velvet revers turned back over a full vest of white chiffon, the velvet being edged with a beautiful embroidery in shades of lavender and green and gold. A very simple dress that was much admired was of a lovely shade of yellow satin, trimmed on the bodice with chiffon of the same colour, and finished with a shaped revers of cream guipure edged with mink, and fastened on one side with an old paste buckle.

A CLOTH DRESS FOR SMART OCCASIONS.

Another evening Mrs. Fraser gave a charming little dance at 28, Strada Mezzodi, when about sixty people were present, and the floor and music were quite excellent. Miss Eleanor Heneage, in a very pretty dress of pale green satin, and her sister, in white satin, looked after the guests admirably, so that all present enjoyed themselves and danced most vigorously. The next night there was a large dance at Morrell's Hotel, given by the ladies staying in the hotel. About 100 guests were present, and dancing was kept up till two in the morning, the music supplied by some of the band from the "Renown" being most inspiriting. The hostesses were all charmingly dressed—Mrs. Riddell in pale blue, Mrs. Colquhoun Grant in cream brocade trimmed with beautiful lace and jewelled embroidery, Mrs. Clark in red with black lace appliqué, and Miss Capel in black and white trimmed on the bodice with knots of red velvet. Supper was served at little tables in the dining-room, and all the hostesses gave up their sitting-rooms, which were very prettily arranged, for the evening as sitting-out places.

I now send you a sketch of a dress that I am despatching to Nora to-day. It is made in very fine cloth of a delicate shade of biscuit colour, with the fashionable bolero strapped and fastened with gold barrel-shaped buttons and little gold chains. The skirt is made with a loose plait in front, carefully shaped so as to sit flat at the waist and to flow out from about the knees to the feet. This also is caught at intervals with the same sort of buttons. The vest is of lace, finished with a silk tie and boa of chiffon and chenille. This style of dress would look well in any of the pretty pale shades of fine cloths that are still being made in great numbers for Cairo and other sunny places. On smart occasions they are worn in London, too, and I have seen a good many dresses of the kind at Princes' lately, where smart costumes are so often to be seen. The other night I saw Lady Craven there wearing a lovely cloak of pink panne trimmed with broadtail, panne being still a favourite material, although it is likely to be outdone by this new velours mermac, which is really beautiful.

Yours affectionately,
Constance.

*** *Communications, enquiries, and other correspondence relating to matters referred to in the above letter should be addressed to the Editor at this office, with "Fashions" written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.*

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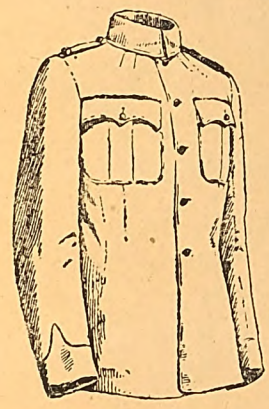

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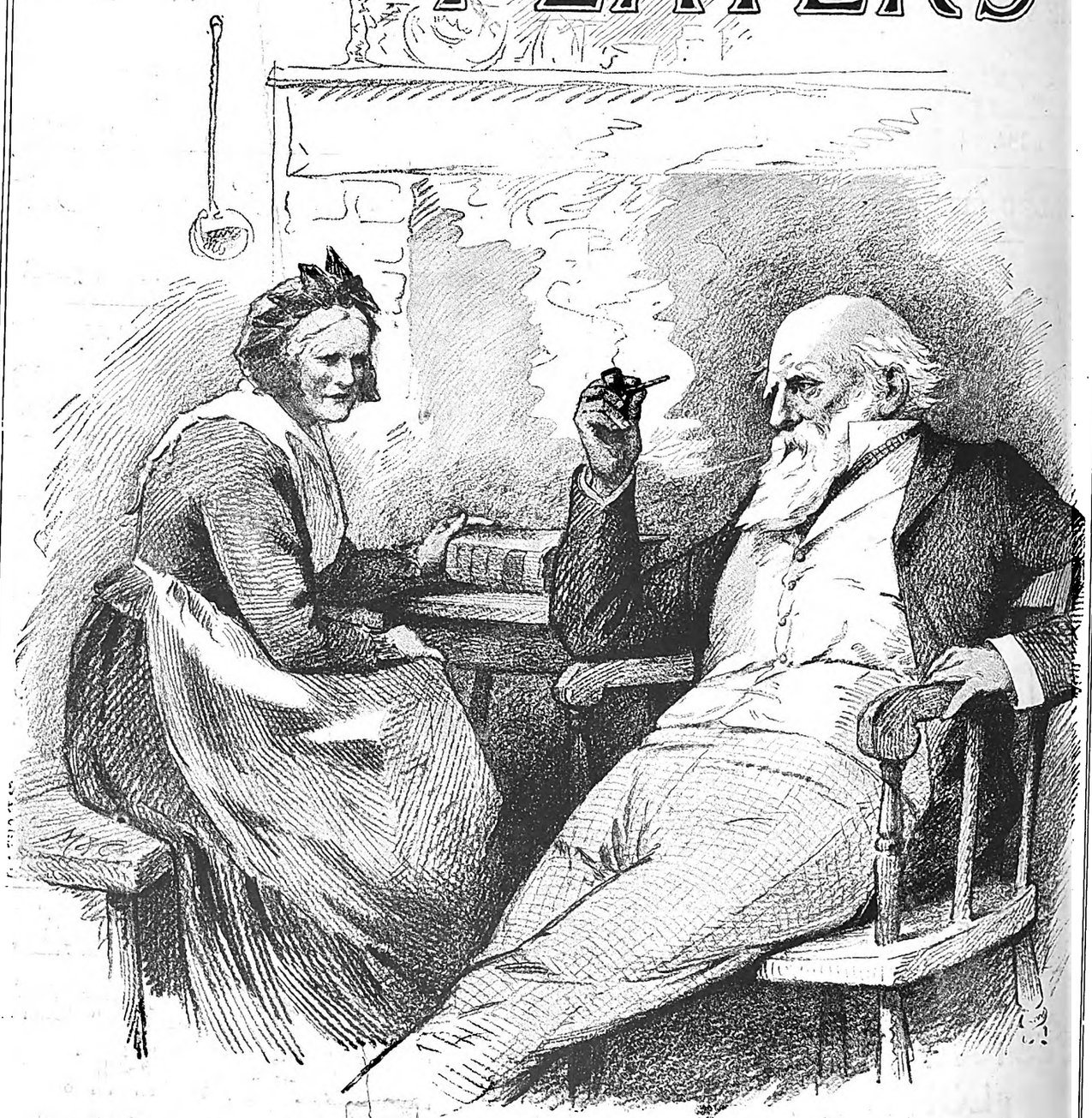

[Scene: A room in Auld Reekie.]

"Ye'll kill yersel' Jock," cried Mrs. McGurk,
"Ye smoke aw' the week, and snuff in the kirk,
"Ev'n at Prayers."
"Haud yer tongue," answered Jock, "A'm as sweet as a nut,
"For the baccy I smoke is the best Navy Cut,
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EDITED BY COMMANDER CHAS. N. ROBINSON, R.N.
(Of "The Army and Navy Gazette,")
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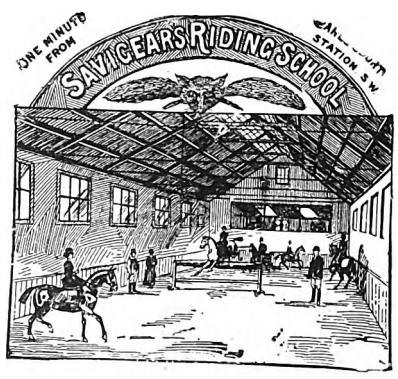

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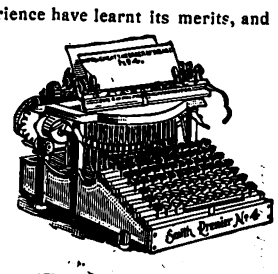

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NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand, W.C., 7.45 p.m. "Bonnie Dundee."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. Wed. and Sat. at 3 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "In Spite of All."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. Sat. at 3 p.m. "His Excellency the Governor."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m., and Sat. at 2.30 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m., and 1.30 p.m. Wed. and Sat. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. Sat. 2.30 p.m. "The Messenger Boy."
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "Bootles' Baby."
GLOBE, W.C.
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15 p.m. "She Stoops to Conquer."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15 p.m. "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "Hamlet."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m., Sat., 2.30 p.m. "Florodora."
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "Don Juan's Last Wager."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "Drink."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W. "Magda."
ST. JAMES'S, S.W., 8.30 p.m. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30 p.m. "Rupert of Hentzau."
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. Sat. at 2.30 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W.
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. Sat. at 3 p.m. "Facing the Music."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C.
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Bishop's Eye."
WYNDHAM'S, W.C., 8 p.m. Sat. at 2.30 p.m. "Dandy Dick."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "The Sign of the Cross."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "The Magic Moonstone."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45. p.m. The Repertoire Co.
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m. Sat. 2.30 p.m. "Les Cloches de Corneville."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. "Hearts are Trumps."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "With Flying Colours."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "The Famine."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m., and Sat. at 2 p.m. "La Poupée."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m., and Sat. at 2 p.m. "Dorothy."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m. "A Runaway Girl."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "The Golden Ladder."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "A Royal Family."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Two Orphans."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. "Why Smith Left Home."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "The French Spy."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W., 8 p.m. "El Capitan."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "After Dark."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "Leap for Life."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Second Week.]

THE CAVALRY, ROYAL ARTILLERY, AND ROYAL ENGINEERS.*

CAVALRY.

1st Life Guards	Lieut.-Col. C. N. Miles.	Windsor
2nd ,,	L.-Cl. J. A. Smith-Cuninghame	Regent's Park
Royal Horse Gds.	Lt.-Col. G. Lord Binning	Hyde Park
Composite Regt.—		
Househ. Cavalry	Lieut.-Col. A. D. Neeld	Cape Colony
1st Dragoon Gds.	Lieut.-Col. H. M. Owen	Dublin
2nd ,,	Lieut.-Col. J. E. Dewar	Aldershot
3rd ,,	Lieut.-Col. U. G. C. de Burgh	Dundalk
4th ,,	Lieut.-Col. G. D. F. Sulivan	Rawul Pindi
5th ,,	Lieut.-Col. St. J. C. Gore	Ladysmith, Natal
6th ,,	Lieut.-Col. T. C. Porter	South Africa
7th ,,	Lieut.-Col. W. H. M. Lowe	South Africa
1st Dragoons	Lieut.-Col. J. F. Burn-Murdoch	Natal
2nd ,,	Lt.-Col. Hon. W. P. Alexander.	South Africa
3rd Hussars	Lt.-Col. W. N. Wogan-Browne.	Lucknow
4th ,,	Lieut.-Col. W. A. Ramsay	Bangalore
5th Lancers	Col. J. F. M. Fawcett	Ladysmith, Natal
6th Dragoons	Lt.-Col. H. C. Page-Henderson	Cape Colony
7th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. Hon. R. T. Lawley	Norwich
8th ,,	Lieut.-Col. P. L. Clowes	For South Africa
9th Lancers	Lieut.-Col. B. Gough	Cape Colony
10th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. R. B. W. Fisher	South Africa
11th ,,	Lieut.-Col. E. R. Courtenay.	Cairo
12th Lancers	Lt.-Col. D. S. W., Earl of Airlie	Cape Colony
13th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. H. J. Blagrove	Natal
14th ,,	Lieut.-Col. G. H. C. Hamilton	South Africa
15th ,,	Lieut.-Col.	Meerut
16th Lancers	Lieut.-Col. H. L. Aylmer	South Africa
17th ,,	Lieut.-Col. J. R. P. Gordon	For South Africa
18th Hussars	Lieut.-Col. B. D. Moller	Ladysmith, Natal
19th ,,	L.-C. C. B. H. Wolseley-Jenkins	Ladysmith, Natal
20th ,,	Lieut.-Col. H. G. P. Beauchamp	Mhow
21st Lancers	L.-C. W. G. Crole Wyndham, C.B.	Newbridge

ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

Royal Horse Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.	Battery.	Battery.
A.—South Africa	J.—South Africa	S.—Aldershot
B.—Lucknow	K.—Rawul Pindi	T.—Cape Colony
C.—Mhow	L.—Trimulgherry	U.—Cape Colony
D.—Umballa	M.—For South Africa	V.—Woolwich
E.—Kirkee	N.—Aldershot	W.—Woolwich
F.—Sealkote	O.—Cape Colony	X.—Woolwich
G.—Cape Colony	P.—Cape Colony	Y.—Aldershot
H.—Meerut	Q.—Cape Colony	Z.—Aldershot
I.—Umballa	R.—Cape Colony	AA.—Curragh

Royal Field Artillery (Headquarters, Woolwich).

Battery.	Battery.	Battery.
1.—Ahmednugger	41.—Lucknow	81.—Cape Colony
2.—Cape Colony	42.—Natal	82.—Cape Colony
3.—Campbellpore	43.—Woolwich	83.—Cape Colony
4.—Cape Colony	44.—Colchester	84.—Cape Colony
5.—Cape Colony	45.—Barrackpore	85.—Cape Colony
6.—Cawnpore	46.—Dinapore	86.—Cape Colony
7.—Natal	47.—Ferozepore	87.—Cape Colony
8.—Cape Colony	48.—St. Thomas' [Mount	88.—Cape Colony
9.—Cape Colony		89.—For South Africa
10.—Aldershot	49.—Belgaum	90.—For South Africa
11.—Meean Meer	50.—Agra	91.—For South Africa
12.—Jullundur	51.—Rawul Pindi	92.—Aldershot
13.—Natal	52.—Jubbulpore	93.—Cahir
14.—Natal	53.—Natal	94.—Clonmel
15.—Meerut	54.—Meerut	95.—Leeds
16.—Kirkee	55.—Saugor	96.—Seaforth
17.—Cape Colony	56.—Egypt	97.—Ipswich
18.—Cape Colony	57.—Meean Meer	98.—Ipswich
19.—Natal	58.—Kamptee	99.—Longford
20.—Cape Colony	59.—Cahir	100.—Athlone
21.—Natal	60.—Allahabad	101.—Hilsea
22.—Mhow	61.—Natal	102.—Hilsea
23.—Secunderabad	62.—Cape Colony	103.—Hilsea
24.—Peshawur	63.—Natal	104.—Shorncliffe
25.—Bangalore	64.—Natal	105.—Shorncliffe
26.—Aldershot	65.—Cape Colony	106.—Shorncliffe
27.—Neemuch	66.—Cape Colony	107.—Woolwich
28.—Natal	67.—Natal	108.—Woolwich
29.—Kirkee	68.—Cape Colony	109.—Woolwich
30.—Fyzabad	69.—Natal	110.—Newcastle
31.—St. Thomas' [Mount	70.—Bareilly	111.—Newcastle
	71.—Mooltan	112.—Newcastle
32.—Jhansi	72.—Bellary	113.—Colchester
33.—Hyderabad	73.—Natal	114.—Colchester
34.—Ahmedabad	74.—Cape Colony	115.—Weedon
35.—Kurrachee	75.—Cape Colony	116.—Woolwich
36.—Nusseerabad	76.—Cape Colony	117.—Woolwich
37.—Cape Colony	77.—Cape Colony	118.—Coventry
38.—Cape Colony	78.—Woolwich	119.—Exeter
39.—Cape Colony	79.—Cape Colony	120.—Exeter
40.—Bangalore	80.—Nowgong	121.—Dorchester

Royal Garrison Artillery.

MOUNTAIN DIVISION.

Battery.	Battery.	Battery.
1.—Lundi Kotal	5.—Kalabagh	8.—Darjeeling
2.—Khyra Gali	6.—Jutogh	9.—Mandalay
3.—Bara Gali	7.—Quetta	10.—Natal
4.—Natal		

EASTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Dover).
Depôt No. 1, Dover. No. 2, Great Yarmouth.

Co.	Co.	Co.
1.—Calcutta	11.—Gibraltar	21.—Sheerness
2.—St. Helena	12.—Dover	22.—(H.) Sheerness
3.—Rangoon (for	13.—Bombay	23.—Shoeburyness
4.—Kurrachee[Aden)	14.—Isle of Wight	24.—Delhi
5.—Cape Colony	15.—Dover	25.—Hong Kong
6.—Shoeburyness	16.—Egypt [Bermuda)	26.—(S.T.) Bombay
7.—(S.T.) Mooltan	17.—Malta (for	27.—Sheerness
8.—Aden	18.—Gibraltar	28.—Landguard Fort
9.—Allahabad	19.—Gibraltar [Malta)	29.—Leith Fort
10.—Cape Colony	20.—Gibraltar (for	30.—Dover

SOUTHERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Portsmouth).
Depôt No. 1, Fort Rowner, Gosport. No. 2, Seaforth Barracks, Liverpool.

Co.	Co.	Co.
1.—Malta	15.—(S.T.) C. Colony	29.—Barrackpore
2.—Cape Colony	16.—Cape Colony	30.—Portsmouth
3.—Portsmouth	17.—Malta	31.—Malta
4.—Malta	18.—Aden	32.—Gibraltar
5.—Agra	19.—Malta	33.—Thobba
6.—Roorkee	20.—(S.T.)Ft.Fareh'm	34.—Trincomalee
7.—Weymouth	21.—Portsmouth	35.—Singapore
8.—Bermuda (for [Halifax, N.S.)	22.—Jamaica	36.—Cape Colony
	23.—Quetta	37.—Ceylon
9.—Roorkee	24.—(H.) Campbell- [pore	38.—Hong Kong
10.—Gibraltar		39.—Golden Hill, [Isle of Wight
11.—Roorkee	25.—Hong Kong	
12.—Singapore	26.—Gibraltar	40.—Cork Harbour
13.—Malta	27.—Malta	41.—Portsmouth
14.—Cape Colony	28.—Weymouth	

WESTERN DIVISION (Headquarters, Devonport).
Depôt No. 1, Citadel, Plymouth. No. 2, Scarborough.

Co.	Co.	Co.
1.—St. Lucia	13.—Pembroke Dock	24.—Malta
2.—Cape Colony	14.—C. of Good Hope	25.—Quetta
3.—Halifax	15.—(S.T.) C. Colony	26.—Mauritius
4.—Ferozepore	16.—Aden	27.—Pembroke Dock
5.—Rawul Pindi	17.—Cape Colony	28.—Londonderry
6.—Cape Colony	18.—Bombay	29.—Fort Bovisand, [Plymouth
7.—Jhansi	19.—Esquimault	
8.—Mauritius	20.—Halifax, N.S. (for [Jamaica)	30.—Devonport
9.—(H) Secunderab'd		
10.—Cape Colony	21.—Bermuda	ROYAL MALTA ART'Y.
11.—Fort St. George	22.—Rangoon	
12.—Jersey	23.—Kimberley	Malta

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2nd (F.) Egypt	37th (Fd.) for S. Africa	Field D., R.E. Troops, [Aldershot
3rd (F.) Bermuda	38th (Fd.) S. Africa	
4th (Sub.) Gosport	39th (Sub.) Sheerness	Balloon D. and Sect., [South Africa
5th (F.) Portsmouth	40th (Sub.) Halifax, [N.S.	
6th (F.) South Africa		COAST BATTALION
7th (Fd.) S. Africa	41st (F.) Hdqrs. and ½ Co. Ceylon; ½ Co. Singapore	(Submarine Miners):
8th (Ry.) S. Africa		
9th (Fd.) For S. Africa	42nd (F.) South Africa	Sect.
10th (Ry.) S. Africa	43rd (F.) Mauritius	1 (Tyne) N. Shields
11th (Fd.) S. Africa	45th (F.) Steam Tr'p't, [Natal	2 (Severn) Cardiff
12th (Fd.) S. Africa		3 (Clyde) Greenock
13th (Sur.) Clifton, [Bristol	46th (Fd.) Portsmouth	4 (Humber) Paull
	47th (F.) South Africa	5 (Tees) Middlesbr'gh
14th (Sur.) Dublin	48th (Sub.) Chatham	6 (Tay) Broughty [Ferry
15th (F.) Gibraltar	49th (F.) Chatham	
16th (Sur.) Bedford	50th (F.) Chatham	7 (Forth) Leith, ["Dido," hulk
17th (Fd.) S. Africa	51st (F.) Chatham	
18th (F.) Halifax, N.S.	A (D.) Chatham	8 (Mersey) Liverpool
19th (Sur.) S'th'pton	B (D.) Chatham	9 (Falmouth) Falm'th
20th (F.) South Africa	C (D.) Chatham	10 (Weymouth) [Weymouth
21st (Sub.) Felixstowe	D (D.) Chatham	
22nd (Sub.) I. of Wight	E (D.) Chatham	LOCAL COMPANIES ABROAD:
23rd (Fd.) Natal	F (D.) Chatham	
24th (F.) Malta	G (D.) Chatham	Singapore (Sub.)
25th (F.) Hong Kong	M (Sub.) Chatham	Hong Kong (Sub.)
26th (Fd.) S. Africa	N (D.) Chatham	Ceylon (Sub.) [Trincomalee
27th (Sub.) Bermuda	H Army Hqrs., India	
28th (Sub.) Malta	TELEGRAPH BATN.:	Mauritius (Sub.)
29th (F.) Cape Town	1st Div., South Africa	Sierra Leone (F.)
30th (Sub.) Plymouth	2nd Div., 28, Newgate [Street	West India (Sub.) Jamaica
31st (F.) South Africa		W. India (F.)
32nd (F.) Gibraltar	BRIDGING BATN.:	½ Co. Jamaica, 1 Section at St. Lucia
33rd (Sub.) Cork Harb.	A Troop, South Africa	
34th (Sub.) Gravesend	B Troop, Aldershot	
35th (Sub.) Pembroke [Dock	C Troop, South Africa	

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* The Disposition of our Forces in South Africa is given in every number of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

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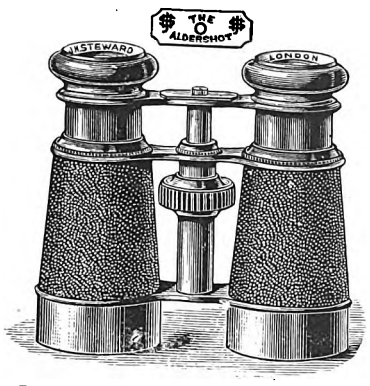

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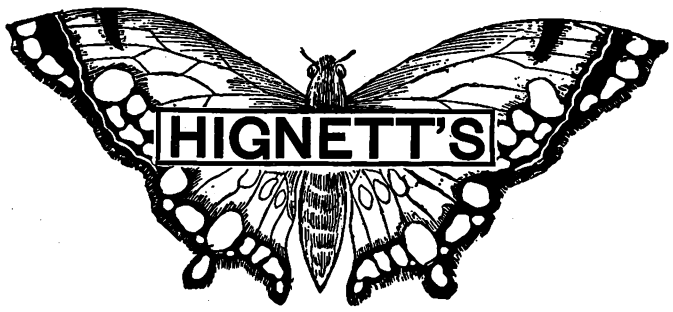

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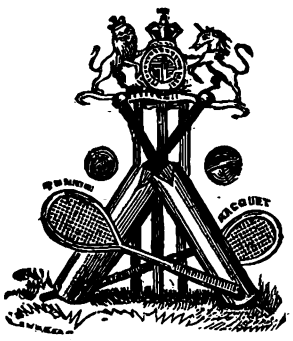

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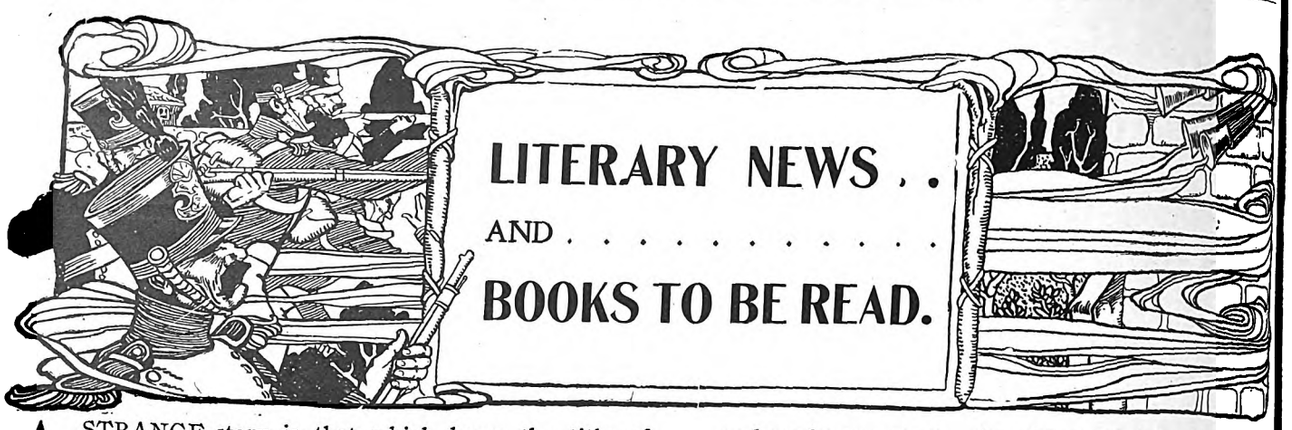

A STRANGE story is that which bears the title of "Shameless Wayne," by Halliwell Sutcliffe (Unwin). It is a book in which the elemental facts of human nature are powerfully embodied, and wherein the grip of vengeance is greater than the bond of love. It is, perhaps, significant of the character of Mr. Sutcliffe's latest story that the reader does not ask for date or circumstance; he is content to follow the engrossing story of a great vendetta as dramatic as that of the Montagues and the Capulets. Such ancestral hatreds were indigenous in our own soil, and have left their mark in many a part of England, for often in the stormy hearts of our sires did "ancient grudge break to new mutiny." Mr. Sutcliffe's previous volume, "Ricroft of Withens," at once brought him to the front as an individualised writer, whose work is far apart from much that we read. He is a native, I believe, of West Yorkshire, and "Shameless Wayne" speaks loudly of the soil, and is full of the sharp wit and the round speech of the upland country of the Pennine fringe. What Scott's tales are to the Border, or "Lorna Doone" to Exmoor, is Mr. Sutcliffe's work to the particular part of the country in which he casts his story. There is something of a difficulty for many readers, perhaps, in the rugged dialect which his characters employ, but it is an excellent thing—and the Dialect Society will appreciate the advantage—to have the primitive tongue of the North, rapidly fading now, embodied in good literature like this.

These Waynes and Ratcliffes cannot escape the curse that pursues them; they must "drie their weird," and appropriately—like the tragedy of Macbeth—the story begins with thunder, lightning, and with rain. The attention of the reader is gripped at once when he finds the sexton's wife knitting in the church tower, while with her foot she tolls the bell for the murdered Wayne. And here I must say that Mr. Sutcliffe possesses remarkable descriptive power, and the following may be quoted:

"Eerie as the night was in the belfry, it was wilder yet in the bleak kirkyard without, free to the moor as it was, and full of corners where the wind hid itself to pipe a shriller note than it could compass in the open. The wind, a moon three-quarters full, a sky close packed with rain and sleet, fought hard together; and now the moon gained a moment's victory, shimmering ghostly grey across the wet tombstones; and now the scudding wrack prevailed, hiding the moon outright. The sodden winter leaves were lifted from the mould and danced to the tune of the rain-drops pattering upward from the tombstones."

Into this scene comes the daughter of the murdered man, fingering the dagger of her vengeance, while the old woman says of her father, "'Tis a cold journey an' a long he's bound for, an' he'll feel th' lack o' flesh-warmth; ay, poor body! I could hev wished his soul fairer weather." The girl is raving against Nature with the struggle of a woman, remembering the fight through the summer days when the very skies strive against the seed crops, and the winter when the winds rail as if to batter the windows in. There is something of primitive pagandom in the story, and this plays a large part in the development of its feud, and is manifested in numberless ways in the book. The girl swears by the Brown Dog, the spectre beast, or Barguest, which gives tongue when danger threatens the Waynes, and when they never fail to loosen their blades in their scabbards. Shameless Wayne, himself, the son of the murdered man, is first heard roystering from a tavern by the churchyard while his father's body is not yet cold. The trouble had been stirred afresh by the Lean Man of Wildwater, the rugged chief of the rival clan, who had sought to humble the Waynes by strangling their pride through the dishonour of the dead man's wife. It illustrates what I say about pagandom when the Lean Man speaks of his son: "The lad will wed her as soon as they get free of Marshcotes, she thinks—but I know different, and 'twill eat the heart out of the Waynes."

But Shameless Wayne had learned to love a daughter of these Capulets, and the girl Janet, watching her rugged grandfather—the Lean Man—knows that he is planning mischief "as surely as a hawk meant death when it hung motionless above a cowering wild fowl." "Brave the Lean Man was, and crafty as a stoat; wiry of body, lank-jawed of face; and the hair stood up from his crown a rusty grey, like stubble when the first frost has nipped it." No wonder, therefore, that the voice of the hound is heard again—the mark of coming trouble, for, as the old woman says, "There's sorrow brewing thick, an' th' Brown Dog he's come to bid ye look to pistol primings an' th' like."

I shall leave the reader to pursue for himself the tragic events that follow. There is much bloodshed when the Waynes and the Ratcliffes gather together. Thus we have a struggle in the very churchyard, and Shameless Wayne, leading his kindred, strikes boldly: "A Wayne! in at them, lads! A Wayne! A Wayne!" So he called as he leaped at the Lean Man, and "sliced his left ear level with the cheek." But there is further carnage before the close, and a terrible battle in which men drop fast, and the story ends with the Lean Man on his death-bed jibing at Death, while Shameless Wayne wins the old man's granddaughter. "And then he gave a cry, and took her to him, so close he seemed to dare each whispering ghost of feud to snatch her from him." With this the hatchet is buried between these rugged Montagues and Capulets, and thus the end is brighter than the beginning. It will be surmised that Mr. Sutcliffe's book is a gloomy one. Indeed, the sunlight only occasionally brightens his vivid pages. But they are not without humour of the sharp and pungent kind which is found in these people, who have a subtle sense of the ludicrous and clothe their sarcasms with the vigour of speech which adds a good deal to the relish of the book. In the fidelity of one or two original beings I was reminded of Mrs. Poyser. It may be deemed a defect to some that no woman is in the book whom we can love or admire, but this is really in the nature of the story, which, for the rest, is a masterful presentment of hard and strong individuality manifesting itself in a way not common in modern fiction, and thrown with unmistakable power upon the background of local scenery and character. There are many more personages in the story than I have spoken of, but not one lacking in force or convincing personality.

From the work of one vivid writer I turn to that of another in a totally different sphere. The late Mr. Steevens, whose death was so widely lamented, brought to journalism a touch of the literary faculty in a new and original way, and his writings and descriptive volumes gave his work very wide popularity. It was, therefore, a source of sincere regret when intelligence of his death was received from Ladysmith. Very many will be glad to possess the book "From Capetown to Ladysmith" (Blackwood), being his letters reprinted from a contemporary, and forming "an unfinished record of events in South Africa." It has been edited by Mr. Vernon Blackburn, who, in a final chapter, gives a sound appreciation of Mr. Steevens's work. The letters are vivid and picturesque, like everything that came from the accomplished author's hand, though doubtless, had he lived, he would have given them a more finished character for the press. The book is assured of very wide popularity, and is appropriately clothed in khaki.

Books of Current Note.

"Field-Marshal Lord Roberts." By Horace G. Groser (Melrose). A well-told story of the famous soldier's career, published very cheaply for 1s., and a book bound to be popular at a time when Lord Roberts has won a new triumph.

"The Redemption of War." By Francis Paget, D.D. (Longmans). A little book of sermons by the Dean of Christ Church which may be commended to the thoughtful, and especially to those who regard war as intrinsically sinful, and wholly horrible.

"Nautisch-Technisches Wörterbuch der Marine." Bearbeitet von Julius Heinz (Gerold, Vienna). This is semi-officially published at Pola and Vienna, and is an admirable help to Naval students. It is a Naval word and phrase book, remarkably accurate and full, with all the references in the present volume classified in German and Italian with English and French equivalents.

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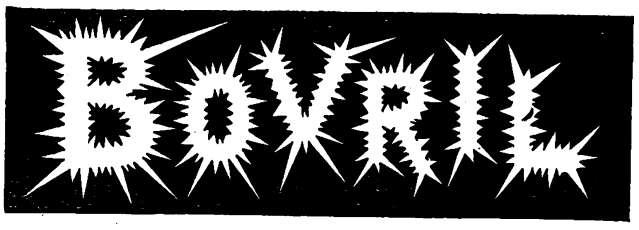

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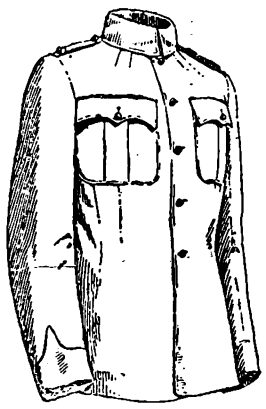

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My dear Betty,—Norah wrote to me very regretfully this week, as her stay in Malta was drawing to an end, and she did not at all enjoy the thought that her four happy months in the bright little island were so nearly over. Just before she left she was busily engaged in the chorus of "H.M.S. Pinafore," which was got up by Captain James and Captain Oakshott as a grand finale to the winter season. And it was a tremendous success, for when the performances took place not a seat in stalls, boxes, or galleries was empty, the result being that a very substantial sum was handed over to the War Fund and to two of the local charities.

Captain Oakshott took upon himself the whole training of the chorus, besides conducting the orchestra; to Captain James fell the burden of the general arrangements; whilst Major-General O'Callaghan was a most business-like and energetic stage manager. As for the cast, Miss Bell was quite charming as Josephine, and Mrs. Nugent as Little Buttercup was greatly applauded, being indeed encored several times. Hebe was capitally played by Mrs. Clarkson, and Captain James played the part of Captain Corcoran as if he were indeed a Naval officer instead of belonging to the sister Service. Mr. Hopkins, R.N., was the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Newell played Ralph Rackstraw, whilst Mr. Philpott, R.N., was Dick Deadeye, and Mr. O'Donel Bill Bobstay, all of whom received their due share of applause. The performance of the chorus was in every respect excellent, quite rewarding the members for the long hours they stood at the rehearsals, whilst their dresses were charmingly pretty both in colouring and arrangement, and were well set off by the uniform of the Bluejackets, who were represented by the masculine members of the chorus.

In one way and another everything now has some reference to the war or to our Army, so, even if we would, we can scarcely for a moment get away from thoughts concerning them. Nearly every short story one takes up turns on some imaginary or heroic deed of the present or of past wars, whilst even theatrical managers in some cases choose what may be called topical plays. One of these, "The Bugle Call," was very harrowing, dwelling as it did on the partings that have been taking place almost daily during the last five months. But now the Garrick comes forward with the brighter side of the military subject, and "Bootle's Baby," which has been running about a fortnight, shows the cheery, happy-go-lucky life of the soldier when he is neither on active service nor in a station where he is commanded by an energetic general stirring him up to continual night attacks or field days.

Last week at 96, Piccadilly was opened the Junior Naval and Military Club, which has been established to meet the requirements of officers who are awaiting election to the older Service clubs. Six hundred members have already been enrolled, but as many of these are now absent on foreign service, it has been decided to keep open the original members' list longer than would otherwise have been the case. The club-house has been very comfortably furnished, and it is supplied with a large number of bedrooms, which are sure to be found useful by many of the members. There is also a ladies' dining-room, whilst the lift which runs from the basement to the top of the building is a convenience generally appreciated.

As I write the news comes of the relief of Ladysmith, news that, following closely on Lord Roberts's success, makes one very hopeful for the future. The whole campaign now is so intensely interesting, that if only we could study it in the cold-blooded manner in which we used to study bygone wars in our school days it would be most enjoyable. But the dark side comes too nearly home to all of us for that. Everyone, however, will be light-hearted to-day.

Are you coming up to town this month? For if so you must not forget to go to 17, Berners Street, W., to see a beautiful screen that Mr. Morris has presented to the fund of the hospital ship "Maine." It is a large screen, measuring 6-ft. 6-in. by 7-ft., and is made of cowhide leather painted with a representation of the ship as she was starting on her errand of mercy. The screen is put up for raffle for the benefit of the fund; tickets being offered at a guinea each up till the middle of April. In the meantime anyone is invited to call at Berners Street to see it, when none will be urged to take a ticket unless they declare their intention to do so. Yours affectionately,

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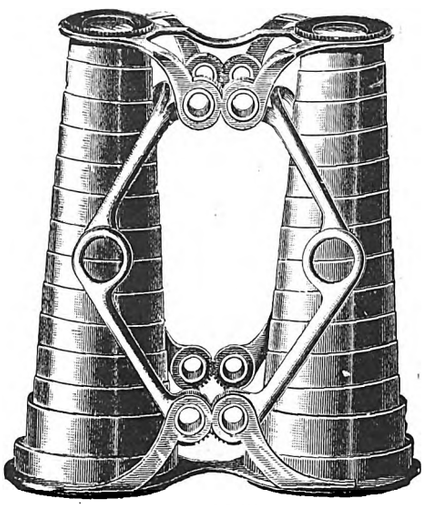

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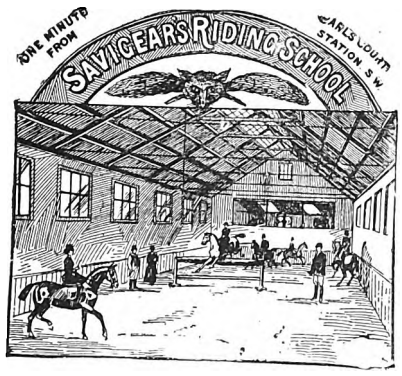

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NAVY & ARMY ENTERTAINMENT GUIDE.

LONDON.

ADELPHI, Strand, W.C., 7.45 p.m. "Bonnie Dundee."
AVENUE, W.C., 8.45 p.m. Wed. and Sat. at 3 p.m. "A Message from Mars."
COMEDY, Panton St., W. 8.30 p.m. "In Spite of All."
COURT, Sloane Sq., S.W., 8.30 p.m. "A Royal Family."
COVENT GARDEN, W.C., 8 p.m. Promenade Concerts.
CRITERION, W., 8.30 p.m. Sat. at 3 p.m. "His Excellency the Governor."
DALY'S, Leicester Sq., W.C., 8 p.m., and Sat. at 2.30 p.m. "San Toy."
DRURY LANE, W.C., 7.30 p.m., and 1.30 p.m. Wed. and Sat. "Jack and the Beanstalk."
DUKE OF YORK'S, W.C., 8 p.m. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. "Miss Hobbs."
GAIETY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. Sat. 2.30 p.m. "The Messenger Boy."
GARRICK, W.C., 8 p.m. "Bootles' Baby."
GLOBE, W.C., 8 p.m. "Nurse."
HAYMARKET, S.W., 8.30 p.m. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15 p.m. "She Stoops to Conquer."
HER MAJESTY'S, S.W., 8.15 p.m. Wed. and Sat. at 2.15 p.m. "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
LYCEUM, W.C., 8 p.m. "Hamlet."
LYRIC, W., 8.30 p.m., Sat., 2.30 p.m. "Florodora."
PRINCE OF WALES'S, W., 8.15 p.m. "Don Juan's Last Wager."
PRINCESS'S, W., 8 p.m. "Drink."
ROYALTY, Dean St., W. "Magda."
ST. JAMES'S, S.W., 8.30 p.m. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30 p.m. "Rupert of Hentzau."
SAVOY, W.C., 8.15 p.m. Sat. at 2.30 p.m. "The Rose of Persia."
SHAFTESBURY, W.
STRAND, W.C., 9 p.m. Sat. at 3 p.m. "Facing the Music."
TERRY'S, Strand, W.C.
VAUDEVILLE, W.C., 9 p.m. "The Bishop's Eye."
WYNDHAM'S, W.C., 8 p.m. Sat. at 2.30 p.m. "Dandy Dick."

SUBURBAN

ALEXANDRA, Stoke Newington, N., 7.45 p.m. "Hearts are Trumps."
BRITANNIA, Hoxton, N., 7 p.m. "A Million of Money."
BRIXTON, S.W., 7.45. p.m. Sat. 2.30 p.m. "Florodora."
BROADWAY, Deptford, S.E., 7.30 p.m. Sat. 2.30 p.m. "The Dancing Girl."
CORONET, Nott. Hill Gate, W., 8 p.m. Sat. 2.30. p.m. "The Repertoire Co."
CROWN, Peckham, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "With Flying Colours."
DALSTON, N., 7.45 p.m. "The Famine."
ELEPHANT AND CASTLE, S.E., 7.45 p.m., and Sat. at 2 p.m. "The New Magdalen."
GRAND, Fulham, S.W., 7.30 p.m., and Sat. at 2 p.m. "El Capitan."
KENNINGTON (Princess of Wales's), 7.45 p.m. "The Absent-minded Beggar."
LYRIC, Hammersmith, 7.30 p.m. "Send Her Victorious."
METROPOLE, Camberwell, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Geisha."
MORTON'S, Greenwich, S.E., 8 p.m. "Sorrows of Satan."
OPERA HOUSE, Crouch End, N., 8 p.m. Sat. 2.30 p.m. "East Lynne."
ROYAL, Stratford, E., 8 p.m. "Soldiers of the Queen."
ROYAL DUCHESS, Balham, S.W., 8 p.m. "The Squire."
ROYAL WEST LONDON, W., 8 p.m. "A Fast Life."
SHAKESPEARE, Clapham Junction, S.W., 8 p.m. "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
SURREY, S.E., 7.45 p.m. "The Merciless World."

MUSIC HALLS.

ALHAMBRA, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
EMPIRE, Leicester Square, W.C., 8 p.m.
LONDON PAVILION, Piccadilly Circus, W., 8 p.m.
METROPOLITAN, 267, Edgware Road, W., 8 p.m.
OXFORD, 14, Oxford Circus, W., 8 p.m., Sat. 2.15 p.m.
PALACE, Cambridge Circus, W.C., 7.50 p.m.
PARAGON, 95, Mile End Road, E., 8 p.m.
ROYAL, Holborn, 8 p.m., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
TIVOLI, Strand, W.C., 8 p.m.

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The Distribution of Our Naval & Military Forces.

The first week of each month a list of the ships of the Navy on foreign service will be given on this page; the second week the quarters of the Cavalry, Artillery, and Royal Engineers; the third week the vessels stationed in home waters; the fourth week the quarters of the Infantry Regiments; and from time to time ships in reserve, and those being built.

Third Week.]

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL NAVY IN HOME WATERS.

B. Battle-ship. g.b. Gun-boat. h. Hulk. s. Special Service Vessel. cr. Cruiser. t.b.d. Torpedo-boat Destroyer. t.g.b. Torpedo-gun-boat. g.v. Gun Vessel. y. Yacht. T. Tender. s.s. Survey Ship. d.s. Depot-ship. P. Portsmouth. D. Devonport. C. Chatham. S. Sheerness. i. Instructional Torpedo Flotilla. c.g. Coast Guard. p.g. Port Guard. W.I. Whale Island.

Agincourt, *cr.*	Com. D. St. A. Wake	*T.* to Boscawen
Alarm, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. Powley	*T.* to Galatea, *c.g.*
Albacore, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. W. Steward	Ireland
Alberta, *y.*	Staff-Capt. G. A. Broad	*T.* to Victoria and Albert
Alexandra, *B.*	Capt. Count F. C. Metaxa, A.D.C. (Vice-Adml. Sir Compton E. Domvile, K.C.B.).	Portland, *c.g.*
Algiers, *h.*	Capt. G. L. Atkinson, A.D.C. (Rear-Adml. S. C. Holland).	Medway Reserve *C.*
Antelope, *t.g.b.*	Com. O. A. Stokes	Portishead (R.N.R)
Ariel, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. H. C. R. Brocklebank	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Arrogant, *cr.*	Capt. A. W. E. Protheroe	Channel Squadron
Asia, *h.*	Capt. A. A. C. Parr (Rear-Admiral P. Aldrich).	Portsmouth
Australia, *cr.*	Capt. G. Neville	Reserves Southampton
Benbow, *B.*	Capt. R. P. Humpage	Water, *c.g.* Greenock, *c.g.*
Bittern, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. E. La J. Leatham	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Black Prince, *cr.*	Com. W. J. Grogan	Queenstown (boys)
Boscawen, *h.*	Capt. T. H. M. Jerram	Portland (boys)
Britannia, *h.*	Capt. M. P. O'Callaghan	Dartmouth (cadets)
Briton, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. A. C. Spearman	Inverness (R.N.R.)
Caledonia, *h.*	Com. J. G. Hewitt	Queensferry (boys)
Calliope, *cr.*	Capt. H. P. Routh	*T.* to Northampton
Cambrian, *cr.*	Capt. R. K. McAlpine.	Training Squadron
Cambridge, *h.*	Capt. R. W. Craigie.	Gunnery School, *D.*
Chamois, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. G. Corbett	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Circe, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. G. S. Q. Carr, C.M.G.	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Clyde, *h.*	Com. J. P. Montgomery	Aberdeen (R.N.R.)
Collingwood, *B.*	Capt.	Bantry, *c.g.*
Colossus, *B.*	Capt. S. A. Johnson.	Holyhead, *c.g.*
Conqueror, *B.*		*T.* to Cambridge
Coquette, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. C. P. Beaty-Pownall	*T.* to Pembroke
Crane, *t.b.d.*	Com. T. D. W. Napier	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Curacoa, *cr.*	Com. H. Lyon.	*T.* to Northampton
Curlew, *g.v.*		*T.* to Cambridge
Cygnet, *t.b.d.*	Com. C. S. Hickley	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Dædalus, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. B. C. Barber	Bristol (R.N.R.)
Daring, *t.b.d.*		*T.* to Excellent
Defiance, *h.*	Capt. F. T. Hamilton	Torpedo School, *D.*
Diadem, *cr.*	Capt. H. S. F. Niblett	Channel Squadron
Diana, *cr.*	Capt. H. C. A. Baynes.	Particular Service
Dolphin, *sloop*	Lieut.-Com. J. Luce	*T.* to Boscawen
D. of Wellingt'n, *h.*	Capt. W. de V. Hamilton	Depôt Ship, *P.*
Durham, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. R. H. Curteis	Leith (R.N.R.)
Eagle, *h.*	Com. C. E. Gladstone	Liverpool (R.N.R.)
Edgar, *cr.*	Capt. E. J. Fleet	Particular Service
Edinburgh, *B.*	Com. W. G. Van Ingen	*T.* to Wildfire (Gunnery School)
Elfin, *y.*	Staff-Com. J. E. Tully.	*T.* to Victoria and Albert
Enchantress, *y.*	Staff-Capt. P. D. Ouless	Admiralty Yacht, *P*
Europa, *cr.*	Capt. A. J. Pocklington	Particular Service
Excellent	Capt. W. H. May, M.V.O.	Gunnery Sch., *W.I.*
Fairy, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. N. Hunter	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Fawn, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. W. Dalgety	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Ferret, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com.	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Fire Queen, *y.*	Staff-Capt. T. Hawkins Smith	*T.* to Victory
Flirt, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. E. A. Thomas	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Flying Fish, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. Singer	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Furious, *cr.*	Capt. F. J. Foley	Channel Squadron
Galatea, *cr.*	Capt. C. H. Cross	Hull, *c.g.*
Ganges, *h.*	Com. W. V. Anson	Harwich (boys)
Gleaner, *t.g.b.*	Com. F. H. Peyton	Gravesend (R.N.R)
Gossamer, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. G. T. Cole	*T.* to Melampus, *c.g.*
Hannibal, *B.*	Capt. Sir B. W. Walker, Bart., C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Hearty, *g.b.*	Com. H. G. King Hall, D.S.O.	North Sea (fisheries)
Hecla	Com. W. J. Scullard (N)	Torpedo Depôt, *P.*
Hero, *B.*	Com. F. A. R. Bowles	*T.* to Excellent
Highflyer, *cr.*	Capt. F. E. E. Brock	T. Squadron (Tem.)
Howe, *B.*	Captain H. L. Fleet (Rear-Adml. A. P. M. Lake).	Queenstown, *p.g.*
Impregnable, *h.*	Capt. A. C. B. Bromley	Devonport (boys)
Indus, *h.*	Capt. W. Marrack (Rear-Adml. T. S. Jackson).	D'nport Reserves
Jackal, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. C. Tancred	Coast of Scotland (fisheries)
Janus, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. G. de L. O. Johnson	*T.* to Pembroke
Jaseur, *t.g.b.*	Com. W. Carey	*T.* to Vernon
Jason, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. Bruce.	Particular Service
Juno, *cr.*	Capt. G. H. Cherry	Training Squadron
Jupiter, *B.*	Capt. J. Durnford, C.B., D.S.O.	Channel Squadron
Kite, *g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. P. W. Hope.	*T.* to Excellent
Landrail, *g.v.*		*T.* to Wildfire
Leda, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. V. Maud	*T.* to Australia, *c.g.*
Leven, *t.b.d.*	Com. P. A. I. Lloyd	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Liberty, *rig.*	Lieut.-Com. C. H. Morgan	*T.* to Lion
Lightning, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. L. L. Dundas	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Lion, *h.*	Com. E. G. Shortland.	Devonport (boys)
Locust, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. S. H. Radcliffe	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Lynx, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com.	*T.* to Vivid
Magnet, *tug.*	Lieut.-Com. J. Webber	*T.* to Victory
Magnificent, *B.*	Capt. J. Ferris (Rear-Adml. A. D. Fanshawe).	Channel Squadron
Majestic, *B.*	Capt. G. Le C. Egerton, C.B. (Vice-Admiral Sir H. H. Rawson, K.C.B.).	Channel Squadron
Mars, *B.*	Capt. H. J. May, C.B.	Channel Squadron
Martin, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. S. M. Agnew	*T.* to St. Vincent
Medea, *cr.*	Com. C. G. May	Southampton (R.N.R.)
Medusa, *cr.*	Com. A. L. K. Knapton	N. Shields (R.N.R)
Melampus, *cr.*	Capt. R. N. Gresley	Kingstown, *c.g.*
Mermaid, *t.b.d.*	Com. M. E. F. Kerr	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Minerva, *cr.*	Capt. F. O. Pike	Training Squadron
Minotaur, *cr.*	Com. E. G. Barton	*T.* to Boscawen
Nautilus, *brig*	Lieut.-Com. H. H. D. Tothill	*T.* to Impregnable
Nile, *B.*	Capt. G. C. Langley	Devonport, *p.g.*
Northampton, *cr.*	Capt. H. A. W. Onslow	Recruiting Service
Northumberl'd, *cr.*	Com. C. E. Tower	Depôt Ship, *C.*
Onyx, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. G. Oliver	*T.* to Severn, *c.g.*
Osborne, *y.*	Capt. C. Windham	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Osprey, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. G. E. Corbett	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Pactolus, *cr.*	Capt. A. A. G. Tate	Channel Squadron
Panther, *t.b.d.*	Com. J. I. Graham	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Pembroke, *h.*	Capt. A. Macleod.	Medway Res'ves, *C*
Pilot, *brig*	Lieut.-Com. W. J. S. Alderson	*T.* to Impregnable
Porcupine, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. C. Tibbets	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
President, *h.*	Com. A. C. Woods	W.I. Docks (R.N.R)
Prince George, *B.*	Capt. A. Barrow	Channel Squadron
Racer, *sloop*	Com. M. S. Beatty (N)	*T.* to Britannia
Raven, *g.b.*	Com. A. Meldrum	Channel Islands
Renard, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. W. H. Eyre	*T.* to Colossus, *c.g.*
Repulse, *B.*	Capt. R. F. O. Foote, C.M.G.	Channel Squadron
Research, *s.*	Capt. W. U. Moore	Home Waters
Resolution, *B.*	Capt. C. R Arbuthnot.	Channel Squadron
Rodney, *B.*	Capt. G. W. Russell	Queensferry, *c.g.*
St. George, *cr.*	Com. E. V. Poe, M.V.O., A.D.C.	Training Squadron
St. Vincent, *h.*	Com. C. F. Thursby	Portsmouth (boys)
Sans Pareil, *B.*	Capt. H. C. Bigge	Sheerness, *p.g.*
Seaflower, *brig.*	Lieut.-Com. E. G. H. Gamble	*T.* to Boscawen
Seagull, *t.g.b.*	Com. H. Grant-Dalton	Particular Service
Seahorse, *s.*	Staff-Com. G. S. Keigwin	Home Waters
Seal, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. V. G. Gurner	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Severn, *cr.*	Capt. W. L. H. Browne	Harwich, *c.g.*
Shark, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com.	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Sharpshoot'r, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. F. W. Loane	*T.* to Vivid (Eng. Students)
Sheldrake, *t.g.b.*	Lieut.-Com. J. W. Pochin	*T.* to Rodney
Spanker, *t.g.b.*	Lt.-Com. H. E. F. Worthington	*T.* to Alexandra, *c.g.*
Spitfire, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. C. P. Beatty-Pownall	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Star, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. B. S. Evans	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Sturgeon, *t.b.d.*	Lt.-Com. M. McG. Lockhart	*T.* to Pembroke, *i.*
Thrasher, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. T. D. Pratt	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Thunderer, *B.*	Capt. J. E. Blaxland	Pembroke, *p.g.*
Trafalgar, *B.*	Capt. G. A. Primrose	Portsmouth, *p.g.*
Traveller, *tug*	Lieut.-Com. R. A. Cathie	*T.* to Vivid
Triton, *s.*	Capt. G. E. Richards	Home Waters
Unicorn, *h.*	Lieut.-Com. E. L. Austen	Dundee (R.N.R.)
Vernon, *h.*	Capt. C. G. Robinson	Torpedo School, *P.*
Vesuvius, *g.b.*	Lt.-Com. F. C. U. V. Wentworth	*T.* to Vernon
Victoria & Albert, *y.*	R.-Adml. Sir J. R. T. Fullerton, K.C.V.O., C.B., A.D.C.	Royal Yacht, *P.*
Victory, *h.*	Capt. F. C. B. Bridgeman (Adml. Sir M. Culme-Seymour, Bart., G.C.B.).	Portsmouth
Violet, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. J. B. Sparks	*T.* to Victory, *i.*
Vivid, *y.*	Capt. Sir R. Poore, Bart. (Adml. Sir H. Fairfax, K.C.B.).	Devonport
Wanderer, *barque*	Lieut.-Com. L. de W. Satow	*T.* to Boscawen
Wildfire, *y.*	Capt. C. Campbell, C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C. (Admiral Sir N. Bowden-Smith, K.C.B.).	Sheerness
Wolf, *t.b.d.*	Lieut.-Com. R. C. Kemble-Lambert.	*T.* to Vivid, *i.*
Wye, *s.*	Staff-Com. C. R. H. Robinson	Particular Service

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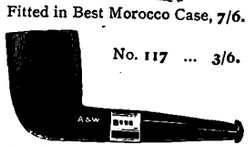

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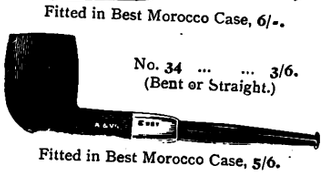

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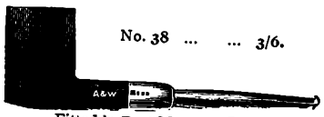

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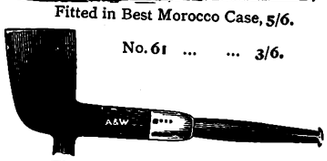

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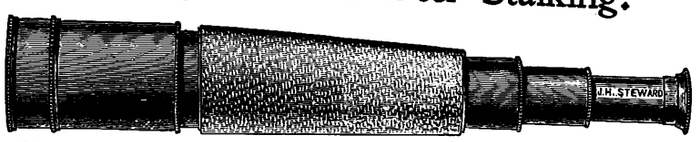

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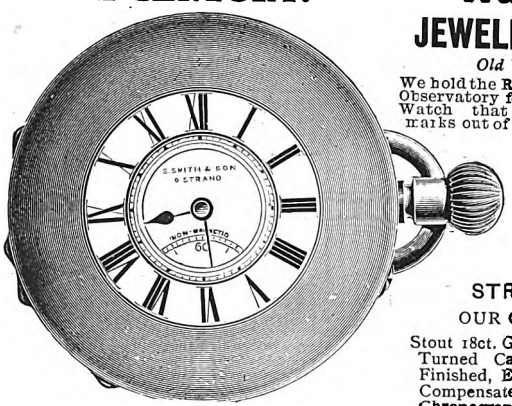

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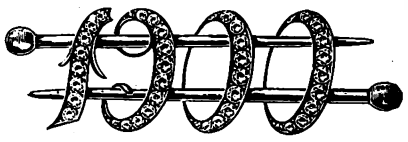

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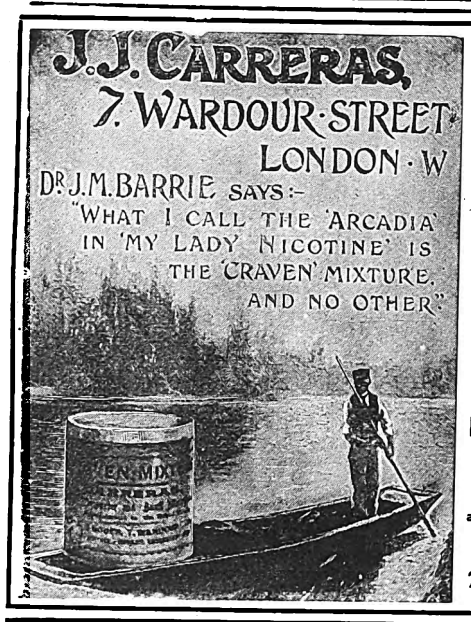

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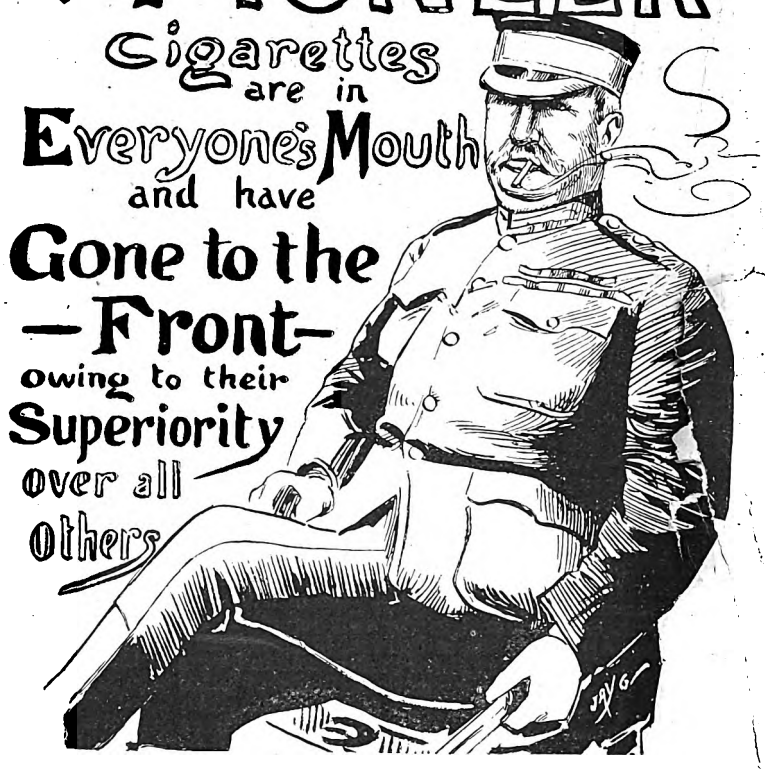

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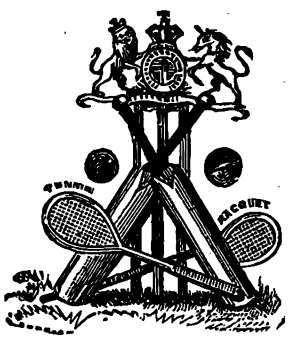

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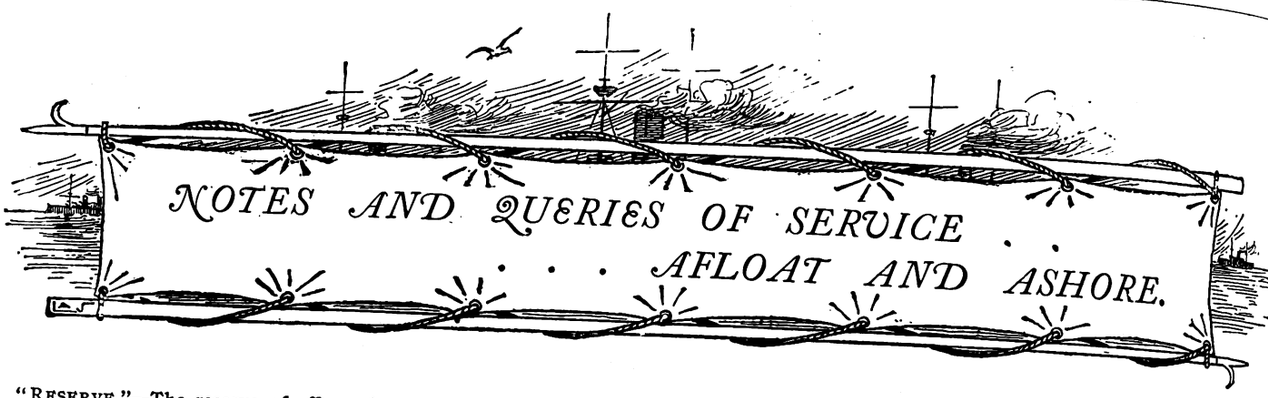

"RESERVE."—The reserve of officers is composed of officers who have left the Service with further liability to serve up to a certain age, officers who have retired or resigned without further liability to serve, but who have been granted commissions in the Reserve at their own request, and officers of the auxiliary forces who have been granted commissions. Officers have to train for a month yearly at their own expense, but in peace-time at least have no organisation, and are not, as is often supposed, the officers who would rejoin the colours with the Army Reserve men of their former units. When called out, an officer of the Reserve receives £100 for his outfit. Some 300 of the Reserve of officers have recently volunteered for service, and over 100 are now employed both at the front and on garrison duty at home.

* * * *

"HERO."—Officers are not accorded a military funeral unless at the time of their death they are on full pay or in military employment. According to regulation, the troops told off to attend the funerals of officers are in the following proportions: A field-marshal, six battalions and eight squadrons; a general, four battalions and six squadrons; a lieutenant-general, three battalions and four squadrons; a major-general, two battalions and three squadrons; and a brigadier-general, one battalion and two squadrons. A colonel commanding a battalion is entitled to the presence of his own regiment, a lieutenant-colonel to 300, and a major to 200, rank and file. The remains of a captain are accompanied to the grave by his own company, or 100 men; those of a subaltern by forty rank and file; of a warrant officer, by twenty-five rank and file; of a sergeant, by nineteen rank and file, and of other ranks by thirteen rank and file.

* * * *

LET not "Slim Piet" flatter himself with the notion that he is the originator of the idea of deceiving British troops by British bugle calls. In an early stage of the battle of Khush-ab, near Bushire, in which Outram, on February 10, 1856, won a decisive victory over the Persians, under Shuja-ul-mulk, the enemy's buglers sneaked up close to the 78th and sounded the "Cease firing" and the "Incline to the left." But the Highlanders were too canny for the Persians—"She was Hieland, nae doot, but she wuz no *that* Hieland that she didna ken hoo the chiel's gat the meesic." In fact, officers of our own had quite recently been lent to the Shah to drill his troops. The Highlanders marched straight to the front, blazing away until the time came for the push of the bayonet, and won, as they ever have done, a full share of the honours of the day.

* * * *

"A. Y."—Various kinds of bridges are constructed by Engineers in the field; for instance, trestle bridges where the depth of water to be crossed is not too great, and lock bridges where the distance from bank to bank is small. There are also girder, sling, double lock, and other bridges, with modifications and combinations of the same, any or all of which the military engineer is prepared to erect, as circumstances and the officer in command may dictate. But I presume your question has reference principally to the bridging of rivers which are too deep and wide to be negotiated by the above-mentioned means. In such a case, a floating bridge would be built, its piers consisting of pontoons, ordinary boats, casks, or rafts of timber. The buoyancy of the materials has been accurately calculated, and limits of safety are prescribed. When boats are employed they are placed with their bows to the current, and the width of a boat is left for waterway between every two boats. The roadway is laid with planks from 1½-in. to 2-in. thick, and the road should be 8-ft. clear between the ribands which border it. This allows the passage of infantry in fours, of cavalry two abreast, and of military carriages. The bridge must, of course, be securely lashed and anchored.

* * * *

"ENQUIRER."—The socks provided for our soldiers are generally regarded as excellent for long marching, and complaints are rarely made. With a good pair of woollen socks and the feet well greased, a man ought to be able to get through a long march without suffering from tender feet. If the feet are already tender with marching, soft soap should be applied to the inflamed parts before beginning the next day's march, otherwise any grease will do. An excellent cure for blistered feet, and also a preventive, is the application of whisky and tallow. It is a favourite soldier's remedy, and, though a rather unpleasant one, it is the best I know. The method of application is as follows: Pour a little whisky into the hollow of the palm of your hand, and let the grease from a lighted tallow candle drop into the whisky. Then rub the mixture well in. The candle should be of the old-fashioned sort, real tallow. The smell of the melting tallow is not pleasant, but the remedy is so effective that it is worth while to put up with a little unpleasantness.

* * * *

"NAVALIS."—The first recorded Naval action by an English fleet in a foreign sea took place in 1195. Richard I. had embarked in the "Trench the Mer," having with him a considerable fleet, comprising forty galleys, many ships of "great burden," and sixty of "great excellence." Near Beyrout they fell in with an "immense ship, very stoutly built, with three tall, tapering masts, and sides painted in some places green and in others yellow so elegantly, that nothing could exceed her beauty." This wonderful craft is said to have had on board 1,500 men, including seven emirs and eighty picked Turks for the defence of Acre, besides a large supply of weapons of war. After some preliminary palaver the English attacked her hotly, Richard himself being prominent in the fight. The immense height of the sides rendered it, however, very difficult to board and the assailants were about to relinquish the attempt, when Richard assured them that in that case he would either hang them on the cross or otherwise put them to extreme torture. Being thus between the devil and the deep sea, they plunged overboard, dived under the vessel and affixed ropes to her rudder, and then made shift to climb on board. Even then they were nearly forced back by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, when Richard hit upon the device of ordering the galleys to charge full tilt upon the unlucky ship—the first recorded use of the ram—when the iron beaks with which they were armed did such execution, that the quarry speedily sank, her sides being stove in in several places.

* * * *

MRS. MARY W—— (Galway).—As the wife of a sergeant in the 2nd Battalion of the Connaught Rangers—the old 94th—you have the privilege of belonging to the only regiment in Her Majesty's Service which has had the distinction of having a woman thanked in general orders. At Bronkhorst Spruit the Boers had treacherously fired upon the 94th, and in less than ten minutes all the officers had been hit. Mrs. Smith, the wife of the bandmaster, saw her husband killed before her eyes, and she and her little child were wounded almost immediately afterwards. Repressing her own personal grief, and heedless of the bullets flying round her, she tore up her own clothing to make bandages and to stanch the wounds of officers and men, many of whom owe their recovery to her "first aid" and assistance. This courageous lady was thanked in general orders, and on her return to England received the Cross of St. Catherine and a silver medal from the Knights of St. John. History was but repeating itself, for in the same regiment a woman had acted with equal heroism and bravery at the siege of Matagorda in 1810. Napier tells the story thus: Whilst the fire was hottest some water was required, and a drummer-boy was ordered to fetch some from a well near. The child—he was little else—hesitated, as well he might, for it seemed an errand of certain death. The order was repeated angrily; the boy was silent, but a woman's voice made answer, "The puir bairn is frightened, and no wonder; gie the bucket to me." Mrs. Marion Roston, the wife of a sergeant in the 94th, had been busily attending the wounded under a heavy fire, but seeing the child's nervousness, her motherly instinct at once tried to protect him, and heedless of the shot around her she went to the well and drew the water, but not before a shot had cut the slack of the rope she held in her hand in two pieces.

* * * *

MISS L. E—— (Bournemouth).—Your pay on first appointment would be Rs.175 per mensem, commencing from the day you embarked for India. You would be allowed, in addition, free quarters, fuel, light, and punkah-pullers in India. Your qualifications must be as follows: Your age at date of application must be over twenty-five and under thirty-five years. You must have had at least three years' training and service combined in a hospital where adult male patients receive medical and surgical treatment, and in which a staff of nursing sisters is maintained. The term for which you sign an agreement with the Government of India is for five years, capable of renewal for further periods of five years. You are entitled to six months' leave—on sick certificate—in the five years without forfeiting your appointment, but no longer. When on sick leave you receive two-thirds of your pay. Should you complete five years' service, and re-engage for another five years, you can be granted twelve months' leave home—such leave not to count as service—on two-thirds of your pay, with free passage by rail and sea home and out. On appointment, Government will give you an outfit allowance of £15.

* * * *

"THE CORPORAL."—A battery should consist of six guns permanently, whether in peace or in war. It is a mistake to say that four guns is the establishment in times of peace, and six in times of war. The mention of four-gun batteries in the Queen's Regulations, to which you draw attention, refers to newly-created batteries, which have, too often I fear, but four guns "temporarily," as authorities euphemistically say. This, so far as Government is concerned, is an excellent system, for in this way they gain the credit of having raised six batteries, when in reality—these being of four guns only—they have only fully equipped four of six guns each.

* * * *

I REGRET extremely that in the issue of the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED of the 24th ult. a portrait of Captain Archibald Rice Cameron of the 2nd Black Watch appeared amongst a series of portraits headed "A Tribute to Empire," and that in the article "Died for the Flag" this officer should have been mentioned as having died from wounds received at the battle of Magersfontein on December 12. This happened through incorrect data being attached to the portrait of the officer that was sent to me. Luckily by the time the portrait appeared the friends and relatives of this officer knew that he was well on the way to recovery from the very severe wounds which he received at Magersfontein. None the less, however, am I extremely sorry that the mistake should have occurred, and I can only plead as excuse that in the very great pressure of work that the war has engendered in this office it is a very difficult matter to entirely avoid falling into error occasionally. I have to thank Captain Cameron's father for so kindly and courteously drawing my attention to the mistake that was made, and I would beg to tender him my most sincere congratulations on his gallant son's recovery.

THE EDITOR.

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MY DEAR BETTY,—Nearly every letter I get tells me of some entertainment organised for the benefit of our soldiers or their families. Now Alice, writing from Calcutta, describes a torchlight tattoo got up for this purpose, and with so much success that a sum of 2,700 rupees was handed over to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association. The entertainment was under the patronage of Lady Lockhart,

A BLACK SATIN DRESS WITH RAISED FLOWER TRIMMINGS.

and began with a march past of the combined bands of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and the Royal Irish Rifles. Next came the physical drill of the 7th Rajputs, which was followed by the most picturesque item of the programme—the figure marching of the torch-bearers of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. The musical ride by some of the Calcutta Light Horse was also very pretty, and, in fact, Alice said, the whole thing was very enjoyable and capitally carried out under the superintendence of Captain Drake Brockman. Next day the Ladies' Golf Club gave their annual "At Home," when the band of the 12th Bengal Infantry played on the lawn. The excitement of the afternoon was the putting match, for which eleven ladies entered, and their play being more or less even, there was a close struggle for the prize. In the end Mrs. Lovelock won with a score of ten, whilst Mrs. Lamond Walker was second with eleven.

All the social events in February were of the same quiet character, Calcutta, like most other places, feeling it somewhat out of place to give dances whilst the news from South Africa was so serious. For this reason the ball arranged by the officers of the Calcutta Light Horse was given up, though their annual sports took place as usual. These included the usual sword competition and Victoria Cross races, the latter proving very exciting, especially in the final between Sergeant Orr and Troopers Stokes and Stewart, who contested it very closely. The tent pegging in sections was another interesting event, two teams from the Calcutta Polo Club entering and three from the Calcutta Light Horse, Major Baring's team proving successful, with Captain Grimston and Captain Beatty to make up the team. The ladies' driving team competition was won by Mrs. Barrow, the prize being four silver sweet dishes, whilst Miss Barber, who was second, carried off a pair of salt cellars.

Last week I went to see Mrs. Evelyn Cecil's water-colour drawings of the various places she saw in South Africa during the months she and her husband travelled in the country. They had a most interesting time, visiting every place from the Cape to Rhodesia and in Natal and Zululand. The pictures were well worth seeing, not only for their associations, which made them, of course, especially attractive, but because they so cleverly gave the colour and atmosphere of the country. The exhibition will be closed to-day, and no doubt by this time a large sum will have been collected for the War Fund, the receipts from money taken at the door and by the sale of the pictures all being devoted to that purpose.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught met with a great reception in Dublin last week when they attended the Levée at the Castle, large crowds of people turning out to greet them as they passed through the streets, escorted by a troop of the 1st Dragoon Guards. The Drawing Room took place next evening. Ethel tells me it was a most brilliant and pleasant function, and there were many very beautiful dresses on which she could feast her eyes, which always revel in pretty things of any kind. Lady Cadogan wore pale primrose satin with a train of beautiful old lace and a coronet of diamonds. The Duchess of Connaught was in pale pink satin with an over-dress of lace, and her train was of shawl-patterned silk of a lovely design, yellows and reds being the colours that predominated. Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh, who was presented by Lady Lurgan, was beautifully dressed in opal-coloured silk worn with a green train, whilst her jewels were emeralds and diamonds. Lady Bathurst was also presented, and so was Mrs. Curtis, the wife of the D.A.G. Mrs. Skinner wore black embroidered with white over a train of white chiffon lined with pink. Miss Skinner was entirely in white, and Mrs. Caddell in white satin with a black velvet train edged with sable. Mrs. Treffy was in yellow with a train of yellow brocade trimmed with exquisite lace. Mrs. Inman was in black and white brocade with a beautiful diamond tiara, Mrs. Archer in white satin, and Mrs. Arthur Owen Lewis in black sequinned lace with a black velvet train. Descriptions of many other dresses does Ethel send me, for all of which I have not room, so I have picked out a few that will particularly interest you from their wearers being connected with the Army.

The sketch I enclose to-day is of a black satin reception dress embossed and embroidered with raised flowers and jewels in various shades and draped with silk chiffon. In cut, trimming, and design the dress is quite according to the latest ideas from Paris.

Yours affectionately, CONSTANCE.

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